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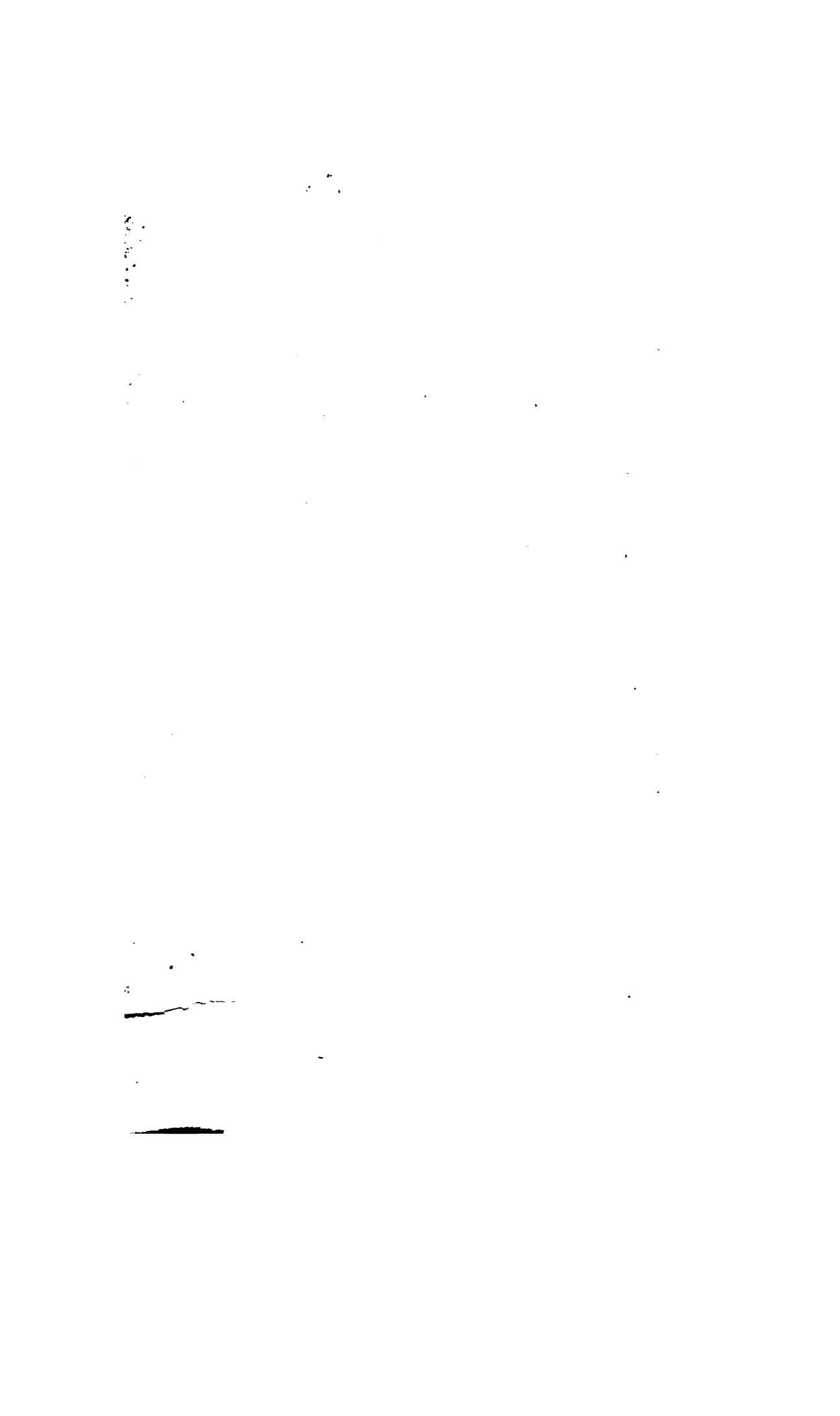
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SHAKESPEARE'S WOMEN:

BY ONE WHO HAS IMPERSONATED THEM.

HERMIONE.

"How may full-sail'd verse express,
The full-flowing harmony
Of thy swan-like stateliness?"
—TENNYSON.

DEAR LORD TENNYSON,—

You looked more than kindly on my attempts to describe what was in my mind as to some of Shakespeare's women, in the days when it was my privilege to impersonate them upon the stage. Now you no less kindly tell me, that you will be glad to hear what I have to say about a near relation of theirs—the noble Hermione of "The Winter's Tale."

I remember when, at the conclusion of my letter on Imogen, I gave expression to my idea that she was not likely long to survive the cruel strain upon mind and body to which she had been subjected, you wrote to me that you liked to think just the contrary, and that she lived long and happily ever

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after with her Posthumus, just like all the good people in the fairy tales. Do not fear that I shall distress you with any such conjectures about the wife of Leontes, although she of a truth was made more unhappy

"Than history can pattern, though
devised
And play'd to take spectators."

In accordance with his wellnigh uniform practice, Shakespeare borrowed the main incidents of this play from one of the popular stories of his day. Strangely enough, in this instance he had recourse to a tale by Robert Greene, the dramatist and romance writer, who in 1592 had attacked him as "an upstart crow,

A

beautified with our feathers," and "in his own conceit the only Shakescene in a countrie." How indifferent the poet was to charges of this nature is shown in the well-known sonnet called "The Poet Ape" by Ben Jonson, which is commonly believed to have been directed against Shakespeare, before the days when Jonson profited by his friendship, and grew familiar with his genius. "Now grown," the sonnet says,

"To a little wealth and credit in the scene,
He takes up all, makes each man's wit his own,
And, told of this, he slights it."

Well might he slight such attacks, knowing how much that was absolutely his own he put into every play which he recast, or for which he had taken hints from stories told by other men. So far from bearing Shakespeare a grudge for using his tale, "Pandosto, or the Triumphs of Time," as the foundation of "The Winter's Tale," Greene might rather have been grateful to him for so beautifying it with his own feathers that he redeemed the work, excellent of its kind though it is, from the oblivion into which otherwise it would probably have fallen.

Greene had long been dead, however, before "The Winter's Tale" was written. For there is no record of it before 1611, when Dr Simon Forman mentions in his Diary that he saw it acted at the Globe Theatre on the 15th of May in that year. Thus it may fairly be assumed that it was one of the poet's latest works, if indeed this were not clear, from the internal evidence of matured power in every element of thought, pathos, humour, and dramatic construction, for which in their combination Shakespeare in his later works stands without a peer.

To you, who have done for the

characters in Sir Thomas Malory's 'History of King Arthur' what Shakespeare did for the tales from which he took suggestions for so many of his plots, it would be idle to dwell upon the folly of disputing his claim to originality because others had gone over the same ground before. Hundreds, thousands, go over the same ground in a beautiful country, who are dead to its beauties, until some man with eyes to see, and a soul to illuminate the impressions made upon him by what he sees, calls attention to those beauties, and, on the canvas, or in words that are pictures, glorifies them with

"The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration, and the poet's dream."

It is the same with the heroes and heroines of history and fiction. It is only the great poet who sees what scope they offer for inspiring them with life, and for placing them under conditions in which character, emotion, and passion may be portrayed under ideal forms, but still with a truth to nature which makes them even more real, more intimately familiar to us, than the people whom we have longest known.

So is it that in 'The Idylls of the King' we find such pictures of true knightliness, tenderness, beauty, and pathos, as are nowhere to be found in the wild, quaint, but assuredly tedious and not unfrequently coarse incidents and legends which are chronicled in Sir Thomas Malory's book.

No better illustration can be found of how the shaping spirit of imagination turns prose into poetry than by comparing "The Winter's Tale" with Greene's 'Pandosto,' or, as in later editions it was called, 'The Pleasant History of Dorastus and Fawnia.' In both

we find the sudden outbreak in Pandosto (the Leontes of the play) of an insane jealousy of his life-long friend Egistus (Polixenes), the flight of Egistus with the king's cup-bearer Franion (Camillo), the sending away by Pandosto of the new-born babe to be destroyed, the trial of Bel-laria (Hermione), the judgment of the oracle in her favour, and the death of her son Gerinter (Mamillius). But the Bellaria of the story dies, and the subsequent history of her daughter Fawnia (Perdita) and Dorastus (Florizel), in other respects much the same as in the play, is made peculiarly unpleasant by the passion Pandosto conceives for his own child, when she seeks refuge with her lover at his Court, and the winding up of the story with his suicide in a fit of remorse for having entertained this passion. Obviously an impracticable story this for the purpose of a play! But how skilfully has Shakespeare bridged over all difficulty by the invention of incidents, and the introduction of characters—the wittiest of rogues, Autolycus, one of them—which give life, coherence, and probability to the action of the play, while they enable him to bring it, as with a strain of noble music, to a perfect close, by making Hermione live to see her daughter restored to her arms, and to be herself reunited to her husband!

So much for the outlines of the plot; but it is in the delineation of the characters that the marked difference is seen between Greene, the man of talent, and Shakespeare, the myriad-minded man of genius. How clear the lines with which they are drawn; with what precision and delicacy of touch are they individualised; what wonders of light and shade are shown in their grouping; what

richness of imagination, what power, what beauty, what pathos, what humour in what they have to say!

Shakespeare shows his usual constructive skill in the very first scene, by bringing into prominence in the dialogue between Camillo and Archidamus the remarkable attachment between Leontes and Polixenes, and the winning ways of Hermione's little son Mamillius. In speaking of the affection of the two kings, Camillo says, "They were trained together in their childhood. Since their more mature dignities, and royal necessities, made separation of their society," they had kept the intimacy unbroken by such interchange of letters and of gifts, "that they have seemed to be together, though absent. The heavens continue their loves!" To which Archidamus replies: "I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it." Then he goes on to praise Leontes' young son: "You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius; it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note."

Here two notes are struck which reverberate in the heart, when these bright anticipations are soon afterwards turned to anguish and dismay by the wholly unexpected jealous frenzy of Leontes. They prepare us for seeing Leontes in the next scene urging his friend, who has already lingered nine months at the Sicilian Court, still further to prolong his stay. Hermione is by, but she is silent, until Leontes, who appears surprised at her silence, says to her, "Tongue-tied, our queen? Speak you!" Thus appealed to, she shows that her intercession had been reserved until her husband had put still harder pressure upon their guest.

"I had thought, sir, to have held my peace until
You had drawn oaths from him not to stay. You, sir,
Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure
All in Bohemia's well. . . . Say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.
Leon. Well said, Hermione !"

Then note how the mother, to whom her own boy was inexpressibly dear, speaks in her allusion to the son of Polixenes, of whom no word has hitherto been said.

"To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong ;
But let him say so then, and let him go ;
But let him swear so, *and he shall not stay,*
We'll thrack him home with distaffs."

Polixenes does not avail himself of the plea thus suggested, and Hermione continues—

"When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give him my commission
To let him there a month behind the guest
Prefix'd for's parting."

Then, that Leontes may not think she could bear his absence lightly, she turns to him, saying—

"Yet, good deed, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar of the clock behind
What lady-she her lord."

A sweet assurance that might have warmed the coldest husband's heart ! And with the winning smile playing about her sensitive mouth, and the loving light in her eyes,—those "full eyes," which live in Leontes' memory long years after, as "stars, stars, and all else dead coals,"—she turns to Polixenes with the words, "You'll stay ?" Hard it must have been for him to answer, "No, madam !" But she is not to be put off, for now she is intent on carry-

ing her point, and so accomplishing what she believes to be her husband's earnest desire.

"*Her.* Nay, but you will ?

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily !

You put me off with limber vows ;
but I,

Though you would seek to unsphere
the stars with oaths,

Should yet say, 'Sir, no going !'

Verily,

You shall not go ; a lady's 'verily' 's
As potent as a lord's."

Finding Polixenes makes no sign of yielding, she continues—

"Will you go yet ?

Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest ; so you shall pay your fees

When you depart, and save your thanks.

How say you ?

My prisoner or my guest ? By your dread 'Verily,'

One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest, then, madam !

To be your prisoner would import offending,

Which is for me less easy to commit,

Than you to punish.

Her. Not your jailer, then,

But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you

Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when
you were boys."

On this follows as sweet a picture of innocent boyhood as was ever painted :—

"*Pol.* We were, fair queen,

Two lads that thought there was no more behind

But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord the verier
wag of the two ?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that
did frisk i' the sun,

And bleat the one at the other ; what
we changed

Was innocence for innocence ; we knew
not

The doctrine of ill-doing, neither
dreamed

That any did. Had we pursued that
life,

And our weak spirits ne'er been higher
 raised
 With stronger blood, we should have
 answered heaven

Boldly, 'Not guilty!'

Her. By this we gather,
 You have tripped since."

Polixenes' first words in reply
 show the reverence with which
 the serene purity of Hermione had
 inspired him:—

"Oh, my most sacred lady!
 Temptations have since then been born
 to us; for
 In those unfledged days was my wife
 a girl;
 Your precious self had not then cross'd
 the eyes
 Of my young play-fellow."

Playfully rallying Polixenes upon
 the suggestion here implied, that
 his queen and herself have been
 their tempters to evil, Hermione
 rejoins:—

"Grace to boot!
 Of this make no conclusion, lest you
 say
 Your queen and I are devils. Yet, go
 on;
 The offences we have made you do we'll
 answer."

At this point Leontes breaks in
 with "Is he won yet?"

"*Her.* He'll stay, my lord.

Leon. At my request he would not.
 Hermione, my dearest, thou ne'er
 spok'st
 To better purpose."

Strange words from one who so
 directly afterwards finds cause for
 jealousy in the success of his wife's
 pleading! Still stranger is it,
 and more suggestive of the dis-
 turbance already at work in the
 brain of Leontes, that he could
 possibly doubt Hermione's faith,
 after what she says in the dia-
 logue that follows, in which she
 so sweetly challenges his remark
 that she had never spoken to
 better purpose. In acting, how
 much should be indicated in the

tone of Hermione's "Never"! Have you forgotten, it asks, your long wooing, and the consent it at last won from me? Will not the words I then spoke rank for ever the highest in your regard? Leontes, quite taking her meaning, but liking to be entreated, only says, "Never but once." Then comes her charming rejoinder,—so pretty, so coaxing, something like Desdemona's to Othello, when pleading for a gentle answer to Cassio's suit (Act iii. sc. 3).

"*Her.* What! have I twice said well? When was't before?
 I prithee tell me:

One good deed dying tongueless
 Slaughters a thousand waiting upon
 that.

Our praises are our wages: you may
 ride us,
 With one soft kiss, a thousand furlongs,
 ere

With spur we heat an acre. But to
 the goal!

My last good deed was to entreat his
 stay;

What was my first? It has an elder
 sister,

Or I mistake you: oh, would her
 name were Grace!

But once before I spoke to the purpose:
 When?

Nay, let me have't: I long.

Leon. Why, that was when
 Three crabbed months had soured them-
 selves to death,

Ere I could make thee open thy white
 hand,

And clap thyself my love; then didst
 thou utter—

'I am yours for ever!'

Her. It is Grace indeed.
 Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the
 purpose twice.

The one for ever earn'd a royal hus-
 band,"

giving, as she speaks, her left
 hand with the marriage symbol
 upon it to Leontes. Then with
 the words—

"The other for some while a friend,"
 she offers her right hand in token

of friendship to Polixenes, who retains it while talking apart with her for a while, amusing her, we may imagine, with pleasant stories of the youthful frolics and fancies of Leontes and himself, when they were "as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i' the sun," and making her smile in pure joyousness of heart to hear what Leontes was in the days before she knew him,—little dreaming the while, as she leaves her hand in that of Polixenes, as he leads her along, that in the eyes of Leontes this natural evidence of friendship is being construed into "paddling palms and pinching fingers," and "making practised smiles as in a looking-glass."

What must have been the condition of his mind, when room could be found in it for unholy distrust of the woman who the moment before had dwelt with such loving tenderness upon the time when he wooed and won her, and this, too, in the presence of the very man whom his disordered fancy believes to have supplanted him in her affections! A sudden access of madness can alone account for the debasing change in the nature of Leontes, who until now has shown himself not unworthy of his queen. Such inexplicable outbreaks of jealousy, I have been told, do occasionally occur in real life. While they last, the very nature of their victims is transformed, and their imagination, wholesome and cleanly till then, becomes, like that of Leontes, "foul as Vulcan's stithy."

It was easy for Greene, with the greater latitude which the narrative form allows, to lead up to and explain the ultimate explosion of Pandosto's jealousy, which had been silently growing through the protracted stay of Egistus at his Court, until at last he began to put a vile construc-

tion upon his wife's simplest acts of courtesy and hospitality. But drama allows no scope for slow development. Shakespeare has therefore dealt with Leontes as a man in whom the passion of jealousy is inherent; and shows it breaking out suddenly with a force that is deaf to reason, and which, stimulated by an imagination tainted to the core, finds evidences of guilt in actions the most innocent. How different is such a nature from Othello's! He was "not easily jealous"; but, having become "perplexed in the extreme" by Iago's perversion of circumstances innocent in themselves,—*"trifles light as air,"*—he loses for a while his faith in the being he loved as his very life. Even then, grief for the fall of her whom he had made his idol,—*"Oh the pity of it, the pity of it, Iago!"*—surges up through the wildest paroxysms of his passion. Tenderness for a beauty so exquisite that *"the sense ached at it,"* stays his uplifted dagger. In his mind Desdemona is, to the last, the *"cunning'st pattern of excelling nature."* As the victim of craftily devised stratagem, he never himself quite forfeits our sympathy.

Of the jealousy that animates Leontes, the jealousy that needs no extraneous prompting to suspicion, Emilia, in *"Othello,"* gives a perfect description. In answer to the hope which she expresses to Desdemona that Othello's harsh bearing towards her is due to state affairs, and to "no conception, nor no jealous toy concerning you," Desdemona replies, *"Alas the day, I never gave him cause!"* To this Emilia rejoins—

"But jealous souls will not be answered so;
They are not ever jealous for the cause,

But jealous, for they are jealous; 'tis
 a monster
 Begot upon itself, born on itself."

This is the jealousy which Shakespeare has portrayed in Leontes,—a jealousy without excuse,—cruel, vindictive, and remorseless almost beyond belief.

Othello, moreover, had been wedded, so far as we see, but a few brief weeks. He had not had time to prove how deeply Desdemona loved him. But years of happy wedlock had assured Leontes of Hermione's affection,—years in which he had tested the inward nobility which expressed itself in that majestic bearing, of which he speaks again and again, long after he has reason to believe her to be dead. Maintaining through all her life the charm of royal graciousness and dignity, she has inspired the chivalrously enthusiastic admiration and devotion of every member of the Court; a woman, in short, with whom no derogatory thought could be associated, being, as she is described by one of them to be, "so sovereignly honourable."

That Leontes' brain is by this time unsettled is manifest in the broken dialogue which he holds with his darling Mamillius. His altered looks and manner attract the attention of both Hermione and Polixenes. "You look," says Hermione—

"As if you held a brow of much distraction:
 Are you moved, my lord?"

With something of the secretiveness and cunning of a man on the brink of madness, he evades the inquiry by saying that his boy's face had made him think of the days when, twenty-three years back, he was a child of the same age. Then, turning to Polixenes

with seemingly all the old friendliness, he asks—

"Are you as fond of your young prince
 as we
 Do seem to be of ours?"

This draws from Polixenes a delightful description of the boy, whom we are afterwards to know as Florizel.

"If at home, sir,
 He's all my exercise, my mirth, my
 matter;
 Now my sworn friend, and then my
 enemy;
 My parasite, my soldier, statesman,
 all:
 He makes a July's day short as
 December;
 And with his varying childness, cures
 in me
 Thoughts that would thicken my blood.
Leon. So stands this squire
 Officed with me."

With this Leontes leaves Polixenes and Hermione to what he calls their "graver steps," while he walks away ostensibly to make sport with his boy. We know from what he says later on that, instead of this, he is on the watch, in hopes to find in their demeanour a confirmation of his suspicions.

"I am angling now,
 Though you perceive me not, how I
 give line."

But with the madman's shallow cunning he enjoins Hermione, as he goes, to show how she loves himself "in our brother's welcome," adding—

"Next to thyself and my young
 lover, he's
 Apparent to my heart."

Poor Hermione! How little does she dream of the canker that is even now eating away all that is noble in the character of her Leontes! Her happiness would appear to be without alloy. Blest, as she

thinks herself, in her husband's love and trust; blest in a child more than usually bright, loving, and attractive; happy in the friendship of a man whose high qualities she cannot fail to admire and esteem, and whom she is enjoined by her husband to trust as a brother,—her life is already flooded with sunshine; and in her mother's heart there is still another budding hope that in the near future will complete the measure of her joy.

How swiftly all is changed! Utterly losing self-control, Leontes summons his chamber-councillor Camillo, and pours out a flood of invectives upon the queen, so gross as to provoke the rebuke—

"I would not be a stander-by, to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so,
without
My present vengeance taken. 'Shrew
my heart,
You never spoke what did become you
less
Than this."

Remonstrance, however, is useless. Camillo quickly sees that his only course is to humour the passion which has suddenly transformed the master he had loved into a furious madman. Not, however, for one instant does he waver in his belief in the purity of his "dread mistress." Thus, while making a show of consenting to the demand of Leontes that he shall poison Polixenes—a demand peculiarly shameful, as Leontes has appointed him the cup-bearer of his guest (whom therefore he was especially bound to protect)—he does so only

"Provided, that when he's removed,
your highness
Will take again your queen, as yours
at first,
Even for your son's sake, and thereby,
for sealing

The injury of tongues, in courts and
kingdoms
Known and allied to yours."

Leontes professes that this is his intention, adding, to deceive Camillo, "I'll give no blemish to her honour—none." At such a crisis to gain time was everything, and with this view Camillo urges the king to show no change in his demeanour towards Polixenes and Hermione. Promising to follow his advice, Leontes goes away. Camillo, however, foresees nothing but sorrow for his beloved mistress in the future. "Oh, miserable lady!" is his first exclamation when left alone. But he has to consider his own position, and having pledged himself to the king to an act from which his soul recoils, no course is left him but to leave the country. In his present mood, Leontes, he feels, is no longer a responsible being. How baseless were his assurances that he would continue to "seem friendly" to the object of his jealousy is promptly shown upon the entry of Polixenes, who complains that Leontes has passed him without speaking, and with "such a countenance

"As he had lost some province and a
region
Loved as he loves himself. Even now
I met him
With customary compliment; when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and
falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from
me; and
So leaves me to consider what is
breeding,
That changes thus his manners."

Urged by Polixenes to throw light, if he can, upon what has caused this sudden change, Camillo at first does no more than urge him for his own safety to leave the Court at once, as he means himself to do. On being pressed to say why, he

confesses to Polixenes that he has been appointed to murder him, because he is suspected by Leontes of having "touched his queen forbiddenly." "Oh, then," Polixenes exclaims,

"My best blood turn
To an infected jelly; and my name
Be yoked with his that did betray the
Best!"

and in his every word shows how impossible it was that he could ever have entertained any feeling towards Hermione but that of reverential admiration. His instinct as a man of honour would have led him to remain and confront Leontes. But from what Camillo tells him, he sees that this course would endanger his own life, and possibly bring further indignity upon the queen. At the same time he sadly divines into what excesses of vindictive passion Leontes was likely to be driven. "This jealousy," he says,

"Is for a precious creature: as she's
rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person's
mighty,
Must it be violent; and as he does
conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man which
ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges
must
In that be made more bitter."

Therefore, with the aid of Camillo, who escapes with him, he secretly and swiftly returns to his own kingdom of Bohemia, and sixteen years elapse before we hear of either of them again.

Meanwhile Shakespeare shows us Hermione again under an aspect that brings her home still more closely to our sympathies, while it deepens the pathos of the terrible burden that is presently to be laid upon her.

Is there, even in Shakespeare, any passage more charming in itself, or more cunningly devised to reveal to an audience the main purpose of the play, than the brief scene with which the second act opens? The boy Mamillius, of whom Archidamus had spoken as the "gallant child," the "gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into his note," unconscious of the delicate condition of his mother, has fatigued her with his caresses and the eager importunity of his questions. "Take the boy to you," she says to her ladies-in-waiting,

"He so troubles me,

'Tis past enduring.

1st Lady. Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your playfellow?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

1st Lady. Why, my sweet lord?

Mam. You'll kiss me hard; and
speak to me as if

I were a baby still. I love you better.

2d Lady. And why so, my lord?

Mam. Not for because

Your brows are blacker; yet black
brows, they say,

Become some women best; so that
there be not

Too much hair there, but in a semi-
circle,

Or a half-moon made with a pen.

2d Lady. Who taught you this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of women's
faces."

What mother could long keep such a darling from her? Hermione could not, and presently she calls him back to her from the circle of her ladies, who have gathered round him, delighted with his precocious prattle.

"*Her.* Come, sir, now

I am for you again: pray you, sit by
us,

And tell's a tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, shall't be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale's best for winter."

[in these words suggesting the

name for the play, with its saddest of tales.]

"I have one of sprites and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, good sir.
Come on, sit down. Come on, and do
your best

To fright me with your sprites; you're
powerful at it.

Mam. There was a man,—

Her. Nay, come, sit
down; then on!

Mam. Dwelt by a churchyard. I
will tell it softly;

Yon crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on, then,
And give't me in mine ear."

But that tale is never to be told. It is arrested by the abrupt entrance of Leontes with his suite. He has heard of the secret departure of Polixenes and Camillo, which confirms his worst surmises.

"Camillo was his help, his pander:
There is a plot against my life, my
crown;"

and his queen is privy to it. Turning to her in fury, he drags Mamilus from her side:

"Give me the boy! I am glad you did
not nurse him;
Though he does bear some signs of me,
yet you
Have too much blood in him."

In complete bewilderment Hermione exclaims, "What is this? Sport?" At first she seems unable to regard Leontes as in earnest, even when his answer to her question is

"Bear the boy hence. He shall not
come about her.
Away with him!"

and in the coarsest terms charges her with disloyalty to his bed. In a kind of stupor she listens to his vituperations, until he brands her, to the wonder-stricken circle of his lords, as "an adulteress." Upon this the indignant denial leaps to her lips—

"Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the
world,
He were as much more villain!"

But here she checks herself. The name of villain must not be coupled with his,—her husband, and a king,—and with a voice softened, but resolute, she adds, "You, my lord, do but mistake." Unmoved by her gentleness, Leontes reiterates his accusations with redoubled vehemence. The blood is sent back upon her heart, speaking as these do of the overthrow of the love of years in the inexplicable delusion by which he is possessed. Humiliating as her position is, thus to be reviled by her husband and before the Court, she never loses for a moment her queenly dignity and self-command. Even in the midst of her anguish, her paramount thought is for him, to whom, as he had so lately reminded her, she had vowed herself "for ever." We seem to hear the sad, calm, solemn tones of her voice as she speaks.

"How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You have thus publish'd me! Gentle
my lord,
You scarce can right me truly then, to
say
You did mistake."

Insane though he is for the time, yet Leontes feels that, if she speaks true—if he should be wrong—his error would be inexpiable. "No," he replies;

"If I mistake
In these foundations that I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top. Away with her to
prison!"

Hermione attempts no remonstrance. She accepts her fate meekly.

"There's some ill planet reigns :
I must be patient, till the heavens
look
With an aspect more favourable."

As she is about to leave, she sees the lords regarding her with mournful faces. They cannot surely believe her guilty ; yet men look for women's tears in hours of trial. She has none to give ; her heart is too "sorely charged" for that. But from her dry eyes they must draw no false conclusions. "Good my lords," she says,

"I am not prone to weeping, as our
sex
Commonly are ; the want of which
vain dew
Perchance shall dry your pities. But
I have
That honourable grief lodged here,
which burns
Worse than tears drown. Beseech you
all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your
charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me ;
and so
The king's will be perform'd."

No one stirs ; and Leontes, made more and more angry and excited by her presence, says roughly, "Shall I be heard ?" Upon this Hermione, suddenly reminded by a painful throb of her impending trial, is affrighted by the thought that jailers are to be her sole attendants ! Who can read without emotion what follows ?—

"Beseech your highness,
My women may be with me ; for, you
see,
My plight requires it. Do not weep,
good fools ;
There is no cause ; when you shall
know your mistress
Has deserved prison, then abound in
tears,
As I come out : this action I now go
on
Is for my better grace."

Then, bending with a low reverence to the king, she continues—

"Adieu, my lord :
I never wished to see you sorry ; now
I trust I shall."

What a parting, what a prophecy ! And in our common life to how many a sad heart does the infinite pathos of these words strike home !

No sooner has the queen withdrawn with her ladies than the lords, who have been restrained by her presence, break forth into passionate remonstrances with Leontes, heedless of his words,

"He who shall speak for her is afar off
guilty,
But that he speaks."

"Beseech your highness," says one, "call the queen again !" and Antigonus, who is afterwards to play a material part in the story, speaks with a solemn voice of warning—

"Be certain what you do, sir ; lest
your justice
Prove violence ; in the which three
great ones suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son."

Later on, he points out to the king how far more seemly it would have been for him to have tested his suspicions silently before blazoning them to all the world. So absolute is the belief of all the lords in the queen's innocence, that they are not deterred by the angry resistance of Leontes from loudly protesting that he is under a delusion. It is some saving grace in him that he argues the matter with them, instead of ordering them to prison for their boldness, and tells them, that, while himself assured of the queen's guilt,

"Yet, for a greater confirmation,
For, in an act of this importance,
'twere
Most piteous to be wild,"

he has despatched two of the

leading members of his Court to obtain the opinion of the Oracle at Delphi, "whose spiritual counsel had shall stop or spur him." He has done this obviously not for his own satisfaction but to "give rest to the minds of others." Neither Antigonus nor any of the lords have any misgivings as to the issue. The oracle will surely show their monarch's folly, "if the good truth were known."

The next scene introduces us to Paulina, the wife of Antigonus, a lady of high position, who henceforth fills a most important part in the drama, and who should be impersonated in any adequate representation of the play by an actress of the first order. She is a woman of no ordinary sagacity, with a warm heart, a vigorous brain, and an ardent temper. Her love for Hermione has its roots in admiration and reverence for all the good and gracious qualities of which the queen's daily life has given witness. She has been much about her royal mistress, and much esteemed and trusted by her. Leontes, knowing this, obviously anticipates that she will not remain quiet when she hears of the charge he has brought against the queen, and that he has thrust her into prison. Accordingly, he has given express orders that Paulina is not to be admitted to the prison, and this fresh act of cruelty she learns from the governor only when she arrives there in hopes to be of some comfort to her much-wronged mistress. "Good lady," she exclaims, to herself,

"No court in Europe is too good for thee ;
What dost thou, then, in prison ?"

The privilege of access to the queen is resolutely denied to her. She prevails, however, on the governor to permit her to see the

queen's chief woman, Emilia, and from her she learns, that "on her frights and griefs," Hermione has been prematurely delivered of a daughter, "a goodly babe, lusty and like to live."

"The queen receives
Much comfort in't ; says 'My poor
prisoner,
I am innocent as you.'"

How Paulina's heart must have been stirred as these words brought before her the image of the forlorn mother and her child ! In hot anger she exclaims, "I dare be sworn !" and in the words that follow shows the clear common-sense and fearless courage, of which she gives remarkable proofs at a later stage. From first to last she regards the conduct of Leontes as simple madness.

"These dangerous lunes i' the king,
beslrew them !
He must be told on't, and he shall :
the office
Becomes a woman best. I take't upon
me.
If I prove honey-mouthed, let my tongue
blister,
And never to my red-looking anger be
The trumpet any more."

But here a plea that may soften the king's heart flashes upon her. If the queen will trust her with the babe, she will show it to the king, "and undertake to be her advocate to the loud'st."

"We do not know,
How he may soften at the sight o' the
child ;
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails."

The idea of such an appeal, Emilia says, had occurred to the queen herself ;

"Who, but to-day, hammered of this
design,
But durst not trust a minister of
honour,
Lest she should be denied."

"There is no lady living," Emilia adds, "so meet for this great errand." She anticipates "a thriving issue" for it. Presently we find that Hermione parts with her child, in the hope that the sight of its sweet face, the touch of the baby fingers, its likeness to himself—

"Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father"—

may turn his heart, and break the frightful spell by which he is mysteriously bound.

Under that spell Leontes is kept upon the rack. "Nor night nor day, no rest!" are his first words when next we see him. His thoughts are all of vengeance. "The harlot king," he says, "is quite beyond mine arm;" but she, his queen, is in his grasp.

"Say, that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again."

But he has still another bitter grief, one for which he can take vengeance upon no one, neither thrust aside,—a grief which will haunt him to his grave. His boy, his darling Mamillius, is sick. "How does the boy?" he asks eagerly of an attendant whom he has summoned, who answers—

"He took good rest to-night;
'Tis hoped his sickness is discharged.
Leon. To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declined, droop'd, took it
deeply;
Fastened and fixed the shame on't in
himself;
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his
sleep,
And downright languished. Leave me
solely; go,
See how he fares."

But Leontes is no sooner alone than he relapses into his dreams of

vengeance. In these he becomes absorbed, until his attention is aroused by the voice of Paulina in loud talk with his attendants, who are trying to keep her from making her way to him with Hermione's baby in her arms. Of all the ladies of the Court she is the one he has most feared to see. "I charged thee," he says to her husband, Antigonus, "that she should not come about me. I knew she would." But neither Antigonus nor the king can shake her determination to speak her mind.

"I say, I come
From your good queen.

Leon. Good queen!
Paul. Good queen, my lord, good
queen: I say, good queen;
And would by combat make her good,
so were I
A man, the worst about you. . . .
. . . . The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you
forth a daughter;
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.
[*Laying down the child.*"]

In a paroxysm of rage, Leontes calls her by names the most opprobrious, orders her "out o' door," and commands Antigonus to "take up the bastard" and give it to his "crone." "For ever," she exclaims to her husband,

"Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the princess, by that forced
baseness
Which he has put upon't."

Maddened still further by her indifference to his anger, Leontes exclaims—

"This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes:
Hence with it! And together with
the dam
Commit them to the fire! . . .
(*To Paulina*) I'll have thee burn'd.
Paul. I care not:
It is an heretic that makes the fire,

Not she which burns in't. I'll not
call you tyrant ;
But this most cruel usage of your
queen—
Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hinged fancy—
something savours
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make
you,
Yea, scandalous to the world."

"Out of the chamber with
her!" cries the king. Paulina,
seeing that further remonstrance
is impossible, retires; but not
without some further words of
warning. "Look to your babe,
my lord; 'tis yours. Jove send
her a better guiding spirit!" How
dangerous, how unsafe the king's
frenzy has become, is seen in the
way he turns upon Antigonus.

"Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to
this.
My child! Away with't! Even thou,
that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it
hence,
And see it instantly consumed with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take
it up straight;
Within this hour bring me word 'tis
done,
And by good testimony, or I'll seize
thy life,
And what thou else call'st thine. If
thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath,
say so;
The bastard's brains with these my
proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the
fire!"

Stricken with horror, the at-
tendant lords kneel, beseeching
the king to "change this pur-
pose," so "horrible, so bloody."
Feeling obviously some misgiving
within himself, he exclaims, "I
am a feather in each wind that
blows," and calls to Antigonus:

"You, sir, come you hither!
You, that have been so tenderly
official . . .

To save this bastard's life; for 'tis a
bastard
So sure as this beard's grey,—what
will you adventure
To save this brat's life?
Ant. Anything, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose; at least thus
much,
I'll pawn the little blood that I have left,
To save the innocent,—anything pos-
sible."

"It *shall* be possible!" cries
Leontes, and straightway enjoins
him to bear the child

"To some remote and desert place,
quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou
leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own pro-
tection
And favour of the climate. . . .
Where chance may nurse or end it.
Take it up."

The gentle, kindly, elderly An-
tigonus, upon whom the plain
speaking of his younger warm-
tempered wife has brought this
terrible task, swears to obey his
sovereign's order, "Though a pres-
ent death," he says, "had been
more merciful"; and taking up
the child, with the words,

"Come on, poor babe;
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites
and ravens
To be thy nurses. . . . Sir, be pros-
perous
In more than this deed doth require!
And blessing
Against this cruelty fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemned to loss!"

he sets out upon his cruel errand.

Scarcely has he gone when tid-
ings arrive that Cleomenes and
Dion, the messengers despatched
to the Delphic Oracle, have re-
turned, and are "hasting to the
court." Now, thinks Leontes, the
gods will prove him to be in the
right. That their answer should

be such as to stay his hand from destroying his queen he believes to be impossible. He orders, indeed, a session to be forthwith summoned—

“That we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady; for as she
hath
Been publicly accused, so shall she
have
A just and open trial.”

But that it will result in her condemnation he is completely assured, for he adds—

“While she lives,
My heart will be a burthen to me.”

Miserable man! He had yet to learn how much heavier a burden his heart will have to bear.

Here follows one of those exquisite scenes with which Shakespeare so often enriches his plays, in the creative exuberance of his imagination, and prompted by the subtle sense of what is wanted to put his audience in the right mood for what is next to follow. After all the prophetic vehemence of Paulina and the insane passion of Leontes, he seems to have felt that something in a gentler strain was wanted to calm the emotions of his hearers, and lift them into a serener air, before showing Hermione upon her trial. This he has done by a brief dialogue between Cleomenes and Dion, which takes us with them to the temple at Delphi, chosen by Apollo as the mouthpiece of his oracles:—

“*Cleo.* The climate’s delicate; the
air most sweet;
Fertile the isle; the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.

“*Dion.* I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial
habits,—
Methinks I so should term them,—and
the reverence
Of the grave wearers. *Oh, the sacrifice!*”

How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly

It was i’ the offering!

Cleo. But, of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o’ the
oracle,

Kin to Jove’s thunder, so surprised my
sense,

That I was nothing.

Dion. If the event o’ the journey
Prove as successful to the queen,—
oh, be’t so!—

As it hath been to us rare, pleasant,
speedy,

The time is worth the use on’t.

Cleo. Great Apollo,
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,

So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear or end the business, when
the oracle,—

Thus by Apollo’s great divine seal’d
up,—

Shall the contents discover, something
rare

Even then will rush to knowledge.

Go! Fresh horses!

And gracious be the issue!”

How much does this scene suggest, and in such brief compass! What a prelude, also, to the great scene, in which we are presently to see Hermione pleading her cause before the assembled judges, and all “who please to come and hear”! This is a scene which makes a large demand upon the resources of the actress, both personal and mental. With enfeebled health, and placed in a most ignominious position, Hermione must be shown to maintain her queenly dignity, and to control her passionate emotion under an outward bearing of resigned fortitude and almost inconceivable forbearance.

In my early studies for the impersonation of Hermione, and in my acting of the character, I used to find myself imagining the procession of the queen and her suite through the streets, “i’ the open air,” from the prison, where she

had spent the last few weeks, to the Hall of Justice. Her ladies are by her side, not weeping now, for their mistress had shown them how to bear affliction. The fragile form, the sad, far away looking eyes, the pale but lovely face, so stricken with suffering, reveal too well all that she has been passing through. Whatever impression of the queen's guilt may have been raised in the people's mind by the sudden flight of Polixenes and his followers, her look and bearing, I felt, must dispel every thought save that of the cruel indignity with which she had been treated. No taunting voice would be raised. The rumour would have gone abroad that the young Prince Mamillius had been denied access to her, that the newly born babe, her one solace in her prison, had been taken from her and cast out to die a cruel death. The people would think, too, of the indecent haste which was now hurrying her to her trial before the Court of Justice, with no allowance for the time of rest, which, after the trials of maternity, "longs to women of all fashion." Had she turned her head towards the crowd, she would have seen the men with bowed heads and looks of reverence and pity,—the women with streaming eyes bent tenderly and sympathisingly upon her. But, no! her thoughts were away upon the scene that awaited her. Would her strength avail for the strain which she knew was presently to be put upon it, when alone, unaided, she must plead her cause, with more than her life—her honour—at stake, and with him for her accuser, who should best have known how her whole nature belied his accusation? Surely, indeed, does she need that the heavens shall look "with an aspect more favourable" upon her.

In the Hall of Justice, Leontes, seated, surrounded by the lords of his Court, opens the proceedings by protestations—how false, we know—of his grief at being constrained to bring his queen to trial in person. In obedience to his command, Hermione is brought in guarded, attended by Paulina and her ladies. She bows respectfully to the king, and is conducted to a dais, on which a cushioned chair has been allotted to her opposite to the king. What a contrast do the royal pair present! Leontes, restless, feverish, irritable, trying to mask his intention to hear nothing that runs counter to his foregone conclusion, under the transparently unreal semblance of a simple desire for justice; Hermione, self-controlled, queenly, calm with the quiet courage of the martyr, prepared to lose her life, but resolute to vindicate her honour. The indictment is read, charging her with adultery with Polixenes, and with conspiring with him and Camillo against her husband's life. Rising from her seat, and with a voice in which the effects of her recent sufferings may be heard, she begins by expressing how bootless it must be for her to plead "not guilty," since the denial must rest solely upon her own testimony. Then, her voice deepening in tone as she proceeds, she enters on her defence—

"But thus; if powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not then but innocence shall
make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience. You, my lord,
best know,
Who least will seem to do so, my past
life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as
true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though de-
vis'd

And play'd to take spectators. For,
 behold me,—
 A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
 A moiety of the throne, a great king's
 daughter,
 The mother to a hopeful prince,—here
 standing
 To prate and talk for life and honour
 'fore
 Who please to come and hear. For
 life, I prize it
 As I weigh grief, which I would spare :
 for honour,
 'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
 And only that I stand for. I appeal
 To your own conscience, sir, before
 Polixenes
 Came to your court, how I was in your
 grace,
 How merited to be so ; since he came,
 With what encounter so uncurrent I
 Have strain'd to appear thus : if one
 jot beyond
 The bound of honour, or in act or will
 That way inclining, harden'd be the
 hearts
 Of all that hear me, and my near'st of
 kin
 Cry fie upon my grave ! ”

This noble pleading, however,
 brings from Leontes no response
 but this—

“ I ne'er heard yet,
 That any of these bolder vices wanted
 Less impudence to gainsay what they
 did,
 Than to perform it first.”

How temperate, how forbearing is
 her reply !—

“ That's true enough ;
 Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to
 me.”

“ You will not own it ? ” exclaims
 Leontes, in a transport of anger.
 More than may be laid to her
 charge in name of fault, Hermione
 replies, “ she must not acknowledge.
 For Polixenes,” she continues—

“ With whom I am accus'd, I do con-
 fess,
 I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd,
 With such a kind of love as might be-
 come
 A lady like me ; with a love, even
 such,

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So, and no other, as yourself com-
 manded ;
 Which not to have done, I think, had
 been in me
 Both disobedience and ingratitude
 To you, and toward your friend, whose
 love had spoke
 Even since it could speak, from an in-
 fant, freely,
 That it was yours. Now, for con-
 spiracy
 I know not how it tastes ; . . .
 All I know of it,
 Is that Camillo was an honest man ;
 And why he left your court the gods
 themselves,
 Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leon. You knew of his departure, as
 you know

What you have underta'en to do in's
 absence.

Her. Sir,
 You speak a language that I under-
 stand not.
 My life lies in the level of your dreams,
 Which I'll lay down.”

Upon this Leontes reiterates his
 charge against her honour in lan-
 guage outrageous in its coarseness
 and cruelty, telling her “ she shall
 feel his justice,”

“ In whose easiest passage
 Look for no less than death.”

To this, with a voice trembling
 with emotion, and in it also some-
 thing of impatience, Hermione
 replies—

“ Sir, spare your threats :
 The bug which you would fright me
 with I seek.
 To me life can be no commodity.
 The crown and comfort of my life,
 your favour,
 I do give lost ; for I do feel it gone,
 But know not how it went.”

Hitherto she has borne with
 submission the insults and out-
 rages heaped upon her,—forbear-
 ing directly to charge her wrongs
 upon Leontes. But now, as the
 thought of all she has been robbed
 of flashes upon her mind, her tones,
 laden with the anguish so long

suppressed, vibrate with impassioned intensity.

"My second joy
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd [*with a stifled sob in her voice*] like one infectious. My third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Haled out to murder; myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet; with immodest hatred
The child-bed privilege denied, which longs
To women of all fashion; lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i' the open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore proceed."

Then summoning all her remaining strength, which is slowly ebbing, and with more vehemence than she has yet shown, and some indignation, she adds—

"But yet hear this! Mistake me not: no life,
I prize it not a straw, but for mine honour,
Which I would free, if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else
But what your jealousies awake, I tell you
'Tis rigour and not law!"

These are the last words she speaks to Leontes in the play. Turning from him,—unjust judge as he has throughout shown himself,—she addresses herself directly to the members of the court.

"Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle:
Apollo be my judge!"

Leontes is awed into silence. The hush is broken by the first

lord, who, like all his fellows, was, we must think, by this time glad that judgment was thus taken out of the hands of their king:

"This your request
Is altogether just: therefore bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle."

Hermione, exhausted, has sunk back upon her chair. At this moment the ignominious humiliation of her position comes overwhelmingly over her, and she says, half to herself:

"The Emperor of Russia was my father:
Oh, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery!"

Then thinking with what direful vengeance he would have smitten her accuser, she adds with her accustomed merciful tenderness,

"Yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge?"

The response of the oracle is brought in, solemnly opened, and read. It runs:

"*Hermione is chaste; Polixenes blameless; Camillo a true subject; Leontes a jealous tyrant; his innocent babe truly begotten, and the king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found.*"

A burst of satisfaction breaks from the lords and the assembled crowd. Hermione receives the judgment of the oracle without surprise, only with simple gratitude and thanksgiving, and the one word "Praised!" The powers divine "have made false accusation blush." "Tyranny," however, does not even yet "tremble at patience." Baffled on every point, Leontes exclaims—

"There is no truth at all i' the oracle !
The sessions shall proceed : this is
mere falsehood."

At this moment a servant enters hurriedly in great consternation, calling, "My lord the king, the king !"

Leon. What is the business ?

Servant. Oh, sir, I shall be hated to report it !

The prince, your son, with mere conceit and fear,

Of the queen's speed, is gone.

Leon. How ! gone !

Serv. Is dead."

Upon this a cry echoes through the hall like a death-knell ; the cry of a soul from which all happiness, all hope, are gone ; the cry of a broken heart, which shakes every other in the assembled crowd ; a cry that will ring in the ears of Leontes ever after, and that even now chases from his brain every mad delusion. Upon the instant his senses return to him, and all his monstrous distrust and cruelty and their consequences are seen by him in their true light :—

"Apollo's angry ; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice."

Then, as he sees a commotion around Hermione,—she has fallen back in a swoon into the arms of her women, who are crowding around her,—he cries, "How now there !" The answer comes from the lady whose warnings he had repelled with contumely :—

"This news is mortal to the queen :
look down,
And see what death is doing."

Death ! He will not believe it. "Her heart is but o'ercharged ; she will recover." Fly to her side he dare not—he, unworthy to touch her whom he had so foully slandered. But as she is

carried from the hall in the arms of her ladies, he says to them—

"Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life."

Then follows a burst of contrition, in which those better qualities are seen, which had won and kept for him until now the love of his pure, high-hearted queen. They come back as suddenly as they had left him. He beseeches Apollo to forgive his great profaneness "gainst his oracle" ; he will "new woo his queen," be reconciled to Polixenes, recall the good Camillo ; avowing at the same time his own guilty attempt to make him poison Polixenes. In the midst of these confessions he is interrupted by the return of Paulina with tidings of the yet heavier punishment which has overtaken him. She will not spare him. Into her lips Shakespeare seems as if he wished to put, as the Greek tragedians put into those of the Chorus, the concentrated judgment of every man and woman in his kingdom :

"Thy tyranny,
Together working with thy jealousies,
Fancies too weak for boys, too green
and idle
For girls of nine,—oh, think what
they have done,
And then run mad indeed, stark
mad !"

She reminds him of his inconstancy and ingratitude to Polixenes, of his baseness in trying to poison good Camillo's honour. But these are only "poor trespasses, more monstrous standing by"—the casting forth to crows his baby-daughter, the death of the young prince—

"Whose honourable thoughts,
Thoughts high for one so tender, cleft
the heart

That could conceive a gross and foolish
sire

Blemish'd his gracious dam. . . .
. . . . But the last—oh lords!
When I have said, cry 'Woe!'—the
queen, the queen,
The sweetest, dearest creature's dead;
and vengeance for't
Not dropp'd down yet.

First Lord. The higher powers forbid!

Paul. I say she's dead. I'll swear't.
If word nor oath
Prevail not, go and see. If you can
bring

Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly or breath within, I'll
serve you

As I would do the gods. But oh, thou
tyrant!

Do not repent these things, for they are
heavier

Than all thy woes can stir; therefore,
betake thee

To nothing but despair. A thousand
knees,

Ten thousand years together, naked,
fasting

Upon a barren mountain, and still
winter,

In storm perpetual, could not move the
gods

To look that way thou wert."

Leontes accepts his chastisement!
Again he hears the piteous cry of
his queen's broken heart, that cry
which sleeping or waking will
haunt him all his days. "Go on,
go on!" he says,

"Thou canst not speak too much. I
have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bitterest."

Paulina sees the anguish of the
bowed and hopelessly bereaved
man. "He is touched," she says,
"to the noble heart," and, the pas-
sion of her grief having found
vent, there is now room for her
womanly compassion to reassert
itself.

"Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish
woman!

The love I bore your queen—[*here her
tears choke her*] lo, fool again!—

I'll speak of her no more, nor of your
children.

I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too. Take your patience
to you,

And I'll say nothing.

Leon. Thou didst speak but well,
When most the truth; which I receive
much better,
Than to be pitied of thee."

Surest sign of a sincere remorse.
Neither reproof nor sympathy
can meet a case like his. Only
when alone with his dead can his
penitence and grief find full
vent—

"Prithee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen, and
son:

One grave shall be for both. Upon
them shall

The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual. Once a-day I'll
visit

The chapel where they lie: and tears,
shed there

Shall be my recreation. So long as
nature

Will bear up with this exercise, so
long

I daily vow to use it. Come, and
lead me

To these sorrows."

And so we leave him with
the woman whom but lately he
had feared and spurned, but who,
through the long years that were
to pass before we meet them again,
is to be the stay and comfort of
his sorrow-stricken life.

The scene now changes to "a
desert country near the sea in Bo-
hemia." Shakespeare has been
much blamed for giving to Bohemia
a sea-coast. But it was not he who
first did this. He simply followed
Greene, apparently not thinking
it worth while to deviate in this
matter from the old tale, with
which many of his audience must
have been familiar. And, indeed,
what necessity was there for min-
ute geographical accuracy? The
poet's business is to present human

beings under conditions which give scope for the play of character and passion. If he so draws them that his audience becomes absorbed in the interest of the action, if he makes them feel that what his characters say and do is true to nature, under the circumstances in which he has placed them, of what moment is it whether Bohemia has a sea-coast or not?

To this lonely spot Antigonus has come with his baby charge, accompanied by one of the sailors of the ship that has brought him from Sicily. A storm is rolling up. "In my conscience," says the seaman,

"The heavens with what we have in hand are angry
And frown upon us."

He goes away, urging Antigonus to make his best haste, and not to venture inland, for the place is haunted by beasts of prey. Left to himself, Antigonus gives the description of a dream, a passage which Milton must I think have had in his mind, when writing his sonnet "On his Deceased Wife." "Come, poor babe!" he says:

"I have heard, but not believ'd, the
spirits of the dead
May walk again. If such thing be, thy
mother
Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er
was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a
creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some
another;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd, and so becoming: in pure
white robes
Like very sanctity she did approach
My cabin where I lay;¹ thrice bow'd
before me,
And, gasping to begin some speech,
her eyes

Became two spouts. The fury spent,
anon
Did this break from her: 'Good Anti-
gonus,
Since fate, against thy better disposi-
tion,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-
out
Of my poor babe, according to thine
oath,—
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep, and leave it crying; and,
for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
I prithee, call it. For this ungentle
business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er
shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more!' And so,
with shrieks
She melted into air."

A dream so vivid naturally makes Antigonus believe that Hermione is dead, and that he has been visited by her spirit. He will follow her behest to leave the child in Bohemia, all the more because he thinks now, contrary to all his previous convictions, that it "being indeed the issue of Polixenes," Apollo wills that it should be left "either for life or death, upon the earth of its right father." For this conclusion he is scarcely to be forgiven. But his tenderness for the child is very sweet and touching. His words, "Blossom, speed thee well!" show how the babe has wound itself about his heart. It is wrapped in a warm rich mantle, and he places in a bundle a paper with its name, Perdita, upon it, and a large sum in gold with some costly baby dresses,

"Which may, if fortune pleases, both
breed thee pretty,
And still rest thine."

Scarcely has he laid down his

¹ "Methought I saw my late espoused Saint
Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave, . . .
And vested all in white, pure as her mind."—MILTON.

charge when he has to fly, pursued by a bear, into whose deadly clutches he presently falls, while the ship that brought him to Bohemia founders in the storm.

This we learn from an old shepherd and his son, in a scene where Shakespeare exhibits delightfully his familiarity with the talk and ways of country folks of that class. The shepherd exclaims on finding the babe : " Mercy on's ! a barne, a very pretty barne ! A boy or a child, I wonder ? A pretty one, a very pretty one ! " Clearly, he thinks it is of gentle birth, though he suspects not honestly come by. He is a kindly man. " I'll take it up for pity ! " he says, and waits to open the bundle until his son joins him, bringing news of the death of Antigonus and the shipwreck of his companions. " Heavy matters ! " he says, " heavy matters ! But look thee here, boy—here's a sight for thee ! Look thee, a bearing-cloth [a christening mantle] for a squire's child ! " He tells his son to open the bundle—

" So, let's see. It was told me I should be rich by the fairies. This is some changeling. What's within, boy ?

Clown. You're a made old man. . . . Gold, all gold !

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so. Up with it, keep it close ; home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy, and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy."

And home he goes with his precious charge and the rich belongings, which are years after to be the means of proving Perdita's parentage, while his clownish, good-natured son stays behind to bury so much of Antigonus as the bear has left. " That's a good deed," says his father ; " 'Tis a lucky day, and we'll do good deeds on't."

The poet had now to leap over an interval of sixteen years, a

novelty in drama so daring, that he prepared his audience for it by a Soliloquy of Time as Chorus, in which he asks them to transport themselves to Bohemia and to remember well,

" I mention'd a son of the king's, which Florizel

I now name to you. And with speed so pace

To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace

Equal with wondering. . . . A shepherd's daughter."

More than this he will not tell them. They are to " let Time's news be known when 'tis brought forth," and, having thus kindled the curiosity of the audience as to how Florizel and Perdita are to work out the conclusion of the sad events which have gone before, the Chorus retires.

By the conversation of Polixenes and Camillo in the next scene, they are early put in the way to hope that it will work out happily, through the loves of Florizel and Perdita. Camillo, full of homesickness, longs to go back to Sicily. " Besides," he says, " the king, my master, has sent for me ; to whose feeling sorrows I may be some allay, or I o'erween to think so, which is another spur to my departure." Camillo has proved himself so valuable, however, as councillor and statesman, that Polixenes cannot agree to part with him, and begs him to speak no more of " that fatal Sicilia, whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent and reconciled king, my brother, whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented." The conversation then turns to the subject of the king's son Florizel, who has of late been in the habit of absenting himself from Court. His movements have been watched, and a report brought

to Polixenes, "that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate." Camillo, too, has heard "of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note. The report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage." The matter is one which must be seen to, and Camillo agrees to go with Polixenes in disguise to the shepherd, from whom it is thought it will be easy to learn the reason of Florizel's frequent visits to his farm.

We now see that the shepherd has acted in accordance with what he said of his good luck, that it "wanted nothing but secrecy." He has kept his secret well, and so, too, have his wife, now dead, and his clownish son. Little by little he has made use of some of the gold he found with Perdita, managing it so as not to raise surmises among his neighbours, while growing by slow degrees into a well-to-do sheep-farmer. When we see him, he is keeping the festival of the sheep-shearing, which, it appears, he has celebrated handsomely for many years. He speaks of his wife's active part in these festivals in days gone by, and how pleasant is the picture! She is no Bohemian housewife, but a true English dame, such as Shakespeare had no doubt seen in many a country homestead—

"When my old wife liv'd, upon
This day she was both pantler, butler,
cook,
Both dame and servant; welcom'd all,
serv'd all;
Would sing her song, and dance her
turn; now here,
At upper end of the table, now in the
middle;
On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire

With labour; and the thing she took
to quench it,
She would to each one sip."

Such a woman, we may be sure, would be a good mother to the poor foundling so strangely cast upon her care. As the child grew older, these kindly folks would use the means which came with her to give her the best education that was to be had. By-and-by they would see something in her superior to the other country lasses—something that so commanded their respect and admiration, that she would be spared the rough work of their household and farm. She took, we see, her share of herding the sheep, and the lighter work of their simple home. But she would live the while in a world of observation, thought, and fancy, in which they had no share, and so she became in person and mind and manner such as we imagine Hermione to have been in her happy days of girlhood. Especial pains indeed seem to have been taken to make us see the mother in the child. Although placed amid surroundings so widely different, we can trace in her the same nature, the same gentle dignity of manner, the same thoughtful spirit, the same unstudied grace of movement, the same refined beauty of both face and form.

Well may Florizel "bless the time, when his good falcon made his flight across" the ground of the old shepherd's farm. The moment his eye rests upon Perdita, he is drawn by an irresistible instinct towards her. She is thenceforth the ruler of his life. He cannot be, to use his own words, "his own, nor anything to any, if he be not hers." Their story in this respect is like that of Ferdinand and Miranda in "The Tempest," and it is hard to say

which of these tales of love at first sight Shakespeare has invested with the greater charm. From the first moment, we learn from Prospero, Ferdinand and Miranda "are both in either's power." It is not so said expressly of Perdita, yet it was probably no less true of her than of her princely lover. Unlike Miranda, she had seen many men; but what a vision of noble manly beauty must Florizel have presented to her eyes! Being what he was in person and in mind, he must, in contrast with the rustics around her, have been as much a delightful revelation as Ferdinand was to Miranda, when, thinking him a being of another world, she calls him "a thing divine, for nothing natural I ever saw so noble." Such natures must have been quickly drawn together. It was impossible for Perdita, with her inborn sympathies with all that was refined and noble, to withhold her heart from one in every way fitted to awake the slumbering soul within her, touched, as she must have been, to find herself approached with reverential homage by one so different from all her eyes had ever seen. From the first he has made no secret of his royal blood; but, come what may, she is to be his queen. Perdita, who believes the shepherd to be her father, though dwelling more than her lover upon their difference in rank, and apprehensive that this must disunite them, yet cannot in her frank simplicity hide from him that their love is mutual.

At every successive meeting he finds fresh graces in her. He sees that in spite of her superior beauty her companions are not envious. Their submission to her sway,—the influence of native dignity,—is involuntary. She is as unconscious of it as they are. She is

chosen by them as their queen in all their sports, and with most queenly graciousness she distributes her flowers and other simple favours among them, Florizel watching her every movement. He is as much amazed as attracted by the poetic turn of her thoughts, by the way she gives expression to them, by the wisdom, the winning humility of a creature who, in all she does and says, fascinates him with sweet surprises. In her soft voice, her words, her mien, there is something that speaks unmistakably of the royal blood within her. This it is left to the impersonator of Perdita to suggest. The audience should be made to feel as well as see the princess. Florizel does so; and hence it is that not his heart only is enthralled, but his judgment also—nay, his whole being. He is her subject, and she his queen-elect, worthy, most worthy, to share his present state and future royalty, and to do grace and honour to them both.

He has won her consent to be his bride, when the poet introduces them to us at the sheep-shearing festival. Florizel entreats her to cast aside all misgiving as to what his father may attempt, and to receive her guests with a light heart:—

"Lift up your countenance, as it were
the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have sworn shall come. . . .
. . . . Your guests approach,
Address yourself to entertain them
sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth."

Among the guests are Polixenes and Camillo in disguise. They are quickly attracted by the pre-eminence among the rustic revellers of one strikingly unlike them, both in look and in demeanour. Florizel has persuaded Perdita to wear a costly dress which he has provided

for her, as more befitting the queen of the feast, and more worthily setting off her most rare beauty. She has yielded reluctantly, as we infer from what she says :—

“Your high self,
The gracious mark o’ the land, you
have obscur’d
With a swain’s wearing; and me, poor
lowly maid,
Most goddess-like pranked up.”

But it is her beauty and the distinction of her bearing, and not her dress, that rivet the attention of Polixenes and his friend. Her greeting deepens their surprise, as, taking flowers from one of her companions, she says :—

“Reverend sirs,
For you there’s rosemary and rue;
these keep
Seeming, and savour, all the winter
long:
Grace, and remembrance be to you
both,
And welcome to our shearing!
Pol. Shepherdess,—
A fair one are you,—well you fit our
ages
With flowers of winter.”

How his wonder must have grown as she replied—

“Sir, the year growing ancient,—
Not yet on summer’s death, nor on the
birth
Of trembling winter,—the fairest
flowers of the year
Are our carnations, and streak’d gil-
ly’vors,
Which some call nature’s bastards; of
that kind
Our rustic garden’s barren, and I care
not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said,
There is an art which, in their pied-
ness, shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean; so over
that art

Which, you say, adds to nature, is an
art

That nature makes. You see, sweet
maid, we marry

A gentler scion to the wildest stock;
And make conceive a bark of baser
kind

By bud of nobler race. This is an art,
Which does mend nature,—change it
rather: but

The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in
gilly’vors,
And do not call them bastards.”

But she loves the simple flowers she has watched since childhood too well to have them spoiled for her by an artificial training. Do our gardens not sometimes make us think she was right when she replies?—

“I’ll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of
them;
No more than, were I painted, I would
wish
This youth should say, ’twere well.”

Camillo, like Polixenes, has come under her “strong toil of grace”—a grace that wakens a haunting memory of the much-wronged queen. She offers flowers to him also, with words so winning that he says—

“I should leave grazing, were I of
your flock,
And only live by gazing.”

How pretty is her answer!—

“Out, alas!
You’d be so lean that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.”

She has now to think of her friends the shepherdesses, and of Florizel, who are waiting for smiles and posies from their queen. She longs for spring flowers, as more suited to their youth, and bursts into that exquisite enumeration of the gems of an old English garden, which can never be too often read :—

"Oh, Proserpina,
 For the flowers now, that, frighted,
 thou lett'st fall
 From Dis's waggon ! Daffodils,
 That come before the swallow dares,
 and take
 The winds of March with beauty ;
 violets, dim,
 But sweeter than the lids of Juno's
 eyes,
 Or Cytherea's breath ; pale primroses,
 That die unmarried, ere they can be-
 hold
 Bright Phœbus in his strength ; . . .
 . . . bold oxlips, and
 The crown imperial ; lilies of all kinds,
 The flower-de-luce being one ! Oh,
 these I lack,
 To make you garlands of !"

This is spoken to the young girls
 about her—then, turning to Flo-
 rizel—

"And, my sweet friend,
 To strew him o'er and o'er. . . ."

Surprised at her own vivacity,
 which she fears may perhaps have
 made her too liberal in her speech,
 she adds—

"Methinks I play as I have seen them
 do
 In Whitsun' pastorals ; sure this robe
 of mine
 Does change my disposition."

This draws from Florizel words
 even more beautiful than her
 own :

"What you do
 Still betters what is done. When you
 speak, sweet,
 I'd have you do it ever ; when you
 sing,
 I'd have you buy and sell so, so give
 alms,
 Pray so, and for the ordering of your
 affairs,
 To sing them, too. When you do
 dance,
 I wish you a wave o' the sea, that you
 might ever do
 Nothing but that ; move still, still so,
 And own no other function. Each
 your doing,
 So singular in each particular,
 Crowns what you are doing in the
 present deeds,
 That all your acts are queens."

From her reply we learn that
 Florizel has called himself Doricles,
 —although neither his rank nor
 name were withheld from Per-
 dita, —lest his own name might
 raise suspicion among her rustic
 friends, that the handsome stran-
 ger was the king's son, whose
 uncommon name would naturally
 be known to them. What answer
 could maiden make to such elo-
 quence as Florizel's ? "O Dor-
 icles," she says, "your praises are
 too large," and but for her faith
 in his honour, she might fear he
 "woo'd her the false way." For
 that fear, he smilingly answers,
 she has no cause, and leads her
 away to the dance, where they
 are waited for. Polixenes has
 from a distance been watching
 them. "This," he says to Camillo,

"Is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
 Ran on the green-sward : nothing she
 does or seems,
 But smacks of something greater than
 herself,
 Too noble for this place.
Cam. He tells her something
 That makes her blood look out : good
 sooth, she is
 The queen of curds and cream."

While the dancing is going on,
 Polixenes sounds the shepherd as
 to the swain that dances with his
 daughter, but only learns that he
 calls himself Doricles, "boasts
 himself to have a worthy feeding,"
 that he loves the maid, is beloved
 by her, and that "if young Doricles
 do light upon her, she shall bring
 him that which he not dreams of."
 After this Polixenes could have
 been in no doubt as to his son's
 intentions. "Is it not too far
 gone ?" he says to Camillo. "Tis
 time to part them." But when
 Florizel and Perdita approach him,
 he seems to have desired to learn
 from his son's own lips how mat-
 ters stood, "How now," he says,
 "fair shepherd ?"—

"Your heart is full of something that
does take
Your mind from feasting ;"

then telling him, that when he
himself was young, and "handled
love as you do," he was wont "to
load his she with knacks," he
asks how it is that Florizel has let
the pedlar, Autolycus, go, without
buying anything for his mistress ?

"If your lass
Interpretation should abuse, and call
this
Your lack of love or bounty, you were
straited
For a reply, at least, if you make a
care
Of happy holding her.

Flor. Old sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are.
The gifts she looks from me are pack'd
and lock'd
Up in my heart, which I have given
already,
But not deliver'd."

Turning to Perdita he continues—

"Oh, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it would
seem,
Hath sometime lov'd : I take thy hand ;
this hand
As soft as dove's down, and as white
as it,
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd
snow,
That's bolted by the northern blasts
twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this ?"

Florizel makes no answer. He is
lost in the delight of holding in his
the fair white hand, which from
the first had spoken to him, even
more plainly than aught else about
Perdita's person, of her refined,
gentle, sensitive nature, as he
watched its movements,—always
with delighted surprise. Polix-
enes mutters to himself—

"How prettily the young swain seems
to wash
The hand was fair before ! (*Aloud*) I
have put you out.

But to your protestation ! Let me hear
What you profess.

Flo. That, were I crown'd the most
imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy ; were I the
fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve,—had force,
and knowledge,
More than was ever man's, I would not
prize them,
Without her love, — for her employ
them all,—
Commend them, and command them,
to her service,
Or to their own perdition."

At this avowal Polixenes might
have been expected to interfere,
but he refrains. In answer to
the old shepherd's question, "But,
my daughter, say you the like to
him ?" Perdita replies—

"I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well ; no, nor mean
better :
By the pattern of my own thoughts I
cut out
The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain !
And, friends unknown, you shall bear
witness to't."

He is about to join the lovers'
hands, when Polixenes interrupts
him, and asks Florizel if his father
is alive, and knows of this pur-
posed marriage, urging, that in
a matter of such grave import-
ance, his counsel should be taken.
Florizel admits the force of his
reasons. There are others, how-
ever, why he cannot make a con-
fidant of his father. In vain Pol-
ixenes and the shepherd entreat
him to let his father know. "Come,
come, he must not," Florizel im-
patiently rejoins ; "mark our con-
tract." "Mark your divorce,
young sir !" exclaims Polixenes,
throwing off his disguise, and
pouring out a vehement invective
upon the lovers, and also upon
the shepherd, who now learns to
his dismay that the king's son is

his daughter's lover. Of Perdita Polixenes is especially unsparing. "Thou piece of excellent witchcraft," as he calls her,

"I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and made
More homely than thy state! . . . If
ever, henceforth, thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee
As thou art tender to't."

With these words he goes away, commanding Florizel to follow him to the Court. Meanwhile his son has maintained a dutiful silence. He does not interrupt his father, and indeed does not speak for some time after he has gone, fully recognising the difficulty of his position, but resolved to remain true to his troth-plight. Perdita, however, resigns herself to lose him. His father's words have stung her, and her princely spirit has nearly made her meet his menaces with the rebuke they merited. She is the first to speak:

"I was not much afeard; for once or twice,
I was about to speak; and tell him plainly,
The self-same sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike. (*To Florizel.*) Will't please you, sir, begone?
I told you what would come of this.
Beseech you,
Of your own state take care. This dream of mine,
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes, and weep."

Florizel now shows what has occupied his thoughts — "Why look you so upon me?" he says to Camillo, who has remained behind *the king*:

"I am but sorry, not afeard; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd. What I was, I am."

Camillo, who has not thrown off his disguise, but whom Florizel now recognises, urges him not to come before his father until "the fury of his highness settle." This Florizel has already resolved. The vow he has given to Perdita shall not be broken. Without her, life would not be life. He tells Camillo—

"Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that
may
Be thereat glean'd,—for all the sun
sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my
oath
To this my fair beloved. Therefore, I
pray you,
As you have ever been my father's
honour'd friend,
When he shall miss me,—as, in faith, I
mean not
To see him any more,—cast your good
counsels
Upon his passion. Let myself and
fortune
Tug for the life to come."

He has a vessel hard by, and he means to put to sea "with her, whom here he cannot hold on shore." This design, it occurs to Camillo, may also serve his own turn, while saving the prince from danger, by enabling him to see his loved Sicilia again,

"And that unhappy king, my master,
whom
I so much thirst to see."

Let Florizel then make for Sicily, and present himself and his "fair princess, for so I see, she must be," to Leontes, who will welcome them with open arms. He is to say, that he is sent by his father to greet Leontes, "and to give him comforts." Camillo will give him

written instructions what he is to report as from his father, "things known betwixt us three," so

"He shall not perceive,
But that you have your father's bosom
there,
And speak his very heart."

Other reasons personal to the lovers he urges, concluding with—

"Besides, you know,
Prosperity's the very bond of love;
Whose fresh complexion and whose
heart together
Affliction alters."

Perdita has hitherto been silent. Now she speaks in words that, in their grave sincerity, remind us of Hermione.

"One of these is true:
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind."

How beautiful is what follows!—

Cam. Yea, say you so?
There shall not, at your father's house,
these seven years
Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding, as
She is i' the rear of our birth.

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pity
She lacks instructions, for she seems a
mistress

To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir;
For this I'll blush you thanks."

There is still the difficulty as to the attire in which the fugitives are to appear at the Sicilian Court. But Camillo assures them that, as his fortunes all lie in Sicily, he will take care that they are "royally appointed." His letters will be there, too, when they arrive, and "shall clear all doubt," while his influence will also be used to procure letters from Leontes which shall secure their pardon from Polixenes. He aids them to get aboard so disguised as to escape observation. For this purpose he

makes Florizel exchange garments with Autolycus, who has opportunely come that way. This quick-witted gentleman's first thought is, how he may turn to his own profit his suspicions of "the piece of iniquity" which his former young master Florizel "is about." But he argues himself into a resolution most appropriate to such an engrained rogue. "If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do't; I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession." At this point the shepherd and his son are seen approaching. "Aside, aside; here is more matter for a hot brain. Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work."

And work he quickly finds in the simplicity of the new-comers. They are talking of going to the king and turning aside his wrath against themselves by telling him that Perdita is none of their flesh and blood, and producing the things which were found with her. "There is that in this fardel will make him scratch his beard." Autolycus at this pricks up his ears. "I know not," he says, "what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance." And then in a scene of the rarest humour he frightens the rustics into placing themselves in his hands. He promises to take them to the king, but carries them instead to the prince's ship, where what they have to tell will, he hopes, "do the prince his master good," and at the same time minister to his own advancement.

The scene now returns to the palace of Leontes, where we find

him with Cleomenes, Dion, Paulina, and others. Such expiation as sixteen years of suffering could make for wrong he has made. In vain his courtiers urge him to forget the evil he had wrought. His remembrance of his chief victim is too vivid for that—his loss too terrible in having

“Destroy’d the sweet’st companion
that e’er man
Bred his hopes out of.”

The thought of Mamillius, too, haunts him, and when Paulina makes an allusion to the boy, he implores her to spare him. “Thou know’st,” he tells her, “he dies to me again when talked of,” and warns her, that her words may “bring him to consider that, which may unfurnish him of reason.” Paulina, his sharpest monitress in his hours of frenzy, has stood loyally by him in his affliction. “Oh grave and good Paulina, the comfort I have had of thee!” he exclaims in the fulness of his heart, at a time when, unknown to him, she is preparing for him a solace beyond all he could have dreamed of; and we can see that, while she has sustained him by her sympathy, she has strengthened him by her vigorous judgment, on which he has wisely been fain to lean.

When he is importuned by his courtiers to make a second marriage and give an heir to the throne, Paulina stands alone in maintaining that this must not be, reminding them that the oracle had declared that he should have no heir till his lost child was found. Her argument prevails. “Oh,” says Leontes,

“That ever I
Had squar’d me to thy counsel ! Then,
even now
I might have look’d upon my queen’s
full eyes,

Have taken treasure from her lips—

Paul. And left them
More rich for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou speak’st truth.
No more such wives ; therefore no wife.

My true Paulina.

We shall not marry till thou bidd’st us.

Paul. That
Shall be when your first queen’s again
in breath ;

Never till then.”

It is here the first hint is given that Hermione is still alive. How this could be, and how the secret could have been so well kept, Shakespeare gives no hint. One is thus driven to work out the problem for one’s self. My view has been always this. The death-like trance into which Hermione fell on hearing of her son’s death lasted so long, and had so completely the semblance of death, that it was so regarded by her husband, her attendants, and even by Paulina. The suspicion that animation was only suspended may have dawned upon Paulina, when, after the boy Mamillius had been laid by his mother’s side, the inevitable change began to appear in him and not in Hermione. She would not give voice to her suspicion for fear of creating a false hope, but had the queen conveyed secretly to her own home, making arrangements, which her high position and then paramount power would enable her to make, that only the boy, and his mother’s empty coffin, should be carried to the tomb. When after many days the trance gave way, Paulina would be near to perceive the first flickering of the eyelids, the first faint flush of blood returning to the cheek. Who can say how long the fearful shock to nerves and brain may have left Hermione in a state of torpor, hardly half alive, unconscious of everything that was pass-

ing around her, with the piteous look in those full eyes, so dear to Paulina, of a wounded, stricken, voiceless animal? And so the uneventful years would pass away, as such years do somehow pass with those whose lives are blanks. Gradually, as time wore on, Hermione would recognise her faithful Paulina, and such of her other ladies as were in the secret. Their tender care would move her in time to care to live, because they wished it, and because Paulina could comfort her with the hope the oracle had given, that her lost daughter might one day be found. Upon this slender hope—the words are her own—she “preserved herself to see the issue.” The name of Leontes is not mentioned. For a while he appears to be mercifully swept from her remembrance. She is not unforgiving, but her heart is dead towards him. Paulina feels that she dares not speak his name. It might awake too terribly the recollection of the misery he had brought upon her mistress, and in her enfeebled state prove fatal. The secret that their queen was still alive had been marvellously kept; although it had not escaped notice that Paulina had “privately, twice or thrice a-day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited the removed house,” to which she had been secretly conveyed. Seeing the genuine contrition of Leontes, Paulina would not abandon the hope that Hermione might in time be reconciled to him. She had therefore the strongest reason to protest against the projects of marriage which were pressed upon him by his ministers.

And an event was now at hand, which could not fail to bring about this reconciliation,—the arrival at the palace of the fugitive lovers.

The impression produced by Perdita upon the gentlemen of the Court makes him who speaks for them too eloquent in her praise to please Paulina. Loyal to her love for Hermione, she rebukes him by reminding him, when he calls this new beauty “the most peerless piece of earth that e’er the sun shone bright on,” that he had said and written more than this of his lost queen. Manfully he adheres to what he has said, in words that show how well Shakespeare knew the feeling of all true women towards those of their own sex who do honour to it.

“Women will love her, that she is a woman,
More worth than any man; men,
that she is
The rarest of all women.”

The arrival of Florizel with Perdita is quickly followed by that of his father in pursuit, and Leontes learns from one of his lords that there is no truth in the tale Florizel had told of bearing messages to him from Polixenes, and of Perdita’s royal birth,—the tale which Camillo had directed him to tell. But the fugitives have so won upon his heart,—Perdita especially, who by her looks has reminded him of his lost queen,—that he determines to plead their cause with Polixenes.

This is soon after made an easy task by the confession of the shepherd and his son as to the finding of Perdita, and by the production of the mantle of Hermione, the letters of Antigonus, and the gold and other things which were found with her. These proofs, as we are told by one of the lords who was present, together with “the majesty of the creature in resemblance of the mother;—the affection of nobleness which nature shows

above her breeding,—and many other evidences, proclaimed her with all certainty to be the king's daughter." The whole of this scene, which is of necessity omitted in the acted play, is of rare beauty. The meeting of the two kings is depicted with remarkable power. How exquisite is the stroke of pathos when, speaking of Leontes, "ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter," he is described as crying out, as if that joy were now become a loss, "Oh, thy mother! thy mother!" Not less graphic is the picture of Paulina.

"But oh, the noble combat that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled; she lifted the princess from the earth, and so locks her in embracing as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing."

Paulina now has no longer any reason for withholding from Leontes the secret of his wife's existence. She ingeniously prepares a mode of revealing it by presenting Hermione to him in the semblance of a statue, on which she tells him a rare artist has been for years at work, and which he has slightly coloured to give it a more lifelike look. It was necessary to lay emphasis on this colouring, as the living Hermione, however skilfully arranged, must of necessity be very different from an ordinary statue. My dress in acting this scene was arranged to carry out this effect. It was composed of soft white cashmere, the draperies and edges bordered with the royal purple enriched with a tracery in gold, and thus harmonising with the colouring of the lips, eyes, hair, &c., of the statue.

To see this peerless work of art Leontes comes to what Shakespeare describes as "a chapel in Paulina's house," accompanied by Polixenes, their children, Camillo, and other members of the Court. They have passed through a gallery of works of art, but, says Leontes—

"We saw not
That which my daughter came to look
upon,
The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she liv'd peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done. Therefore,
I keep it
Lonely, apart. But here it is. Pre-
pare to see
The life as lively mock'd as ever
Still sleep mock'd death. Behold, and
say, 'tis well."

At the back of the stage, when I acted in this play, was a dais which was led up to by a flight of six or eight steps, covered with rich cloth of the same material and crimson colour as the closed curtains. The curtains, when gradually opened by Paulina, disclosed, at a little distance behind them, the statue of Hermione, with a pedestal of marble by her side.

Here, let me say, that I never approached this scene without much inward trepidation. You may imagine how difficult it must be to stand in one position, with a full light thrown upon you, without moving an eyelid for so long a time. I never thought to have the time measured, but I should say that it must be more than ten minutes—it seemed like *ten* times ten. I prepared myself by picturing what Hermione's feelings would be when she heard Leontes' voice, silent to her for so many years, and listened to the remorseful tender words addressed to what

he believed to be her sculptured semblance. Her heart hitherto has been full only of her lost children. She has thought every other feeling dead, but she finds herself forgetting all but the tones of the voice, once so loved, now broken with the accents of repentance and woe-stricken desolation. To her own surprise her heart, so long empty, loveless, and cold, begins to throb again, as she listens to the outpourings of a devotion she had believed to be extinct. She would remember her own words to him, when the familiar loving tones were turned to anger and almost imprecation, "I never wished to see you sorry, now I trust I shall."

Of the sorrow she had thus wished for him she is now a witness, and it all but unnerves her. Paulina had, it seemed to me, besought Hermione to play the part of her own statue, in order that she might hear herself apostrophised, and be a silent witness of the remorse and unabated love of Leontes before her existence became known to him, and so be moved to that forgiveness, which, without such proof, she might possibly be slow to yield. She is so moved; but for the sake of the loving friend, to whom she has owed so much, she must restrain herself, and carry through her appointed task.

But, even although I had fully thought out all this, it was impossible for me ever to hear unmoved what passes in this wonderful scene. My first Leontes was Mr Macready, and, as the scene was played by him, the difficulty of wearing an air of statuesque calm became almost insuperable. As I think over the scene now, his appearance, his action, the tones of his voice, the emotions of that

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time, come back. There was a dead awe-struck silence, when the curtains were gradually drawn aside by Paulina. She has to encourage Leontes to speak.

"I like your silence, it the more shows off Your wonder. But yet speak—first you, my liege,
Comes it not something near?

Then with what wonderful tenderness of tone Mr Macready answered—

"Her natural posture!
Chide me, dear stone; that I may say,
indeed,
Thou art Hermione; or, rather, thou
art she
In thy not chiding; for she was as tender
As infancy and grace."

His eyes seemed to devour the figure before him, as the scene proceeded, and he said—

"Oh, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty,—warm
life,
As now it coldly stands, when first I
woo'd her!
I am ashamed. Does not the stone
rebuke me,
For being more stone than it? Oh,
royal piece,
There's magic in thy majesty, which
has
My evils conjured to remembrance,
and
From thy admiring daughter took the
spirits,
Standing like stone with thee.

Per. And give me leave,
And do not say, 'tis superstition, that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing.
Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but
began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiss."

But the time for this has not arrived, and Paulina prevents her, saying, the colour on the statue is not yet dry. Leontes stands so broken down with the bitter remembrances the statue calls up, that he is urged by

Polixenes and Camillo to subdue his grief. Paulina, also deeply moved, exclaims—

“Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor
image
Would thus have wrought you,—for
the stone is mine,—
I'd not have show'd it.”

And is about to close the curtain. Never can I forget the manner in which Mr Macready here cried out, “Do not draw the curtain!” and, afterwards, when Paulina says,

“No longer shall you gaze on't, lest
your fancy
May think anon it moves”—

“*Let be, let be!*” in tones irritable, commanding, and impossible to resist. “Would I were dead,” he continues, “but that, methinks already—” Has he seen something that makes him think the statue lives? Mr Macready indicated this, and hurriedly went on—

“What was he that did make it? See,
my lord,
Would you not deem it breathed? And
that those veins
Did verily bear blood. . . .
The fixture of her eye has motion in't,
As we are mocked with art.”

Paul. I'll draw the curtain.
My lord's almost so far transported,
that
He'll think anon it lives.

Leon. Oh sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years to-
gether;
No settled senses of the world can
match
The pleasure of that madness. *Let it
alone!*

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far
stirr'd you: but
I could afflict you further.

Leon. Do, Paulina,
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort.”

His eyes have been so riveted
upon the figure, that he sees, what

the others have not seen, that there is something about it beyond the reach of art. He continues—

“Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her: What
fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no
man mock me,
For I will kiss her.”

Paulina again interposes with the same suggestion as before, that “the ruddiness on the lip being wet,” “he would mar the work,” adding, “Shall I draw the curtain?”

“*Leon.* No, not these twenty years.
Per. So long could I
Stand by a looker on.”

Paulina sees that the strain upon Hermione and all present must not be prolonged; and she tells them—

“If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed. . . .
. . . . It is required
You do awake your faith. Then, all
stand still.
. . . Music awake her, strike! (*Music.*)
'Tis time, descend, be stone no more:
approach!
Strike all that look upon with marvel;
come.”

You may conceive the relief I felt, when the first strain of solemn music set me free to breathe! There was a pedestal by my side on which I leant. It was a slight help during the long strain upon the nerves and muscles, besides allowing me to stand in that “natural posture” which first strikes Leontes, and which therefore could not have been rigidly statuesque. By imperceptibly altering the poise of the body, the weight of it being on the forward foot, I could drop into the easiest position from which to move. The hand and arm still resting quietly on the pedestal materially helped

me. Towards the close of the strain the head slowly turned, the "full eyes" moved, and at the last note rested on Leontes.

This movement, together with the expression of the face, transfigured as we may imagine it to have been by years of sorrow and devout meditation, — speechless, yet saying things unutterable, — always produced a startling, magnetic effect upon all — the audience upon the stage as well as in front of it. After the burst of amazement had hushed down, at a sign from Paulina the solemn sweet strain recommenced. The arm and hand were gently lifted from the pedestal; then, rhythmically following the music, the figure descended the steps that led up to the dais, and advancing slowly, paused at a short distance from Leontes. Oh, can I ever forget Mr Macready at this point! At first he stood speechless, as if turned to stone; his face with an awe-struck look upon it. Could this, the very counterpart of his queen, be a wondrous piece of mechanism? Could art so mock the life? He had seen her laid out as dead, the funeral obsequies performed over her, with her dear son beside her. Thus absorbed in wonder, he remained until Paulina said, "Nay, present your hand." Tremblingly he advanced, and touched gently the hand held out to him. Then, what a cry came with, "O, she's warm!" It is impossible to describe Mr Macready at this point. He was Leontes' self! His passionate joy at finding Hermione really alive seemed beyond control. Now he was prostrate at her feet, then enfolding her in his arms. I had a slight veil or covering over my head and neck, supposed to make the statue look older. *This fell off in an*

instant. The hair, which came unbound, and fell on my shoulders, was reverently kissed and caressed. The whole change was so sudden, so overwhelming, that I suppose I cried out hysterically, for he whispered to me, "Don't be frightened, my child! don't be frightened! Control yourself!" All this went on during a tumult of applause that sounded like a storm of hail. Oh, how glad I was to be released, when, as soon as a lull came, Paulina, advancing with Perdita, said, "Turn, good lady, our Perdita is found." A broken trembling voice, I am very sure, was mine, as I said —

"You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your
graces
Upon my daughter's head! Tell me,
mine own,
Where hast thou been preserved?
Where lived? How found
Thy father's court? For thou shalt
hear, that I,—
Knowing by Paulina, that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being,—have
preserved
Myself to see the issue."

It was such a comfort to me, as well as true to natural feeling, that Shakespeare gives Hermione no words to say to Leontes, but leaves her to assure him of her joy and forgiveness by look and manner only, as in his arms she feels the old life, so long suspended, come back to her again.

I was called upon to play Hermione very soon after my *début*. I was still very young, and by my years and looks most unfit even to appear as the mother of the young Mamillius. Why Mr Macready selected me for the task I could not imagine, and most gladly would I have declined it. But his will was law. Any remonstrance or objection was

met by reasons and arguments so broad and strong,—you were so earnestly reminded of your duty to sacrifice yourself to the general good, and the furtherance of the effort he was making to regenerate the drama,—that there was nothing left but to give way. All you could urge seemed so small, so merely personal. Therefore play Hermione I must, even as I had not long after to play Constance of Bretagne, a still severer trial and much greater strain upon my young shoulders. Hermione was a character that had not then come within the circle of my favourite Shakespearian heroines. It was, therefore, quite new to me. Mrs Warner had been for years the recognised Hermione of the London stage. On this occasion she was cast for Paulina, a character for which nature had eminently fitted her by a stately figure, fine voice, and firm, earnest manner. How admirably she acted Emilia in "Othello" I must ever remember, especially the way she turned on Othello in the last scene, in which Mr Macready was also very grand. On the audience, who could see their looks and gestures, the impression they made must have been very great indeed. I, as the smothered Desdemona, could hear only.

My first appearance as Hermione is indelibly imprinted on my memory by the acting of Mr Macready as I have described it in the statue scene. Mrs Warner had rather jokingly told me, at one of the rehearsals, to be *prepared* for something extraordinary in his man-

ner, when Hermione returned to life. But prepared I was not, and could not be, for such a display of uncontrollable rapture. I have tried to give some idea of it; but no words of mine could do it justice. It was the finest burst of passionate speechless emotion I ever saw, or could have conceived. My feelings being already severely strained, I naturally lost something of my self-command, and as Perdita and Florizel knelt at my feet I looked, as the gifted Sarah Adams¹ afterwards told me, "like Niobe, all tears." Of course, I behaved better on the repetition of the play, as I knew what I had to expect and was somewhat prepared for it; but the intensity of Mr Macready's passion was so real, that I never could help being moved by it, and feeling much exhausted afterwards.

"The Winter's Tale" makes heavy demands upon the resources of a theatre both in actors and *mise en scène*. It was therefore only in such cities as Dublin, Glasgow, and Edinburgh that I was able to have it acted. But in all these cities, even with such inadequate resources as they supplied, the play used to produce a profound impression. The sympathies of my audience for the suffering Hermione were reflected back upon me so warmly as to make me feel that they entered into my conception of her beautiful nature, such as I have here endeavoured to present it. There, as in London, the statue scene always produced a remarkable effect. This I could feel in the intense hush, as though

¹ This sweet accomplished lady wrote many poems and hymns. Her drama in blank verse, founded on the story of "Vivia Perpetua," one of the first Christian martyrs, was greatly admired in a wide literary circle. Her beautiful hymn "Nearer, my God, to Thee," we all know, and are moved by, when sung in our churches as it often is.

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Hermione.

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every one present "held his breath" for the time. In Edinburgh, upon one occasion, I have been told by a friend who was present, that as I descended from the pedestal and advanced toward Leontes, the audience simultaneously rose from their seats, as if drawn out of them by surprise and reverential awe at the presence of one who bore more of heaven than of earth about her. I can only account for this by supposing that the soul of Hermione had for the time entered into mine, and "so divinely wrought, that one might almost say," with the old poet, my "body thought." Of course I did not observe this movement of the audience, for my imagination was too full of what I felt was then in Hermione's heart, to leave me eyes for any but Leontes. You may judge of the pleasure it was to play to audiences of this kind. As "there is a pleasure in poetic

pains, which only poets know," so there is a pleasure in the actor's pains, which only actors know, who have to deal with the "high actions and high passions" of which Milton speaks. Unless they know these pains, and feel a joy in knowing them, their vocation can never rise to the level of an art.

I fear, my dear Lord Tennyson, I have tried your patience with this long letter. But in this fine play I have had to write of three exquisite types of womanhood—the mother, the maiden, and the friend. In what other play or story do we find three such women? In lingering over their excellences I may have lost account of time and thus wearied you. If I have, pray forgive me this once, and believe me to be ever, with deepest admiration and gratitude, very sincerely yours,

HELENA FAUCIT MARTIN.

1st November 1890,
BRYNTYSLIO, LLANGOLLEN.

THE SHROUDED WATCHER.

It is many years since the following remarkable incident in my life took place. For the ordinary commonplace details of everyday experience my memory is generally held to be indifferent, but the circumstances in this case were such that they have indelibly fixed themselves in my recollection, as though they had occurred yesterday.

At the time I allude to I was a very raw young ensign, scarcely done with the goose-step. My regiment was quartered in the — Barracks, situated in a suburb of the capital of that well-known island-fortress which stands warden over the blue waters of the Mediterranean highway, within sight of Sicilian Etna, and almost of Northern Africa.

To make my narrative clearer, I will begin by presenting to the reader the chief character in it.

Ralph D—— was a young fellow with an odd history. What brought him to Malta none of us ever exactly knew. He was understood to have been in one of "John Company's" regiments, but whether horse or foot I cannot remember. His own account was that he had left the Indian service (for some unexplained reason), and having found his way to Vienna, got himself into a regiment of Austrian cavalry, as not a few ex-British officers managed at that time to do. But, for reasons best known to himself and the authorities, his stay in the Kaiser's service was not of long duration, and when I joined my regiment in the island principality sacred to San Publio, D—— was a well-known character among the English residents and garrison. Not that the noto-

riety was altogether conducive to his fair fame; but D—— had a singular way of worming himself into the good graces of a particular set, and passed for a gentleman of affable manners, much wit, and especially a certain bold *diablerie* that stuck at nothing, and gave him a kind of popularity among the more daring spirits in society. How well I can call up his appearance! Dark brilliant eyes and black hair; a tall lithe figure, with a very peculiar but really bewitching smile on occasions when it suited him to please; and a beautifully shaped contour of head and profile. He was known to be of good family, and as he had been in the service, my regiment had made him an honorary member of our mess; and I rather think another corps in garrison had given him the same *entrée* into theirs. At all events, he was on pretty good terms with some of our fellows, though our colonel and one or two of the older officers certainly did not encourage him much, as his example was not considered beneficial to the juniors.

D—— was a wonderful billiard-player. I never saw any one to beat him at "losing hazards" or the "spot stroke." As to pool, our "lives" were as nothing in his hands; and at all card games in particular, both the skill and the luck of the man were extraordinary. Night after night I have seen him at play, and his winnings must have almost sufficed to maintain him. As to other traits in his character, I am sorry to say I never heard of one single good or generous sentiment that could be traced to him. D——'s

talk at the mess-table or in the anteroom was of the most cynical flavour it was ever my lot to hear; and though "de mortuis nil nisi bonum" is an excellent and decent moral to abide by, truth compels me to add that some very sinister tales of D——'s influence over the other sex had got about at the time I speak of. What has now come to be dignified with the name of hypnotism was unknown as such in those days, but I believe D—— possessed some conspicuous powers in this direction, and I am afraid was not always over-scrupulous in his use of them. Even at this distance of time his portrait stands out clear to my mind's eye, with a kind of Rembrandt-like sheen upon it, by reason of the mysterious shadow in the background which was to loom up and cover it with the blackness of darkness. I ought perhaps to add, for the better understanding of what is to follow, that for a little while before the *dénouement* came, some ominous whisperings got afloat among us about D——, and the methods whereby so much silver and gold was perpetually being transferred at whist and *écarté* from other people's pockets to his own. For in my long experience of those holding her gracious Majesty's commission, notwithstanding a black sheep here and there, it is not to be denied that scrupulous honour and fair dealing have ever been in the forefront of their traditions.

I now come to the memorable day of the occurrence of the strange incident, to one phase of which I and others—most of them gone now—were eyewitnesses.

There may be many who scan

these pages who have trod the narrow streets, quaintly built and gaily coloured, of Valetta, and can repicture their arabesque-Italian character, the old-world environment, the massive and rather formal friezes and entablatures of the basilicas and other buildings. The funereal-looking *faldetta* of the women; the men pouring in to market from the neighbouring *casals*, clad in blue homespun and long purse-shaped caps; the combined odours of oranges, garlic, oil, and roasting coffee emanating from the shop-doors; the long bastioned lines of fortifications, with wide deep fosses; the red-coated sentries at the port archways; the splendid *auberges* of the old knights,—what an odd jumble of impressions they all convey!

The season was Holy Week towards the end of April 18—. Music has always been a passion with me; and every afternoon preceding Good Friday in that particular week, when I could get off duty from the dust and glare of the white parade-ground and the monotonous bawling of the drill-sergeant, it was my wont to steal away to the Duomo of San Giovanni. And who that has ever sat in that stately cathedral church, surrounded by its splendour of inlaid marble and under the magnificent frescoes of Matteo Preti,¹ and in the dimly lighted atmosphere, odorous with incense, listened to the entrancing strains of the Office of the "Tenebræ," could ever forget it? Such exquisite pathos in the solos, inexpressibly mournful yet sweet, and then the moaning harmonies of the antiphonal choruses—like no other music I ever heard, or probably

¹ Another of the treasures of this church is the celebrated picture by Caravaggio, "The Decapitation of the Baptist."

shall ever hear again,¹—while one by one, at intervals, the great burning candles on the sable-draped altar are being solemnly extinguished! My thoughts will wander back to these impressions, so vivid are they still. Well, the eve of Good Friday arrived. I had gone over to see a friend on the Verdala side of the Grand Harbour, and on my return after dark, what a night it was—still, calm, cloudless, a star-specked vault overhead. The air was deliciously soft; and as I sat in the stern of the gondola-shaped galley while the dark figure of the boatman monotonously and silently plied his long sweeps, great grey ramparts frowned on every side, and lights twinkled, flashing back in wavering duplicates from the faintly rippling water. I was soon alongside the low jetty on the Valetta side, and, ascending the great flight of steep stone steps, presently found myself in the strait Strada Reale. Here it was no easy matter threading one's way, for the procession of the "Stazione," representing the main incidents of the "Passion," was passing up the street. At all times this pageant, which some no doubt would revile as superstitious and papistical, has seemed to me full of solemnity, notwithstanding that the symbolic figures used are often somewhat tawdry, and savouring too much of stage properties. In the intense silence maintained by the multitude of spectators, as each scenic group passes by; in the deep reverence exhibited, as the wail of the dirge-like music swells louder and louder, heralding the approach of the grand central tableau, the crucifixion; in

the sacred form upraised on a colossal cross, towering high above you, flanked by the two malefactors on lesser crosses; in the sudden baring of all heads, as the shrouded platform-bearers with masked faces go by, labouring under their self-imposed burden,—in all this one feels the great cardinal truth borne in upon one, despite all the concomitant flummery and gewgaws and evanescent emotion of the scene.

Such as it was on this particular Holy Thursday night, there were after-reasons why this strange and weird Passion-procession, as it crept by, stamped itself deep into my memory. And those waxen effigies of the agony in the garden, the cruel scourging, the staggering under the weight of the ponderous tree, and, last of all, the realistic presentment of intense anguish in the outstretched figure, with drooped head and its circlet of thorns,—somehow that night they seemed to take possession of me, as I passed up the long narrow street out of hearing of the wild music, and reached the great stone gateway of our barrack square.

The echo of the sentry's sharp challenge, "Halt! who comes there?" and, "Pass, friend—all's well," had hardly died down when I found myself at the door of my quarters, which faced the officers' mess block. By this time the Paschal moon, all but full, was high in the sky, and cast a great shadow from the tall buildings facing the range of barracks across the parade. Though on this night superfluous, a feeble oil-lamp flickered here and there, for gas was a luxury not then indulged in, and the department which was charged

¹ The score of this "Tenebræ" music was said, if I remember aright, to be the work of an ancient master, and was never allowed to get into the hands of *the public*.

with these things loved darkness better than light, because it cost less. I should here explain that Thursdays were the "guest" nights of my regiment at that time, and on this evening the regimental band had as usual been playing on the open space just outside, fronting the mess-room windows. It must have been past eleven o'clock when I reached barracks; and although most of the outsiders who were allowed in to hear the music on such occasions were gone, I noticed two or three still waiting about. One in particular, a remarkably tall man in a long dark cloak, and with some sort of hood over his head like a monk's cowl, was standing under one of the mess windows with his back to me. I sauntered into my room, lit a cigar, and came out again, to muse in the quiet moonlight over the "Tenebræ" and the "Stazione." By this time the loiterers were all gone except the tall cloaked man, who appeared to have never moved or changed his position since I saw him first. The open windows of the mess-room were still aglow, and through the boughs of a row of lank stunted trees along the enclosure wall one could see the distant twinkling lights of the town.

Something in the appearance of this solitary shrouded figure attracted and fixed my attention. To be so attired in a warm balmy night like this, in a semi-tropical climate, seemed peculiar. And I had already been struck with his phenomenal stature, contrasted with those who had been standing beside him. Who could the man be, and what on earth was he waiting there for? It crossed my mind that this must be either one of the dominoed *incogniti* who had been following in the *Passion procession*, or else one of the *Capuchins* from a neigh-

bouring monastery; but a friar would hardly stroll in to listen to a military band, and then stand stock-still alone under the windows of the officers' mess. With the momentary passing thought came the sound of pretty loud talking, and occasionally a laugh, from the lit-up anteroom opposite, where it was plain some of our fellows must be, probably engaged at whist, loo, or some other card game. Why I cannot tell, but along with a feeling of indefinable repulsion towards him, an impulse seized me to watch the muffled stranger closely, and at the same time an awakening consciousness that I had better walk straight over and ask the man what he wanted there at that time of night. As my gaze fastened itself on the motionless figure, whose head seemed in the bright moonlight to be bent a little to one side in an intent listening attitude, I became conscious of a kind of chill and numbness creeping through my limbs, with that horrible sense of inability to move forward one occasionally experiences in dreams when something dreadful is going to happen which one wants to avert. Yes, whoever the man was, most assuredly he must be watching and waiting and listening for something or somebody in the mess-room, with that strained intentness yet absolute quiescence of posture! But why this vehement and altogether unaccountable foreboding of impending evil borne in upon me?

These bethinkings, however, were all the work of a few seconds, when, with eyes still riveted on the mysterious watcher, I heard several voices within the room calling out in excited tones as though some altercation were going on. One voice above all the others came with a kind of strident sharpness

through the open window, in which it was easy to recognise D——'s hard and distinct accents. I seem to hear the words rasping out now as I write. "I tell you I dealt myself the ace of spades;" then another voice, young N——'s, "I'll take my oath you didn't," and then a terrible imprecation from D——, which I will not repeat, invoking the Prince of Darkness to the ruin of his soul and body if what he had stated was not the truth.

As the last words struck on my ear the tall cloaked figure made an instantaneous movement, leaped up with a light swift spring to the window-sill he was standing under, and disappeared through the muslin curtains into the room, for I was unable to see farther into it from my position. Another instant, and an ear-piercing scream rang out,—a harsh appalling cry as of mingled pain, rage, and terror, from one in dire extremity—and to my horror and utter amazement he in the cloak reappeared at the window with D—— gripped in his arms, and half slung over one shoulder, apparently struggling desperately. One instant both faces were visible in the moonlight, D——'s ghastly and convulsed, the other set back in its sombre hood and covered with a black domino, from the eyelets of which I was near enough to catch, as I fancied, a lightning-flash of fiendish malignancy and exultation. Ere I could collect my bewildered senses sufficiently to rush across to stop them, which I did a moment later, both men had vanished round an angle of the building. After them I rushed, shouting to the gate-sentry to alarm the guard, but on reaching the rear of the block not a soul was in sight. Out turned *the guard, and telling the sergeant*

to take a file and search the enclosure for two men fighting, I ran round to the mess-room. Meanwhile, and before I could reach the entrance-door to the mess, the bell inside was ringing out peal after peal, and an officer came tearing out full tilt, nearly knocking me down. "What is it?" I burst out. "Where's C——" (our regimental doctor); "is he in his quarters?" was the simultaneous counter-question, and away he rushed towards the quarter where Dr C—— was located. I ran into the anteroom, along with one or two of the mess-waiters, helter-skelter. And what a sight inside! There, huddled in a group, with pale scared faces, a whist-table overturned, and a litter of cards strewn all over the floor, were some half-dozen of my comrades of the —th, stooping over the prostrate form of D——, who lay motionless, with lips apart, eyeballs fixed and staring, his head lying back, supported by one of our fellows. It was a terrible moment. The surgeon, C——, came in a minute after, tore open D——'s waistcoat and shirt, looked hard at him, knelt down and put his ear to the drawn mouth, felt about the region of the heart, and shook his head. Life was extinct.

As for myself, I could hardly believe my senses. The man I had just seen bodily carried off struggling in the arms of an unknown individual, lying here dead—it seemed an absolute hallucination! I was too taken aback to ask a single question; but as my inquiring eyes went round the circle of assembled officers, I could see on the countenances of all a certain constraint mingled with their horror, but not a syllable was said. It was plain there was a further mystery behind.

The remains of the ill-fated D—— were removed to a spare room in the officers' quarters, and there laid out to await official proceedings on the morrow.

It was not till after the funeral that I learned what had caused the uproar and altercation in the mess-room, which immediately preceded the terribly sudden catastrophe of that memorable night. And even at this distance of time, I tell the circumstances with pain and reluctance. D—— had dined with the regiment, and after the band had finished playing, he and some half-dozen subalterns sat down to play *vingt-et-un*. The stakes were high, and it was remarked that D—— turned up a remarkable number of "naturals." N——, a not long-joined ensign, had been dealt an ace of spades, and "stood." At the conclusion of the round, D——, who was dealing, again showed a "natural," the ace of which proved to be the ace of spades. This, of course, was too much for young N——, green as he was; and though the tricks of the "heathen Chinese" had not then been sung, the case was manifestly something of the same kind as that worthy's performance. Hence the indignant remonstrance wafted out to my ears in the barrack square, followed by that awful oath. Whereupon, according to some of the party, a momentary gust of air seemed to shake the farther window-sash, and simultaneously the card-table was stirred—it was, they said, like the tremor of a slight earthquake shock—and straightway D—— threw his hands up and fell back in his chair, gurgling like one in a fit. The rest I have told, and I will say no more upon this. Which of us is prepared to cast a stone at an erring brother, leastwise when he is gone!

Needless to say, the officers of

her Majesty's —th were for long thereafter uncommonly chary of conferring upon outsiders the privilege of honorary membership of their mess. And for many a year the tragic circumstances I have set down, with perhaps somewhat imperfect recollection of minor details, lingered on in the regiment as a kind of tradition, to be talked over on occasions, and amplified in various ways. But as for S—— (of whom more presently) and myself, we kept our impressions as far as possible to ourselves, though something about them necessarily leaked out through the guard and sentry I had hailed, and from my original statements concerning the twain I believed I had seen so palpably in the moonlight.

I have never been able to clear up the mystery of this dread tragedy. When the formal inquiry by the military and civil authorities came on, it was elicited from the non-commissioned officer of the night-guard that no person of the description I gave had been seen to enter or leave the barrack precincts. The certified cause of the death was stated to be aneurism, spasm, or something of the heart—what I suppose we should call in common parlance, heart-disease. The affair was rather hushed up, in deference to the feelings of D——'s relatives, one of whom came out to the island shortly afterwards to make inquiries, and settle up the affairs of the deceased.

Those who have read thus far may not unnaturally have explained to themselves what I witnessed in the square as pure imagination, a phantasm of my own brain. And this view I should probably myself have inclined to, but for one circumstance, which I have now to mention. In the

room above mine, and looking out on the square towards the mess-house, was quartered a very dear fellow, rather a favourite with us, although hardly robust enough for the roughing of a soldier's life. Now it happened on this very Thursday evening S——, who had been ailing for some time back of Malta fever, was lying on a couch in his room by the open window—the night being so warm—and listening to the band. He was still there when I came into barracks, and when I was arrested by the sight of the tall solitary figure opposite. When, several days after the sad event, I touched on the subject, S—— broke in with a very troubled face, and in a serious urgent voice asked, "Did you see the man in the long cloak waiting for him?" Then I knew that whatever extra-vision had been

vouchsafed to me had been shared by him. Ah me! "pale death knocks with equal step," sooner or later, at the door of us all, and S——, with nearly every other of my then comrades, has departed to that bourn where "there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom"!

As for me, were I to live to the patriarchal age of the oldest of the antediluvians, it would be impossible to obliterate the impressions forced successively upon me on that especially solemn but fatal Thursday. The cathedral service, the torchlight procession—and then, in terrible contrast, near about midnight, on the very threshold of a day most sad and sacred of all days to Christendom, the culminating horror of that shrouded one and his victim!

THE OLD SALOON.

RECENT GERMAN FICTION.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL romance being on the order of the day, the Old Saloon tables are encumbered with volumes in which we are summoned to take interest in the food of a Pharaoh or the foot-bath of a Cleopatra—a result for which we are doubtless indebted to Dr Schlieman and some of his learned colleagues. When the illustrious German antiquarian began to rake up the dust of vanished generations, to open up unknown tombs and lay bare the site of forgotten cities, he was unconsciously evolving the forms of countless novels, good, bad, and indifferent, which ever since have been haunting us like a perfect Egyptian plague.

It could not be otherwise: the task of reconstructing those shattered temples and palaces, of fitting warm flesh on to those old brittle bones, and of replacing those glittering gems or cunning *orfèvrerie* on fair or dusky necks and arms, was too seductive to be resisted. Many imaginations took fire, and many hands undertook the gigantic task of attempting to resuscitate a whole defunct world. But the task, though alluring, is also ungrateful; for if it be difficult faithfully to depict the living men and women we see around us, how much more so is it to invest with a semblance of probability those of whom we in reality know next to nothing? To be entirely just in our estimate of other ages is not difficult—it is impossible, says Froude; and if we find it hard to reconstruct in

fancy the life, habits, speech, and thoughts of our great-grandfathers and mothers, how very much harder is it not to do the same for persons separated from us by a score of centuries or more?

Where all are ignorant there can be none to criticise, may have been the device of some who, with the admirable audacity of a Rider Haggard, undertook to revive the figure of Antony and Cæsar's immortal mistress. Criticism, however, may as often be based upon instinct as upon knowledge, and even a comparatively ignorant reader is able to distinguish whether the figures placed before him are illumined by the *feu sacré* of the true artist or by a trumpety rushlight.

Far be it from me to condemn wholesale all antiquarian romances—I would only maintain the task of constructing a successful one to be no easy matter, requiring no common combination of talents. An exceptionally ardent and powerful imagination, which is the primary condition, must here be necessarily curbed by, and made subservient to, the stern exigencies of history, while something akin to the inspiration of poetical genius is required to bridge over the vast chasm separating the author from his figures—a result achieved, in our humble opinion, neither by Mr Wallace in 'Ben Hur,' by Rider Haggard in 'Cleopatra,' nor by Herr Ebers in his latest Egyptian novel, 'Josua.'¹

Of Rider Haggard, indeed, it

¹ *Josua: Eine Erzählung aus Biblischer Zeit*, von Georg Ebers. Deutsche Verlags Anstalt: 1890.

would not be fair to use the word failure with regard to his work, which would imply an unsuccessful straining after unrealised ideals, whereas, unless we do him gross injustice, Mr Haggard had nothing so preposterous in view as an ideal when he set to work. He amuses himself by fooling others, but is far too clever to fool himself. Knowing his audience, he treats it accordingly, and if we have any cause to fall foul of him, it is not because he thinks too highly of his own workmanship, but too meanly of his readers, by offering them such mental food as 'She' or 'Cleopatra.'

But with Herr Ebers the case is very different. He takes himself seriously, as all Germans do, and evidently regards his work as an important service rendered to humanity. With toil and labour unspeakable—as he himself informs us in the preface—has he produced this latest offspring of his brain. He has pondered over reams of ancient Egyptian papyrus, deciphered hundreds of hieroglyphic inscriptions, and wandered through miles of deserted ruins, in order to collect material for his story. There can be no doubt that he has worked exceedingly hard, and we are very sorry for him; our most prominent sensation on closing the second volume being the thought of how tired the poor author must have felt on laying down his pen at the end of page 426. He has enlisted our most sincere compassion, though we are unfortunately compelled to refuse our admiration. This is a hard world, in which, whatever moralists may say, merit is rarely its own reward; and it is positively melancholy to reflect that such an amount of patient toil, conscientious research, and painfully acquired erudition, *should only have resulted in a very inferior novel, which, for*

dramatic effect and interest of character, stands far behind the author's previous works.

The subject, the deliverance of the Hebrews from Egyptian bondage, and their passage through the Red Sea, is a grand one, affording endless chances of success, but likewise of failure. Herr Ebers informs us that the idea of depicting in a novel the wandering forth of the Hebrews occurred to him during a journey in Egypt, apparently some twenty years ago. To this idea was subsequently joined that of representing the event from an Egyptian point of view—an aspect which he believes will be novel and surprising.

But there is, as Ben Akiba tells us, no new thing under the sun, not even the novels of a Rider Haggard or an Ebers; and, curiously enough, we were reminded of both these authors the other day when glancing through 'Le Roman de la Momie,' written about forty years ago by Théophile Gautier.

That alike the English as the German author are innocent of intentional plagiarism we are convinced; for had they chosen to cull from the leaves of an almost forgotten French novel, they might surely have done so to better purpose. The resemblance, which can only be purely accidental, is in the case of Rider Haggard confined to the opening of an old Egyptian tomb, and the discovery inside the mummy's coffin of a written scroll containing the story related by the author. The German novel challenges a closer comparison, for the Frenchman's book treats the self-same subject, and from an almost identical point of view.

Miriam, sister of Moses, is the heroine of Herr Ebers's novel, and Josua, or Hosea (as he was first called), its hero. Miriam is betrothed to Hosea—a circumstance for which we have no Scriptural

basis; neither does there seem to be any historical authority for the statement that Hosea first served in the Egyptian army under Pharaoh, where he acquired the military knowledge which subsequently enabled him to lead his people to their promised land.

When the story opens, Hosea is returning from an expedition against the Lybian rebels, which has occupied him for a year and a half. For ten whole months he has had no news of his people, and his heart leaps up at sight of the obelisks of Tamis when he espies them in the distance. Soon he will see again his aged father Nun, to whom he clings with filial affection, and Miriam his beloved, whose image has always accompanied him in his wanderings. Miriam is not only a beautiful woman but a prophetess as well, by whose lips the God of Israel has chosen to speak to His people. Strong and serious as she was, no more fitting mate could Hosea find, and her powerful individuality had thrown into the shade another vision which formerly had captivated his imagination. Since her childhood he had loved and admired Kasana, daughter of Hornecht, the chief of Pharaoh's archers, and for a time had dreamt of making her his wife. Then Kasana had wedded another, only, however, to return to her father's home within a year a young widow; and Miriam's appearance had quickly dispelled any disappointment which Hosea may have felt, when given to understand that Kasana could never have married a Hebrew.

But the news which meets the returning warrior is not joyful. He finds his father's house an empty ruin, like the other Hebrew dwellings, plundered and laid bare by the incensed Egyptians, who thus seek to revenge themselves

on the magician Moses who has caused the death of their first-born. Old Nun has fled with the rest, conducted by Moses out of Pharaoh's reach.

Then comes to him Ephraim his nephew, and speaks as follows:—

"Miriam, daughter of Amram and Jochebeth, sends greeting to the son of Nun the Ephraite. Hosea [Help] art thou called, and as the helper of thy people art thou chosen by the Lord. Josua—that is, he whose help is Jehovah—shalt thou henceforth be called by His order; for through Miriam His handmaid doth the God of thy fathers, who is likewise thine, command thee to be the sword and shield of thy people. In Him is all strength, and He will fortify thine arm that it may annihilate all foes."

On hearing this message, Josua's soul is torn by a sense of conflicting duties. On one side he belonged to the Hebrew race, and the misfortunes of his people are his own. He shares the blood of Nun, of Miriam. But on the other hand has he not sworn allegiance to Pharaoh? and how can he break his oath to become the leader of a people who are now the enemies of the king he serves? As a loyal soldier he is bound to despise every deserter. How, then, can he himself be guilty of that which he has so often punished with death in his subordinates?

In Pharaoh's army he has risen to high honour and fame. Shall he now renounce these in order to command an undisciplined horde of workmen and shepherds? Shall he renounce everything, change his whole life and his very name, merely at a woman's bidding—even though she be beautiful, and he loves her?

Josua feels such resignation to be impossible, and has almost decided to abide by his allegiance to Pharaoh when he is called to an old dying man, a former slave of Nun, who has charged him with

an order for his son. This order, whose purport is identical with Miriam's summons, cannot, however, as lightly be set aside. As a son, Josua feels bound to obey his father, and henceforth his mind is made up—or he believes it to be so. He will join his people, and become their leader.

But alas for Josua's vacillating character! Scarcely has he regained his tent after the interview with the old slave, when other messengers appear. A royal chariot with fiery steeds has halted at the entrance, and in its occupants Josua has recognised the Lord Chamberlain and chief Privy Councillor of the king, come hither to summon him to his majesty's presence.

The scene in which Josua appears before Pharaoh is not without a reflection of the author's former power, and the portraits of Rui the old high priest with his rugged wrinkled face and shrewd gleaming eyes, as well as that of the queen seated by Pharaoh's side, her lap full of flowers, with which she is weaving funeral wreaths for the corpse of her first-born, are vivid and picturesque.

Rejoiced and encouraged by the benignant reception he meets, Josua ventures to bring forward his petition of being released from his oath of allegiance. His request is granted conditionally; Pharaoh orders him to hasten after the fugitives and induce them to return. When he shall have accomplished his mission he shall be free to do as he chooses. The prospect of yet higher honour is, however, held out to him as a bait, and the queen adds her gentle voice to Pharaoh's request that Josua will take upon himself the office of mediator between *Hebrews* and *Egyptians*.

Miriam, meanwhile, has been

wooed by another suitor, Hur, a man of the ripe age of fifty, who, though with silver threads streaking his dark hair, and with children and grandchildren of his own, is yet erect, and in full possession of his manly vigour.

Miriam has just refused his offer, confessing that she loves another, when the sound of an approaching horseman is heard in the dark night, and Josua appears, having ridden fast and far in order to catch up his flying countrymen. Hur discreetly retires, leaving the lovers standing alone beneath a huge sycamore-tree, with stars shining all around them; but having detected the vacillating nature of Josua's resolve, before going, he reminds Miriam of his offer, telling her that she may always count on him should she want a protector.

The explanation between the lovers does not take a satisfactory turn, and is intensely wearisome. Josua wants to speak first, and explain why he has come, but Miriam interrupts him, and insists first on relating to him the story of her life (which we suppose he knows already), and upon analysing the nature and development of her feelings towards him. Josua grows impatient, and so does the reader. Love conquers at last. Miriam sinks into his arms, and for one brief moment the prophetess is sunk in the woman. Then comes the reaction, when Josua begins to unfold his plans for the weal of his people. Not to follow them into the wilderness has he come hither, but to lead them back into Egypt, where a new and happier life awaits them. United to her, and happy in her love, he will rise to power and dignity, and together they will preside over the welfare of their countrymen.

Miriam, who has listened to

him with growing distress, now breaks loose from his embrace, and tears her hand out of his. In words of inspired passion she upbraids him for being false to the call of the Almighty. He answers hotly, and beginning apparently to discover how very unsatisfactory and complicated a matter it is to make love to a prophetess, he accuses her of being cold and hard.

Miriam throws herself on the ground beneath the sycamore-tree and prays for guidance, while around her the camp is beginning to wake up, and dawn is breaking. When she rises again, her resolve is fixed. She can never belong to a man who is deaf to the voice of God. Josua on his side refuses to break his oath to Pharaoh. So they part in anger and bitterness; and Miriam, hurrying to meet the approaching Hur, lays her hand in his, and promises to be his wife.

Five days later, Josua, loaded with chains, is on his way to the mines on the Sinaic peninsula. A sudden turn of fortune's wheel has brought about his downfall. The old high priest is dead; and his successor, an implacable enemy of the Hebrews, has turned Pharaoh's heart against him. Hornecht, father of Kasana, incensed by Josua's refusal to remain in Egypt and wed his daughter, has also become his enemy; and the dissolute Prince Siptah, who seeks to seduce Kasana as well as to rob Pharaoh of his crown, has his own reasons for wishing to get rid of an inconvenient rival.

Kasana, broken-hearted on learning the fate of the man she loves, sacrifices her honour in hopes of obtaining Josua's release from Siptah, when the latter shall have become King of Egypt. *She becomes his mistress, and follows*

him to the camp with the army sent to pursue the flying Hebrews. When the Egyptian host is drowned in attempting to cross the Red Sea, the chariot containing Kasana is washed ashore almost at the very feet of Ephraim, her boy-lover, and Miriam, her former rival in Josua's love. She is still alive, but is quickly laid hold of by furious Hebrew women, one of whom inflicts a mortal wound with a dagger on the helpless Egyptian ere Ephraim has time to interfere. Kasana, though dying, has yet strength enough left to relate her story to Nun and Ephraim, and to taunt Miriam with her faithlessness to Josua. Only she, Kasana, has loved him truly, she says triumphantly, since for his sake she had sold herself to a man she hated.

Her sacrifice has, however, been a needless one, and she might have economised both honour and life as far as any advantage to Josua is derived from the proceeding. At the time she dies he is still pursuing his weary march towards the mines: the convicts have nearly reached their goal, and are traversing the last mountain that separates them from their destination, when from the valley below are heard the sounds of clanking arms and fierce war-cries. Josua pricks up his ears at the welcome sound, and presently has recognised among the combatants the venerable figure of his old father. To overpower his Egyptian guards is apparently an easy matter, and five minutes later Josua has joined his people and assumed the command of the Hebrew army, which, under his directions, gains a splendid victory over the Egyptians.

Josua is loudly welcomed by his people as their most natural and suitable leader; and even Hur, who had hitherto commanded them, is willing, now that he is

convinced of the integrity of Josua's patriotism, to abdicate in favour of this distinguished successor. Miriam alone, we regret to say, behaves neither like a prophetess nor a lady on this occasion ; and, refusing to accept such degradation on her husband's behalf, speaks and acts just as any ill-bred woman nowadays might do who sees herself suddenly deposed from the position of Mrs Commander-in-Chief. Josua gives her a piece of his mind, which indeed she well deserves ; and even the gentle Hur, her husband, turns his back on her in disgust, bewailing the day when he had been fool enough to wed a prophetess. Smarting under the displeasure of the two men dearest to her, Miriam comes to her senses ; and during another battle (against the Amalekites this time), when Josua delivers her from the grasp of a barbarian chieftain, she asks and obtains the forgiveness of her former lover. We are given to understand that from this time forth she renounces prophecy as a profession, and retires into private domestic life, to the evident relief of her much-tried spouse.

The bare outline of the story, as here related, has occupied so much time as to leave small leisure for comment or quotation. What chiefly strikes us here, besides the many improbable situations (of which we have merely indicated a few), and the utter incongruity of Miriam's character, are the many effective and dramatic points which the author has missed.

Why, for instance, does he not show us Moses face to face with Pharaoh, when he summons the king to let his people go ? Why does he dismiss the plagues, of which so much picturesque capital might have been made, with a mere allusion ? And why, to

crown his omissions, does he not avail himself of the most self-evident climax suggested by history to the tale of Josua—that of the sun standing still at his command during the battle ?

It had been our intention, had space permitted, to give some quotations from Gautier's work, by way of showing how the same subject has been treated before with far greater dramatic effect. Let one example suffice,—the page in which the Frenchman describes the passage of the Hebrews over the Red Sea :—

“Moses extended his staff over the water, after having called upon the Eternal One, and then there took place a wonder which no Egyptian hierophant could have accomplished. From the east there rose up a wind of exceeding power, which dived the waters of the Sea of Algues like a gigantic ploughshare, throwing back to the right and left briny hillocks crowned with foam. Parted by the impetuosity of this irresistible breath, which might have swept away the pyramids like grains of dust, the waters reared up in liquid walls, leaving free betwixt them a broad passage where the multitude could pass dry-footed. Through their transparency, as behind a thick sheet of glass, one could behold the marine monsters writhing in terror at being surprised by the daylight let into their mysterious haunts.

“The tribes precipitated themselves towards this miraculous issue. Like a legion of ants dotting the floor of the gulf with two million black dots, the human torrent flowed between two liquid banks of green water, leaving their footprints on soil hitherto untouched save by the breast of the leviathan ; and overhead the terrible wind sweeping above the Hebrew host, which it could have bowed down like ears of grain, by its pressure restraining the accumulated and roaring waves. It was the breath of the Eternal One, cutting the ocean in two !”

Now see how Ebers describes

the identical scene, as witnessed by Ephraim, who has escaped from the Egyptians, and comes hither in the very nick of time to rejoin his people, just as they are about to cross the sea.

"After sunset Moses advanced with upraised staff, and with Aaron praying and chanting by his side, on to the shore of the bay. The storm still raging with unabated fury had swept the sands clear of water, and now blew the flames and smoke of the torches, carried before each tribe, in a south-west direction.

"The foremost chiefs, on whom all eyes were fixed in confident expectation, followed old Nun with the Ephraïtes. The ocean floor on which they stepped was moist firm sand, forming a smooth inclined plane towards the sea, on which even the herds could tread securely. . . . The youth felt rejoiced by the storm, and the pungent odour of sea-weed and fish left here by the retreating waves pleased him better than the sweet nard perfumes in Kasana's tent."

We cannot follow the Hebrews farther in their passage across the Red Sea, which, under conduct of Herr Ebers, occupies eighteen pages, and it would be scarcely fair to conclude this notice without some mention of the undoubted merits which must always distinguish each work of the author.

The flight of Ephraim, for instance, is admirably described; likewise the scene in which the rapacious Hebrews, having reached the other shore of the Red Sea, plunder the corpses of their foes cast ashore by the waves. The writing of 'Josua' is equal to that in any of Herr Ebers's former works; and if we have taken him thus severely to task, it is mainly because we are used to judge him by a high standard, and must naturally feel disappointed to encounter inferior workman-

ship from the hand which wrote 'Homo Sum,' 'Der Kaiser,' and 'Die Nilbraut.'

Richard Voss, though a German author of considerable repute, and who has successfully dramatised several of his works, had never been a favourite of ours until the other day we chanced to read 'Die Sabienerin'¹—one of his latest productions—in which, with singular ability, he has hit off the keynote of Italian peasant life. He gives us a painting, as vivid as it is picturesque, of that dreary landscape between Civita Vecchia and the mouth of the Tiber—a desolate stretch of sand and marsh, overshadowed by the pestilential breath of the Roman fever.

Here, in one of the numerous old ruined watch-towers that dot the coast at intervals, has taken refuge a solitary man known in the country as Baldassare Leste, but whose real name is Salvatore Barozzi. Nature had not intended him for a hermit. The son of affluent Roman citizens, his youth had been gay, and he had tasted of every pleasure offered by the capital. Cards and women had been his ruin. The lover of an insignificant and scarcely pretty actress who had betrayed him, he had killed his rival in a moment of passion, and had been forced to flee the country. After several years spent in America, the desire to look again upon his native country had grown irresistible, and he returns to Rome, where a trusty friend to whom he discloses his identity conceives the bold idea of concealing the person of the fugitive murderer under an official uniform. It is hard to find some one willing to accept the lonely and unwholesome post

¹ *Die Sabienerin, von Richard Voss. Stuttgart: Engelhorn.*

of watchman on the Torre San Michele, so the matter is easily arranged, every one being miles from guessing Baldassare Leste, whose duty it is to keep a lookout on deserters and smugglers, to be no other than the absconded criminal Salvatore Barozzi, on whose head a price is fixed.

Salvatore has outlived—or believes himself to have outlived—the follies of his youth. He has broken with the world, and acquired the habits of a savage and a hermit. His present life, which to most would seem a living death, is not uncongenial to him; and there is even a certain charm in his perilous position, so near to the Eternal City that on clear summer nights he can see the fireworks and rockets sent up from the capitol, and yet as virtually isolated as though dwelling on a desert island. From his lofty watch-tower he can overlook the sea as far as the Ponza islands, the shore from Civita Vecchia to Cape Circe; while on the other side, across the marshes, his eye can reach the Albano and Sabine mountains.

Nor is he without pleasures in his self-chosen wilderness: he can fish to his heart's content, shoot foxes among the ruins of old Ostia or wild boar in the thickets of Laurentum; and in May, when the shore is thronged with northward returning quail, he can net by dozens those guileless and exhausted birds. The watch-tower itself furnishes plenty of sport—owls, bats, hawks, to say nothing of scorpions, lizards, and serpents. Salvatore is his own cook, and when there is nothing to be boiled or roasted he must fall back upon oil-soup or *ricotta*. Milk, bread, and cheese he can procure from the shepherds, so long as they dwell in his neighbourhood; but

for bread and oil he is forced to go once a-week to Ostia. These weekly excursions are the principal episodes in his uneventful life, for on these occasions he can at least hear the sound of human voices, and pick up little scraps of desultory news,—how many people, for instance, have been stricken down by the fever, or whether the *carabinieri* have been here lately in search of some escaped bandit.

With the advent of summer, however, begins for him a period of intense loneliness: heaven and earth are swallowed up in a fiery glare; the very mountains seem to flee and hide themselves behind a thick golden mist. Whoever is free flies from this region of disease and death. The inhabitants of Ostia, as of other neighbouring villages, desert their homes to wander eastward; even the shepherds retire farther inland to escape the murderous breath of the malaria. Then for many months Salvatore scarcely hears another sound but the roar of the waves, the scream of the falcon, the sea-gull's hoarse cry, and the distant bellow of ox or buffalo.

Of herculean build and unimpaired strength, he can afford to brave the fever with impunity,—a provision of quinine being, moreover, included in the perquisites of his office.

This life has gone on for several years when Salvatore makes the acquaintance of Marcantonina, and of her brother Francesco Latini, natives of the Sabine mountains, come to Ostia in hope of improving their lot. When the other inhabitants of Ostia had wandered forth to escape the malaria, these two alone had remained behind to earn a few *scudi* by selling oil and *ricotta* to stray customers like Salvatore.

When Salvatore first beheld Marcantonio she was standing with her distaff near an ancient stone sarcophagus, shrilly singing the refrain of a monotonous *ritornello*. The women of Ostia were harsh-featured and weather-beaten, but this young creature, half-child, half-maiden, has brown classical features, pomegranate-red lips, flashing black eyes, and the wild grace of a young fawn—the first winsome female apparition he had set eyes on since he came here. The brother looked sickly and fretful, and must soon fall victim to the fever, thought Salvatore on his homeward way, and then what will become of the girl, alone in this wilderness? Perhaps she would go back to her mountain-home, or else the monks of Crocetta would take her under their protection, or else . . . He suddenly began to wonder how she would look transported to his lonely watch-tower—so young, so fresh, with such red lips and flashing eyes. How would her shrill voice sound echoing through the old ruins?

Salvatore's presentiment regarding Marcantonio's brother is fulfilled. He falls ill of the fever, and the offer of quinine to stay its violence is refused by the ignorant girl. "Keep it for yourself," she tells him. "I have made a great vow to the Madonna, and promised her a large wax-candle. Of a certainty she will help my brother."

Then comes a night when Salvatore is awakened from sleep by the girl's piercing cries. Her brother is dying, and he must guide her to the monastery at Crocetta to fetch a monk to administer the last sacraments. She has ridden hither bestriding her barebacked steed. Salvatore vaults up behind her, and off they

go,—she sobbing and wailing all the way, and he strangely troubled to feel her slender form pressed against his loudly beating heart.

By the time they regain Ostia with the monk, Francesco is a corpse. Marcantonio is nearly crazy with grief at the thought that her brother has gone without religious consolation; and yet stronger than grief for his death is her stupefaction on realising that the Madonna, to whom she had vowed two large wax-candles for his life, had not even granted her this smaller favour of the last sacraments. She feels herself to have been cheated by heaven, and henceforth her faith is dead. When the monk suggests the expediency of having masses said for the defunct, she sullenly refuses, even though they are offered at a very moderate price. Masses are of no use, she sacrilegiously declares, to the horror of the holy man, who departs after having advised her at least to put in the lottery the numbers representing the date and hour of her brother's death.

This seemed to Marcantonio a somewhat more reasonable suggestion. Yes, she would mark the numbers, and put them in the lottery next time she went to town.

"And take heed of Sor Baldassare," concluded the monk; "dost know that he loves thee?"

"What is that to me?"

"But take care."

"Yes—yes."

"And come sometimes to confession."

"I shall come."

"When the monk had gone, Marcantonio remained sitting alone. First she thought regretfully of the *scudo* she had been obliged to pay the monk for his useless visit to her dead brother; then she remembered Sor Baldassare, and felt a sort of apathetic wonder that he should be in love

with her. No one had ever loved her yet, and even the idea that some one might love her had never yet occurred to her; and then she was so young—not yet sixteen! If Sor Baldassare loved her, then it meant that he wanted to marry her, because that was the only reason why a man fell in love with a girl. Then he came every evening to the house of his sweetheart and spoke to the parents, and then he either got the girl or else he did not get her. If the parents were dead, then the suitor spoke to the brother; but if the brother too was dead—then—then . . . Marcantonio had never yet heard of such an unprecedented case. What on earth was the suitor to do if the girl's brother were likewise dead?

"Of matrimony Marcantonio only knew this much: that the couple went to church, and were there made man and wife, after which they lived together in a hovel; the wife cooked for her husband, washed his linen, carried his burdens, submitted to his blows, and bore him children. This was all that Marcantonio knew."

But Salvatore was not thinking of matrimony when, soon after, he suggested that Marcantonio should come and share his solitude in the ruined tower.

"We are both alone, and . . . you surely know that I love you."

"She now stopped chewing, and presently said, in an expressionless voice—

"My parents are dead, and my brother is dead. I do not know with whom you could speak?"

"With whom I should speak? About what?"

"About marrying me."

"The Sabine girl said this in all simplicity, with intense gravity, without a change of expression, staring fixedly at her lover with great black eyes.

"For a moment Salvatore felt baffled by her simplicity, but recovering his presence of mind, burst into a loud laugh.

"Marry you! You thought I wanted to marry you, and did *not* know with whom to discuss the matter?"

"My parents and brother are dead . . ."

"Salvatore was silent, and gazed wonderingly at the young mountain girl."

But when he tries to seize her passionately in his arms, she repulses him; and one night when he attempts to enter her lonely hovel, she takes down her brother's old gun and discharges it into the darkness. Salvatore, wounded in the shoulder, sinks down fainting on the threshold, whereupon Marcantonio composedly strikes a light and helps him to stagger into the room. Then she goes to Crocetta and fetches a monk to withdraw the bullet, to whom Salvatore, on recovering consciousness, says, "When I am well again I shall come to Crocetta with Marcantonio to be married."

So they are married, without festivities or witnesses, in the little church of the monastery—a crumbling damp edifice, where birds of prey fly in and out undisturbed, and a large poisonous serpent lying coiled on the altar-steps can scarcely be induced to move aside to make way for the bridal couple. The few remaining monks—all prematurely doomed to the fever death—are the only guests: one solitary candle is hurriedly lighted, and the ceremony accomplished with slovenly haste. The priest may have been of opinion that here in the wilderness "Yes" and "Amen" were sufficient liturgy for the occasion. It was at any rate most praiseworthy in the couple to have taken the trouble to come to church at all, and have their hands joined by a minister of God. Likewise the omission of rings, certificate, and register made no difference as to the sanctity of the act.

With this young fresh companion to enliven his solitude,

Salvatore feels quite happy at first. Often and often he would call her, merely in order to have the pleasure of hearing her voice echo through the ruined walls. By-and-by he finds out that she is very silent, and upbraids her for it; but of what should Marcantonio have spoken? Speaking and thinking were not in her line, and her dull range of thought did not extend beyond the circumscribed horizon of her daily work and wants. She knew a few songs—those indescribably mournful and monotonous songs of the Sabine people—and for some time Salvatore experienced a certain pleasure in listening to her, stretched out on his bed, or lying on the sand in the shadow of the old walls; but after a while he grew weary of those monotonous strains, and roughly forbade her to sing. Thenceforth Marcantonio sang no more unless directly ordered to do so.

Marcantonio shows no curiosity to hear about her husband's former life, when, seated together on the shore in the long summer evenings, he attempts to relate it to her. Impelled to break the silence by at least the sound of his own voice, he has told her all about the golden days of his youth, spent in the capital, and how there he had loved an actress and been betrayed by her, and then was forced to flee the country for having killed his rival. Marcantonio understands next to nothing of all this, nor does she care to hear more; and not once had the idea occurred to her that she is unsuited to this man who has made her his wife.

Five years later we find Marcantonio a mere shadow of her former self, whose glowing beauty had once lit the flame of passion in Salvatore's heart. At the age of twenty she is already a worn

and faded woman, a prey to the fever which is the doom of all her countrywomen. She has got one child, and has buried another. When this second child is dying, though passionately attached to it, Marcantonio does not pray for its life or offer candles to the Madonna, convinced that it would avail nothing. She accepts her fever as something natural and inevitable; and though sometimes so weak that she can scarcely drag herself about, performs her household duties as before, without thought of complaint. As a matter of course, too, she accepts her husband's rough words and rougher blows. Has not every man a right to treat his wife as he chooses? and is it not her duty to submit patiently to all his caprices? But yet the thought that he should ever come to feel ashamed of having married her never crossed Marcantonio's mind.

Then, one morning in spring, when Salvatore, with his dog and gun, had gone forth in quest of quail on the Holy Island, he hears sounds of gay talking and laughter, and peeping through the brushwood, catches sight of a group of fashionably dressed men and women come hither with a like purpose. Already they have netted dozens of the helpless birds, to which the ladies, with bloodthirsty eagerness and many becoming little cries of triumph, are giving the *coup de grace*.

His first impulse is to slink away unobserved, but something impels him to stay. It is long since the husband of Marcantonio has looked upon such apparitions, and although too far off to distinguish their features, an indescribable perfume of elegance, of refinement, seems to be wafted towards him as he crouches in the myrtle thicket. He would have

passed unnoticed had not a lady, pursuing a wounded quail escaped from the net, run straight in his direction. Despite her high heels, narrow skirts, and tightly laced bodice, she displays extraordinary agility in following her prey, and plunging into the thicket, suddenly finds herself confronted by a man with the appearance of a brigand.

"'Lucia!' he cries, before she has had time to shriek out in terror; for in spite of her powdered cheeks, gold-dyed hair, and painted eyebrows, he has at once recognised his former mistress.

"She turns pale under her powder, when at last she too has realised who he is.

"'What do you want of me? We are strangers now. We can have nothing more in common.'

"'Yet because of you I killed a man.'

"She shuddered—then with choking voice and bated breath he tells her how, because of her, his life has been ruined, and how if she sees him now a broken and half-savage man, it has been her work. She recognises too that he loves her as madly as ever, and that in his eyes she is still young and beautiful. . . .

"Meanwhile Marcantonio is sitting in front of the tower spinning. Often the distaff sinks from her hand, or the thread breaks off abruptly, for the fever that is in her makes her tremble piteously. In her dull fevered brain a pathetic thought is revolving somewhat in this fashion :

"'To-day the fever is strong. If only the quinine were not so dear. But Salvatore thinks it does not help, and he must know. I shall beg him to go to Crocetta to the monks, and ask for leaves from the fever-tree. I shall cook them. If only Silvio is spared from the fever! If it were any good, I would vow a veil to the black Madonna at Genezzano. I have linen enough, and the lace I could make in winter. But it is of no use. Little Francesco was also obliged to die. Perhaps I shall die this summer when the others go to Ariccia. *What does it signify? there is nothing to be done against it.'*"

Her reveries are interrupted by approaching footsteps and voices. Salvatore is returning with a gay party of gentlemen and ladies who have desired to see his watch-tower. Marcantonio, ordered to roast the quails they have brought with them, sullenly obeys; but when she sees the stout painted woman with the yellow hair caressing the little Silvio, and luring him to her side by a shining gold piece, she throws herself like a tiger upon her rival, and snatches away her child from the grasp of the astonished actress. The gold coin Marcantonio contemptuously casts on the ground, and retires with the gait of an outraged empress.

After this first meeting Salvatore goes often to Rome to visit Lucia, for whom his old passion has revived with tenfold force. Danger of recognition there is none, for she alone knows his secret. His long tawny beard and coarse linen blouse are sufficient to disguise him from the Salvatore of former days. Lucia is meditating an excursion to America as directress of a dramatic company of her own, and it occurs to her that her former lover may be of use to her there. She has small difficulty in persuading him of the illegality of his marriage with Marcantonio. At the time when he had wedded her, the law of civil marriage was long since established in Italy. The monk had no authority or right to marry them at all. It would therefore be easy for him to shake off this low creature, who had no legal claim upon him. But the child was pretty, and Lucia had taken a fancy to it—they would take it with them to America.

Salvatore's next step is to go to the monk who had pronounced the nuptial blessing, and bitterly to reproach him for his share in the matter. A fine kettle of fish he

has prepared with his stupid bungling. His wife indeed! Was the monk not aware that this woman was not his wife at all? that he had no right to perform the marriage ceremony? If the matter were reported to headquarters at Rome, then he—the monk—would be severely punished.

The good old monk was sorely frightened, for in truth he knew that the Government had proclaimed certain new-fangled laws with regard to marriage; and though the servants of God need not observe the laws of an impious Government, why should a poor, old, fever-sick man have to suffer because of his obedience to God?

With a sigh he is forced to acknowledge that though binding in the sight of heaven, Salvatore's marriage is invalid in the eye of the law, and finally consents to come and explain the matter to the poor betrayed woman. "Marcantonio is so stupid," says Salvatore, "I could never get her to understand."

The scene in which the good-natured, easy-going monk endeavours to explain this complicated case without compromising his own conscience, is one of the best in the book.

"Marcantonio had put oil-soup, *frittata*, *ricotta*, bread, and wine before the two men, and then crouched herself down in a corner to rest from the exertion of cooking. She looks on while the monk clears the platters almost unaided, Salvatore confining himself chiefly to the wine, which he feverishly quaffed in great draughts. Suddenly he calls out to the Padre with hoarse voice, 'Enough—you have eaten enough! Now tell her.' Then gulping down the contents of a last glass, he gets up and throws himself on the bed.

"The monk finished swallowing his morsel, then sighed plaintively and prepared to *speak*.

"Well—well; yes, I shall tell her. Hey, Marcantonio! where have you hidden yourself?"

"Marcantonio would have risen and gone to the hearth, but the monk called out to her to remain where she was. So she remained. The Padre began—

"It is godless, my good Marcantonio, godless! I mean the Government, and how the Government breaks the laws of God. You know that they have made the Holy Father prisoner in Rome, that they drive the blessed saints from their houses, and that the Government persecutes us poor monks and servants of God like the very devil himself? You have heard of the Government, my good Marcantonio, have you not?"

"Marcantonio had heard of the Government often enough, but she had never formed any idea of what the Government exactly was. How should she? No one expected that of her. The monk was satisfied to know that she had heard of it. He continued—

"That you may learn to what a pass things have come in the world, what injustice is done to the Church, and how the kingdom of Satan is spreading over the earth. Now, for instance, I myself have married you to this man. You are the wife of this man, or rather you believe yourself so to be. Is it not so, my poor Marcantonio?"

"Marcantonio believed it.

"Well, you see, you believe it; and it would be so if everything were in order. But here now comes that rascally Government and says, 'What—how? Marcantonio should be the wife of Sor Baldassare? How so? What does Marcantonio imagine? That the Padre Agostino of Crocetta had married her to Sor Baldassare? May the fever take the fellow! What business has the fellow to marry Marcantonio to Sor Baldassare? How does the fellow come by such a notion? How can the fellow presume to do such a thing? Has he perhaps received the papers? Did Marcantonio and Sor Baldassare bring him the papers to testify that the Government had married them together? Hey, Marcantonio, did you bring me the papers?"

"Marcantonio had brought no papers to the Padre Agostino; knew nothing about papers—nothing at all. She sat there immovable, staring at the monk, listening, and—well, just listening.

"Padre Agostino began to lose his composure.

"Yes; my poor Marcantonio, if you have brought no papers to Padre Agostino, says that dog of a Government, then I cannot help you—it is a bad business; for that fellow of a monk had no right at all to marry you to Sor Baldassare. Then may the devil carry off that scoundrelly monk, for you are not at all the wife of Sor Baldassare, says that devil of a Government. Do you understand, my poor Marcantonio?"

"But Marcantonio understood nothing—not a word did she understand. How should she not be the wife of her husband?—she who had been married to him by a priest in a church; who had borne him children, and had ever been to him a true and obedient wife? No; she understood nothing of all this.

"Large drops of perspiration began to stand on Padre Agostino's brow. He loudly bewailed the injustice done to the Church; rated that Satan of a Government whose disorders disturbed the peace of the Holy Father at Rome; scolded Salvatore and Marcantonio because they had brought him no papers, and had therefore cheated and belied him; endeavoured once more to make her understand the matter, that she was not at all the wife of her husband, but merely his mistress—at least, so says that Beelzebub of a Government!

"And do you not see, my poor Marcantonio, that if Sor Baldassare were to go to Rome to-morrow and marry there, he can do so, for the Government will say to him: "You can take a wife whenever you please, my worthy Sor Baldassare, only you must come to us first with her. After that you can go with your wife wherever you please,—to Padre Agostino at Crocetta for aught we care." So is it, my poor Marcantonio. It is sinful—godless. But what can we poor monks do to hinder it? You see it yourself, my daughter, do you not?"

"Did Marcantonio see it? She had risen, and, like a moving statue, had advanced to the hearth, whose glowing embers cast a lurid light upon her,—on her ghastly face, on her limply hanging arms. Salvatore had raised himself up on his couch: he held his breath; his eyes hung upon her figure.

"Slowly Marcantonio said—

"Is he going to Rome to-morrow to take another wife?"

"The monk cried out, 'Not so, not so! This was merely an example to make you understand the matter. How can you think of such a thing? I was only telling you how that black-guardly Government would speak to him and say, "Sor Baldassare, you can take another wife when you please, for Marcantonio is not your wife." He can, my daughter, but he will not. Is it not so, Sor Baldassare? Tell this good creature that you do not think of such a thing; that you are sorry for her, and furious with that diabolical Government. But what can you do?'

"No, Salvatore would do nothing. Even Marcantonio was obliged to see that; and she must see, too, that it was generous of him not to go to Rome to-morrow and take another wife."

The monk beats a hasty retreat, for he feels uncomfortable in face of that rigid, staring figure. He would have given her his blessing at parting, but she declines. Salvatore accompanies the monk, for he too does not care to remain alone in her presence. By next morning, however, he has regained his composure, and in a few cold words gives Marcantonio her dismissal. She has heard what the monk has said, and that they are nothing to each other. She must go, for he also would be soon leaving the tower; and here was money to enable her to go back to her mountains, or wherever she chose. Marcantonio took the money, but in the next moment let it drop to the ground. Sal-

vatore laughed. She will soon stoop for it again; I know these women.

Then ensues a struggle for the child.

"'It is my child,' says Salvatore.

"'It is mine too, for I am its mother.'

"'The boy shall remain with his father.'

"'You will bring him to the strange woman.'

"'Yes.'

"Marcantonio gave a hoarse cry,—not a scream of madness or fury, but rather it sounded like the last dying wail of a creature forsaken by God and man. She had no more strength to call upon her child to follow her. All grew black before her eyes, and groping blindly as in the dark, she turned to go—away from home, husband, and child; crawling with sorely shaking limbs, but never pausing or looking back, even when she hears her boy begin to cry."

She was already far on her way across the burning plain when she noticed that their dog Garrib had followed her. She chased it away; but when the faithful animal would not leave her side, and sprang up caressingly to her, she took a stone and threw it at her only friend. Then she went on alone—on and on over the burning steppe she struggled painfully. Dazzled by the glare, she had momentarily closed her eyes, and is nearly ridden down by a troop of *carabinieri*. Lucia, having changed her mind, has betrayed her lover, and these soldiers are now in search of him. They stop and question Marcantonio as to the whereabouts of Baldassare Leste, *alias* Salvatore Barozzi. They have been told that he is concealed at the Torre San Michele—can she give them any information? Marcantonio, her dormant faculties aroused by the danger of the man who has been her hus-

band, contrives to deceive the *carabinieri*. Not at the Torre San Michele will they find the man they seek, she tells them, but at the Torre Paterno, ten *miglie* in the opposite direction. The *carabinieri*, after a few oaths, depart on the false scent. Marcantonio gazes scornfully after them. The fools, to think that a Sabine woman would stoop to betray, and were it her most deadly enemy!

Painfully, laboriously, Marcantonio turns again, and drags herself back to the ruined tower in order to warn Salvatore of his danger. He will yet have time to escape; but the child! She cannot suffer it to become the property of that painted woman; she will save it. And having picked up a large poisonous serpent, which she stupefies with a blow, she regains the Torre San Michele before sunset. Salvatore is asleep, but the little Silvio runs out to meet his mother. He catches sight of her tied-up white veil. What is in it? Has she brought him something?

"Silvio seized hold of the bundle, but Marcantonio took it from him, embraced her child, and opened the cloth.

"Silvio cried out in terror: a large serpent had darted out swift as an arrow, and had bit him in the arm. In the next instant the reptile had vanished in the grass."

Salvatore awoke to find his boy dead, and his discarded wife returned to warn him of his danger.

"'The *carabinieri* seek you. I have sent them to Paterno, but they may be here by midnight.'

"'You sent them to Paterno and came back . . . ?'

"'You must go at once.'

"'Marcantonio!'

"'You must go!'

"'Forgive me!'

" 'Yes.'
 " 'Where is the boy ?'
 " 'He sleeps. I cannot awake him.'
 " 'Keep the child.'
 " 'It is dead. I killed it.'
 " 'Killed it ? You—the child ?'
 " 'You would have brought it to the strange woman.'
 " Then he cried out wildly :
 " 'She—she has betrayed me !'
 " 'And you are going to her ?'
 " 'Yes—to kill her.'

" By daybreak the *carabinieri* have reached Torre San Michele. The man whom they seek has fled. Only a dying woman crouched near the hearth, holding a little corpse in her arms."

Natural, refined, and pleasing in style, Marie Ebner Eschenbach, one of the most popular of German authoresses, never rises to sublimity nor sinks to vulgarity ; and if she has not produced one single strong original character, she has been singularly successful in depicting types. Her young, high-spirited, fast *Contessen*, clever spiteful dowagers, old tyrannical family servants, quaint country doctors and schoolmasters, correct world-weary men, and flippant young cavalry officers, appear over and over again in each of her works—always true to life, but always the same under different names.

Though herself belonging to an ancient aristocratic family,¹ and reared in all the traditions of her house, this authoress is gifted with a keen eye for the ridicules and shortcomings of her caste—nowhere more strongly accentuated than in Austria, the land *par excellence* of rigid etiquette and aristocratic ignorance. No other hand has unmasked the foibles of Austrian aristocratic society with such thorough comprehension of

her subject, nor pierced them with such delicately pointed shafts of sarcasm. Her delightful story, 'Zwei Contessen,' is one of the most successful society skits ever written ; and as a model of quaint pathos and refined humour, one of her sketches, entitled 'Die Freiherrn von Gimperlein,' has seldom been surpassed. It is in such brief sketches that this popular authoress is seen at her best, for in longer narrative she often fails, her plots being frequently strained and improbable, and her dramatic effects threadbare and hackneyed.

These faults are specially marked in her latest work, 'Unsühnbar,'² which title translated into English means Inexpiable.

Countess Marie Wolfsberg, the heroine (the authoress's heroines are invariably *Contessen* or *Baronessen*), is gifted with every grace of mind and body. Having lost her mother, she has been brought up by a fascinating worldly minded father, who occupies a high ministerial position, and by his sister, a clever freethinking old maid. Marie secretly loves Felix Tessin, but having been convinced of his unworthiness, consents to marry Count Hermann Dornach, who is honest as well as rich, and loves her sincerely. His mother—one of those frosty old Austrian dowagers whom we know so well, both in and out of print—is announced one day to Marie's presence :—

"She came in with an expression as though she had been sent hither to deliver the key of heaven. In set dignified words she brings forward Hermann's petition of being allowed to pay his addresses to Marie.

¹ Her maiden name is Countess Dubsky—one of the most distinguished aristocratic Moravian families.

² *Unsühnbar*, von Marie Ebner Eschenbach. Berlin : Gebrüder Paetel. 1890.

"'He would be overjoyed by your consent,' she concludes, 'and you can give it confidently. I flatter no one, least of all my own self in the person of my son. My opinion of him, however, which is shared by every unprejudiced person, is that there exists no truer, nobler, wiser man than he.'

"She paused, expecting an answer; then as none came, proceeded—

"'If your mother had been alive, I would have told her first, and she then would have spoken to you. Regard me as her mouthpiece.'

"Marie lowered her eyes—her lips trembled: still she was silent.

"'Perfectly secure happiness is seldom offered to us twice in this life: those who have once rejected it will scarcely ever meet it again,' continued the Countess, after another pause, colder and more formally than before."

Marie marries Hermann, who, strangely enough, turns out to be very nearly all his mother had declared, and finds in her marriage a calm contented sort of happiness, which is further secured by the birth of a child. Soon after her marriage she has, however, experienced a severe shock on discovering the father whom she so adored to be a notorious and commonplace Don Juan, whose infidelities had cost her mother life and reason; and she likewise learns that Dolfi Forster, a ragged consumptive youth, who once or twice has accosted her with impudent familiarity, is her father's illegitimate son and her own brother. This knowledge is brought home to her by an exceedingly clumsy device, for she reads these painful disclosures in an old torn diary of her mother's, found in an ornamental desk which her father (in ignorance of its contents) had given her on the eve of her wedding-day.

When Marie's old lover, Count Felix Tessin, reappears on the scene, and renews his declarations, she refuses him with proper dig-

nity; but another meeting, brought about by the treachery of her illegitimate step-brother, in a lonely pavilion in the park, ends more disastrously, and a second child is born who has no right to the name of Dornach.

Now that she feels herself to be unworthy of her husband's affection, Marie begins to realise its full value, and as a fallen and guilty woman, she loves him far more passionately than she has ever done in the bright days of her innocence.

Then Hermann and her eldest son are drowned by an accident, leaving Marie a widow with one boy. She has hitherto only kept her guilty secret in order to preserve the peace of a good and noble man: now that he is dead, she can keep silent no longer, and openly confesses that her sole remaining child has no right to the name of Dornach, and cannot therefore inherit the family estates. As a disgraced woman in the eyes of the world, she returns to her father's house, where, of course, she soon dies in the most edifying sentiments, after having refused to let her lover make atonement by giving her his name.

This exceedingly faulty and hackneyed plot is redeemed by considerable merit. The character of the fashionable, fascinating, dissolute father, whose chief sensation on hearing Marie's declaration is that, in confessing her sin, she has added a *bêtise* to a fault; the two young, fast, horsey, slangy Womsheim couples; Fräulein Nul-linger, the nervous, irritable *dame de compagnie*; old Lisette, the lady's-maid, with her antiquated coquetry and her true devotion to her young mistress,—all these, and many others, are drawn in the author's best manner; and if we

have met them before, we are glad to meet them again.

Among the *spirituelle* innuendoes against the foibles of her caste may be quoted the following passage, in which she describes how the news of Tessin's intended journey to Asia affects the high-born ladies of the capital:—

"All those hitherto ignorant from conviction, sworn enemies of geography, began now to cultivate that heretofore despised science. Maps of Asia are in unprecedented request in aristocratic houses; the routes by which Tessin would, should, or might travel are carefully indicated in red pencil. A hundred young female beauties are suddenly animated by a previously unknown *Wandertust*."

Still the subject is not a pleasant one, and the title 'Inexpiable' scarcely less disagreeable than the contents of the book. We have already heard too much of the "lovely woman who has stooped to folly," and who too late discovers "death to be the only art her guilt to cover," and would rather be excused her further acquaintance, either in English or German print.

Martin Bauer's latest work, 'Die Schlossfrau von Ildenau,'¹ would not be worthy of notice but for the fact that it reads like a translation from Mrs Henry Wood transported to German soil,—a species of novel exceedingly popular among a certain and by no means insignificant class of readers. If such be the food they crave, there is no danger of the supply ever running short, and there is no reason why such stories should not be turned off in endless succession by any decently educated German writer of average

intelligence and industrious habits, who has only got to peruse half a dozen of the earlier novels of Miss Braddon or Mrs Henry Wood in order to have imbibed sufficient literary ideas to last him throughout a long life.

In the opening scene of the present book, Eleanore Waddington, one of those distractingly beautiful women whom we know so intimately—alas! only on paper—with delicately chiselled white marble features, red gold hair, inscrutable sea-green eyes, and the gait of an empress, has just lost her only child, and having therefore no sensible reason for remaining the wife of a man whom she had only married under a mistaken impression of his wealth, she casts him off, and announces her intention of henceforth pursuing her fortunes alone. The husband who loves her passionately, obligingly offers to drown himself; and in order that there may be no possible mistake about the matter, we are asked to accompany the wretched man to London Bridge, whence he makes his death-spring into the Thames, and are made to hear and see the dark gurgling waters as they close over his head.

Then the scene changes, and we are shown a wealthy middle-aged German count, a widower, with an only daughter of the ingenuous tom-boy species. Rhona has got a great many pretty dresses which are described to us minutely, but her hands are sadly brown and uncared for; and though nearly seventeen, she has acquired none of the indispensable graces of young-ladyhood which are requisite to accompany and set off Parisian toilets. Her doting father becoming aware of his daughter's defects, resolves to

¹ *Die Schlossfrau von Ildenau*, von Martin Bauer. Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlags Anstalt.

give her an English governess, whose manner and conversation will no doubt have a salutary influence on his madcap darling. The governess, whose name is Miss Eleanore Forrest, arrives, and startles every one by her wonderful beauty, her exquisite marble features, inscrutable sea-green eyes, red gold hair, and royal gait. Rhona, of course, takes an instinctive dislike to a woman whose beauty so far surpasses her own; and one can scarcely blame her, for within a few days of her arrival the beauteous Eleanore has stolen the heart of Count Herbert, Rhona's cousin and intended bridegroom, and by the end of a few weeks has so completely turned the head of the elder Count that he has asked her to be his wife.

Rhona, on realising that she has lost a bridegroom and gained a stepmother, very naturally gets brain-fever without loss of time; and even when she is declared convalescent, her former spirits and laughter are gone.

The old Count marries Eleanore, and for some time is quite happy in the possession of his beautiful, cold, inscrutable wife; but after a while, just when he is beginning to entertain grave doubts as to the wisdom of his second choice, a merciful Providence—the Providence of Woods and Braddons—sends a travelling circus to the adjacent country town. Rhona and her stepmother are present at one of the performances, and in the person of the celebrated horse-tamer, Mr Black, Eleanore, to her unspeakable terror and stupefaction, recognises her former husband, Waddington; for, as every intelligent reader will have guessed from the beginning, these sort of objectionable hus-

bands have nine lives like a cat, and an inconvenient hand is always found to rescue them in time from their watery graves. Too late Eleanore hides her white marble face behind her fan, for their eyes have met, and the recognition has been mutual. Next day he comes to the castle and asks for an interview. Eleanore bids him meet her in a solitary corner of the park near a deep pool, said to be haunted, and therefore shunned by the country people. She first offers him money to induce him to go away and leave her undisturbed in her brilliant position; but he loves her still, and finding that she insists on preferring to be the wife of a wealthy old Count to that of a penniless circus rider, he solves the question by seizing her in his arms and jumping with her into the water. Their corpses, tightly locked together, are withdrawn from the water some hours later, on hearing which the old Count has a paralytic stroke, from which, however, he subsequently recovers to realise that he is well quit of a bad bargain; and Rhona, reconciled to her lover, is happy for the rest of her days.

As a *feuilleton* writer, Karl Emil Franzos has not got his equal in Germany; and his short, vigorous character-sketches, some of which are already known to the English public in the translation of 'The Jews of Barnow,' can scarcely be overrated. But, like Madame Ebner Eschenbach, he is not equally successful in detailed narrative, and his plots are frequently improbable and involved,—faults specially apparent in his latest work, 'Die Schatten.'¹

The defects of a novel may,

¹ *Die Schatten Erzählung.* Karl Emil Franzos. Stuttgart: Bouz à Coruf.

however, be the merits of a drama, and we feel convinced that only a few strokes of the pen are required to transform a rather inferior novel into an undoubtedly good drama. It reads in fact, throughout, as though, by an inverted process from that which usually takes place, the story had been first conceived and written in dramatic form, and only subsequently transformed into a novel. There is hardly a page of description in the book, no analysis of character, and all narrative is put into the mouth of the principal actors. Everything here is action and dialogue, and the story is not told but shown to us.

The shadows which give their name to the work are the shade of past misdeeds, which invariably rise up again in after-life in order to punish the sins of youth — according to Goethe's dictum that "Alle Schuld rächt sich auf Erden."

The story, filling two moderate-sized volumes, occupies exactly a space of fourteen hours. It begins at 8 A.M., and by 10 P.M. that same evening is concluded with the death of the principal actor, all the secrets of whose long and ill-spent life are disclosed to us in that short time, by a series of chances and accidents habitual enough on the stage, but seldom employed in novels in such profusion; and as it will be easier to treat the book as a drama rather than as a novel, we shall merely indicate the principal scenes into which it naturally resolves itself:—

Scene I.—Count Dietrich von Thernstein, an elderly man, with a great reputation for hardness and cruelty, has lately married a young and lovely girl, Countess Sophie. To-day his mood is more

bitter and cynical than usual, for having accidentally found his wife's diary, he has read in its pages that she fears and hates him as a tyrant, and that her heart is still given to a former lover, whose name, however, is not disclosed in the journal. It is Count Dietrich's birthday, and when the curtain rises, the Count, together with his old and faithful servant Hans Friedinger, is looking over the presents and letters sent on the occasion.

Hans Friedinger has been in the Count's service over thirty years, and he alone of all fellow-creatures has reason to regard his master with feelings of attachment and gratitude. As a young man, Hans had been betrothed to a fair innocent girl in his own rank of life, who, during his temporary absence, seduced by some unknown scoundrel, had drowned herself to hide her disgrace. Then Count Dietrich had taken the despairing and half-crazy youth under his protection, and had made of him his valet and confidential servant, in which capacity he had induced Hans to accompany him to Spain, where they both endeavoured to bury in oblivion the sorrows or follies of their youth. He, Count Dietrich, had killed a man in duel, and Hans has driven his bride Hanna to her death. All this had happened thirty years ago, and the Count might surely have found an earlier opportunity of relating the details of his history to his servant. He, however, chooses to do so on this particular birthday morning, and we learn thus how Dietrich had seduced the beautiful and virtuous Countess Agnes, wife of Baron Friedrich Thernstein, belonging to the younger branch of his own family, and had subsequently shot the husband in duel. He now proposes to repair these crimes by marrying the son of the

injured couple to his own favourite niece Helene, and making him his heir.

Scene II.—Helene appears to wish her uncle a happy birthday. He tells her that Baron Georg von Thernstein is to arrive that day, and gets her to confess her love for this young man whom he has chosen for her bridegroom. Some casual remarks, however, arouse in him the suspicion that Georg may be identical with the unknown lover in his wife Countess Sophie's diary. He resolves to watch her, and give her no warning of the expected guest.

Scene III.—His suspicions are verified, for at sight of Georg Countess Sophie faints, and is carried to bed.

Scene IV.—An interview between Count Dietrich and his wife. He tells her that he has read her diary, and knows Baron Georg to be the man she loves. Likewise that Georg's seeming attentions to Helene had been merely an excuse to obtain news of Sophie—now her aunt by marriage. Dietrich accuses his wife of perjury for having wedded him with another love in her heart. From her he learns that she had only given her hand under the mistaken belief that Georg was false to her; and she learns that her father, whom she had always believed in as the embodiment of honour and nobility, had been nothing more than a notorious cardsharp, who had been willing to sell his daughter's honour to the man who is now her husband, and that Dietrich's generosity alone had made of her his wife instead of a fallen and disgraced creature. She learns, too, that this husband, whom she has always hated and

feared as a tyrant, has loved her passionately, and is forced to acknowledge that under a cold repelling exterior he is not devoid of noble qualities.

Scene V.—Towards evening the Count and some of the guests depart on an excursion to some neighbouring ruin or view. Countess Sophie seizes the opportunity of begging old Hans to render her two services: the first is to find and restore to her the diary, which volume still contains a compromising letter of Georg's, hidden inside the binding, and not yet discovered by Dietrich; the second is to beg Georg to come to her at once, before the others return. She must warn him of the peril to both of them should he remain, and entreats him to depart at once.

Scene VI.—Between Sophie and Georg, who approaches her with passionate declarations of love, which she rejects; for while confessing that she returns his affections, she tells him that she intends to be true to her husband. Suddenly Count Dietrich appears, having overheard the whole conversation. He had (of course!) been concealed behind a curtain all along.

Scene VII.—Hans Friedinger meanwhile has been searching the Count's writing-table for the missing diary. He does not find what he is looking for, but he finds something else—a little prayer-book once belonging to Hanna, his dead bride, and some letters which reveal to him that the man who, thirty years previously, had seduced his sweetheart, and driven her to a remorseful suicide, was no other than his master, Count Dietrich.

Scene VIII. — Count Dietrich summons Georg to fight him with pistols for having stolen the heart of his niece Helene under what he considers to be false pretences, and assailed his wife's honour. Georg at first refuses to fight without witnesses, but stung by the taunt of cowardice, takes up the pistol which is forced upon him. He stands opposite Count Dietrich von Thernstein, as once his father had done; but before either has had time to discharge his weapon, a report is heard, and another bullet, coming from a dark corner of the room, has pierced Count Dietrich through the heart. It is Hans Friedinger, who, crouching behind a screen, has killed his master, jealous lest another hand than his own should accomplish the work of vengeance; and as the curtain falls, he bends triumphantly over the expiring Count, and shouts in his ear that it is he, Hans Friedinger, who has done the deed!

The Passion-Play season is at an end; the drop-curtain of ice and snow has descended once more over the lonely Bavarian valley; along with the swallows have departed the swarms of English and American tourists who for months past had transformed the quiet village street into the semblance of Broadway or Pall Mall. The actors have all retired into private life; apostles and Roman dignitaries meet of an evening in friendly gossip over their *Bier-Schoppen*. Kaiphas is engaged in selling salt at 12 pfennig per lb.; Annas, the high priest, resuming the tailor's goose and scissors, is exercising his genius on flannel or fustian; and the Scriptural cock—

a promising young joiner apprentice—is diligently plying the saw and hammer. Not again within this century will the silvery crow of this gifted bird resound through the Ammergau valley to arouse the dormant conscience of the faithless apostle.

But the echoes of the Passion Play still linger in the air, and are being caught up and daily reproduced in manifold ways. Many brushes are engaged in transferring to canvas the figures and scenery, many pens employed in fixing upon paper the impression of Ober-Ammergau. For the next twelvemonth we may confidently expect to be flooded with Passion-Play pictures and statues, Passion-Play poems and stories. Some particularly wideawake writers have in fact anticipated this coming fashion, more than one tale, whose scene is laid at Ober-Ammergau, having been issued even before the close of the Passion Play.

Decidedly the most remarkable of these romances is a German novel entitled 'Am Kreuz,' by Wilhelmine von Hillern,¹ a daughter of the celebrated dramatist, Madame Birch Pfeiffer, and herself an authoress of some repute, who, having resided at Ammergau for many years, might be supposed to possess some knowledge of the people she describes. Aware of these facts, and of the author's previous reputation, we took up the book with pleasant anticipations, which, however, have been grievously disappointed; and although able to boast of a tolerably close acquaintance with recent French fiction, we do not remember having laid down a novel with feelings of more unqualified disgust. Not even Zola's

¹ Am Kreuz; Passions Roman aus Ober-Ammergau. Von Wilhelmine von Hillern. Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlags Gesellschaft. 1890.

most repulsively realistic works, not Tolstoi's 'Kreutzer Sonata,' have in like manner outraged our holiest instincts, as this astounding production of a clever and accomplished lady. And the strangest part of the matter is, that evidently the authoress is wholly unconscious of having transgressed the ethics of religion or good taste. Actuated by the noblest motives, she intended to write a moral and edifying story, adorned by the sublimest sentiments; and she honestly believes herself to have accomplished this task.

The main thread of the story, which occupies two thick volumes, is briefly told. Countess Maria Magdalena von Wildenau (she had purposely been christened Magdalena at her birth in order the more perfectly to adapt her to the part she has subsequently to enact towards the Passion-Play hero) is a young widow who had been sold as a girl to a wealthy old *roué*, who in return had paid the gambling debts of her spendthrift father. She has everything that money can give, therefore finds her life an aching void. Of superfastidiously refined nature, she is hysterically upset at sight of a fly in her soup; has read Schopenhauer, and has doubts about the immortality of the soul. Always on the look-out for novel sensations and emotions to cure her *ennui*, she comes to Ammergau, accompanied by her rich and distinguished suitor, the hereditary prince of Metten-Barnheim. This time she finds what she seeks, for even before reaching the place her fate is sealed. Outside the village, near a wayside cross, she has met a tall imposing figure with glowing orbs, and sable locks falling in rank profusion over his shoulders. Their eyes meet for one brief moment in a kind of deliri-

ous ecstasy, and from that moment their souls are irrevocably wedded to each other.

He of the glowing orbs and lion's mane is no other than Joseph Freyer, who plays the part of Christ in the Passion drama; and the impression caused by his first appearance is deepened and fixed in Countess Wildenau's heart, when two days later she beholds him on the stage, crowned with thorns, and hanging naked on the cross. The combination of his divine expression and magnificent *physique*, of his melodious voice and splendid muscles, have turned her head. She longs to kneel to him and adore him as a god, to throw herself in his arms and embrace him as a man; and being a woman of considerable ingenuity, she does both. Two days after the performance we find Countess Maria Magdalena von Wildenau in a little summer-house overgrown with Virginian creepers, sitting on Joseph Freyer's knee, leaning her world-weary head against his breast, and relating or rather confessing to him, with artless simplicity, all the sins and follies of her past life (for it must be remarked that in order to complete the resemblance to her illustrious prototype, we are expressly informed that Countess Wildenau's youth has not been spotless).

A fragment of this interesting scene may here find place.

" 'Maria Magdalena!' he repeated, while his eye rested on her in deep emotion, as she stood there before him,—she the hitherto proud woman, now humble, still, and submissive, like the penitent before the Lord. Then overcome by his feelings, he stretched out his arms. 'Magdalena!' he cried; 'my Magdalena!'

" 'My Lord and my Saviour!' she sobbed, casting herself on his heart.

He enfolded her with a gesture of divine love.

"O God! like a sacred dove has she flown hither to nestle on my heart. Poor dove, I will hide and protect thee from each rough wind, from every touch of the cruel world. Build thy nest on my heart; here shalt thou find rest in the peace of God," and he presses her head against his heart. "How art thou trembling, my dove! May I call thee so?"

"Oh, eternally!"

"Art thou weary from thy long flight? Poor dove," &c.

And so on for another blasphemous page or two, while the simile of the weary dove is ridden to death, as only a German author knows how to ride it. Let not the English reader, however, suppose this to be the real love-scene in the book, for that would be doing gross injustice to Madame Hillern's imagination. She has far stronger effects in reserve, and this fondling of the weary dove in the summer-house is but a sort of light skirmishing to pave the way to the real declaration, which takes place a little later on a hill-top and in the midst of a burning forest, when he of the sable mane carries her triumphantly, and apparently without the slightest effort, through whole tracks of burning wood to a place of safety. Charred trunks are falling to either side of them, sparks rain thickly down, and leaping flames surround them, like huge bridal torches; yet hotter than fire and flames are Freyer's words and glances, and when the authoress speaks of "red-hot glow" and "fiery breath," we are in doubt as to whether Countess Wildenau has been singed by falling sparks or scorched by her lover's kisses. She feels quite comfortable, however, in this doubly caloric atmosphere, and comports herself like a sort of idealised salamander, or the

famous "She" of Mr Haggard's novel.

The storm rages all around the happy couple with unabated fury; the earth trembles beneath their feet; trees are shattered or uprooted; mountain-torrents are unchained, and metaphors run wild. Jupiter and Semele, Christ and Magdalen, Loreley, the Titans, and the Asra of Heine's poem, are all pressed into service in order to adorn this supreme moment,—not forgetting, of course, the weary dove, besides a pair of veritable wood-pigeons, who laugh in the branches overhead, as well they may, at the rhapsodies of this preposterous couple.

Freyer asks the Countess whether she is not afraid of the heat of his passion!—of the feelings which she herself has unchained in him?

"I afraid of thee!" cries out the proud woman, ecstatically; "oh, that is great! that is like breath of the gods! How should I fear in the midst of this element that I have dreamt of and longed for,—of which I have long been conscious in my own heart? Does the flame fear the fire? the Titaness the Titan? Ah, now thy lightning, Jove! Hurl it down, and let the forest flare up to celebrate the victory of long-enslaved but now released nature!"

"He sinks down near her, and his glowing breath fans her cheek.

"So wilt thou take me? wilt thou give me now the kiss which to-day I dared not take?"

"Yes."

"But then it will be a bridal kiss?"

"Yes."

"He stretched out his arms, and, like a sable moth settling upon an ethereal tea-rose, hovering over the dewy chalice, he bowed his head towards her—a heavy shadow—and pressed the first kiss on the trembling lips of the Countess.

"But such moments challenge the ire of the gods, and Jupiter hovers over the pair in brooding passion,

for he grudges this beautiful woman to the Christian son of man. He has heard how she has laughingly invoked him in her divine ecstasy, and at his bidding the sky grows dark, the wind's bride saddles the storm-horses, and there gleams again the fire from heaven. A shrill cry resounds through the air, the highest forest-tree is cleft in twain and flares up on high—a bridal torch which Jupiter himself has lighted for the couple.

"The gods forbid it," said Freyer, gloomily.

How and where this peasant of Ober-Ammergau had acquired his mythological knowledge, so as to be thus familiar with heathen gods, the authoress does not condescend to explain.

The result of this thunder-and-lightning scene is that Freyer elopes with Countess Wildenau, without any further interference from Jupiter, whose bark is apparently worse than his bite. Though immensely rich, the Countess by her late husband's will is condemned to lose her fortune if she marries again. She therefore persuades Freyer to a private marriage. *À la Promessi Sposi*, they surprise a village priest over his morning coffee, and the knot is tied. Great scandal is caused among the Ammergauers on learning that their Christ has run away with this new Magdalen; and the Passion Play, for want of an actor to take the Saviour's part, can be played no more that summer.

Meanwhile the happy couple has taken a wedding-trip to the Holy Land, where at Jerusalem the Countess gives birth to a son who has the eyes and features of the divine infant in Raphael's painting of the Sixtine Madonna. Together with their child they return to Bavaria, and settle down in a remote hunting-seat of the Wildenau family, where, far from the busy hum of men, they live at

first in a fool's paradise. Freyer passes for an overseer of the Countess, and the boy is given out to be the child of a servant—Josepha Freyer, a niece of Freyer's, and the former personator of Magdalen in the Passion Play, but who had been excluded from the drama because of a lapse of virtue.

Reaction soon sets in. The Countess makes the discovery that her peasant spouse is no fit mate for her. Gradually she resumes her place in the fashionable world, coming only at rare intervals to the lonely castle to visit in secret the husband and child she dare not acknowledge. The child pines away and dies for want of a mother's love; and Freyer, wounded and grieved at the repeated slights and humiliations showered upon him by his disdainful beautiful wife, grows melancholy and taciturn.

Countess Wildenau renews intercourse with her former suitor, the Prince of Metten-Barnheim, who, now become duke by his father's abdication, easily persuades her of the illegality of her marriage with Freyer, and though well acquainted with all the details of her past and present history, asks her to become his own wife, and the reigning duchess of his principality.

Freyer, dismissed as a useless actor whose art is played out, wanders back on foot to Ammergau, begging his way step by step. Too proud to accept a farthing of his wife's money, he has restored to her their marriage certificate, in order that by destroying it she may be free to contract another union. It is now ten years since he eloped with the Countess, and he feels that he owes a reparation to his native village, the more so as it is rumoured that this year the Passion Play cannot be performed for want of a Christ.

He resumes the part with greater success than ever, even though he is apparently dying of a heart complaint, and has no more desire to live.

The Prince meanwhile, having recognised the real value of this man whom Countess Wildenau had so lightly thrown overboard for his sake, grows perceptibly colder towards this too obliging Magdalena; and she herself, smitten by remorse, hastens to Ammergau, where, present at the Passion Play, she is seen and recognised by her forsaken husband. It is the scene where Christ, bowed down beneath the weight of His cross, falls swooning. But his faint is no simulated one this time; and while the other actors are endeavouring to restore him to life, a pale beautiful woman forces her way on to the stage, and falling on her knees by Joseph Freyer's side, proudly proclaims to the assembled audience that she has a right to be here, for she is his wife!

On hearing these words Freyer reopens his eyes, and consents to live; nay, more, he consents to take back to his heart this weary dove, who, in our opinion, has conducted herself more like a bird of the hawk or vulture species.

Casting aside her proud title and her fortune, and as Madame Freyer, the contented wife of a poor wood-carver, Magdalena finds peace and happiness for ten whole years. Then the Passion-Play year comes round again once more, and for the third and last time Joseph Freyer enacts the Saviour's part. And when at the final representation he is taken down lifeless from the cross, the husband of Magdalena awakens no more. On the third day he is carried to the grave.

This story requires but small comment, for it surely condemns itself to any well-balanced Christian mind? Only a hysterical, half-crazy woman could have acted as does Countess Wildenau; and the story is one which could only have been conceived by a diseased, overwrought, though undoubtedly powerful imagination.

Nor are the faults we have pointed out Madame Hillern's only transgressions against religious and æsthetic feeling, for we cannot speak too strongly of the singular want of tact and good taste in selecting living persons for the actors of her tale. The figures of the novel are all portraits of Ober-Ammergau natives—strangely distorted, it is true, yet easily recognisable because of their minutely described physical individualities and scarcely altered names. Thus Thomas Redner of the novel stands for Thomas Rendl, Ludwig Gross for Ludwig Lang, Joseph Freyer for Joseph Mayr; and as for Countess Wildenau . . .? Half proudly, half bashfully, Madame Hillern has admitted the soft impeachment, acknowledging herself to be identical (platonically, of course) with the heroine of her novel!

She is welcome to do so, and no one has any business to object if she cares to assume the repulsive part of the weary dove; but has she the right, we ask, thus to drag down the Ammergau Passion Play into the mire? to brand with ignominious publicity the reputation of a perfectly blameless individual?

The life—past and present—of Joseph Mayr, whose name as the noble and worthy enactor of the Saviour's part in the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play has acquired a European fame, is a perfectly stainless one. A happy husband

since 1868, and the father of four children, he has never acted the part of Freyer to any Countess Wildenau, and none of his friends, none of the *habitués* of Ammergau, will be in danger of taking him for the hero of this novel. But the case is widely different with regard to the outer public, and hundreds of people who read the work may jump to a different conclusion. It is for the sake of these, therefore, that we have thought necessary to notice at all this work, which otherwise had far better be consigned to oblivion, despite the undoubted talent and considerable dramatic power with which many parts of it are written. It is curious, though, that such an evidently intelligent and well-educated woman, who has, moreover, resided for many years at Ammergau, should possess so little comprehension of the speech and thoughts of the class she describes. Her peasants are one and all finished gentlemen and ladies: not only do they know mythology, but they quote Heine, and talk quite glibly about materialism and the principle of negation. Equally unnatural and overstrained is Freyer's definition of his part in the Passion Play.

"Do you think?" he asks the Countess—"do you think that I have only learnt the words by rote? or do you believe that I have been able to act the Redeemer's part without making His sufferings my own?"

With His form I have taken His cross upon myself. Since then my youth has vanished, and a thread of pain runs through my whole life."

To the real Joseph Mayr this sickly rubbish would be utterly incomprehensible; and we can only advise whosoever is anxious to learn what the Ammergau peasants are really like to avoid Madame Hillern's book, and turn instead to a small volume entitled 'Der Christus Mayr,' by W. Wyl,¹ whose lucid, terse, and racy style contrasts refreshingly with Madame Hillern's bombastic periods and stilted sentimentality. Intimately acquainted with the life of Ober-Ammergau for many years, Herr Wyl has interviewed Madame Hillern, and formed his own conclusions as to the authoress and her work. He tells us, too, that the Ammergau peasants are justly incensed against the lady because of this novel, and that the breach has been still further widened by her abortive attempt last summer to assume the direction of the Passion Play, and revise both text and music.

To all readers who, despite our warning, have been sufficiently imprudent to incur a moral and religious indigestion by perusal of the novel 'Am Kreuz,' we strongly recommend Herr Wyl's little book by way of antidote. It acts like a sharp invigorating tonic after a draught of sweet sickly poison.

¹ Der Christus Mayr, Neue Studien aus Ober-Ammergau: von W. Wyl. Berlin: Z. Fontane. 1890.

THE BUSSEX RHINE.

(SEDGEMOOR.)

THE night before, at Bridgewater
 King Monmouth's army lay,
 And many friends were there with me,
 Unseen since that sad day.
 Deep they lay
 In the clay
 Of the Bussex Rhine.
 The Lord our God defendeth thee,
 His kingdom shall be thine.
 Lay stoutly on, and praise the Lord,
 Beside the Bussex Rhine.

Elijah Alford, Praise-God Trump,
 John Spiller, Seek-truth Pope,
 And worthy Nahum Barrett, who
 Spake words of pious hope.
 Thus he cried
 By the side
 Of the Bussex Rhine—
*"The Lord our God defendeth thee,
 His kingdom shall be thine.
 Lay stoutly on, and praise the Lord,
 Beside the Bussex Rhine."*

All silently our army marched
 Before the daylight came.
 We five together, side by side,
 Called softly on His Name,
 And drew sword
 For the Lord
 On the Bussex Rhine.
*The Lord our God defendeth thee,
 His kingdom shall be thine.
 Lay stoutly on, and praise the Lord,
 Beside the Bussex Rhine.*

Yea, verily, the men of blood
 Encompassed us about,
 But still the sword of Gideon found
 The sons of Belial out :
 Fierce the fray
 On that day,
 By the Bussex Rhine.
*The Lord our God defendeth thee,
 His kingdom shall be thine.
 Lay stoutly on, and praise the Lord,
 Beside the Bussex Rhine.*

Our horsemen all were put to flight,
 King Monmouth fled the field;
 Yet still the army of the Lord
 Withstood, and would not yield.

“Fight the fight,
 Heirs of Light,

By the Bussex Rhine!

*The Lord our God defendeth thee,
 His kingdom shall be thine.
 Lay stoutly on, and praise the Lord,
 Beside the Bussex Rhine.”*

They mowed us down like ripened hay,
 Our company lay dead;
 We five alone still made it out,
 While Nahum Barrett said—

“Faint not now!

Comrade, thou,

By the Bussex Rhine.

*The Lord our God defendeth thee,
 His kingdom shall be thine.
 Lay stoutly on, and praise the Lord,
 Beside the Bussex Rhine.”*

We gathered in, and side by side
 We faced them in a ring,
 And as we dealt them sturdy blows,
 We raised the voice to sing—

“To the Light!

Through the fight,

By the Bussex Rhine.

*The Lord our God defendeth thee,
 His kingdom shall be thine.
 Lay stoutly on, and praise the Lord,
 Beside the Bussex Rhine!”*

“Praise God!” cried Trump, shot through the heart,
 And fell upon his face.

“Praise God!” we cried, and closed again
 To fill the vacant place.

“Well hast thou

Found him now

By the Bussex Rhine!

*The Lord our God defendeth thee,
 His kingdom shall be thine.
 Lay stoutly on, and praise the Lord,
 Beside the Bussex Rhine!”*

Another charge—another gap—

Elijah Alford stout

Went up, like him of old in fire,
 As with a joyous shout—

"Fight!" he cried,
 "True and tried,
 By the Bussex Rhine!
The Lord our God defendeth thee,
His kingdom shall be thine.
Lay stoutly on, and praise the Lord,
Beside the Bussex Rhine!"

And then we three were swept away :
 I saw John Spiller die,
 And worthy Nahum Barrett's head
 Among the corpses lie.
 Side by side
 There they died,
 By the Bussex Rhine.
The Lord our God defendeth thee,
His kingdom shall be thine.
Lay stoutly on, and praise the Lord,
Beside the Bussex Rhine!

They dragged me wounded to the Judge ;
 He howled me off to death.
 I go to follow four brave men,
 And with my latest breath
 Will I sing
 Of our ring
 By the Bussex Rhine—
"The Lord our God defendeth thee,
His kingdom shall be thine.
Lay stoutly on, and praise the Lord,
Beside the Bussex Rhine!"

Our blood hath sunk into the ground,
 A goodly crop to give,
 For those who died are with the Lord,
 As well as those who live.
 Not in vain
 Are we slain
 By the Bussex Rhine.
The Lord our God defendeth thee,
His kingdom shall be thine.
Lay stoutly on, and praise the Lord,
Beside the Bussex Rhine.

DAVID BEAMES.

A SECRET MISSION.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—A DREAM.

"A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory
Of calling shapes and beckoning shadows dire."
—MILTON.

ROMAN had a dream that night, one of those intensely vivid dreams which only come to us in fever. He was in a boat, the blue water dancing all round him in the reflected glory of the summer sky. Bright dragon-flies are hovering on the surface, and swift-winged swallows passing to and fro, then a branch of hawthorn, and now he is falling—falling—falling—into the water. Who will save him? Felicyan! Felicyan!

Then the scene changes: he is lying on the bank, safe, quite safe, and his brother is kneeling beside him, weeping tears of joy at his rescue, and calling him his little Roman. But how is this? It is Felicyan himself who is lying on the grass now, stiff and rigid, and beside him there kneels a blacksmith with a file. He has come to remove the irons; dead men do not require fetters. But no, he is not dead; he moves, the iron links rattle against each other. He rises to his feet, and now it is he who calls out, "Roman, save me! Roman, save me!" and the chains go on rattling—rattling.

Roman sat up in bed, bathed in cold perspiration. He is awake now, but how is it that he still seems to hear the rattling sound of iron chains in the room? Ah! it is only the wind shaking the casement. He had forgotten to close the shutter which swings backwards and forwards on its rusty hinge. It is still night, and he must go to sleep again.

Sleep! sleep is only for the innocent, the guiltless. Could Cain go to sleep after having killed his brother? And is he not his brother's murderer just as much as if he had stabbed him with a dagger? Felicyan is not asleep now, for in Siberia it is day, not night. He is working in the mines perhaps, and his chains rattle as he moves—those chains that have now become an actual part of his personality, as inseparable from him as his bones or flesh, never to be taken off, no more to be laid aside henceforth till the releaser Death shall come. Felicyan is yet in the prime of manhood, and in ten—twenty—thirty years, perhaps, he will still be toiling in Siberia, still wearing those chains!

Is it not all a hideous nightmare? Can it indeed be possible that any man born of woman should be doomed to a fate so cruel, so inhuman? "And yet he too had a mother!" A mother who had brought him into the world with pain and suffering, who had been proud of her first-born, had smiled at his first smile and wept at his first tear.

The mother is dead long since,—she has been spared the anguish of knowing the fate of her child; but the wife—that other woman who is bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh—she is alive. She is young and strong,—strong enough to feel with keen intensity every agonising detail in the tragedy of her life; young enough to drag on

for years the weight of this unnatural widowhood.

The wind was rising higher; the shutter creaking to and fro on its hinge made a grating sound intolerable to bear. In his overwrought nervous state it gave Roman a feeling almost of physical pain, akin to the touch of a rough hand on a raw flesh wound.

He got up and fastened the bolt securely. No more rattling now, but would he be able to sleep? Could he ever sleep again? Oh for a sleeping-draught that would give him oblivion, forgetfulness for a few hours at least! Yet what would that avail him? The waking must come again, and with the first dawn of consciousness he must resume the burden of remorse of which he would never more be free. Had he not his chains to wear as well as Felicyan? And were they not infinitely more unbearable than those, because they were of his own forging? Every one envied the handsome successful Captain Starowski, yet he wondered whether, in the whole length and breadth of the German empire, there existed a more wretched man than himself.

He poured out a glass of water from a carafe, and drank it eagerly. Would this pain in the head ever cease?

His eye now fell upon a brown leather case that lay on the table near the water-carafe. His revolver. Yes, here was the sleeping-draught close to his hand! He

took out the weapon and ran his fingers along its cold bright muzzle of polished steel. How simple, how easy, what a natural solution of all doubts and difficulties! It required but a slight movement, a mere mechanical action of the fingers, and then all would be over,—forgetfulness—oblivion—peace.

Ay, but what then? What object would be gained by the sacrifice of his life? Biruta had been right in saying that the situation would be unaltered even were he to blow out his brains. Felicyan would still be in Siberia, Hala still broken-hearted. To kill himself would be the act of a selfish coward, affording relief to himself only.

With a sigh he laid down the weapon.

Was there, indeed, no way out of this labyrinth of misery? Must he suffer remorse to the end of his days? And yet what other course was left to him? Could he have acted otherwise than he had done? No, certainly. His conscience, his common-sense told him that, as a German officer, he could not betray his Government. So long as he wore that uniform he was bound to make subservient to duty all private considerations.

So long as he wore that uniform.

He repeated the words several times over, mechanically at first, then with dawning comprehension, as though discovering therein a new meaning—a hidden sense not previously apparent.

CHAPTER XXXV.—GOGO.

"A beast that wants discourse of reason."—*Hamlet*.

One morning, about a fortnight after that visit to the picture-gallery, Roman came out of the German war-office, in hand a large

official-looking document. He was reading it over as he walked down the pavement, then having folded and securely placed it in the breast

pocket of his uniform coat, he hailed a passing *drozke*.

The lines about his mouth were drawn and hard-set, and he looked like a man who has just passed through a mortal illness, but his voice was quite steady as he gave the order to drive to the hotel where Countess Massalowska lodged.

The hotel porter was not in his *loge* as Roman entered, and he passed in unnoticed and up the principal staircase. Here a confused hubbub of voices reached his ear, and he paused on the first landing on seeing a group of rather scared-looking individuals all talking in evident excitement, and pointing to something on the top of a high oak press that stood in the corridor. A waiter, napkin in hand, was engaged in stanching the blood that flowed from a wound in the right arm. A timorous traveller peeped cautiously out from his rooms in order to see what it was all about, then hastily closed and bolted the door. There was a general sound of hurrying footsteps and a distant shrieking chorus of hysterical female voices. All ladies lodging in the same hotel, and not the ladies only, were terrified on learning that the savage-looking bear-cub belonging to the handsome Polish Countess had broken its chain, and was loose about the premises. It had severely bitten two men who had tried to capture it, and had now taken refuge on the top of a high wardrobe whence it defied its besiegers. A ladder had been fetched and placed against the wall alongside, but no one felt much inclined to ascend it. The formidable row of teeth which Gogo was freely disclosing did not make the prospect an inviting one.

It was at this juncture of affairs, and just as Roman had reached

the landing, that a door at the farther end of the passage was flung open, and the Countess herself, in a loose morning robe of dark-blue velvet, came out to investigate the cause of the tumult. It needed but a glance to take in the situation.

"Why do you not catch him?" she asked imperiously of the assembled waiters.

No one answered, but the wounded man held out his bleeding arm.

Countess Massalowska looked at it with indifference.

"Gogo only bites people who are afraid of him," she said coldly. "Will no one fetch him down from there? Ten marks to the man who goes up the ladder."

Thus encouraged, the boots began to ascend, but the savage growl with which Gogo prepared to greet him ere he had mounted half the rungs caused him to beat a hasty retreat.

"Cowards!" exclaimed Biruta, in her clear ringing voice, that always reminded Roman of a silver clarion; "shame on you all to be afraid of a mere cub! He is as harmless and as playful as a kitten to any one who understands him."

Some audible grumbling from the German menials. They were not accustomed to be called cowards, nor were they used to play with such formidable kittens as this one.

Countess Massalowska, seeing that there was nothing to be done here, now addressed herself directly to the rebellious bear.

"Gogo," she said imperiously, "come down this instant."

The cub only growled and showed its teeth anew.

"Gogo!" she repeated in a louder key this time, keeping her large grey eyes immovably fixed on the animal.

Gogo stopped growling, and began to look sheepishly uncomfortable. He tried to avoid her eye, but could not manage to look away, compelled apparently by some magnetic force that he was powerless to resist.

When she had called him for the third time, the bear drooped his head utterly vanquished, and began slowly to descend, holding on with teeth and claws to the uneven surface of the wood, letting himself glide down one of the twisted columns that flanked the press on either side. In the next minute he had touched the floor, and crawled to her feet with an abject expression of fawning submission.

Countess Massalowska administered a careless box on the furry ears of her favourite by way of castigation; then laying hold of the dangling end of broken chain, she disappeared down the corridor dragging the sulky cub, while the

heavy blue velvet folds swept the ground behind her.

Biruta had not once glanced towards the staircase, whence Roman, screened by the group in front, had been spectator of the scene.

Had she chanced to look around, the conclusion of this tale might even then have been a different one.

The waiters gaped and stared a little, then crestfallenly they wandered off to their respective employments. The wounded man betook himself to the nearest water-tap to bathe his lacerated arm.

Roman remained standing alone at the head of the stairs in deep thought. He had made a movement as though to follow Biruta, then checked himself.

"Better not," he muttered bitterly; "if I see her again my resolve will melt away like moonshine. I should be forced to obey her as that cub did just now."

CHAPTER XXXVI.—REFLECTIONS.

"Thus with the year
Seasons return; but not to me return
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
But cloud instead; and ever-during dark
Surrounds me."

—MILTON.

The year was drawing to a close, and nature had sunk into winter torpor. But the brightness gone from the earth has taken refuge elsewhere, and the genial warmth of the domestic hearth replaces the vanished sunshine. A pleasurable bustle animates each household at this season, for it wants but few days of Christmas. High and low prepare to celebrate the anniversary of the Saviour's birth. Not a Polish hovel but will have its tra-

ditional national dish of blest *cutia*¹ on Christmas Eve; not a housewife but is gravely absorbed in devising the *menu* of the Vigilia supper.

At Stara-Wola only there are no such signs of joyful activity this year. Christmas here will come and go unnoticed and unfelt; or if remembered at all, its celebration will be but additional pain, from the contrast evoked with former happy years.

¹ Polish Christmas dish composed of corn, honey, and poppy-seeds.

A death-like stillness has settled over the place; even the outward appearance of the house seems changed, weighed down as it were by a sense of brooding misfortune. No laughing children's faces appear at the window; the house door never opens to admit a visitor now; deep snow lies undisturbed up to the very threshold, for of the many gay sledges with tinkling bells that scour the country at this season, not one will venture into the gates of Stara-Wola. Rabowski himself knows that he has nothing here to expect, and heaves a regretful sigh for the good things of the past, as he drives past the low white house that, standing by the frozen river, resembles a gigantic coffin, watched over by the gaunt frowning spectres of bare oak-trees.

And inside the house there is scarcely more life than without. The servants go about their work in apathetic silence. The last fly has long since been gathered to its forefathers; the very dogs seem to have forgotten how to bark; the children shrink away from their mother, who never speaks to them now or smiles,—whose eyes have grown so large, so sad, so strange-looking.

The whole care of the household had now devolved upon Luba, and perhaps it was as well that a merciful Providence enabled her to drown her own sorrow in active employment. Seeing her sister a prey to grief that was threatening to unhinge her mind, Luba was forced to take upon herself the duties the other was incapable of fulfilling. She had long since relinquished all attempt at active consolation, recognising its futility. Resignation, softness, submission to the inevitable, and a healthy re-awakened interest in her children, all that now remained to her—these might perhaps come in the future,

in some months, years perhaps, or perhaps never, the young girl sometimes feared with a sinking heart, as she watched her sister's fixed and stony face, and the unquiet way in which she wandered from room to room, as though seeking for rest everywhere, and finding it nowhere. Often, too, at night Hala would rise abruptly, and, exchanging her bed for the big saloon, pace up and down the floor till daybreak, with the feverish mechanical motion of a caged wild animal.

She is walking there just now, in the gathering twilight of the December afternoon. The sun has but lately gone down behind the pine-wood belt across the river, but within the room there is still sufficient light to distinguish the pictures on the wall, and the reflection of Hala's figure as she paces to and fro, casting her image into each of the two dingy mirrors alternately.

She is in deep mourning, as befits a widow; her dress is black, black as was her hair a little while ago. The hair is no longer black, but grey, almost white,—in startling contrast to the dark eyes and straight jetty brows. Soon it will have lost all trace of its original colour, and never, never again will any one remark on the likeness between the sisters.

In the feeling of secure possession of calm conjugal happiness, Hala had never even contemplated the possibility of losing her husband. She had thought, as many another happy woman has done before her, that death was not for such perfectly healthy, perfectly happy people as herself and Felician. It was to her mind hardly even a remote contingency; at any rate, something which she need not begin to think of for many, many years to come.

Had, therefore, Felicyan been taken from her by one of those unforeseen accidents that wreck some lives,—had he been swept away by illness, struck dead by lightning even,—the blow would have been terrible, crushing, yet as nothing compared to this. Any death, even the most unlooked for, would have been merciful, peaceful, happy almost, in comparison to this unnatural way of losing him. She could have accepted her widowhood from the hand of God, she thought, had such been decreed, but she could not accept it at the hand of an unjust tyrannical fellow-creature. Death is less cruel than man. It does not rob us so utterly of our beloved ones. It leaves us their graves to be wept over, their last words to be treasured up in tender memory.

Their last words! What a sharp thrill of agony there was in the thought! The remembrance of her last conversation with Felicyan tortured the unhappy wife like the consciousness of a crime. She had spoken bitter, unkind words,—under a misapprehension, it is true, but not the less unbearable to think of now.

Domestic tiffs will occur between the most united couples—it cannot be otherwise. The intimate nature of the bond renders friction unavoidable, and only such persons never disagree as are never wholly united. Conjugal quarrels mostly pass by without leaving a trace behind,—they are written in sand, in water; and, where true affection exists, a smile, a caress, are sufficient to destroy even their memory.

But the memory of this quarrel, of this misunderstanding, may never be driven away. In her bitter self-reproach it seems to Hala as if each of those hasty

words was now engraved in marble, as though every passing frown had been cast in bronze.

These thoughts, Hala is thinking them for the hundred-thousandth time, as she walks to and fro in the large empty room. She will go on thinking them as long as life and reason last; and it is the maddening pressure of that revolving train of thought that has bleached her hair, and is threatening to craze her brain.

The first mirror gives back her reflection, a short stout woman clad in mourning, with white hair and black despairing eyes; then the picture goes out of the glass, and the second mirror, catching it up, reproduces it in different fashion. A tall thin woman it is this time, but her hair too is white and her black eyes full of despair.

No news of Felicyan has come to Stara-Wola since his transportation nearly four months ago. The journey to Siberia, performed partly on foot, lasts several months, and perhaps he has not even yet reached his destination. Will he be able to write at all from the mines? Hala does not know; and she hardly knows either whether to hope or fear for a letter. For what news can a letter bring? What can it tell her except that he is living? And living, in his case, is but another word for toiling—suffering.

She walks to the window and looks out mechanically. It is rapidly getting dark. A flight of crows traverses the frosty grey of the sky; the frozen river glitters coldly in the twilight; the outlines of the fir-trees yonder are beginning to grow shadowy and indistinct. Very shadowy and indistinct, likewise, is the form of a sledge coming along the road; it is not even possible to distinguish

whether it is a peasant sledge or a better style of conveyance.

Hala turns away from the window, and resumes her weary walk up and down the room, accompanied always by a ghostly figure alongside—a short ghost and a tall one, who relieve each other in monotonous alternation.

The house door opens and closes with a loud bang, but the tall ghost never checks its restless walk: there are hurried footsteps in the corridor outside, and the dogs begin to bark excitedly, yet the short ghost does not pause to listen.

But now the tall ghost is again alongside of Hala, and both she and it have stopped abruptly, a new expression dawning in their eyes,—an expression that is no longer despair, yet not quite hope. Yearningly, tremulously, incredulously two pairs of arms are stretched out towards a figure in the doorway.

A man clad in the coarse grey cloth dress of a Siberian convict stands there. His head is shaved in a semicircle from ear to ear,¹ his face is aged and worn, and around him the great rough dogs are leaping joyfully, licking his hands and fondling his knees, his ankles, and behind him come Luba and the children—the servants—and all are talking together. . . .

Can miracles happen? Can the grave give back its dead? O God, be merciful! Can a weak human heart bear the pain of so much happiness?

“My husband! My husband!” and with a great cry Hala is by his side, in his arms, at his feet, and it seems wellnigh impossible

that she should survive the agony, the ecstasy of this moment. . . .

But she does not die of happiness, and an hour later she is kneeling by Felicyan's side as he sits in the familiar shabby arm-chair, deserted since summer: she is still gazing at him with all the concentrated intensity of despair that has lately changed to joy. But few words have passed between them as yet: speech will come by-and-by, when the first emotion has subsided.

“My husband! My husband!” these are all the words she can speak just at first, and she needs no others. The lingering tenderness with which they are spoken says more than volumes of speech could do. She cannot say them often enough. “My husband! My husband!” It is sufficient happiness to be able to say these words, to touch him, to feel him near; to pass her fingers across his poor shaved head; to caress his large rough hand, the fingers all red and frost-bitten; the wrist still bruised and galled, from the recent friction of iron rivets.

But presently Hala, still kneeling, raises her face to his.

“God is good after all, Felciu. I had almost begun to doubt it, but He is good. He would not let you suffer for your brother's fault.”

Felicyan's face contracts with a sharp spasm of pain.

“Hush, hush!” he says, putting his hand over her mouth to check the words, “you do not understand—Roman is a hero, a saint, and we owe to him our happiness. He has taken my place—he has gone to Siberia!”

¹ Siberian convicts are shaved in this fashion in order to facilitate detection in case of escape.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—RESIGNATION.

"He gave his honour to the world again."—*Henry VIII.*

Unknown to Biruta, Roman had applied for his demission from the German army. His request had at first been received with astonished incredulity. It was inconceivable that so brilliant, so successful an officer should think of giving up his career just yet. He was given to understand that any reasonable concession would be made in order to retain him. If his health had suffered, an extensive leave of absence would be granted. If his present post were not to his liking, there might be found other more congenial employments. The position of military *attaché* at Paris would soon be vacant, and perhaps it was not impossible, &c., &c. . . .

But persuasion and hints were alike thrown away on Major Starowski (he had received his promotion within the last few weeks). He gave no reasons, he asked for neither favours nor distinctions, but he adhered to his resolution of laying down the sword at once, and irrevocably.

He was impatient to be rid of this odious livery; to regain possession of his own conscience; to be free once more to act as an honest man, unhampered by political considerations; to divorce from each other two irreconcilable characters.

The growing conviction that his moral position was an untenable one, because he could not serve two masters at once, had culminated that day in the picture-gallery, and the following night had brought him the long-sought answer to the riddle.

Henceforth his resolve was

fixed. If the dress he wore, the oath he had sworn, did not permit him to follow the dictates of his conscience, why, then, that dress must be discarded, he must be released from that oath, no matter at what cost,—at the price of his happiness, or even of hers.

He had intended to go to Biruta, and, in hand the paper containing his demission, to say farewell; he had meant to tell her that he preferred death to dishonour, and that even in her arms he should never have been able to stifle the gnawing pangs of remorse. He would have begged her to forgive the pain he was causing, and asked her to forget the unhappy man who had not been strong enough, or base enough, to bear the consequences of his actions.

All this he had meant to say, and had entered the hotel with the intention of saying it, but the words had remained unspoken. There had intervened the incident with Gogo, of which Roman, standing behind the group of terrified waiters, had been spectator; and in the blind unresisting submission of the sullen bear-cub, he had seen, as in a mirror, what would be the issue of the interview he was seeking. When the woman is so terribly strong, and the man so fatally weak, the result is a foregone conclusion.

This seemingly trifling incident had fixed his destiny, by making him realise, as he had never realised before, the full power of this woman whom he was fated to adore as a lover and obey as a slave.

How beautiful, how majestic she had looked at that moment, as, standing at the head of the staircase, she had imperiously summoned to her feet the rebellious bear! A queen! a goddess! A woman fit to govern the world!

Yet even as he gazed in spell-bound admiration, before Roman's eyes there rose up another vision obscuring the first—the vision of a small pale woman with black despairing eyes. She too had looked majestic. She too had been sublime, as with burning impassioned words she had called upon him to restore the happiness of which he had robbed her!

His reason told him that he must not, dare not, see Biruta again. If he saw her once more, if he felt her arm round his neck, her lips upon his, he must succumb to her will. His honour, his conscience, would be powerless to act. Had she not said that she would make him happy in spite of himself! She would—she could do so,—he felt convinced of it, and it was of this happiness that he felt afraid. His only course was to flee from a bliss he dared not enjoy. He must not see her again.

His conduct was weak, unmanly, stern judges of character may say perhaps; but what, after all, is weakness? and what is strength? And may not the truest strength sometimes lie in the very recognition of our own weakness?

That same day Roman left Berlin, and forty-eight hours later Countess Massalowska received from him a letter bearing a Russian postmark.

He had gone straight to St. Petersburg, where he gave himself up to the authorities. Being now no longer a German officer, he became a Russian subject, and as such pleaded guilty to the crime of high treason.

His brother was innocent. He and he alone, for his own private motives, had drawn the plans, had taken the photographs that had caused Felician to be condemned and transported.

He had no difficulty in proving his case. It requires but small rhetoric to convince a wolf of the expediency of devouring a lamb that offers itself as holocaust: the facsimiles of some of the photographs that had been found at Stara-Wola, and the identification of Roman's handwriting, were sufficient to establish Felician's innocence and his own guilt. Besides, by this time the fact of his engagement to Countess Massalowska had penetrated to Russia, on hearing which General Vassiljev—who meanwhile had been dismissed in deep disgrace—had not hesitated to come forward and attempt to clear his character by affirming his conviction that Biruta had robbed the portfolio.

All these circumstances, taken collectively, rendered doubt impossible. Roman was condemned to lifelong deportation to the mines, and simultaneously was signed the warrant for his brother's release.

Early in November the *ci-devant* Major Starowski quitted Europe as member of a convict convoy bound for Siberia, but his journey ended differently from what had been anticipated.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—SNOWFLAKES.

"Long is the way and hard
That out of hell leads up to light."
—MILTON.

The closing scene of this narrative is played out at daybreak on a desolate Siberian steppe.

The days are at their shortest, and in order to utilise the brief span of light, the convicts prepare to resume the march with the first faint streak that shows itself in the east.

They had halted last night on the outskirts of a wretched hamlet, where a deserted barn offered adequate accommodation for the prisoners. Like a flock of sheep they had been driven into the building, where, huddled together on the cold earth-floor, they were left to pass the night as best they could—the Cossack guards meanwhile keeping watch outside, each one armed with a bayonet and a brandy-flask.

Escape is impossible, for the convicts are linked together in batches of five or six—each left hand riveted to a chain, which leaves just sufficient space between two men to enable them all to march in single file. Thus the movement of each man affects his neighbour, and at night the restless slumber of one imparts itself perforce to the other.

When the time for starting has come, the sentries enter the barn and rouse the prisoners by a few vigorous curses, emphasised and diversified by some equally vigorous kicks.

Roman, who happens to be the last on a chain of five convicts, staggers to his feet, awakened by the tug of his companions, and looks around him in dazed fashion.

Has he just been dreaming? Of

Biruta perhaps? Of the joys of love? The thrills of gratified ambition? Of all he had possessed a little while ago, and by his own act had renounced? Does he repent his sacrifice as he awakens to the consciousness of his actual position?

Before his eyes there stretches, melting away into the distance, a vast field of snow, seemingly endless—its immensity, its monotony, enhanced by the frosty mist which envelops everything with a semi-transparent veil. Not a tree as landmark anywhere on which to fasten the eye; not a beast or bird to enliven the vast solitude: the rising sun, just beginning to show its crimson disc on the horizon, struggles to break through the brooding fog. It succeeds in casting a streak of ruddy light across the plain, which looks like a bloody path prepared to conduct the convicts to their living tomb.

The air catches his breath as he steps outside the barn. Cold is not the word to express the biting intensity of the atmosphere. It attacks the windpipe like a rush of boiling steam; it pierces the ear, the nostrils, with the force of a corrosive acid. It has begun to snow as the convicts are being formed into order for the march. But the snow here, too, is not as other snow. In our countries the flakes descend softly, noiselessly: they feel at most like chilly kisses, like cold caresses to the touch. The Siberian flakes are hard, aggressive; they deal out blows, not kisses, each one armed with an invisible sting that pricks like a pointed stiletto. Nor are they

silent, for, as they strike against each other, the atmosphere reverberates as with the jingle of crystal chimes.

The prisoners with their disengaged right hands are rubbing their ears, their noses, to keep them from congealing; the Cossack guards are laying in a store of heat and strength from out their brandy-flasks. A red-nosed, one-eyed soldier of peculiarly villanous appearance has tilted up his bottle, and with head thrown back is pouring the last drops of some very fiery alcohol down his well-seasoned throat.

As he follows his companions, Roman, still half-asleep, and blinded by the snowflakes, stumbles and falls, causing the four men in front of him to totter likewise.

"Get up, you Polish dog!" cries the one-eyed Cossack, hitting him on the head with the now empty flask.

There is a limit to every human endurance. Was it that this last insult had called to life abruptly all the latent pride of which a man's heart is capable? Was it that the absolute resignation of a heroic resolve is not eternal, and must sooner or later have given way? Hitherto no murmur, no word of complaint, had escaped his lips. Patiently, silently, apathetically, Roman had endured pain, hunger, cold, and fatigue, but he

cannot submit to be called a dog by a drunken Russian trooper. All his blood rises up in hot rebellion; for the moment he forgets that he is a convict prisoner bound for the mines—he remembers only that he is a nobleman, an officer.

It needs but a moment to spring to his feet, wrest the bayonet from the hand of the insolent Russian, and with it fell him senseless to the ground—but that moment has sealed his fate.

Close by there stands a second Cossack sentry with loaded musket. His orders are peremptory in case of the slightest insubordination on the part of the convicts.

He raises his gun—there is a flash—a sharp report—a groan—and Roman Starowolski, the handsome distinguished officer, the affianced husband of Countess Biruta Massalowska, falls dead—shot through the heart. . . .

As the convicts move on they leave behind a deep crimson patch in the snow, too vivid to be the mere reflection of yonder blood-red sun just detaching itself from the horizon.

But the large white flakes continue to fall, filling the air with their silvery music, and nothing soon will distinguish this spot from any other on the face of the lonely steppe.

POSTSCRIPT.

Three women mourn for Roman Starowolski, each in her own very different fashion.

His name is often on the first woman's lips, as with tender gratitude she teaches her children to revere the memory of one who gave back her happiness at price

of his blood; a happiness so great as to be almost undeserved, she thinks with reverential awe; a deeper more sacred happiness than the careless unthinking joyfulness of a year ago, and as widely different as her snow-white hair from the jetty locks which will

never be hers again ;—happiness mixed with pain, that draws her yet closer to the husband for whom such a heavy ransom has been paid.

The second woman says nothing, but she will never forget her youth's early dream ; and though she may yet live to find peace and contentment in after-years by the side of some other man, her heart is irrevocably buried in a nameless Siberian grave.

The third woman's grief was violent and excessive, enhanced too by a sense of failure, intolerable to her proud spirit. To learn that her lover had broken his fetters at the eleventh hour, caused her fully as much displeasure as sorrow. Even then she did not, just at first, confess herself defeated. She would win him back yet, she told herself, even from out of the ogre's very dungeon ; she would obtain his release from Siberia, —that would be an object worth living for indeed !

And who knows whether she might not have compassed her end ?

A character as dauntless as hers may overthrow every obstacle, save one. She might have triumphed over the Ozar, but she could not triumph over Death.

When she learned that Roman was dead, and that she was thus deprived of her anticipated victory, Biruta began to paint her own portrait in the character of Juno. A thousand pities every one agreed that this picture, which displayed such remarkable talent, was never completed ; for scarce half finished, Countess Massalowska abruptly abandoned it, laying down the brush and palette in order to enter a Carmelite convent, where she intends to pass the rest of her life.

Will she indeed remain there for ever shut off by iron bars from a world she was born to govern and adorn ?

Time only can prove the stability of this resolve, for we chronicle these events in 1888 ; and as General Vassiljef used to say, "the divine Biruta is apt to change her models."

FROUDE'S LORD BEACONSFIELD.

WE need hardly say that this is not the life of Lord Beaconsfield which the world has been waiting for. It is a short biography of him by Mr Froude, the commencement of a series which is to include the whole list of nine Prime Ministers of Queen Victoria, whether living or dead. There is very little in it which is new, and that little is of no great interest or importance as affecting the life of Disraeli. At the same time, we do not wish to undervalue this sketch. It is ably and conscientiously done, and its author, with his devotion to all things Carlylese, has evidently taken the *Life of Sterling* for his model. We should say it is the work of a man who has had considerable and lifelong prejudices, derived from Carlyle, against the subject of his memoir, but who, as he warmed to his work, has gained greater insight into Disraeli's marvellous career, and into the finer points of his character, and has striven in a spirit of posthumous justice to do honour to his memory. It is satisfactory to see how, as the clouds of contemporary detraction and vituperation roll away, his career and character during his long parliamentary leadership vindicate to the eyes of posterity the confidence which the sovereign, Parliament, and the nation eventually reposed in him, and the devotion which his colleagues uniformly paid to him.

The key-note of Mr Froude's sketch is on his title-page—

"He was a man, take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again."

But marvellous as was Disraeli's career, no public man ever had less right to complain that he was the subject of so much unfounded prejudice and unreasoning animosity. His genius from the first took the form of unlimited daring, careless of, or even delighting in, the accumulation of obstacles in his way, which he seems to have done his best to increase, confident in his power to surmount them. He was determined to fix the public eye upon himself, to cut his way to the greatness which he felt that, once won, he could maintain. Though he never stooped to anything mean or underhand, he could face without a shudder positions which, to a more sensitive self-consciousness, would be overwhelming from sheer absurdity and even grotesqueness of failure. He had never roughed it at a public school. His only taste of the discipline of life had been at a Unitarian place of education, where he was unpopular, and asserted his position with his fists. He seems to have "detested school more than he ever abhorred the world in the darkest moment of experienced manhood." The qualities of patience and self-discipline, which were the source of his strength as a public man, are not traceable in the fiery impatient youth who regarded the world as "mine oyster which I with sword will open."

Law was tried and abandoned; but at twenty-one Disraeli awoke and found himself famous. He was the author of 'Vivian Grey,' which he followed up with satires that were always pleasant, laughing, and good-humoured. "In all his life," says Mr Froude, "he never hated anybody or anything, never bore a grudge or remembered a libel against himself." Mr Gladstone himself said something equivalent to this in his speech proposing to him a parliamentary memorial. Foreign travel to Spain, and to the East as far as Jerusalem and Thebes, was an important feature of his early life. His correspondence from abroad survives him, and was recently published. He shows himself in the freedom of letters home in his true colours — affectation, light-heartedness, and warm home feelings—"a character genuine and affectionate, whose fine gifts were veiled in foppery, which itself was more than half assumed."

This foreign travel resulted in an episode which throws more light on Disraeli's character in youth than many much better known incidents. The future lay all undetermined before him. Conscious of great powers, as well as resolute to achieve greatness of some sort, the thought passed through his mind as he surveyed the plain of Troy, that as the heroic age had produced its Homer, the Augustan era its Virgil, the Reformation its Milton, why should not the revolutionary epoch produce its representative poet by name Disraeli? Nothing would do but the experiment must be tried. He wrote three cantos on his return, and resolved to submit them to his friends. He accordingly recited them to his friends at a party at Mrs Austen's, and the "never to be forgotten" scene

is thus described by those who witnessed it:—

"There was something irresistibly comic in the young man, dressed in the fantastic coxcombical costume that he then affected—velvet coat thrown wide open, ruffles on the sleeves, shirt-collars turned down in Byronic fashion, an elaborate embroidered waistcoat from which issued voluminous folds of frill, shoes adorned with red rosettes, his black hair pomatumed and elaborately curled, and his person redolent with perfume. Standing with his back to the fire, he explained the purpose of his poem. It was to be to the revolutionary age what the 'Iliad,' the 'Æneid,' and 'Paradise Lost' had been to their respective epochs."

He then recited his first canto, with the result that the audience was favourably disposed; but after the poet had left the room, a gentleman present declaimed an impromptu burlesque of the opening lines. Infinite merriment resulted, and Disraeli's dream of becoming a great poet was broken; but at the same time the literary world allowed that in prose, at all events, a new star had arisen, and Disraeli was welcomed everywhere as a celebrity.

In that character he got into debt, and when election bills were added to social extravagance he became seriously involved—partly also from standing surety for his friends. Confident in his future and in his powers, he treated his embarrassments easily. So, too, with regard to his appearance in society. "In the days of the dandies" he was fantastic till his friends told him he was a fool. Mr Froude says it was purposed affectation. It led the listener to look for only folly from him, and when a brilliant flash broke out it was the more startling as being so utterly unlooked for from such a figure. One sketch of his conversational energy, the effect of which

was to be heightened by costume, was—

"His mouth is alive with a kind of working and impatient nervousness; and when he has burst forth as he does constantly with a particularly successful cataract of expression, it assumes a curl of triumphant scorn that would be worthy of Mephistopheles. . . . The conversation turned on Beckford. I might as well attempt to gather up the foam of the sea as to convey an idea of the extraordinary language in which he clothed his description. He talked like a race-horse approaching a winning-post, every muscle in action."

Such was Disraeli in social life, before he was launched on the sea of politics. His literary position was made, and he was already a prominent politician when he entered the House of Commons in 1837. Anxious as he was to be returned for some constituency, he displayed no tact. He wanted to make an end of Whig and Tory, to be returned as an independent politician, wearing the badge of no party and the livery of no faction. His desire for some great measure which might ameliorate the condition of the lower orders, and for large changes in Irish administration, read like an approach to the Radicals, but in many respects Radicalism repelled him. Finding that he was making himself impossible by trying to enter Parliament without pledges and without a party, he finally made up his mind to enlist under Peel.

Not long after his entrance into Parliament a fortunate marriage rescued him from financial embarrassment, and after the catastrophe of self-love in his maiden speech he soon made solid progress in the estimation of the House, and acquired that intimate knowledge of its temper and disposition which was the foundation of his fortune.

The tone of Disraeli's mind on public questions and in relation to party politics is mainly to be discerned in his novels and published books. Mr Froude has done well to devote a considerable portion of his space to them. He distrusted that faith in political economy which was preached by Radicals; he was not imbued with a mania for destruction, but was keenly anxious to revivify existing institutions—the Throne, the aristocracy, and the Church—with a view to the maintenance of the national character. The race for wealth and cheap production did not to his mind worthily absorb the energies of a great people, and in its results tended to widen the chasm between classes. As a Conservative he declared that no Government should have his support which did not introduce a large measure to improve the condition of the poor. And when a monster Charter petition was brought down to the House of Commons in the name of the working people of England, whose hopes had been raised and disappointed by what Disraeli called the mean and selfish revolution of 1832, he placed himself in opposition to the general disposition, which was to treat it as an absurdity and an insult. He disapproved of the Charter, but he sympathised with the Chartists. Scoffed out of the House of Commons, the Chartists took to violence, and riots ensued at Birmingham. Disraeli was one of a minority of five who opposed Lord John Russell's appeal for an increase of the police, and declared that it was unnecessary, and that other measures ought to be tried to give the workmen a fairer share of the profits of their own labour. The Ministers accused him of being an advocate of riot and disorder. Certainly he was not going the

right way to work to recommend himself to the confidence of Sir R. Peel. But he was vindicating his independence with his usual intrepidity, and with an originality to which Peel's mind was a stranger.

Mr Froude, in a spirit of hero-worship remarkable at his time of life, is delighted to find that Disraeli's views on the condition of the poorer classes, as set forth in 'Sybil,' harmonise in a wonderful way with those preached by Carlyle in his 'Past and Present.' A qualification follows, founded on pre-existing prejudice in his mind. The harmony was only so far as the thoughts of a gaudy coxcomb in satin waistcoats could have any affinity with those of the stern ascetic who, in the midst of accumulating splendour, was denouncing woe and desolation. Disraeli, he adds, did not believe any more than Carlyle that the greatness of a nation depended on the abundance of its possessions. He did not believe in a progress which meant the abolition of the traditionary habits of the people, the destruction of village industries, and the accumulation of the population into enormous cities, where their character and physical qualities would be changed and probably degenerate.

When Sir Robert Peel became Prime Minister, Disraeli was left out in the cold. Between the two men there was evidently nothing in common. Disraeli's mind was full of theories by which the religious, commercial, and political life of the country could be renovated. Peel was cautious, prudent, a master of finance, and an ideal Minister in the eyes of those ten-pound householders from whom he, with singular want of prescience, had done all he could to withhold political power. Peel may be

regarded as the founder of the system of surrendering at discretion both the principles and the policy which leaders and followers alike have vehemently pledged themselves to maintain. The surrenders in 1829 and 1846 shook the political world at the time; but greater developments of the policy of surrender have cast those two famous acts of apostacy into the shade. *Splendide mendax* was Lord John's epithet for Peel as regards his conduct in 1846. The mendacity since that time has gone on increasing, till no one puts unlimited confidence in the pledges of our public men; but the splendour of the performances has somewhat paled. The artist's skill is overlooked from our familiarity with his performances. Hand-to-mouth policy of this sort was abhorrent to the mind of Disraeli, to whose far-reaching purposes, stretching from the commencement to the close of his public life, Mr Gladstone himself has done justice in his memorial speech. The attacks by Disraeli on Peel invested with a kind of dramatic interest the fall of the leader; they marked out the assailant for his successor in the Tory leadership.

No one could withhold from Disraeli at the close of Peel's administration credit for unrivalled audacity. He had not merely sought in successful conflict the leading athletes of parliamentary debate, but he had asserted the supremacy of genius in a House full of far more experienced members. And on the very eve of his assuming the leadership of his party, which was eventually to give him the leadership of the House, he was describing Parliament itself, in 'Coningsby,' as an effete institution, doomed to fall from the increasing unpopularity which in this country surrounds

the depositary of power. His real career as a statesman dates from his assuming the responsibility of leadership, which for all practical purposes may be said to have devolved upon him in 1846. Mr Froude says he did little or nothing to carry out his peculiar views; but considering that he never had a majority till he was in his seventieth year, that is not very surprising. But it must be said of him, that besides restraining the practice of parliamentary opposition within effective constitutional limits, his policy and political conduct show more of forethought and of insight into the future, and of regard for ulterior consequences, than those of any public man of his day. He stands in marked contrast in those respects both to Peel and his chief disciple Mr Gladstone. Disraeli's criticism of Peel was that he wanted imagination, and wanting imagination he wanted prescience. As Mr Froude says, quoting, unless we are mistaken, from the 'Life of Lord George Bentinck'—

"No one was more sagacious when dealing with the circumstances before him. His judgment was faultless, provided that he had not to deal with the future. Insight into consequences is the test of a true statesman, and because Peel had it not, Catholic emancipation, parliamentary reform, and the abrogation of the commercial system, were carried in haste or in passion, and without conditions or mitigatory arrangements."

Forethought, whether in home or foreign politics, is the rarest gift for statesmen to possess. It is the fault of parliamentary institutions, party politics, and democratic constituencies, that they discourage forethought. The prizes are all to those who can discern the immediate desire of the public,

secure its expression at the polls, and manipulate a majority. Responsibility for the consequences is easily shifted to the Parliament which carried the measure, and the statesman who may have achieved the success may also be the first to lament its consequences, and ask for a renewed lease of power to enable him to pursue still further the downward course, which grows more and more easy of accomplishment.

For thirty-five eventful years Disraeli led the Tory party—the longest political leadership recorded in parliamentary history. On this period Mr Froude is unable to throw any new light, and declines to follow his actions with any minuteness. "The outer side of them," he says, "is within the memory of most of us. The inner side can only be known when his private papers are given to the world." The disappointing part of this biography is that Mr Froude has nothing new to tell us, and appears not to have seen any of the papers himself, except some correspondence with Mrs Bridges Willyams, in which the old lady was gratified with some Court and other gossip. One remarkable incident mentioned is the offer of the Greek crown, on its refusal by the Duke of Edinburgh, to Lord Stanley, the present Lord Derby.

"I think he ought to take it," says Disraeli, "but he will not. Had I his youth, I would not hesitate, even with the earldom of Derby in the distance. . . . It is a dazzling adventure for the house of Stanley, but they are not an imaginative race, and I fancy they will prefer Knowsley to the Parthenon, and Lancashire to the Attic plains."

It would seem, at all events to all prosaic unimaginative people,

that Lord Stanley was well advised in preferring the English earldom of Derby to the crown of such a race as the modern Greeks, at all events as they were then understood.

As the papers confided to Lord Rowton have none of them at present seen the light, the interest of this biography lies in the verdict which a historian of considerable experience and conscientious judgment pronounces on Disraeli's career ten years after it is closed. Mr Froude takes no very keen interest in parliamentary matters. He is delighted when the monotony was broken in upon by incidents from without—Continental revolutions, Crimean campaigns, Indian mutinies, civil wars in America, and suchlike. As for parliamentary work pure and simple, he says, it may be claimed for Disraeli that he discharged his "sad duties" all this time with as little insincerity as the circumstances allowed. He was never wilfully obstructive. He conducted himself as a party chief with dignity and fairness. Any proposals which he considered good he helped forward with earnestness and ability, especially if they were for the improvement of the condition of the masses. It would be difficult to name a party chief on the present front Opposition bench of whom as much could be said. A still higher praise is his due, that he never sought to make party capital by increasing any difficulties which might arise in our foreign relations. There was always constitutional and caustic criticism of the actual conduct of affairs by the Minister, but there was no spending of days and nights in the endeavour to thwart his policy. On the contrary, a loyal support was given to the Crown. Mr

Froude selects several instances. There was the denunciation of the claptrap addresses to their constituents of two Ministers in the Coalition Cabinet, Sir James Graham and Sir C. Wood, whose eagerness to pose as the friends of justice and humanity led them into the use of language to the ruler of France shortly after the *coup d'état* which might easily have provoked a war. It was the speech in which he inaugurated his opposition to the Ministry of Lord Aberdeen. And he asserted his authority as leader of Opposition to correct and restrain the imprudence of the Ministers, and placed forcibly before the country that we had no right to dictate to France her form of government, or to provoke the resentment of the French army by unwise ministerial invectives.

The next case was that of the Crimean war. Disraeli stands clear of all responsibility for the diplomatic blundering which led to that unnecessary war. But he loyally supported the Crown in its arduous enterprise. Mr Froude's criticisms on English policy at this time are hard to reconcile with his criticisms later on of Lord Beaconsfield's conduct when the Eastern question again broke out during his premiership. He says that in 1854 public opinion forbade the acceptance of the Emperor Nicholas's overtures to Sir Hamilton Seymour, and also the joint pressure of Europe on the Turks to reform. In the alternative something was to be said for adhering firmly from the first to the integrity of the Turkish empire, but that nothing was to be said for hesitation and waiting on events. Indecision and vacillation, produced by divided counsels, brought on the war, in Mr Froude's judgment as

well as in that of all sensible people.

Mr Froude also gives Disraeli credit for helping to restrain the ferocity with which the Indian Mutiny was being suppressed. That mutiny was the outcome of our military failures in the Crimea. It had been stained by every atrocity on the part of our revolted subjects; but here, as on other occasions, Disraeli was ready to oppose and restrain public feeling rather than gain temporary advantage by stimulating it to frenzy. The Indian atrocities were far worse than the Bulgarian atrocities, and they were committed on helpless English women and children. The crisis was one in which first our empire, and next our national character, was at stake, and the leader of the Opposition disdained to turn the public excitement to party advantage.

Perhaps the greatest achievement of that personal ascendancy which Disraeli derived from his genius of insight into surrounding circumstances and their probable consequences, independently of the numerical weight of his parliamentary following, was our non-intervention in the American Civil War. Had we taken part in it, we should have roused a feeling of rancour and animosity which it would have taken generations to quell. The Emperor of the French invited us to join in recognising the South and breaking the blockade. The Tory party, as a rule, were in favour of the South. Lord Palmerston, with a good many of his colleagues—notably Mr Gladstone, with his genius for political blundering—was notoriously willing to take action. A word from Disraeli would have turned the scale and given an overwhelming majority in favour

of intervention. It must be recorded to the undying credit of Disraeli that that word was never spoken. On the contrary, his influence was with a patriotism which recent events have shown to be rare in an Opposition chief thrown on the side of non-intervention. He, with the cordial sympathy of Sir Stafford Northcote, supported Sir George Cornwall Lewis in his resistance to his colleagues in the Cabinet. He advised and insisted that the Americans must be left to shape their own fortunes in their own way. The Palmerston Cabinet blundered into letting the Alabama escape, and Mr Gladstone's speech in support of Jefferson Davis rankled for years in the minds of the Americans. When retribution overtook Mr Gladstone as Premier in the shape of increasingly urgent demands for compensation from the other side of the Atlantic, it was to the wise moderation and patriotic support of the leader of the Opposition that he was indebted for being extricated without a war from troubles which he had mainly brought upon himself by his rash meddling and muddling. Not merely was moral support given to him in Parliament, but one of Disraeli's most important colleagues, Sir Stafford Northcote, was associated with his own envoys in the work of pacification, obviously for the purpose of strengthening his hands and assuring him beforehand of a free course, unfettered by the risk of parliamentary censure. It forms a precedent which we hope will not be too readily followed, for it is not, as a general rule, advisable that the Opposition should share in Ministerial responsibility, or part with any portion of its freedom to deal with circumstances

as they arise. Even Mr Gladstone acknowledged at the time the patriotism of Disraeli's conduct, and it would have been well for his reputation if he could have imitated the same self-control and magnanimity when his rival in his turn had to deal with the perplexities of the Eastern situation, created by treaties, for the last of which Mr Gladstone himself was primarily responsible. Disraeli's conduct during and after the American Civil War, in relation to the international questions raised by that tremendous struggle, is one of the leading features of his career. It exhibited patriotism, insight, and foresight, and its success resulted from that strictly personal ascendancy and influence which genius and high character can alone confer. "Hereafter," says Mr Froude, "when the changes and chances of the present reign are impartially reviewed, Disraeli will be held to have served his country well by his conduct at this critical contingency."

No one can point to any part of Disraeli's long tenure of the Opposition leadership as showing any desire to reap party advantage out of the foreign difficulties of the country. Not merely was a loyal and effective support given to Mr Gladstone in his blundering efforts to rescue England from the Alabama difficulty, and the international ill-feeling which his own rashness and error of judgment had done much to provoke, but an equally loyal support and abstention from all harassing interference were observed in his difficulties during the Franco-German war. Mr Gladstone's Continental influence may be judged from the fact that, although parliamentary support was not withheld, France was defeated, the German empire

established, and negotiations at least entered into for the destruction of Belgium, while England was not even consulted, and had no voice in the new arrangements. Russia followed the example of the other great Powers, and retired from further observance of the Black Sea Treaty, which had closed the Crimean war. To put the case in Mr Froude's words—

"Russia took advantage of the confusion to tear up the Black Sea Treaty, and throw the fragments in our faces. The warmest Radical enthusiast could not defend the imbecility with which the outrage was submitted to. A Minister was sent to Paris to inform Prince Bismark that if Russia persisted he should go to war. When Russia refused to be frightened,"—or shall we say, finding that there was no hope of Bismark's interference?—"the uncertain Premier said in Parliament that the Minister had exceeded his instructions. It appeared, on inquiry, that the instructions had not been exceeded, but that nothing had been meant but an idle menace, which had failed of its effect."

Is there anything in the whole history of our foreign relations more thoroughly contemptible and humiliating? Mr Gladstone, of course, gave way, and the Black Sea clauses of the Treaty of 1856 were cancelled at the dictation of Russia. The only thing by which our honour as a party to that treaty was attempted to be saved was that Russia, while repudiating a part of it, consented to ratify the rest. Five years later the whole Eastern question was reopened. The public law of Europe relating to it was the Treaty of 1856, reaffirmed and ratified by the Treaty of 1871, for which Mr Gladstone's Government was responsible—a ratification which was represented to have been extorted from Russia as the price of her repudiation of clauses which to her were specially obnoxious.

Mr Froude's observations upon the course Disraeli adopted after Russia had renewed the policy which, when confronted by the vacillation and timidity of the Coalition Cabinet, resulted in a deplorable and disastrous war, are more conspicuously Carlylese than any other portion of his book. They are inconsistent with his views upon Lord Aberdeen's policy in 1853-55, and upon Mr Gladstone's policy in 1871. He says in so many words that he preferred the maintenance of the integrity of the Ottoman empire to the former; while he denounced the imbecility and ingloriousness of the latter. It would appear to result from this, that a firm adherence to the existing treaties of 1856 and 1871, coupled with express notice to Russia of the circumstances which would lead to our armed intervention, would meet with his approval. It was, on his own showing, superior in every way to the vacillation of Lord Aberdeen; it avoided the imbecility and disgrace of submitting to the residue of that treaty, which had been violated in part in 1871, being torn up and flung in our faces in 1876, notwithstanding its ratification five years earlier. The policy of Disraeli, 1876-78, was simple, easily understood, and firmly carried out. It resulted in peace with honour. The basis of it was a loyal adherence to Mr Gladstone's ratifying treaty of 1871—a refusal to allow a great treaty to be a second time in five years trampled upon and disregarded. Mr Froude is extremely indignant at the way in which Russia tore up the Black Sea clauses in 1871; but as to the large remainder of the ratified treaty, he deals with Disraeli's policy as if no such instrument existed. What have we to do

with Russian aggression? he says. The Asiatic subjects of the Queen are 200 millions, the Asiatic subjects of the Czar are 40 millions. The balance of aggression is on our side. The world smiles when we complain of Russian aggression. It was absurd to talk of Turkey as the bulwark of civilisation against barbarism. Disraeli's motives are represented to have been,—a knowledge that his party would go with him; that the scum and froth would be on his side; that the policy was traditional, and supposed to be consistent with English interests; that the Turks had befriended his own race, whilst the Russians had been their bitterest enemies; that he desired to pose as the arbiter of Europe. In all this there is not one word of the treaties—not a syllable as to the disgrace of allowing them a second time to be, as he says, "torn up and flung in our faces"; not a syllable as to the necessity of upholding that ratified treaty of 1871, which formed the sole excuse for Russia being allowed to retire from those clauses which she found to be irksome. The glory and the success of Disraeli's policy consisted in this, that while he abstained from taking any part in the Russo-Turkish war, and kept his country clear of a second Crimean entanglement, he nevertheless compelled Russia to submit her Treaty of San Stefano, which she had extorted from Turkey, to the consideration of the Powers which had signed the treaties of 1856 and 1871. He compelled her to remodel that treaty, and to submit to the arrangements effected in lieu of it by the celebrated Treaty of Berlin. In doing so he vindicated the public law of Europe, and the faith and validity of international treaties. He took precaution for

the future. He planted Austria on the road between Russia and Constantinople. It results that if, and as, the Turkish empire falls to pieces, the inheritance does not necessarily fall to Russia, but that it will be replaced by international arrangements, for which the Berlin Conference forms a binding precedent. The key-note of this policy was not resistance to Russian aggression, or the vindication of the integrity of Turkey. The maintenance of the faith and efficacy of treaties, and the vindication of the public law of Europe against wanton and high-handed violation, were the objects aimed at and the results secured. The detractors from that policy, including Mr Froude, never seem to comprehend that it lies on them to show that any other policy would have been successful without a war as in 1853, or without eternal disgrace as in 1871.

If Mr Froude is inconsistent in his observations upon ministerial policy when regarded from the different periods of the Crimean war, the repudiation of the Black Sea clauses, and the vindication of public treaties by Disraeli, he is not the less so in pronouncing a Carlylese benediction on Mr Gladstone's opposition to Disraeli's powerful and successful vindication of his rival's treaty. Mr Gladstone himself was much more consistent. He tried to reproduce in the nation the same divided counsels and vacillating purpose which thirty years previously he had powerfully assisted to effect in Lord Aberdeen's Cabinet. No one has ever heard from Mr Gladstone a word of regret for his course of conduct on either occasion, and on both occasions it was consistent. But Mr Froude condemns vacillation and indecision on the first occasion,

while he applauds the unsuccessful attempt to introduce them on the second. On the first occasion he sees clearly that the course adopted led to war, but he fails to see that on the second occasion it was only the utter collapse of Mr Gladstone's efforts which enabled us to maintain peace. On Mr Froude's own principles, it would have been far better for Mr Gladstone at the time to have supported Disraeli in a policy which he imperfectly understood, than by opposing and denouncing that policy to repeat the process of this country, saying one thing and appearing to mean another, which Mr Froude (but certainly not Mr Gladstone) says in 1854 led to the Crimean expedition. After all, Mr Froude's chief criticism upon a policy which avoided war, and vindicated the authority and power of this country, is that it was sensational. It seems to us simplicity itself—the maintenance of existing treaties. The only thing sensational about it was that it produced in the minds of every one in England, and of every foreign minister, from Prince Bismark downwards, the unwonted "sensation" that we had, fortunately for us, at a critical time, a man at the head of the British Government who knew his own mind and policy, and was not to be trifled with.

It is in his relation to imperial affairs, whether as Minister or as Opposition leader, that Disraeli's fame will be brightest. Over legislation he exercised all the influence to which the leader of a powerful minority is entitled. But Mr Froude avoids all the details of his parliamentary career. He says that the details of past Parliaments are wearisome and unreal. The arguments used, he says, are insincere. The adulterations of trade pass into Parliament

and become adulterations of human speech. A statesman has to defend what he does not approve, and to oppose what he believes to be useful. In the midst of all this spleen against parliamentary life, he does not do justice to Disraeli's parliamentary career, and in that respect the biography is singularly deficient. The most conspicuous feature of that career was his complete mastery of the subject of parliamentary reform. He made the question his own as completely as it had ever been Lord John Russell's, or as completely as finance has ever belonged to Mr Gladstone, or currency to Sir Robert Peel. He had always been dissatisfied with the Reform Act of 1832, and with the way in which it had been opposed. The result of the Opposition manœuvres at that period was that the Tory party had been deprived of all voice in a great national redistribution of power, and that passion had been evoked to effect a sweeping change, not contemplated by either party in the State. Though the aim of his party was wise government rather than political revolution, Disraeli knew perfectly well that the settlement of 1832 was not and could not be final, and that sooner or later the whole subject would have to be reopened. He refused to follow Peel's example. In place of an uncompromising opposition, he claimed the right of the Tory party to take part, or even to preside over, the passing of a new Reform Bill. By that means delay was ensured; for as the ardour for constitutional change was not fired by unwise resistance, the ten-pounders evinced no great hurry to part with the power which they derived from the Act of 1832. When at last the death of Lord Palmerston and the per-

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sonal exigencies of Lord Russell and Mr Gladstone forced the measure to the front, those statesmen discovered to their surprise that though they might render a new Reform Act inevitable, it did not at all follow that they would be allowed to pass it, or even to settle its principles or mould its provisions in a Parliament which they themselves had summoned, and in which they had a majority of seventy. They found that the settlement of the question had passed into the hands and under the control of a man who, to a thorough mastery of his subject, added an unrivalled dexterity as parliamentary leader. The Reform Act of 1867 was Disraeli's foremost achievement in legislation. The principle of payment of rates being the qualification for voting was his own, and in the details of the measure he defeated the Opposition by large majorities. Thirty-five years had passed since Lord John Russell's Reform Act, and a further measure had become inevitable, from causes and tactics for which Disraeli was not responsible. Its settlement on the lines which he framed was at least one which was based on an intelligible principle, as distinguished from the policy of granting instalments of indefinite concession, opportunely in the interests of their party, which the Liberals had proposed. What the eventual results of these democratic measures may be (the Act of 1867 was followed in 1884 by applying Disraeli's principle to the counties) no one can foretell.

Our position is totally different from the state of things in America. There, power is divided and subdivided amongst institutions which all act as checks upon one another, and under penalty of their acts being de-

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clared null and void if they exceed their powers. Here, absolute and unlimited power is vested in the constituencies and in the majority of their representatives. There is no limit to the power of Parliament in this country; and the Cabinet, which is practically a committee of that majority, wields a more absolute authority than is reposed in an American President, Senate, and House of Representatives all put together. The fate of the country is at every general election thrown into the caldron, and no one can foretell the result. Mr Froude echoes the sentiments expressed by Carlyle in his 'Shooting Niagara—and after.' In Carlyle's opinion the English people had gone down the cataract at last. Mr Froude adds, "A quarter of a century has gone by, and the constitution still holds together." No doubt the outlook is an anxious one; more particularly when democratic leaders, instead of openly submitting their measures to public opinion, hide them up their sleeve, confident in nothing but the dexterity (alas, how frequently baffled!) of an old parliamentary hand. The best security for the future is that the cleavage between political parties should continue to be, as hitherto, vertical and not lateral, through all classes of the country; and that men of character and station and adequate political knowledge and experience should continue to lead political parties, and not, as in America, abandon the game of politics to professional adventurers.

Disraeli's success in carrying the Reform Act of 1867 gave him the premiership at the beginning of 1868. But the immediate political consequence was that it obliged Mr Gladstone and the Liberals to

find another battle-cry for the forthcoming general election. This was the first example of the new mode of approaching the enlarged constituencies. Disraeli had made an audacious move with his household suffrage. Mr Gladstone's counterblast must be louder and more audacious if he was to succeed in exciting the public imagination and gain a parliamentary majority. In an evil hour he chose Ireland for the scene of his operations—a subject he had apparently never studied, and in regard to which he could not refer to any antecedent declaration of his own as vindicating his right to deal with it. But a victorious rival was to be supplanted, and the premiership won. He accordingly let loose an agitation the consequences of which he probably never stopped to consider. Mr Froude, with twenty years' experience of it, describes those consequences as far-reaching and uncertain. He fairly remarks (an observation equally applicable to the present Home Rule policy) that to reverse and undo the policy of centuries was a step which ought not to have been ventured without the national consent.

"The electors knew less of Ireland even than Mr Gladstone himself, who ought to have made them first understand what it was which they were called on to sanction. But," he adds, "we all know with what truth, "these are not times for long reflection. A parliamentary leader sees an opportunity. His followers echo him. Sentiment displaces reason, and a majority is the most conclusive of arguments."

In less than three years the glory of Mr Gladstone's Government was gone, but its measures remained, and they did not pacify Ireland. They only aggravated its discon-

tent and stimulated agitation. The state of West Meath became so serious that this great Government actually came to Parliament for a secret committee to consider how the Administration was to be carried on. The policy had failed all round. Disraeli pointed with scorn to his rival's immense majority and utter failure.

"Under his influence," he exclaimed, "and at his instance, we have legalised confiscation, we have consecrated sacrilege, we have condoned treason, we have destroyed churches, we have shaken property to its foundations; and now he cannot govern one county without coming to a parliamentary committee. The right honourable gentleman, after all his heroic exploits, and at the head of his great majority, is making government ridiculous."

This last sentence ought to be inscribed on Mr Gladstone's memorial statue: its caustic truth sums up his whole career,—heroic legislation, exuberant verbosity, and ridiculous and disastrous results. His total failure both at home and abroad raised a revulsion of feeling in favour of Disraeli, who became the general favourite.

"At a decorous and dignified assembly," says Mr Froude, "where royalties were present, and the chiefs of both political parties, I recollect a burst of emotion when Disraeli rose, which for several minutes prevented him from speaking; the display of feeling being the more intense the lower the strata which it penetrated, the very waiters whirling their napkins with a passion which I never on any such occasion saw exceeded or equalled."

Shortly after this Disraeli was called to supreme power, at the head of a strong Conservative majority which followed him with enthusiasm and confidence. Mr Gladstone retired from public life, in pique and resentment. The un-

fortunate part of this great success was that Disraeli was in his seventieth year, and in his very first session of power was seriously weakened by bronchitis and gout. Later on his whole energies were absorbed by the great Eastern question and the vindication of public law. Mr Froude thinks that he stepped aside out of sheer perversity to create Jingoism, and win the hollow rewards of a coronet and a garter. He insists that Disraeli had come into office with a free hand, not hampered by a mandate, and that two unsettled problems were ready to his hand of supreme importance, by the solution of which he might have rendered his Ministry memorable. One was to reconstitute Irish administration after the havoc wrought by his predecessor. Irish passion had been excited, and Irishmen were being led to believe that separation was in the air. Its internal government required reorganisation, and its land question required readjustment: after the Act of 1870, a permanent settlement was wanted. The other subject was the relation of the colonies and India to the mother country. He ought to have taken steps to strengthen the bonds of good feeling, and to have reconstructed the colonial empire so as to ensure the continuance of the imperial system. In short, he should have had Mr Froude at his elbow all through his administration. Mr Froude accounts for his neglect of those great questions by suggesting that he was growing old, that he wished to signalise his reign by more dazzling exploits, that he wished to regain for England a higher place in the councils of Europe. So he left Ireland, according to his biographer, to simmer in confusion, and satisfied his zeal for the consolidation of the empire

by the new title with which he redecored his sovereign. All this strikes us as somewhat misleading. Ireland was quiescent under his premiership—he parted with coercive powers; and as for further changes, it was necessary that the results of the portentous measures of the previous Administration should have time to develop. With regard to colonial empire, both the Canadian and the South African Federation Acts were passed by Ministries in which his voice predominated.

Mr Froude's fairness is more conspicuous when he is dealing with the personal qualities of the subject of his memoir. The criticisms he makes may readily be accepted by all who are familiar with Disraeli's career. It is a great tribute to a man's rectitude of life and purpose that he withstood the ordeal of thirty-five years of party leadership without deterioration of moral fibre, and without revealing through the fierce light which surrounds it any of the weaknesses which forfeit the respect of his fellow-men. No doubt Disraeli was in this favourable position, that, partly from race feeling and partly from possessing political convictions which stood higher than the ordinary platforms of party politicians, he did not abandon himself to the ardour of the game, but held it in subjection to his ultimate purposes and aims. He was not the sort of man to be furiously in earnest, first on one side of a question and then on another, under the temporary dominion of convictions taken up for the occasion. He deliberately placed himself from the first on an intellectual and moral level from which he could easily retain his sense of proportion, instead of abandoning himself to the purpose of the moment with a zeal which

too often transfers the conscience of a party leader to the unscrupulous keeping of his political wire-pullers. No public man was ever less of a demagogue, or more free from the arts by which a fleeting popularity is won. He was a child of Parliament. It was in and from his place in Parliament that he won the confidence of his party and his power in the State. From that place he came into conflict successively with all the most powerful debaters which the House of Commons produced during forty years. He achieved his great success not by making himself the representative of any popular cause, or by placing himself on the crest of any outside wave of sentiment or conviction. He rose, says his biographer, by his personal qualifications alone. Manliness and courage were the basis of his character. As the Duke of Wellington said with regard to his challenge to O'Connell and his son, "It was the most manly thing done yet!" The manner in which he rose superior to his first failure in the House of Commons exhibited those dauntless qualities which are sure to win esteem in an assembly of Englishmen. In less than nine years from the date of his first failure it is recorded of him that not a man on either side of the House was more than his match in single combat. He had overthrown Sir Robert Peel, and had succeeded to the honours and to the position of a man who had seemed destined to rule this country till his death.

Launched upon the career of party leadership, where the business is to outmanœuvre and defeat your opponent, Disraeli never forgot that in his earlier years he had advocated and tried to bring about a nobler system; and accordingly, while exhibiting the utmost dex-

terity as a parliamentary commander, he seems to have borne in mind, to a higher degree than his contemporaries, that it is by ultimate results, by lasting success, rather than by immediate triumphs, that a statesman will be judged at the bar of posterity. Accordingly he played the game of party fairly and honourably. No one can accuse him of sacrificing the interests of the empire to win office. When he won the premiership, in spite of calumny and acrimonious hostility, every one recognised that he had fought his way to it fairly, had won it honourably, and would use it for the public welfare.

As a result of a long career of this character, of constant struggle amidst jealousies, animosities, and fierce personal and political rivalry, it is no small thing to obtain from a somewhat critical and adverse biographer such a judgment as this: "In public or private he had never done a dishonourable action; he had disarmed hatred, and never lost a personal friend. The greatest of his antagonists admitted that when he struck hardest he had not struck in malice. A still higher praise belongs to himself alone—that he never struck a small man." Gratitude, says Mr Froude, was stronger in him even than ambition. His gratitude to his wife and the attachment which he inspired are not the least honourable portion of an honourable career. A party of young men once ventured, says Mr Froude, we should imagine on very doubtful authority, a foolish jest at Mrs Disraeli's age and appearance, and rallied him on the motive of his marriage. "Gentlemen," said Disraeli as he rose and left the room, "do none of you know what gratitude means?" His name was never, even in the height of

party recrimination, touched with private scandal. Upon pecuniary matters, moreover, though often embarrassed, not a single whisper of detraction was ever heard. He had opportunities of enriching himself had he chosen to avail himself of them. A secret word from him, says Mr Froude, would have enabled speculating capitalists to realise millions, with no trace left how those millions were acquired or how disposed of. "It is said that something of the kind was once hinted to him—once, but never again. Disraeli's worst enemy never suspected him of avarice or dishonour."

Mr Froude closes what we think, with marked shortcomings, is an admirable sketch, by propounding a general estimate of Disraeli's character. In the first place, he refuses to that character the title of "great," on this principle, which, notwithstanding the authority which lays it down, we venture to think too hard to be applied to mortal man. "If," he says, "any fraction of his attention is given to the honours or rewards which success will bring him, there will be a taint of weakness in what he does." Unless all personal motives are exorcised, when the personal life is over, he contends that a man's work and reputation perish along with him. If this is the only objection to attributing greatness to Disraeli, it is not one of overwhelming strength. It savours somewhat of Carlyle's objection to attributing greatness to Sir Walter Scott, that he had "no message to deliver." Disraeli's ambition, no doubt, was to win power and fame, and also to use them for his country's good. Without a strong ambition of that kind it is vain to expect that men will face the arduous duties and distracting vicissitudes of pub-

lic life. Ambition of that kind, purified of everything, on Mr Froude's own showing, that is dishonourable or mean, is not a disqualification—it is an incentive to greatness. A man must not merely be conscious of great powers; he must dare to become great, and to accept the responsibilities of greatness. The biographer thinks that Disraeli should have reconstructed society according to his novels, or led a crusade on the lines laid down in 'Sybil,' in order to win the title of great. A more practical wisdom would suggest that he kept those objects in view, and did his best, having regard to the limitations which time and circumstances imposed upon his power. No public man, says his biographer, in England ever rose so high and acquired power so great, so little of whose work has survived him. This sentence is contradicted by the whole tenor of this book. He led a minority till he was nearly seventy, and, according to Mr Froude's own showing, powerfully helped on all measures which he approved, and conferred lasting benefits upon the country by his indirect control over the course of foreign policy. In office, not to mention smaller measures, he redistributed power in this country upon a principle which has proved permanent,—an achievement little short of miraculous in the leader of a minority. Armed with a majority, he presided over great European arrangements in the Conference at Berlin, and re-established the foreign authority of his country.

A man, however great, cannot set the whole world right in six years. Industrial problems and a disintegrated Ireland, Mr Froude complains, survived him. Those are questions which we have always with us. They belong to a remote past, and will possibly belong also to a remote future. Without inquiring further into Mr Froude's criterion of greatness, we note these as his real conclusions concerning the subject of his biography. He raised himself to the summit of eminence; he had a genuine anxiety to serve his party, and in serving his party to serve his country. He succeeded in many instances in deserving well of the English nation; and though he had to struggle against innumerable obstacles in cutting his way to power, a searching investigation into his whole life, private as well as public, has revealed no act which detracts from his character as a man of honour and integrity; while, on the other hand, it brings to light many actions and qualities which befit a hero. The Tory party may well be proud of the leader whom they followed for the space of a whole generation, and to whom, on every anniversary of his death, they, in common with masses of the people, offer the tribute of regret and regard. We shall all of us welcome the correspondence which, when it is brought to light, will reveal still more of Disraeli's inner life; but enough is known already to make us sure that it will serve only to increase his fame and the reverence with which his memory is preserved.

MADELEINE'S STORY.

CHAPTER I.

DEAR JOYCE,—I don't in the least mind doing what you ask. How could I think it anything but nice of you to want to know why I was rather unhappy the other day, and to hear more about Gladys, my only near relation in the world, and be told the story of my life before I came to Wemyss? Do you know, I sometimes forget, in a sort of a way, everything until the beginning of my time at Wemyss. It feels to me now as if I never was quite alive till I came here. My real life dates from the time you found me out, and I began to know you. Think of this, it is not quite two years since we got to be friends.

Do you remember the morning you waited for me to come out

from my drawing-class and asked me to walk with you? I *did* feel flattered, Joyce. I had always fancied you looked down upon me before that, and no wonder. I am so ignorant beside you. I have often resolved that I would not look on any long way, so I won't; but it is not long to look on five days, when you will come back, and we shall begin to carry out our plan of living together.

I think it is just a perfect life—working and living with a friend (I put loving before working, really, you know). Now I will tell you all—it will be rather dreadful, I begin to think. There are just five evenings until you come on which I can write for you, and the first of the five I dedicate to

THE CHILD.

She stands out the most clearly before me in the first gleams of my memory. I was a child myself at the time in which I am thinking of her, and Gladys was a child, and there was Wynne, our little half-brother; but amongst us all Theodora was the child—our little Thee we called her; and surely there never was such a real child as Theodora. I was the eldest, then a year after me came beautiful Gladys, and two years after Gladys Theodora, and three years after Theodora Wynne.

I was always a dreamer, and I don't think I felt anything very much, for I was divided between two lives, the one I shared with

Gladys and Thee, and another that I lived quite by myself a little way up in the air. In the air-life I never was myself, the elder sister of Gladys, the adored Madeleine of little Thee; I was somebody quite apart and very different, grown up always. At one time a "high-born maiden," such as I had read about in story-books and poetry, daz- zlingly beautiful, with a crowd of lovers at her feet; at another, a queen controlling her people with a glance, bowed down to by war- riors and statesmen, and strange fantastic scraps of personalities put together by my crude imagina- tion. But Gladys was the really beautiful one of us two, and

Gladys dreamed no dreams about queens or lovers. She found scraps of ribbon, and gathered the roses in their bloom to fasten in her hair, and somebody was sure to give her beads or corals to clasp round her throat when we went to a Christmas gathering, or when mother had her summer parties on the lawn, and Theodora danced with joy at the sight of Gladys's clear sweet beauty. Sometimes my two consciousnesses would get entangled when I looked at my beautiful sister, and a pang of jealousy shot through me as I realised my actual insignificance beside her, compared with my imagined solitary greatness. Sometimes it would be the pride in mother's eyes, as she looked at Gladys, which sent that arrow through the net-works of my real and my ideal world, and flooded their meeting-point with the poisoned drop. Nothing could poison Theodora's joy, for that was born of love always.

If I felt very little, Thee felt very much. What perfect graceful ways she had, without a scrap of beauty! We did not know whether she was pretty or not: we only saw that her eyes glistened with fun, or looked up at us with utter love and pride. We liked her dainty, dancing steps, and her almost ecstatic playfulness,—not that she ever originated any game; she and Gladys said I was the inventor. They used to come and pull me down by main force from mid-air, and then I took the lead, as the elder sister naturally does take it; but Thee was the joyfulness of every joy, the heart of all our childish life.

"Oh, don't go yet, Madeleine," she used to plead, when, the game half over, I was tiring of it already and slipping back into cloud-land. Thee could feel me going long be-

fore Gladys knew. Gladys never knew anything all her life but what she saw with her actual eyes. "Madeleine, Madeleine, oh stay!" Theodora used to plead with me.

I would not stay, I remember, one hot autumn morning, although we were only just beginning the game, that might have lasted for hours, of storming the castle of the tool-house, I defending, and Gladys and Theodora leading the attack, rushing round and round in the long tangled grass and clustering shrubs. This was Theodora's favourite game; how had I the heart to disappoint her of it? I think, but I am not sure, that we never got any further in that particular game again; something always prevented its being finished. On that morning it might have been played to the very end but for my moment's whim. I can feel that moment through again now, and the inward blowing aside of purpose, just as it came to pass in me. I happened to look up for a moment as I was waiting for the onslaught of my foes, and I saw the shadow of a cloud move across a field of corn. The play ended for me in that instant: it felt as if something spoke to me from outside—a new voice that I must go after.

Did I say it was a moment's whim? So it was as I stood towards Gladys and Theodora; but in myself it was the beginning of a new life, and since then my dreams—some of them at least—have been different.

Since that time I have often lived a life apart from myself; it was like striking out a fresh root, as creeping plants strike out from the parent stem.

"You're not playing, Madeleine." It was Theo's voice that brought me back.

"Nonsense, Thee! how can any-

body play on such a hot morning? Look here; we won't play at castles at all to-day. I'm going to get a book and read under the walnut-tree; we'll all read."

"Oh!"

"We can play at castles any other time, Theo." So I said, but Thee seemed to feel how things were going to be.

I wish I could forget the sound of her voice when she exclaimed "O Madeleine!" and the down look of the white little face. Gladys said everything was a bore; and she went away by herself somewhere, and I took my book quite contentedly, and stretched myself under the delightful shade and read "The Swan's Nest among the Reeds."

Thee hung about for a little time and kicked the clinging plants, and pulled leaves to pieces, and all at once when I looked up, I missed her, and so plunged into the reeds with Ellie, free at last from any teasing link with my home-life. Twice afterwards I thought that I caught a glimpse of Theodora's pinafore amongst the shrubs which lay between me and the house. I thought I saw her go and come, but there was no impression of her on my mind, and I really knew nothing until the sight of Gladys burst upon me. She came leisurely along the path from the back-garden that led to the kitchen, and she came from the kitchen, I soon saw, for she had a large basket on her arm, which seemed to weigh heavily on her. She tugged it along with a will, however; and she looked very merry when she set it down at my feet with a great thud and an exclamation of satisfaction.

"Now then, wake up, Mad child!" cried Gladys, in that matter-of-fact tone of hers that always did wake me up thoroughly.

Ellie and her Swan's Nest were

thrown face downwards into the grass, and I began to watch Gladys eagerly. She did not want me to help her, and I liked best to watch. First she took a white cloth out of her basket, and this she spread at my feet, and then came the delightful preparations for a garden picnic, which was one of our summer holiday treats. Gladys and I became quite as childish as Theodora on these occasions. I can speak for myself that I was greedy about nice things to eat—greedy, but not fanciful; Gladys was fanciful more than greedy; and Thee was anything and everything that we were.

"Mother knows, of course," Gladys explained, looking up at me, whilst she piled cakes and fruit upon our doll's plates. "Mother knows, and, Madeleine, she says we're not to come into the house at all the whole afternoon, if we can amuse ourselves out of doors. She didn't say why, Madeleine. What can the reason be, do you think?"

"Oh, mother has got letters to write, or Wynne's asleep, or somebody has a headache or something. What can it matter, Gladys?" I answered. Nothing ever did matter much to me that concerned other people. "Let us begin. Shall we?"

"Come along then, Mad; and we can put shares of everything by Thee's place, so it will be all right whenever she turns up."

This garden picnic stands out in my memory as the one great feast of our summers. I enjoyed it entirely without any drawback, and so did Gladys; and the little extra care we took that Thee should miss nothing, gave a happy sense all the time that there was no selfishness in our pleasure. I always liked to think well of myself: it was Gladys who really cared about Thee having

her share. I cared about having cared for her.

We took a long time over the many changes of our merry meal. I made lots of jokes, and told Gladys scraps of stories, and Gladys listened in her lazy fashion, never so much absorbed in a tale as not to know which apricot was the ripest, or to discriminate exactly the most tempting morsel of cake that had fallen to her share. It always surprised me about Gladys that she could perfectly well do two things at once. I think we must have been quite an hour eating and talking when at last Thee came up, running in the heedless way she had if she was brimful of something she wanted to tell us. All at once the eager look left her eyes, and the words she had been so keen to speak remained unspoken. Theodora had taken in at a glance the whole state of the case before her. There had been a grand garden picnic under the walnut-tree, and it had been begun and enjoyed and finished without her.

"You have *had* a feast!" exclaimed Theodora. "You've *quite* finished."

After that we could not persuade her to eat a crumb. It was feasting with *us* she cared about. She must always be close to us, sharing quite from the core of anything we did, to care at all about it. By-and-by Gladys threw a handkerchief over her face to keep the flies off, or perhaps to keep out the sight of Thee's sulking; and I was just getting up to stroll away by myself somewhere in the sultry afternoon, when I noticed Theo take something out of her pocket, and I stopped a minute to see what the child had got. She seemed anxious then to have her little pleasure, whatever it was, all to herself, for she said nothing to me as I stood

watching her. I saw that she had a small bottle of water in her hand, which she held up to the light, and there was a little fish in the bottle. One of the sticklebacks out of the stream that ran outside the garden I supposed, and wondered how Thee had caught the little fish, and what she was going to do with it.

I have often been puzzled since why the afternoon which succeeded that garden-feast impressed itself so vividly on my memory, for it was an afternoon of no impression in itself, yet I can recall almost every moment of the lazy hours after the last sight I got of Theodora looking at her little fish and of Gladys propped against the tree-trunk. That day was, in fact, a day of sorrowful import for lives bound up with the lives of us children; but I had no cognisance of it then. I was only aware, as I have often been since, of a deadened consciousness, an incapacity to feel the pleasure that everything outside seemed to be offering me; each beautiful thing was, as it were, holding up a cup of delight that somehow I could never take. I grew discontented with myself and all the world, and it did not improve my temper—when at last the beneficent day being really over, sunlight fading, flowers closing, birds roosting, and mother outside the drawing-room window which opened on to the lawn stood waiting for us to run to her and say Good night—that just then I came upon Theodora and found her in trouble again, disappointed and unhappy for the third time upon one of our holidays. Gladys had been teasing her, and there had been a quarrel, which I could have prevented if I had been with them, I knew; but I repelled the thought of it as if it were an injury to myself, and relieved my mind by tugging Theodora where

she lay under a bush with her face in the grass, sobs shaking her poor little body. Gladys ran off to mother as I came up and began to question the child as to what had happened. Thee didn't tell me anything, only at last, when I got her up from the ground, she showed me the little stickle-back lying still and limp in her hand, and sobbed out through her tears, "I *did* love my little fish." So that was all—but oh, how unhappy it makes me to remember that I lost all patience with the child!

Did ever any child love a mother as Theodora loved our mother! But love was the key that opened every door in Theodora's life. I form a picture to myself of the motive force of people's lives. I call it the key that opens the world to them. I know quite well about myself that curiosity is my key. I only care to see and taste and know, and so I go on and open door after door, and look in and touch and taste and handle, and I am not changed by the knowledges. I have got them and I lay them aside, and they are things to dally with and keep, but they remain outside my own self all the time.

Gladys is different. What I am going to say about her will seem as if she were the more selfish of us two, but it is not so—only hers is a different sort of selfishness. *Use*—or shall I say *profit*?—is the key by which Gladys opens the storehouses of the world; she has no other way. She takes what she wants, and all that she gets adds to her—yes, I think I may say adds to her, and not only to her possessions. Theodora's key was love. It was nothing to her to know or to have; but wherever she loved there she knew, and what she knew she did not take for herself, but gave herself to it,

and hers was the self-losing that is absolute possession. "What I think of, Madeleine," she said to me once, looking up from some small childish labour she was busy about, the fruits of which she was planning to offer to our mother by-and-by—"what I think about, Madeleine, is mother's face when she sees it." *Mother's*—oh yes; but still, my little Thee, it is *your* face I picture now, and I thrill yet with that darting glance which pierced me through as you looked up and spoke. And mother never made an especial pet of the child.

I used to notice sometimes that the little one slipped between the favoured places in our family. I was the eldest, Gladys was the beautiful one, our half-brother Wynne was the youngest and above us all, the son; Theodora was not anywhere in particular, and she wasn't clever or pretty, only a slippery, freaky little creature, without any marked individuality. What was Theodora, after all? The one of us that could love the most. She loved our mother so much that she never missed anything from her, or noticed when she appeared to have been forgotten. Not even on one of her birthdays, when nobody had thought of getting her a present; but at last an orange was found, the only one in the house that day. Then what fun she made of the presentation of the family gift, and how earnestly she insisted upon sharing it with us all!

Theodora's birthday came in the winter. Nature is niggardly in the cold season; she does not dower winter children as she does those who come with the fair tints and scents of summer. Our Gladys, for example, was a pink June rose, I was a dream-child of spring promise, Wynne first saw the light in the rich autumn season of fruits and corn and

floods of golden glory. But for Theodora's day not a flower could have been found or a green leaf. She was a December baby. There was Christmas for her month, and my tenderest recollection of her comes from the last Christmas Eve that we children spent all together.

We used to keep Christmas Eve in a way peculiar to ourselves. After a very moderate amount of games and snap-dragon in the drawing-room we said Good night, and crept willingly enough upstairs to bed. But this was only the beginning of a night of revel, for though we undressed and lay down, and even snuggled under the bed-clothes, and assumed every appearance of settling for a night's rest, we were far too conscious of coming fun to hail sleep from a long way off. We kept quiet though, with one eye at least shut, and were skilful in giving ourselves the impression that we were *not* seeing what happened regularly every year at about eleven o'clock on Christmas Eve. The bedroom door opened softly (Gladys and Thee and I shared a large bedroom between us)—the door opened, and mother came in on tiptoe with a large basket on her arm. She held a bedroom lamp in one hand, crimson-shaded, and the glow from it tinted her face with warm rose-colour. She walked along, not on tiptoe any longer, as she trod over the thick carpet at our bedsides. Then the lamp was laid down, and the basket was opened, and in every child's stocking (each of us had hung a stocking at the foot of her bed) were crammed the Christmas gifts. Then the mother passed out again softly, as she had come in. The head of Gladys was the first to lift itself from the pillow after the closing of the door: Gladys looked up and round the room. Then a *jet* of flame would leap from the

fire, and there was a rustling and a titter, and sounds of smothered glee from Theodora's crib in the far corner, and a noise of leaping from the bed and of a stocking being dragged clattering along the floor. In a few minutes we were all three dressed as for the day, sitting round the fire strewing our treasures about us on the floor, feasting upon chocolates and oranges. The flames leaped and roared. Gladys had heaped wood upon the coals before dressing.

Eight such glorious Christmas Eves I can remember; but just now I concern myself with one only—our very last. It was the Christmas after that August day when, I said, that trouble of some hidden sort began to work amongst us. It had been growing since then, not quite hiding even of late, for mother's face had changed, and what surprised us more than anything was, that mother had gone away from home two days before Christmas, and she had never left us before at such a time that we could remember.

Still the presents had all been prepared for us, and some one was to fill the stockings after we were in bed, and the fire was to be made up, and the little ones' Christmas was to be as much the same as possible—for when did mother ever forget what concerned the pleasures of her children? On this last occasion she had left word that Wynne was to share in the midnight feasting and fun. The whole scene was like magic to Wynne when, fetched by Gladys, he came trotting in dressed in a many-coloured dressing-gown, and with bare little feet, his rich auburn hair tumbled and glistening in the fitful fire-light.

It was our fault that the little fellow became fretful by-and-by; we fed him too sumptuously with our good things, and as a conse-

quence he fell out with Theodora. Mother had made for Theodora with her own hands the prettiest pair of red slippers, and Thee danced about the room in them, pointing her toes, and making pretty steps to show them off, until Wynne fell so desperately in love with the shoes that he insisted upon Theodora giving them up to him. I never knew Theodora refuse anything to Wynne before. I think she was feeling through everything that mother was away, and her love-thermometer was disturbed. She would not let Wynne have her little red shoes. A regular quarrel was about to begin when we all sprang up at the first note of the Christmas carols sounding under the rectory window. The waits, five singers out of the church choir, had leave to come into the garden and stand on the lawn (just under the room where we children slept); and at one o'clock every Christmas morning they stood there and sang the same old words. We used to crowd into the window-space and draw the curtains round behind us, so as not to be too visible, and watch and listen.

The scene of that night lies clear in my memory. The lawn was white with snow, and the shrubs were all drooping with their cold burdens. Clouds covered the sky, and everything looked dark compared with our glowing room inside. The men had a lantern, but no books or music; their caps were drawn closely down over their faces; they were muffled in thick comforters. We pointed them out to each other by the nicknames we had given them many Christmases ago. When the usual carols were all sung, the lantern-man lifted up his light to greet us, and the others shouted "Good morning and a happy Christmas!" and the children's heads nodded, and they called

out their "Happy Christmas" too. Then we slipped through the curtains back into the littered room, and somehow everything was changed. Wynne began to cry a little, and Gladys took him off to bed. Theodora threw herself full length on the rug before the fire, the red shoes still on her feet, declaring that she meant to lie there until the morning. Gladys and I gathered up our treasures, undressed leisurely, chatting, and at last settled in our beds. Very soon Gladys was asleep in hers; I, lying wide awake, watched the red glow on the walls, and was wandering pleasantly into the land of inventions when a deep sigh coming from Theodora by the fire stopped me. "Tiresome child," I thought,— "never mind her." But another sigh came and another, and a sound of wailing in between, until at last, unable to forget it all, I called to her, "Come along, Thee, come into bed with me." But instead, Thee got up with a desperate groan and ran out of the room without a word. "Got the toothache, perhaps," thought I, "and gone to ask Emma for something to do her good," and with that I turned myself round in bed. I was nearly asleep when I felt some one cuddling up to me, clutching at my throat with chilled fingers.

"How cold you are, child, and how you have frightened me! What is the matter? What are you shaking for?"

"Hush, Madeleine! don't wake Gladys. I want to tell you something, something dreadful. You know the passage window close to the apple-tree?"

"Where the blind is torn across?"

"The blind's torn quite away now, and the window is bare."

"Well——"

"There is a man standing in the apple-tree close to the window; I

saw his face just now, and, Madeleine, I can see who he is."

"Nonsense, Theodora. Stop. Tell me what were you doing in the passage?"

"Put your arms round me first, Madeleine. There—it was about the shoes. You know how Wynne wanted them, and I couldn't give them up because mother made them for me. At least I thought I couldn't. But whilst I was on the rug, and you and Gladys were quite still in bed, mother came to me and said——"

"Now, Theodora, you know that's impossible; mother's away."

"I'm certain mother said, 'Theodora, I want your little red shoes; I want them for Wynne.' Then she went away,—that was just before you called me, Madeleine,—and when you called I ran off to Wynne's room, and he was fast asleep in bed, so I put the shoes beside him on his pillow, and he'll be glad to find them there in the morning, won't he? He can have them if he likes, because mother said, 'Theodora, I want your red shoes; I want them for Wynne.' But I ran back as fast as I could; and oh! I wish I had not looked up at the window as I passed. There was a man's face close to the pane looking in; he leaned across from the crooked branch of the apple-tree, and it is Uncle Llewellyn, I know it is."

"But you never saw Uncle Llewellyn, Theodora; at least, he went away before you can remember."

"I saw him last summer, Madeleine, outside our garden by the river. It was Uncle Llewellyn who caught the dear little fish, do you remember, and gave him to me."

"You never said so, Theodora. Did mother know? Why did you not tell us?"

"I didn't mean to tell," said Theodora, and suddenly she became silent.

I could get nothing more out of her; and she never mentioned Uncle Llewellyn to me again.

The spring that succeeded that winter came on slowly. A long time stretched between that Christmas Eve and—the end of our childhood, when the child left us I mean, Theodora,—for childhood itself lay down and died when Theodora died,—shut its eyes for ever to Gladys and me. The spring was slow in coming. I am glad to remember how slowly it seemed to come—that each day took a long time to pass, with its many daylight hours, infinitely precious hours, that were shared by us with Theodora. The sun seemed always to be shining; the sky was pale and clear; the wind was bitterly cold; yet mother never noticed Theo's husky voice, or called her indoors even on the chilliest days.

In the middle of March a missionary came into our neighbourhood, and a mission was held in the parish next to ours. Our stepfather took no part in it, and it did not interest Gladys or me in the least. It was not like mother to go so often to services as she did during the ten days the mission lasted. She was restless. I know now for what reason; but then I did not understand. When she used to look in at our playroom about tea-time every evening with her hat on and her furs, looking so beautiful—O mother!—with the wistful look in her warm brown eyes, and say, "Is anybody coming with me to church to-night?" I scarcely took my eyes from my book to answer her, and Gladys wouldn't turn round from making buttered toast at our red-hot fire. Gladys and I never went with her—not once. But

every evening Thee looked up and sprang from her seat when mother spoke — whether the meal was finished, or half over, or just begun, it made no difference—scrambled into her rough old ulster and round hat, and put her little hand in mother's, or clattered down-stairs after her and caught her up in the passage. Thank you, thank you, dear little Thee! I thank you now from this long way off that you never let our mother go alone. Sometimes mother and Thee would be a long time away, beyond dinner-time, beyond Thee's bed-time, until the cold March twilight was dwindling into darkness. The last evening they went there was snow on the ground. Thee had a wretched cold. I heard her go up to bed by the noise her cough made. She crept up the dark staircase along the passage with-

out looking in at us in the play-room, it was so very late that night. I heard her go along, coughing the little hard cough. It was the last time her footsteps ever trudged past our play-room door. Yet it was not until Theodora had been three days in bed that our mother became frightened about her. It seemed as if a cloud obscured us all from mother then. And this lasted until the third day of Thee's illness. Then in a flash she came back to us, all on fire with love and pain, and never left the bedside of the little one; but then there was nothing she could do, and by the evening of the fifth day Theodora lay still and white and silent, and never lifted a loving look into the passionate mother-eyes again.

"Only a little child,
Stone-cold upon a bed."

CHAPTER II.—MOTHER.

Gladys and I have often said to one another that we know all about being mothers without experience of our own. Our mother showed us everything. I don't remember that she ever said a word about what mothers feel, or what mothers should do, but she just *was* mother. It is difficult to think of her in any other relation, though there was another aspect of her which forced itself upon us at the last. But now I am going back to the beginning, to my very first recollections of her, and calling up pictures that glow and breathe and are alive in mind and heart.

"Isn't mother beautiful?" Gladys put the feeling into words. It was on one glorious summer morning, a day such as comes not oftener than a few times in many years, when every curtain seems undrawn between earth and

heaven — a marriage-day of sunlight on earth and joy unveiling itself from the inner sphere. Gladys and I, running in from the garden to the breakfast-room, stopped in the doorway for a moment. I held Gladys back to look at the picture inside. The room was bathed in light, but the breakfast-table was drawn on one side into an alcove in the shade: there were large vases of roses on the table, the scent from them came to us at the open door. Mother stood at the head of the table in the light near the open window, tall and bending a little over the urn — her rippling auburn hair glowed like the sun. She made me think of my favourite story of the summer goddess, Iduna, in her grove of perpetual sunshine, standing ready to receive the heroes and feed them with her apples of

youth. "Isn't mother beautiful?" "O Gladys! isn't she, just?" and we rushed upon her and disturbed the picture that has never faded from my memory.

Mother was beautiful, and she had nourished us with her beauty all the years we had lived until that morning, but we never knew about it until then, not until Gladys gave words to the unacknowledged long delight. How dignified she was too! and she threw her regal robes about us all. Ah mother! since you left us Gladys and I have had to sit in the dust: like little beggar children we learned to wait about for smiles and love, cast from our palace to the dunghill on one dreadful day. Mother knew our faults in the secretest place of her own heart, and instinctively we knew that she knew, but her words were generally "Of course my children will do what is right," and no one approached us with blame. I am not going to analyse the feeling she had about us, far less to criticise her plan, if indeed her bringing up of us could be said to have been the carrying out of any plan. "Mother knows," we acknowledged in everything that befell us: that was enough for us then, and it satisfies me now. So that in what way we might have been different under different training I don't care to ask or wonder. "Never regret anything," I read somewhere or heard somebody say, "or wish that at any moment the course of your life had branched off in a different direction; there never could have been an alternative." Certainly I cannot wish our mother's course ever to have been blown aside by the smallest breath of change. It was an atmosphere that she created for us. It seemed as if by the force of her will she held every influence in check around us, and left a clear space

for us to live in that was absolute freedom. We felt free to be ourselves, whatever we were that we showed. There was no hurry in our lives; but that is the common experience of childhood. How long a time there is to grow up in, how one may dawdle over every task, how careless we can afford to be of our pleasures! We gather our flowers and throw them away. What does it matter? There will be flowers and flowers to-morrow and the next day and the next and the day after that, and sunshine through summers that stretch so far before us they seem to have no end. There was no hurry, no fear, no constraint in our lives, but around us an elastic air that nourished us, and mother's personality above all, shining like an unclouded sun in our sky, always to turn to.

I cannot remember mother's face ever being clouded towards me, and once only to Gladys. It made Gladys unhappy for years afterwards, if she thought of the one night when mother refused to kiss her in bed. As for our little Theodora, she would have moped and dwindled in any other home than ours. But mother's face could wear clouds towards other people. I have called her dignified: she was proud. And there was something in her which I understand now, for the same instinct moves in me now and then; she could be almost fierce in her defence of us when any person or event seemed likely to invade the free ground on which she willed that we should grow.

I recall with especial vividness one little scene. In early spring I was always restless; it is the same with me now. Our earth-mother moves in her sleep on the first soft day in February, then turns and sleeps again; and her later sleep is the dream-sleep that

comes before full awakening. On that particular February day which comes every year without fail—though every one does not notice it, I observe—an indescribable longing takes possession of those who do notice it, and who feel the pulse throb. The throb goes through me, and the feeling now takes up into it thought and hope and purpose; but when I was a child it remained a movement only, leading nowhere, and only making me restless, as I said before. When the day fell on a holiday (half of our days were holidays) it was all right; when it fell in school-time, I was in the habit of telling our daily governess that, as far as I was concerned, her coming that morning was a useless trouble, as I was unable to sit still, or practise my music or learn a lesson. I generally wandered from room to room, or slipped out alone to the river-side, and felt the swelling willow-buds and watched the life-sparkle of the running water. If it fell on a Sunday.—It *did* fall on a Sunday one day that I can remember. Every one got ready to go to church just as usual. How odd it seemed!—for what had the earth or I to do with Sundays and church-going? This was a day of new creation; how could it be one of stale habit as well? When the family were assembled in the hall, mother, Gladys, Wynne, Theodora, and our stepfather, in his clerical dress and with his precise air, came out from his study, it was noticed that I was missing. Mother, by some sort of instinct I suppose, knew what I was feeling, and what I intended *not* to do.

"Never mind Madeleine," I heard her say. "She isn't coming to church to-day."

"Not coming to church! Madeleine."

The words, in my stepfather's
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low measured tones, reached me in the drawing-room, and I stepped forward and faced the group.

"Are you aware that you keep us waiting, Madeleine," my stepfather said, coldly, "and that we are all ready to go to church?"

"But I am not going," I calmly replied, far too much elated by my own feelings to mind what I said. Then came reproof in stern tones; but I did not hear the words, I only felt my mother's quick and angry answer, and saw her eyes flash defiance at her husband, and knew that my freedom was secured.

From moods of our stepfather which I noted afterwards, I can believe that our mother was made to suffer through many days by any such championship of us. But of that we saw nothing and thought nothing: we got our way, and mother filled the place she seemed meant to fill in the world, that of securing for us all that we particularly wanted to have or enjoy. Yet another aspect of her than in her relation to us was forced upon us towards the end, and here I must disentangle my recollections in order to trace how it began. There was a day one autumn, the day of a garden-feast, the day when Theodora got the little fish, and loved it with all her heart for an hour or so. It was from that day that I used to date a change in mother; not that I noticed it at the time, but that in looking back months afterwards and comparing "now" with "as it used to be" I could see that the dividing-line lay there. I suppose that mother kissed us in bed just as tenderly that night as she was wont to do, and was as much occupied as usual with the pose of each little pillow; we could not probe below the surface or see the ache in the heart. All that had

happened I even now do not know, but that some care was haunting mother's life began to ooze out little by little, and became very plain to us after Theodora died.

"Madeleine," Gladys said to me one evening across the schoolroom tea-table in a half aside, though there was only Wynne to hear, and he was quite absorbed with fruit and cream, "Uncle Llewellyn has come back."

I remembered what Theodora had told me on Christmas Eve, yet I contested the suggestion vehemently.

"Impossible! Gladys," I exclaimed. "Mother had a letter from Queensland yesterday. Uncle Llewellyn's letters come from Queensland, you know."

"Did mother say anything?"

"Yes; she looked at our father and said, 'From Llewellyn.'"

Gladys was staggered for a moment. "Poor mother!" she said by-and-by. "There's something horrid happening about Uncle Llewellyn, Madeleine, depend upon it."

"People cannot be in two places at once," I replied, and buried myself in my story-book again.

Reading and schoolroom tea-drinking went on together, and spread over long periods of time with us. What Gladys had said sank into my mind, and by-and-by filled me with a vague horror. Gladys used to notice things and pick up facts, and relieve her memory of these and go her way. In my mind the little seeds of fact she scattered grew up into histories, amongst which my speculation wandered as one might wander under great forest-trees, and sometimes I grew perplexed beneath their shadows, and fearful of the dangers they suggested. "Why would it be so dreadful if Uncle Llewellyn had come back?" I ask-

ed myself over and over again, and could not find any answer; so the question persisted in asking itself in my brain during all the little intervals of occupation or amusement, between play and story and work, after putting down a book, in running up-stairs, whilst waiting about in odd moments. Everywhere I was continually saying to myself after that schoolroom tea, "Why would it be so dreadful if Uncle Llewellyn had come back?" varied with another form of the question, "Why is it so dreadful that Uncle Llewellyn has come back?"

"Madeleine!"

"Gladys, how you have startled me! I was fast asleep."

This was one Saturday night, after a week of these questionings. I had gone to bed early, for it had been a dull dripping day. It was summer by this time, and we were having a wet summer after our cold windy spring. The long twilights were dreary I thought that year. Those were the first long days we had passed without Theodora, who never used to lose her delight in long days, or her zest for the twilight hours, even on cold damp summer evenings like these. Wandering about in the gloaming she seemed like some uncanny little sprite at times, calling out to passers-by as she looked out from the granary window when bats were flitting and shadows deepening in the corners between the house and the out-buildings, or bursting into ringing laughter from beneath the weeping elms, or from inside the tool-house overgrown with creepers, or from any other spidery hiding-place, or flitting round the thick tree-trunks in the shrubbery, glinting here and there at astonishing distances, when even Gladys and I were tired of the day, and feeling

glad that bed-time could not be put off much longer.

There was no sociable little sprite now to startle us with laughter, or drag us against our will into defying fatigue and sleep. I hated the old haunts that wet summer, and Gladys hadn't the heart to get much fun out of anything. Very often she came to bed before I did, and grumbled herself into forgetfulness.

"Madeleine!"

"Well—where have you been, Gladys? Why, it's quite dark," I exclaimed, raising myself in bed; "it must be dreadfully late."

"Of course it is: ten o'clock, getting on to eleven."

"What have you been about, then?"

"Keep awake, child, do," cried Gladys. "I'm coming into bed with you for a talk, and you must listen. There's a man with mother at the gate outside the wood; it's pouring with rain, and mother has been standing there for the last hour talking. I've watched them from the tool-house."

"It's a shame of anybody to keep mother out in the rain. Is it the schoolmaster, or Hinton, or——?"

"Madeleine! you're going off again. Mother put her arms round his neck,—I saw her,—and he's as shabby as a beggar."

I was thoroughly roused up then.

"Uncle Llewellyn," burst from our lips at the same instant, and almost before we could take breath the door of our room opened, and the sound of mother's gentle step approaching the bed kept us quiet and absorbed. She had come to kiss us in our sleep, as she supposed: we knew this, and lay silent with closed eyes. And the cold, wet cheeks she pressed against our faces did not make us start or turn,

as would have happened in real sleep. Yet our mother did not notice this, we thought; she turned and left us, and we heard her talking softly to herself as she went away.

What a strange Sunday the next day was! Our stepfather left the house early to do duty at an outlying district church, the service of which he shared with a neighbouring rector. There was to be no service in our little village that morning. This happened once every month. It was our mother's custom on these occasions to attend to the Sunday-school herself, and we were often allowed to help in our fashion—straightening the rows of baby children, examining pockets, frowning over nuts and apples, and generally assuming grown-up airs. The afternoons of these days were very happy ones: we had mother all to ourselves, and we sat together in the garden under the dear old walnut-tree's shade; we had our tea brought out there sometimes too, and mother seemed as young as ourselves; we were all children in the happy days when Theodora was with us. When the click of the garden-gate, announcing the return of the rector, sounded, we used to spring up, we children, each in her place, and dash away into the shrubbery, or pick up our books and make for the house and our play-room, anywhere away from the man who claimed our mother for his companion for the rest of the day. The evening service that followed brought with it always a sense of peace, for the end of such a day was like closing the door upon a treasure-house of sweetnesses that had already been fully enjoyed, and that yet remained an overflowing store of good things, to feed upon if days of famine should ever come.

Sunday, the 9th of July, stands out the first of our fasting days. It never seemed properly to begin, it never really ended. Mother did not come down to breakfast until long after Sunday-school time, and she said nothing about going to school when she did come. Oh the breakfast that Sunday morning! If we could have known it was the last meal we should ever eat with mother, would Gladys have scolded because the milk for the coffee was burnt? would Wynne have pushed impatiently away the little dainties that habitually fell to his share? I was moody and preoccupied, or seemed to be so rather; I could not really have been, or every little detail of that half-hour would not have been pictured on my brain as it has been in leaden mosaics. There was fruit on the table and wasps were troublesome, and Gladys insisted on fighting them off with a carving-knife which she held continually in her right hand, managing all eatables with the other. She made a dash in the direction of Wynne's face once, and nearly cut him. Wynne flipped with a knotted pocket-handkerchief wherever a fly happened to settle on the table-cloth. A butterfly flew in through the open window, and I roused myself to assert that it was one I had tamed in the garden and that it knew me. Wynne flipped it, and Gladys laughed at me. Mother was restless, and got up for every little thing she wanted, but did not seem to want anything after she had got it: she took no notice of us. Yes, it was mother herself, after all, who was not with us; but we should have been clinging round her with stringent love, we should have called to her, Mother, you must not go; you shall not leave us. Instead of this we all

held loosely to one another, ready, too ready, to slip apart.

Mother was the first to leave the room; I followed. Wynne and Gladys had begun to quarrel over the puppy; Wynne was in a tormenting mood, and Gladys, who always protected weak creatures, would not let him have his way with the young thing. The noise of their dispute irritated me. I went off and shut myself up in a room alone. The room I went into was on the quiet side of the house, and I placed myself near the window that overlooked the unkempt little plantation which we called the Wood. There was silence amongst the trees that morning; it was a heavy day, and clouds hung low overhead. Underneath this window there was a small side-door that led into the plantation, opening from a passage that connected the hall-room and the wash-house. We never went in and out that way, and the door was little used by any one, excepting on washing-days. As I was listening to the silence, I heard this door being pushed open from the inside: it grated against the flagstone, then steps approached from the path outside close to the house; somebody came in, and the door was closed again. I could see nothing; but I knew as well as if I had seen that Gladys's beggar had just come into the house. Was it mother who let him in? And if she did, why did she? And was the beggar Uncle Llewellyn, and was mother hiding him from us or from any one? I heard nothing more, and becoming tired of speculation, I fetched from the schoolroom an old favourite story-book, and settled myself for a spell of quiet pleasure. I never stirred or thought again of the world I lived in until I finished the last page of my book; then

suddenly I began to wonder what was happening to the day. Surely it was getting very late; but no servants seemed to be moving about, there was nothing to show that dinner-time was coming. Down I flew, then, with a sudden impulse to the dining-room to look for everybody. The dining-room was empty, so was the drawing-room. I heard voices in the servants' premises, and opening the swing-door that led into the kitchen, I soon saw what was going on, with Wynne and Gladys at any rate. They were cooking—Gladys, with red cheeks, standing over the fire, Wynne waiting about to fulfil her commands.

"Why, what's up?" I cried as I came in.

"O Madeleine! Martha's taken herself off, just fancy! It's not her Sunday out, you know; so Ellen's gone, and Martha and everybody, and Wynne and I are getting the dinner ready. Here, Wynne, quick; you go and lay the cloth. Mad, I've made such delicious soup, full of sauces, just the sort mother likes."

"Where is mother, Gladys?"

"Don't know."

"What's the matter, Wynne?"

I exclaimed, as Wynne came back into the kitchen with the tablecloth still on his arm and a look of disappointment on his face.

"Father's home," said Wynne.

"Why, whatever o'clock can it be then? How oddly the day has gone to be sure!"

"Well, I suppose we can have some dinner all the same. Where is he, Wynne?"

"In the hall-room with mother, and they're all talking so loud."

"All? Who?"

"Oh, father and mother."

"But you said *all*, Wynne. Did you see anybody else? Did the hall-room door open or any-

thing, and did you see inside?" asked Gladys, looking fixedly at the child.

"Yes; it opened when father went in," replied Wynne.

"Well, what did you see?"

"I saw mother."

"Nobody else?"

"Nobody," said Wynne. But somehow I felt sure he had seen some other person all the same.

"Go and lay the cloth," said Gladys, and turned again to the soup. Wynne had scarcely been gone a minute when he came back a second time, and this time his eyes glistened with pleased excitement.

"I say," he began, "there are two men outside the front door—one's a policeman—and they're trying to get in. There, they've rung the bell. Do you hear?"

I should think we did hear. Such a loud, decided, crisis-creating sort of bell-pull it sounded to my ears, and everything rushed into my head at once that I had read or imagined of sudden catastrophes. Yet it only was the doorbell, and there was only Wynne's word for the fact of there being a policeman outside, and how could he know?

"Of course," said Gladys, impressively, "after you throw stones at the post-office cat. I warned you, Wynne."

Before she could look round Wynne was gone, flying up-stairs to his room at the furthest extremity of a long passage, into bed with all his clothes on, the quilt pulled right over his head.

"Baby!" remarked Gladys, and she thoroughly enjoyed the fright he was having.

"Hush, Gladys! who's that going to the door to let them in?"

"Father."

Three sets of heavy steps sounded in the hall, and the

hall-room door closed after three persons who went in. Gladys and I spoke in whispers then; we drew close to the kitchen side of the green-baize swinging-door, and held it open the smallest degree with trembling fingers. I had infected Gladys with a fear for which I had no name. There was no loud talking now in the room, at least we heard none. It seemed ages before the next thing happened, and the tension of expectation was at full strain all the time.

The hall-room door opened again, and this time four sets of men's steps sounded along the hall. There was no voice heard, no word spoken. The latch of the front door was drawn aside; we just heard it; but in the same instant almost our ears were pierced by a shriek that made our hearts stand still, and there was a sound of flying feet from the room towards where the men were waiting to pass out of the house. The front door opened, the sound of rain reached us where we stood hidden, and then came the slam that told us the men were gone; and after that another sound, and then awful stillness. Gladys and I could bear no more; we pushed out into the hall. Mother lay stretched across the stone pavement of the threshold, white and with her eyes shut. Our stepfather stood looking down upon her with a dark face and a helpless air. We rushed towards her, but he motioned us away, and finally took the body with difficulty in his arms, staggered with it upstairs, and laid the helpless form upon mother's bed. Then he shut the door upon himself and her.

"O Gladys, Gladys!" I cried, "what shall we do? Is our mother dead?"

We sat down in the passage as near to her door as we could get,

and listened for any sounds that might come. It began to grow dusk, and we were still there. At length Wynne came creeping down the passage, leaving his bedroom door open.

"Are they gone?" he asked under his breath.

We shook our heads, and gave him no answer, only I drew him down to me, and made him lay his head upon my lap.

"Are they gone, Madeleine?" asked Wynne again.

"Be quiet, silly," Gladys said. "Madeleine, there's somebody moving inside."

Just at that minute Wynne's bedroom door slammed in a sudden gust of wind. It began to rain heavily, and the drops fell like little lumps of lead on the skylight. Our stepfather opened the door of the bedroom, and found us all sitting there together.

"Go away entirely, children," he said in his usual formal voice: all his self-possession seemed to have come back. "Your mother is asleep, and she must not be disturbed."

We made him tell us again that mother was really *asleep* and nothing else, and then we consented to do as he told us. We left his and mother's part of the house, and went down the long passage to our own. Wynne clung to me. There had been a flash of lightning whilst we were talking outside mother's door, and Wynne could never bear to be alone in a thunderstorm. He enticed me to come into his room and stay with him until he should be asleep. How long a time I spent trying to soothe his fears I do not know, or which of us fell asleep first; but I know that when something awoke me I was lying outside Wynne's bed, and that he was sleeping. I had never undressed, and it was

daylight. Was this another day, then? All time seemed to have ceased for us. I was existing in some intermediate state that was neither death nor life, in which I was without sensation, and where I comprehended nothing. This was what I seemed aware of inwardly and outside—for I got up and went to the window, and looked out—I met the cold pallor of the white dawn.

Wynne's bedroom was next to the passage whose window was overshadowed by a great apple-tree, the tree in which Theodora saw or fancied she saw a man's face staring at her on last Christmas Eve. I opened Wynne's bedroom door and stepped outside and stood close to the window. On my left hand was the passage, on the right a door which led to the backstairs, and this door now stood open. The early apples on that tree, our first summer apples, were beginning to ripen; they showed large and shapely even in that pale light against the leaves. As I looked I recalled an old story mother used to tell us of her childhood, of certain apple-trees in the orchard near her father's Welsh garden; how she and Llewellyn used to haunt these on early autumn mornings. The very laugh came back to my recollection that Theodora used to give at one particular part of the story—my God! I shrank with numbing fear, for in the instant that I recalled it I heard the laugh again, the very same low chuckling laugh of a child. Sweet mother! you were not a ghost then, no shadowy untouchable creature. But oh! even further away—lost, lost, lost! I had just power left to turn round in order to find out where the laugh came from, and as I turned I felt the slight wind of some thing or creature passing me swiftly.

There was nothing to be seen in the passage, but down the stairs when I looked that way I saw mother rapidly descending. She went so quickly I could only tell that she was gone. I felt my lips grow white, my mouth was parched, a cloud closed over me, I slipped down on the floor and became insensible. Martha found me there, Gladys told me when I lay some hours afterwards on my bed, turning from side to side, trying to smother my moans.

"Everybody is looking for her now," Gladys continued. Gladys was dry-eyed; she looked nerved and alert, excitement was vitalising her.

"Don't stay with me, Gladys, if you can do anything," I said, and Gladys left me.

This was the silent day of our crisis. The house was deserted; nothing happened. When Gladys returned she knew no more than she had done when she went away; there was nobody she could question with the hope of learning more than we already knew. Towards night the silent stage passed. I recall this period in its stages, terribly marked. An indescribable sound of tumult reached me where I lay: the house seemed suddenly to be full of people, or rather it was as if conflicting presences pervaded its atmosphere; dismay and trouble came in and took possession. On the other side of the house I was aware at length that the noise was resolving itself into intelligible sounds. Mother was there, I felt. She was being taken up-stairs by several people, of whom our stepfather was one, and there was a doctor present; I knew his voice. Mother was being persuaded up, led up, forced up; everything was being done to her against her will, I was certain of that, and I longed to rush out and protect her.

Our mother not to have her own way! how should she bear it? How should we bear it for her? She was taken into her own room, however: there was no help for it—taken from us who loved her so—and now they would do what they chose. She was very ill, she was changed and strange. I understood so much; but mother, oh, my mother! Was it night that came next? It was darkness, but night means rest. I thought that rest was beginning after a time. The doors ceased to open and shut, the voices were stilled; for a little while no footsteps went to and fro. Perhaps mother is asleep, I thought; perhaps she is a little better. She will sleep and get well again, and everything will come right with us. With *us*, perhaps, but what about that beggar man? What about Uncle Llewellyn?

Whilst I was speculating in this way, I heard a rushing sound in the passage and a window being thrown violently open, and then came shriek after shriek from some one inside. What was the voice calling so passionately? Was it a name, or a sentence, or only an inarticulate cry that I heard. I raised myself to listen. Llewellyn! Llewellyn! Llewellyn! over and over again. It was mother's agony I was listening to. They heard her too, and came and closed round her from many sides, and hustled her away. How could they? They might have let her cry her fill, and break her poor heart there before the pitiful night. Everything pitied her that knew her. The birds were wakened up by the noise, and the sparrows in the ivy twittered under the windows. The branches of the trees waved and moaned, and the wych-elm struck a pane close to my bed. Beneath the wych-elms used to be favour-

ite hiding-places of Theodora's. I wondered did Theodora know about mother now?

There was no more rest for any one that night, nor all the next day, nor the night after that. This was the stage of tumult, incessant going and doing, and awful interludes of anguish that made itself supreme for the moment. Gladys and I became accustomed to it. We went about the house, no one interfering with us, and tried to occupy ourselves and silence our questionings.

On the morning of the third day after that Sunday—our last day, or our first, whichever we might elect to call it—Gladys and I sat together in the dining-room, or rather on the threshold of the wide French window, between its open panes. The gardener was changing the greenhouse plants, and a row of fuchsias, geraniums, asters, and other flowers stood on the gravel-walk close to the room. The scent of a double lilac petunia was very powerful on my side of the window; its fragrance came to me with a sense of luxury and ease, and I leaned back in my chair and shut my eyes, and enjoyed the warmth of the sunlight upon my eyelids. It was the first sensation of rest I had had that week. By-and-by we heard the sound of wheels along the drive: a carriage drew up before the house, and the front-door bell was rung. Gladys left the room to find out what was happening, but I did not open my eyes or move until the dining-room door opened and some one came in. Then I looked up. A lady in rather a strange dress stood in front of my chair, and looked down at me. I cannot recall one feature of her face, or tell in the least how it was that her presence affected me as it did; but as I returned her look a feeling awoke

in me which was quite new in my experience. I can see now how the days I had passed through made it possible for me to enter into that new experience. "Saved" was the word that formed itself in my mind, or rather it swam into my consciousness, complete and clear at the moment, and I surrendered myself and our enormous sorrow into the keeping of the person before me. It felt as if my heart was opening beneath her, as a flower might unfold in the sunlight and let the warm rays penetrate to its core. I thought that she was about to speak, when my stepfather and the doctor came in together in haste. Then her attention was turned away from me to them. I gathered from their conversation that she was a nursing sister, and that she had come on mother's account. Every word assured me and comforted me. Such a presence as this lady's would rest mother, I knew, and soothe her pain and bring her back to us somehow.

Yet what the lady did was to take her away. The hours of that day passed peacefully. This stage of the sorrowful time was quiet expectancy: the tension was loosened, it rested one to breathe. "It is well with mother, I know it is well with her," I kept on saying to myself, or at least I felt it deep down in my heart. Gladys did not share my repose and hope. She was as restless as ever, and said she could see no difference in any way excepting that there was less going on.

"And that may mean the worst, you know," she said. "It may be like the stillness there was before Theodora died."

Whilst it was still beautiful afternoon—so soft, so calm, so clear that autumn day had been up to that hour that it lies in my

memory as a space becalmed inside a cyclone of distress—whilst it was still afternoon, during the hour which in the old days had been an especially social one, Martha came to us sobbing, with her apron held up to her face, and told us that if we wished to see our mother once more we must stand ready in the drawing-room and watch her go away with the nurse. "She's quite quiet and happy now, dear lady," Martha said, "and willing to go."

So Gladys and Wynne and I stood huddled together in the open doorway, and by-and-by they passed us closely. A carriage stood ready outside. The two ladies came together towards it, chatting pleasantly as they walked along. Our mother, who was the taller of the two, leaned upon the nurse's arm, and her eyes rested upon the face below her with a look as of the returning confidence of a frightened child. I thought perhaps she would catch sight of us as she went, and I wondered how her expression would alter when she saw us, and how it would be with her when she said Good-bye to us. I felt a choking in my throat. How would she look? Would she cry very much? We should cry. Wynne and Gladys were crying already.

Well, her eyes certainly did see us as she passed the drawing-room door; she glanced our way, but instantaneously she looked from us and straight before her. If the expression of her face did change, the change was so rapid that no impression was transmitted to me. We only noticed that she was still talking in a soft voice and with an animated manner to the nurse, talking as she crossed her threshold, talking as she got into the carriage, talking as she was being driven away.

When she was gone I knew how it feels to be alone, and the consciousness of my own misery and utter loss excluded any other thought and feeling for a long time,—so selfish we are, each in her own small environment. We had lost her—but no, not lost. I began at last to realise the difference between the loss of her in her relation to us and the loss of her adorable self. In a sense she had been restored to us during the last peaceful hours.

Mother was mad. There was no need for Martha to tell us that in awestruck whispers; we quite understood. But oh, sweet mother! nobody can ever appal me by that word again. I had gone through the clash and the tumult of the crisis with you, and I saw the anguish stilled: I recall you now, and I have thought of you ever since that brief vision of you, as you were leaving us, as exquisitely beautiful, gentle, and helpless, borne up over the earth as a child that is nursed. Your hold on this life had been broken off by some wonderful spirit-tremor that, in breaking, had freed you at the same time, and the sphere in which you found a refuge has been sacred to me ever since.

Days and weeks of dreary monotony followed; I cannot think how they got over, but somehow they did. Shorter and shorter days, chillier and chillier mornings and evenings, reddening landscape, crisping leaves, gorgeous fungi, muddy footways, and the gathering together in flocks of the small birds. We had been used to watch with interest these footmarks of the hastening year; but this autumn we took account of them with dimmed senses, as if they had been a painted show.

Robins were mother's favourites amongst birds. They almost always came into her stories about Uncle Llewellyn and her old home; and she used to declare that robins had followed her all her life with friendly and canny ways. It was in mid-October that year—when Gladys and Wynne and I were wandering along the highroad, lazily picking blackberries one Saturday afternoon—that we were startled by the song of one of these little friends, suddenly breaking out from the hedge above us. We hadn't heard robin until that day, and then he claimed our friendship with unusual persistence, following us from bush to bush, until Wynne grew pettish about it, and wished the tiresome bird would let us alone. But his song was like a bell ringing, which forced me to look the clock of Time seriously in the face.

"It's nearly three months, Gladys, since mother went away," I said.

"Only that," Gladys answered wearily.

Only indeed. Ages and ages of life had passed, so many that we had ceased to observe them.

The day week after that Saturday afternoon we three stood together round an open grave. Gladys and I were orphans, and Wynne was motherless; but our sorrow was not for that day, it had begun long before.

Life and Thought have gone away
Side by side,
Leaving door and windows wide—
Careless tenants they!

Come away; no more of mirth
Is here, or merrymaking sound;
The house was builded of the earth,
And shall fall again to ground.

E. KEARY.

THE PROBLEM OF THE SLUMS.

THE century was still in its earliest years when Robert Owen put forward his schemes for the amelioration of the condition of the very poorest and the rescue of the destitute; and its closing decade finds us still engaged in projects with the same end in view, and, we are sorry to say, with not much higher hopes of ultimate success than those with which we started. But if research for that philosopher's stone of modern times, a panacea for poverty, has made little progress in the century, poverty itself has not been standing still. Its increase has been in an appallingly high proportion to progress in every other department of the national life. Fast as wealth, commerce, and industry have increased among us, poverty and destitution have kept pace with them. An attendant poverty is the penalty of a high civilisation, and the depth of the one seems to bear an inverse ratio to the height of the other. In our great centres the extremes of wealth and poverty are drawn together in the closest juxtaposition, as if by the irony of natural law. "Darkest England" is conterminous with Brightest England, and yet they stand at opposite and remote poles.

We may honestly claim that there has been a growing desire throughout the present century—a desire increasing as the terrible realities of the confronting evil are more and more forcibly brought home to men—to bridge over this gulf between wealth and destitution. We have come to realise that to deal with the problem of poverty is one of the highest duties owing to our common humanity, and we have addressed ourselves

to the task in a multiplicity of ways. There is no brighter page in our history than the efforts which charity and liberality have put forth in the cause of suffering and degraded humanity—fortunes sacrificed, devoted lives spent in the work, noble examples of zeal and love manifested without number. The bare enumeration of workers and their efforts would occupy volumes. But where are the results? When we look to the slums of our great cities—to London, to Liverpool, or to Glasgow—we may well ask the question. That there has been good work done we know from many quarters; but when we look at what there is still to do, we have to confess in despair that our achievements are but as drops in the bucket. The hideous mass of poverty, vice, and crime still remains apparently impregnable in our midst, and we can scarcely say that we have carried even its outworks. To endeavour to storm its citadel seems indeed a forlorn-hope.

This, however, is the work for which General Booth has volunteered; and his offer to undertake a duty which is daily being more and more felt to be the urgent necessity of the age must call forth our hearty admiration. The undertaking, as we have said, is of the nature of a forlorn-hope, and as such entitled to the sympathy due to such enterprises. Since Robert Owen's time, no Englishman has come forward with such a bold proposal, promising in its realisation—even in its partial success—so widespread and beneficial results; and the courage and self-confidence which

have made General Booth stand to the front, are qualities that will stand him in good stead in the desperate struggle in which he proposes to engage. He may go down in the conflict, but the world will even then be the gainer, as it was in the case of Owen before him. From Owen's failure we learned the valuable lessons of co-operation, and infant education, and shorter hours of factory labour. If, contrary to our best wishes, General Booth's schemes should fall short of realisation, we shall doubtless gather from them experiences not less valuable for use in a contest that will go on to the end of time. The Scriptural assurance that we shall have the poor always with us lies beyond the possibility of scepticism.

Any discussion of 'Darkest England and the Way out of it' must necessarily begin with a consideration of the capabilities of the man who has undertaken to show us the way. General Booth has the advantage of being a public character of note. He is the author and manager of the religious organisation known as the Salvation Army, which for five-and-twenty years has been working in our midst, and which has specially devoted its energies to the rescue of the destitute and the fallen. We gather from its statistics that last October the Army numbered 9416 persons wholly engaged in its work, 4506 of these being in the United Kingdom: the rest are scattered over the Continent, the Colonies, and India. It holds invested property amounting to £644,618, of which £377,500 is held in this country; and in addition, it owns plant and stock amounting to £130,000 additional. General Booth's organisation is thus what in the language of trade would be called a "going concern";

and the fact that it is his own creation, and its success due to his own ability and exertions, takes away from him any charge of presumptuousness or over-confidence in coming forward as he has done just now. Practically he has got his business started already; what he wants is the means of extending his plant and machinery, to enable it to meet the work which he has ready to hand.

But if the Salvation Army, already working heartily and successfully, be an advantage to General Booth at the outset of his scheme, we must admit that it is not without drawbacks which it requires a considerable exertion of Christian charity and liberality upon the part of the great majority of those who are now giving him their hearty support, to overlook. We cannot profess an intimate acquaintance with the theology which obtains in the Salvation Army. We fear that at the best it is but a rudimentary and imperfect form of Christianity. We know its ritual to be vulgar, noisy, and ludicrous — that to devout and cultured minds it must even seem irreverent and blasphemous. General Booth will triumphantly point to the fact that it has made pious and decent men out of the godless offscourings of the streets, and the argument is a strong one. It is, however, a dangerous admission to allow that there may be one religion for the wealthy and educated and another for the ignorant and destitute; and had we had our choice we should have preferred to see the work carried on under more orthodox auspices. The time, however, is not one for hair-splitting. General Booth and his Salvationists have taken their stand in the gap; and their position constitutes their best claim to cordial support, and forbids

too critical an examination of their weapons.

While it is a striking proof of the liberality of the age that so many of our most prominent religious leaders, from the Archbishop of Canterbury and Cardinal Manning downwards, have expressed sympathy with General Booth's aims, we can readily understand that the Church and even dissenting bodies feel compelled to maintain a certain amount of reserve. The Church especially, naturally enough feels that General Booth's position implies a deficiency in its own exertions, and a consequent reproach. We do not so consider it. Whatever blame attaches to the Church rests upon the past—upon the last century especially, and upon a considerable portion of this. Had the Church then done her duty, while destitution in our great cities could still be grappled with, she might have been able to do much to stem the tide of poverty and vice; but the time was allowed to pass until a "Darkest London" had sprung up far beyond the powers of either the Church or the poor-laws to deal with. During the last forty years she has been making zealous efforts to amend her fault, and no reflections need rest upon the energies which she is now putting out to reclaim the masses in the slums. Many other denominations are pushing rescue work with equal zeal, but both the workers and the means at their disposal are insignificant compared with the work that has to be done.

It might, however, be said, What special claim has General Booth to come forward and ask public assistance for a work which is quite as sedulously being carried on by numerous other religious agencies in the slums of our great cities?

General Booth's chief advantage, as it seems to us, consists in the fact that his organisation is designed solely for dealing with the poor. As we understand General Booth's explanation of his position, it is for the poor and the vicious alone that his organisation is worked. The Churches, on the other hand, have their energies directed to all classes of the community, and could not devote themselves exclusively to one particular section without a chance of injury to the rest. Important as is the place held by the poor in Christian doctrine, they are not its only object. But General Booth's organisation has been specially formed for labouring among social outcasts, with a recognition of their special need of rescue, and leaves the Churches to aid in the work on their own lines, and according to their abilities. It is as a special scheme to meet a special and dangerous evil that General Booth's proposals particularly recommend themselves to our attention.

We shall take as read General Booth's exposition of the miseries of metropolitan destitution, with the sufferings of the various classes who swell its ranks. With these the public are already painfully familiar. The slums have long been the happy hunting-ground of the writer in search of a sensation,—where squalor, vice, and misery supply all the elements of repulsive horror without effort of imagination on the reporter's part. The daily papers have made us perfectly familiar with such painful scenes as General Booth describes in his work, if indeed they have not made us case-hardened. If General Booth has done no other service, he has at least touched the national conscience. And compunction has been by no

means quick in coming. We might almost put in parallel columns against General Booth's pages the following description of the London slums nearly a hundred and fifty years ago which Henry Fielding drew, not from his imagination as a novelist, but from his experiences as a police magistrate :—

"If we were to make a progress through the outskirts of the metropolis, and look for the habitations of the poor, we should there behold such pictures of human misery as must move the compassion of every heart that deserves the name of human. What, indeed, must be his composition who could see whole families in want of every necessary of life, oppressed with hunger, cold, nakedness, and filth, and with diseases the certain consequences of all these? The sufferings, indeed, of the poor are less known than their misdeeds; and therefore we are less apt to pity them. They starve and freeze and rot among themselves, but they beg and steal and rob among their betters. There is not a parish in the liberty of Westminster which doth not swarm all day with beggars, and all night with thieves."¹

This condition of the slums, limited as it must seem to our eyes to have been in Fielding's days, and therefore the more easily to be effectually dealt with, has been allowed to go on until in the present day we find ourselves face to face with a "submerged tenth." If we allow another century and

a half to elapse without some determined attempt to grapple with the evil, heaven knows what proportion of the population may be under the wave by the time that General Booth's book comes to be exhumed as an antiquarian curiosity of social literature.

The figures which General Booth puts forward as a basis of his estimate that a tenth part of our population are submerged by the wave of poverty, vice, and crime, are melancholy enough as regards London itself. The numbers are based on actual enumeration in the East End, and an approximate estimate for the rest of the metropolis. There are *paupers*, in asylums, workhouses, and hospitals, 51,000; *homeless*, loafers, casuals, and some criminals, 33,000; *starving*, casual earnings between 18s. a-week and chronic want, 300,000. We do not follow him into his statistics of the very poor wage-earning classes whose earnings amount to more than 18s. a-week, for while they are still struggling, it may be in very stormy waves, we cannot regard them as submerged. According to the General's calculation, three millions or one-tenth come under the category of the "submerged," or 1,200,000 more than Mr Giffen's estimate based on official returns. We quote from the General's figures for East London and the United Kingdom at large :—

	EAST LONDON.	UNITED KINGDOM.
"HOUSELESS—		
Loafers, casuals, and some criminals,	. 11,000	165,500
STARVING—		
Casual earnings and chronic want,	. 100,000	1,550,000
Total houseless and starving,	. 111,000	1,715,500
In workhouses, asylums, &c.,	. 17,000	190,000
	128,000	1,905,500

¹ A Proposal for making an Effectual Provision for the Poor, for amending their Morals, and for rendering them useful Members of Society: 1755.

Of those returned as homeless and starving, 870,000 were in receipt of outdoor relief.

"To these must be added the inmates of our prisons. In 1889, 174,779 persons were received in our prisons, but the average number in prison at any one time did not exceed 60,000. The figures, as given in the prison returns, are as follows:—

In convict prisons, . . .	11,660
In local prisons, . . .	20,883
In reformatories, . . .	1,270
In industrial schools, . . .	21,413
Criminal lunatics, . . .	910
	56,136

Add to this the number of indoor paupers and lunatics (excluding criminals)—78,966—and we have an army of nearly two millions belonging to the submerged classes. To this there must be added, at the very least, another million representing those dependent upon the criminal, lunatic, and other classes, not enumerated here, and the more or less helpless of the classes immediately above the houseless and starving. This brings my total to three millions, or, to put it roughly, to one-tenth of the population."

It is obvious, however, that only sections of the classes mentioned above can fall within the range of General Booth's scheme, and even then the residue which properly claims his ministrations is ghastly in its dimensions.

Let us now examine the various methods by which General Booth proposes to make an impression upon the pauper-stricken and vicious masses which go to make up the population of "Darkest England," and consider how far experience and common-sense can be made to guarantee their success. And in this investigation we shall not confine ourselves merely to General Booth's plans, but shall endeavour to see where other responsibilities come in, and inquire whether the work could not indirectly be aided from other

sources. Independence is one of the General's creditable failings; but it strikes us that his scheme would have all the more chance of success, the wider he can dig its foundations among the roots of law and society, and the more he can make his plans fit into the institutions of the State and the operations of other Christian and benevolent bodies.

If we take, at the very outset, General Booth's own division of the denizens of Darkest England, we shall find that one class might very justly be set aside, leaving room for greater exertions among the more necessitous and desperate classes. We give the General's own words:—

"The denizens in Darkest England for whom I appeal are—(1) those who, having no capital or income of their own, would in a month be dead from sheer starvation were they exclusively dependent upon the money earned by their own work; and (2) those who, by their utmost exertions, are unable to attain the regulation allowance of food which the law prescribes as indispensable, even for the worst criminals in our jails."

This will at once strike the reader as being a very incomplete classification, and he will not be surprised to find that the greater part of the General's book is devoted to cases which do not properly come under one or the other of these categories, as they leave out, or ought to leave out, those whose destitution is the result of idleness, intemperance, or crime. But to revert to General Booth's own division, his first class, those in danger of starvation from want of capital or work, have a special claim to our attention. Among them must be many—let us hope the greater number—who have not yet got the franchise of Darkest England. Either by poverty or

by misfortune they stand on its brink, and it ought to be the object of all benevolent efforts of all the Churches, of the charities, of the thousands of zealous workers among the poor, to save this class from being submerged. Even if these were unequal to the task, there is the poor-law, which ought to relieve General Booth of this care. They cannot earn a livelihood by work if they had it; therefore they are, failing charity, the proper care of the State. Roughly we may say the same of General Booth's second class; but his definition is so loose that it is difficult to say precisely the particular treatment that would be most applicable to it. It is only when he comes to deal with particular divisions and particular cases that General Booth makes clear the sections of Darker England which he proposes to deal with.

Exclusiveness rather than comprehensiveness should be the aim of General Booth in fixing the limits of his relief scheme—we are speaking of practical relief, not of religious rescue—but his plans will be subjected to a very severe strain at the outset by the wideness of the scope which he proposes to give them. A large proportion of the sections which he proposes to bring within his plans might be left with safety to charity and to the poor-laws, provided that both were properly administered. But General Booth ignores other charitable operations than his own, and denounces the poor-laws, which is very much to be regretted, as he would find most valuable auxiliaries in both. That the poor-laws are not of themselves sufficient to relieve the misery of the London slums, we know; that they might be advantageously amended, we can easily gather from General Booth's

experiences. We have already quoted his statement that 870,000 persons in receipt of outdoor relief were practically homeless and starving—a charge so serious that we trust it will receive the special attention of the Local Government Board.

The first descent into Darkest London is through the Casual Ward, to which sensational journalists have vied with each other in giving an evil reputation. That it is unpopular with the poor, the numbers who prefer the streets to its shelter is sufficient proof. The "casual," in return for his shelter for the night, his supper and breakfast, has a certain amount of work to do, which involves his remaining one whole day and two nights. This work is complained of as excessive, the food is merely a starvation regimen, and, what is perhaps worst of all, the man being shut up all day has no chance of looking for work. We can scarcely combine a benevolent philanthropy with that strict administration of the law which is due to the rate-payers. But as the casual ward is the first entrance in many cases into the "city dolent," it is a focus round which many benevolent efforts should be concentrated to save unfortunates from going farther, and if possible to turn them into the ways of honest livelihood. If the work described is excessive—if the rules throw undue obstacles in the way of the relieved getting work—we may justly call for amendment. We might go a step farther, and urge that an effort should be made to discriminate between worthless and hopelessly chronic "casuals" and "casuals" who had some chance of doing well, and treating them accordingly. As the casual ward is the first gate into Darkest Lon-

don, so General Booth's "shelter" is the first exit from it in his plan.

"Suppose that you are a casual in the streets of London, homeless, friendless, weary with looking for work all day and finding none. Night comes on. Where are you to go? You have perhaps only a few coppers, or it may be a few shillings, left of the rapidly dwindling store of your little capital. You shrink from sleeping in the open air; you equally shrink from going to the fourpenny doss-house, where, in the midst of strange and ribald company, you may be robbed of the remnant of the money still in your possession. While at a loss as to what to do, some one who sees you suggests that you should go to our shelter. You cannot, of course, go to the casual ward of the workhouse as long as you have any money in your possession. You come along to one of our shelters. On entering, you pay fourpence, and are free of the establishment for the night. You can come in early or late. The company begins to assemble about five o'clock in the afternoon. In the women's shelter, you find that many come much earlier, and sit sewing, reading, and chatting in the sparsely furnished but well-warmed room from the early hours of the afternoon until bedtime. You come in, and you get a large pot of coffee, tea, or cocoa, and a hunk of bread. You can go into the wash-house, where you can have a wash with plenty of warm water, and soap and towels free. Then, after having washed and eaten, you can make yourself comfortable. You can write letters to your friends, if you have any friends to write to, or you can read, or you can sit quietly and do nothing. At eight o'clock the shelter is tolerably full, and then begins what we consider to be the indispensable feature of the whole concern. Two or three hundred men in the men's shelter, or as many women in the women's shelter, are collected together, most of them strange to each other, in a large room. They are all wretchedly poor—what are you going to do with them? This is what we do

with them. We hold a rousing salvation meeting. The officer in charge of the depot, assisted by detachments from the training homes, conducts a jovial free-and-easy social evening. The girls have their banjos and their tambourines, and for a couple of hours you have as lively a meeting as you will find in London. There is prayer, short and to the point; there are addresses, some delivered by the leaders of the meeting, but the most of them the testimonies of those who have been saved at previous meetings, and who, rising in their seats, tell their companions their experiences. Strange experiences they often are, of those who have been down in the very bottomless depths of sin and vice and misery, but who have found at last firm footing on which to stand, and who are, as they say in all sincerity, as happy 'as the day is long.' There is a joviality and a genuine good feeling at some of these meetings which is refreshing to the soul. There are all sorts and conditions of men—casuals, jail-birds, out-of-works—who have come there for the first time, and who find men who last week or last month were even as they themselves are now—still poor, but rejoicing in a sense of brotherhood and a consciousness of their being no longer outcasts and forlorn in this wide world. There are men who have at last seen revived before them a hope of escaping from that dreadful vortex into which their sins and misfortunes have drawn them, and being restored to those comforts which they had feared so long were gone for ever—nay, of rising to live a true and godly life. These tell their mates how this has come about, and urge all who hear them to try for themselves and see whether it is not a good and a happy thing to be soundly saved. In the intervals of testimonies—and these testimonies, as every one will bear me witness who has ever attended any of our meetings, are not long, sanctimonious, lackadaisical speeches, but simple confessions of individual experience—there are bursts of hearty melody. The conductor of the meeting will start up a verse or two of a hymn illustrative of the experiences men-

tioned by the last speaker, or one of the girls from the training home will sing a solo, accompanying herself on her instrument, while all join in a rattling and rollicking chorus."

Here then, unquestionably, is a ray of light in the darkness. The "shelter" has all the merit of being a simple, practical, and readily intelligible plan. It may serve to save those who are in danger of falling into still lower depths; it opens a door of escape for those who are already submerged. There is an easy feeling of homeness and sympathy and hearty fellowship in the atmosphere of those resorts, which, as compared to the alternative of the Embankment or the doorstep, or even the common lodging-houses of the slums, must be a great help towards rousing these wretches from despair, and giving them a disposition to retrieve. We may perhaps be a little shocked at the religious diversion provided for the refugees; but when we come to consider the characters and minds of those who are likely to be drawn thither, we must admit that no small judgment is shown in the selection of the method of arousing a religious sentiment. The people who crowd thither have most of them lived on the excitement of vice and crime and of shifty means of living. The Salvation services supply a counter-irritant and substitute for ruinous and wasting excitement, — one that, at all events, is harmless, may be beneficial, and must, to say the least, be infinitely preferable to that which it supersedes. General Booth is honest enough to admit that these services do not impress all alike, and it would be strange if it were so; but we have no doubt, if the system of shelters were carried out to an extent adequate to meet the mass of des-

titution, a great impression for the better would necessarily be made on the misery of our great cities.

But the unfortunate who has been received as General Booth's guest, and whose supply of fourpences is practically at an end, must be provided with work, else he is no better off than before. General Booth has to fall back upon the labour-test, as the poor-laws had to do before him. So he has workshops and factories in operation, an extension of which is the next great part of his scheme. In these, under strict rules, enforcing orderly habits, correct conduct, and industrious application, men who have been unable to obtain work are employed. These workshops were opened in Whitechapel last spring, and people are engaged there in various occupations until some means are found of providing them with an independent livelihood. It is now proposed to extend factory operations on a large scale, and in a variety of branches into which we cannot enter. In his light-heartedness General Booth overlooks difficulties, both natural and economic, which will tax to the utmost the resources both of his ability and capital. We shall at all events learn important lessons from the struggle which he will inevitably have to carry on with these forces. He has shown himself a shrewd and able business man, he has a strong organisation under his control, and he has one important advantage which his socialist predecessors deprived themselves of. He has the stimulating assistance of religion, which ought not to be left out of count as an important, if not the most important, auxiliary in such an undertaking. It was its anti-Christian character that ruined Robert Owen's attempt; Chris-

tian principles form the basis of General Booth's operations, and afford our most confident hope that they will be blessed with some measure of success. As a useful pendant to these two institutions, General Booth's idea of a Labour Bureau may be mentioned. It will ascertain what work a man can do and assist him in getting employment, thus it is to be hoped establishing him in a suitable livelihood, and ridding the General's hands of him. With such assistance, a large number of unfortunate persons, who are still possessed of ability to work and a modicum of character, might be kept from swelling the normal population of Darker England, especially if employers of labour on a large scale give their countenance to the scheme, as we think they might very well do.

The other two leading features of the plan are a farm of from five hundred to a thousand acres in some of the home counties within a reasonable distance of London, and a large agricultural settlement in some of our colonies beyond sea. To the first it is proposed to draft from the shelters and workshops those who cannot be placed in other employment, who may be most properly engaged in agriculture, and whose reclamation necessitates their withdrawal from the city. This scheme, too, carries with it the recommendation of common-sense, although there are many difficulties that will have to be faced. The influence of the seasons, the state of prices, the provision and maintenance of markets, all tend to suggest that the farm's progress cannot be uniformly smooth, although General Booth proposes being his own largest purchaser, the operations of the Salvation Army in the city providing an

immediate demand for the bulk of the farm produce. Here is the way it is proposed to set to work :—

"After having got the farm into some kind of ship-shape, we should select from the city colonies all those who were likely to be successful as our first settlers. These would consist of men who had been working so many weeks or days in the labour factory, or had been under observation for a reasonable time at the shelters or in the slums, and who had given evidence of their willingness to work, their amenity to discipline, and their ambition to improve themselves. On arrival at the farm they would be installed in a barracks, and at once told off to work. In winter-time there would be draining, and road-making, and fencing, and many other forms of industry which could go on when the days are short and the nights are long. In spring, summer-time, and autumn some would be employed on the land, chiefly in spade-husbandry, upon what is called the system of 'intensive' agriculture—such as prevails in the suburbs of Paris, where the market-gardeners literally create the soil, and which yields much greater results than when you merely scratch the surface with a plough."

A code of rules, simple and workable, is laid down for the conduct of the farm colony, with penalties ranging from being reported, to expulsion and being handed over to the authorities. An elementary school, and a training industrial school, will also form parts of the scheme. The farm is also to be "a training school for emigrants; a place where those indispensably practical lessons are given which will enable the colonists to know their way about, and feel themselves at home wherever there is land to till, stock to rear, and harvests to reap." Round the farm are to be planted agricultural settlements, each with its historical "three

acres and a cow," and the necessary means for prosecuting husbandry for those who wish to remain at home instead of going abroad, and provision is made for the occupant becoming a permanent tenant, subject, of course, to his observing the moral regulations laid down for the others. With regard to the religious care of the Home, the spiritual direction of colonists will be assumed by the Salvation Army; but General Booth assures us that "there will be no compulsion to take part in its services." We cordially commend the General's declaration of toleration, but there can be little question that Gentiles will practically feel that their position of outsiders is an untenable one. That they should find themselves in it at all is not, however, General Booth's blame, but that of us who are of their own number.

Of the great emigration scheme—a New Britain beyond the sea whither the approved workers on the farm colony with their wives and families are to be sent to settlements already prepared for their labour—we speak with much sympathy and many misgivings. In these pages we have recently had to regret the failure of similar philanthropic attempts at colonial settlement. Colonies of this description—and there have been many of them in late years—have almost uniformly resulted in misery and failure. We question whether successful colonists can be made out of the materials that pass through the General's mill; we even doubt if his best efforts will be able to instil into them the spirit of enterprise and sturdy independence which alone can sustain a settler in a new country. But yet he has points in his favour which have been wanting in other schemes of the kind. The initial

training on the home farm; the supervision which will enable the most promising materials to be selected to the rejection of those distinctly unfitted; the fact that the same care which since their rescue has watched over them at home will still remain with them; that every care will be taken to shield them against the temptations and mistakes to which independent emigrants are so freely exposed,—are all circumstances which would contribute to this portion of the scheme being successfully carried out. Its importance as providing for the children who have been rescued and trained to work, and for the families of the home farm colonists, cannot be too highly estimated.

The Shelter, the Home Farm, and the Colony beyond Sea are the three practical points in General Booth's proposals that will most commend themselves to the consideration of those who are anxious to see something done for the destitution of our great cities on a scale commensurate with the urgency of the subject. Scarcely less important are the schemes for rescuing fallen women, the intemperate and criminals on their discharge from prison.

The number of subsidiary schemes which General Booth broaches as auxiliaries to his three great means of reclamation—the shelter, the farm, and the colony—are proofs of the thorough study and careful inquiry that he has applied to his subject, but they have a tendency to divert attention from the cardinal features of his undertaking, and to raise a dread lest too many irons be put into the fire. His idea of a Poor Man's Bank has attracted considerable criticism, and there are certainly strong objections to his entering into competition with

the Post Office in a work which must be ultimately based on charity. General Booth, however, is merely following the example of other institutions, such as the Girls' Friendly Society, Bands of Hope, and other bodies, which encourage thrift among their members by savings banks. We should much prefer, for many reasons, to see the managers of such institutions directing their members towards placing their savings in Government hands; and until this is done we cannot wonder that the State is unable to take a more direct interest in national thrift, while it sees so many other bodies intervening between it and the masses. In enforcing thrift, in collecting deposits, and ultimately lodging them in the Post Office, these societies might continue still to do excellent service, and identify the interests of the masses more closely with those of the State. There is something to be said in favour of a *mont de piété* in connection with General Booth's plans; but the less its accommodation is required, the better for the success of his work.

The department which General Booth wishes to establish under the title of the Poor Man's Lawyer is even more objectionable, and liable to be misunderstood. We have nothing to say against the Salvation Army using every means to push the interests of its *protégés*; but the typical cases which General Booth has cited as showing the utility of such a department afford considerable ground for the charge of soliciting subscriptions for organising a black-mailing agency. We think so well of the more practical features of the General's scheme that we trust such a stumbling-block as this will promptly disappear. General Booth would not be the successful enthusiast he is if he

were not at times capable of carrying his projects to the verge of appearing ridiculous and objectionable. There is at the first glance a fine air of absurdity about his Household Salvage Brigade and his Whitechapel-on-Sea, high-sounding titles, which veil schemes for collecting the broken meat and sardine tins of the West End, and for establishing a sea-side resort (an estate of some three hundred acres) for the Salvationists and their friends of the slums. There is, however, a common-sense foundation for both projects. If the immense household waste of richer London can be garnered and utilised in General Booth's work, it will afford substantial assistance in both feeding and employing his waifs. The Little Sisters of the Poor have already shown that the waste of West-End kitchens can be utilised in the work of charitable relief, and we are glad to see that General Booth promises that their beats will not be interfered with. But it is scarcely desirable that attention should be diverted at the very outset from the practical and weighty parts of the plan by a multiplicity of details which will in all probability attract either ridicule or objection.

A careful examination of General Booth's proposals, and of the means at his command for carrying them out, warrants our entertaining a reasonable belief that, should he be provided with the necessary funds to give effect to his views, he will be able to make a sensible impression upon the great mass of London poverty and vice. The three main features in his scheme—the shelter, the farm colony, and the colony beyond sea—appeal to common-sense and ordinary experience as affording exactly the species of relief of which the destitute in

our great cities stand most in need, and which they are most likely to be persuaded to avail themselves of. As these three branches are the points to which least objections can be attached, and which promise to effect the greatest amount of good, we trust that towards them the greater portion of the stream of outside liberality now flowing in upon the General will be mainly directed. If they succeed, as we trust they will do, no higher service will have been rendered to the nation during the present century. If they fail, we shall surely gather some valuable social lessons from them for future use, as we have done from the wrecks of all previous undertakings of the same description.

The objections which have been already launched against the General's scheme are for the most part fanciful or interested. We have already described it as partaking a good deal of the nature of a forlorn-hope; but that is no reason why we should either oppose or discourage it. Even if it is doomed to failure—which we trust may not be the case—it must do a certain amount of good in passing, and may show the way in which a more successful attack can be led. And if we reject General Booth's offer, who is there to volunteer to take his place? Several eminent writers have justly enough pointed out to us very serious questions that are raised by the acceptance of General Booth's proposal. Well, it would be interesting and perhaps profitable to discuss these; but while we are discussing them there are crowds starving by night on the Thames Embankment, and misery, vice, and destitution running a devil's riot all over the East End. In the face of this, are we to allow the pre-

judices which we might under other circumstances entertain against utilising the services of the Salvation Army—prejudices by no means unfair or unreasonable—to operate with us in repelling its offer? We can by no means dismiss the subject with the lofty scorn with which Professor Huxley buttons up his breeches-pockets, and passes along on the other side with Levite-like alacrity. Professor Huxley has condemned the whole scheme in very decided language. But has he any special claim to speak with authority on this particular subject? We attach great weight to Professor Huxley's views in his own particular province, but we are scarcely able to accept him in the pronounced position in which he has installed himself of late years—that of an oracle *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*. With regard to the question of national destitution, Professor Huxley's opinion can be of no more interest to practical thinkers than, say, "Mrs Todgers's idea of a wooden leg." It is much easier to condemn than devise. And if we do condemn General Booth's scheme, what other general alternative have we at hand to fall back upon?

A ridiculous attempt has been made to cause alarm by imagining General Booth and his Salvation Army endowed with wealth enough to make them a power in the country, which with its organisation and resources would equal in its influence for good or evil that of the Jesuits or the greater monastic orders in their best days. Such a fear seems to us very far-fetched indeed. If the Salvation Army survive in the struggle for existence, it will solely be that the public recognises it to be doing useful work; and when it ceases to

do so, it will relapse into the obscurity from which the genius of its leader has lifted it. A more tenable grudge is felt against it by other religious and charitable organisations engaged in similar philanthropic work, which are likely to be straitened by the diversion of subscriptions to the General's scheme. No doubt this is a hard case, but we have little apprehension that these will suffer seriously in the long-run. General Booth's attitude ought to put all other organisations working among the poor upon their mettle, and we cannot doubt but that they also will be liberally supported as they continue to show good results for their efforts. A nation so wealthy as Great Britain, and so much in earnest to deal with the progress of destitution, is able to float even such a gigantic work as that which is now proposed, and at the same time to carry on those less obtrusive, but not less valuable, efforts which, long before the Salvation Army came into existence, were in operation for the reclamation of the fallen and the relief of the destitute in our large towns.

The continually increasing mass of the necessitous in London and other large cities, however, offers a problem far beyond the power of General Booth or any other philanthropic agency to deal with, if it is to be augmented so largely by the poverty stricken population of the counties and pauper immigrants from other countries. The case of these two classes seriously demands the attention of the Legislature. Some means ought to be found to check the inundation of foreign paupers, who add to the intensity of native destitution and complicate the labour problem, already difficult enough to deal with. General Booth's book affords a melancholy testimony to the num-

bers of country people who throng into London in the vain hope of bettering their fortunes, and find starvation to be their only certainty.

"After careful examination and close cross-questioning of the out-of-works whom we have already registered at our Labour Bureau, we find that at least sixty per cent are country folk—men, women, boys, and girls, who have left their homes in the counties to come up to town in the hope of bettering themselves. They are in no sense of the word Cockneys, and they represent, not the dregs of the country, but rather its brighter and more adventurous spirits, who have boldly tried to make their way in new and uncongenial spheres, and have terribly come to grief. Of thirty cases, selected haphazard, in the various shelters during the week ending July 5, 1890, twenty-two were country-born, sixteen were men who had come up a long time ago, but do not ever seem to have settled to regular employ, and four were old military men. Of sixty cases examined into at the bureau and shelters during the fortnight ending August 2, forty-two were country people, twenty-six men who had been in London for various periods ranging from six months to four years, nine were lads under eighteen who had run away from home and come up to town, while four were ex-military. Of eighty-five cases of dossers who were spoken to at night when they slept in the streets, sixty-three were country people. A very small proportion of the genuine homeless out-of-works are Londoners bred and born."

General Booth regards these as not unpromising material for his farm colony; but we should much prefer that the poor-law got its hands upon them, and returned them to their native parishes and the care of the ratepayers. Now that the counties have got local government, it is to be hoped that one of the first subjects to which their councils will turn their attention will be the condition of

rural labour, and the revival of local, and especially village, industries, which would do much more than even General Booth's schemes to thin the population of the slums of great cities, and check the migration from country to town. We fear, from General Booth's reports, that the Government itself is a heavy contributor to the list of the unemployed, since the short-service system has turned loose so large a number of men whose working habits have been unsettled by military service, and whose steadiness and aptitude for hard work has not been increased by a short sojourn in the ranks. In all these cases the State owes a duty to society which, if the latter is to engage seriously in the problem of dealing with city destitution, Government on its side cannot well continue to ignore.

It will be an achievement worthy of the end of the century if, before

it close, we have made a decided step towards solving this problem of the slums, which is the blackest spot upon our boasted civilisation. How far and to what extent the course which General Booth has marked out may be effectual, it would be presumptuous to say; but we have reasonable grounds for anticipating that if it is followed up in the same spirit in which it has been undertaken, it must be productive of good results. The fact that he has interested in his efforts large and influential classes, who have not previously been identified with philanthropic objects, and whose sympathies cannot be supposed to be very warmly connected with the Salvation Army as a purely religious organisation, is indicative of an anxious desire to see some wide and general undertaking set at work in behalf of the slums — certainly a healthy sign of public feeling upon the subject.

DOVES AND RAVENS:

A CHRISTMAS-TIDE FANTASY.

"Nulle défense de rire; si l'on peut.
Nulle défense de pleurer; si l'on veut."
—Motto over door of an old Theatre at Carcassonne.

THERE had been another Deluge—of printer's ink and water—and the Ark was resting on Mount Blank. I stood and waited to see the inmates come forth. Presently the door opened, a broad plank was shoved out, and John Ingle-sant appeared, with Robert Elsmere clinging to his arm. He had a bass viol under his other arm. He was quite calm, and looked as if he had made up his mind to walk straight on to the very end of the earth, and then to topple over off the edge into space. He had done this once before. He had a way of knocking about among men and manners, sometimes playing the lute, sometimes double dummy with popes and potentates, even acting the part of both dummies himself; and he intended to change his costume and his religion with each new country *en passant*.

Robert was looking very wishy-washy in the face after the long voyage, and very weak about the knees. This came from having been so long cramped up in different attitudes, first kneeling upon one knee and then upon the other, and finally kneeling upon no knees at all. I felt really sorry for the poor fellow, for he looked "a bit sick." Is that the right expression? As they passed me, I caught the words "higher ethics" and "anity," but whether the latter meant Christianity or inanity I had no means of knowing. I didn't care to follow them, so I turned to see "the next article."

This proved to be "Ideala," accompanied by "Dean Maitland." I recognised him at once—not by his voice but by his silence. It was unbroken. "Ideala" was in her velvet and diamonds, which she had worn during the voyage. She had had the hippopotamus and three very dirty city arabs sitting on her knee all the way; but she was none the worse for that, bless you! and her velvet gown was not very much rumped. As they passed I heard her reminding the Dean of his having once rowed her on the lake at her uncle Lord Idelande Nobell's lovely place in Bicepashire, and how in picking water-lilies to stick in her hair, he had all but upset the boat. But never a word in response could she get from the Dean. Then she began telling him of a new plan she and Lorrimer (how she rolled her r's) had for putting London to rights; she was to do all the dusting and cleaning; while he was to undertake the lamp-lighting, and to write the sanitary reports. "The work," she said, "was too much for one, and not quite enough for two." All this while you might have heard a pin drop, the Dean's silence was so complete. I did not care to follow them, for the conversation was so very one-sided.

On turning again towards the Ark, I saw "Mr Isaacs" stagger out with a young lady on his back. She had jumped up just as he was about to offer his arm to "dear Lady Disdain." The girl was one

of old Dr Cupid's "troublesome daughters," either Joan or Esther or Nellie or Nancy. They were all much alike; a shock—not of surprise—but of red hair ran through the family, rippling laughter was hereditary, and a long line of broken boot-lace without a tag had come down since the Conquest. This one had the shockiest shock, the ripplingist laugh, the untaggiest boot-lace, so it must have been Nancy. The clumsy country-made boots could not disguise the delicate Arab arch of her instep, and of course she had a brother called Jack and a pug called Jill.

She was generally sitting either on the top of a garden-wall or on a baronet's back. Mr Isaacs wasn't even a knight, but she had been so long cooped up that any shoulder, if it were broad enough, would do to perch on. "Child," said Mr Isaacs, in a tone full of deep passion—he was *very* angry—"get down at once!" "I can't, unless Jack comes to take me down, for my boot-laces are untied and I should trip; and you can't *think* how funny my red hair looks beside your black locks—dash of the tar-brush in them, eh?" Mr Isaacs gave vent to a low Asiatic grunt, which sounded like "kkhh," and passed on with his fair burden.

The next couple who emerged attracted some notice, and took up a great deal of room on the plank. A large-limbed simpering female was swaying to and fro in a sort of chair slung on poles, a Hindoo bearer at each end. A well-known voice seemed to say, "But that's another story," and by that same token I knew my lady at once as the heroine of many an untold "plain unvarnished"—which her name it is Ginevra Rickshaw, wife of Rawton Rickshaw, deputy assistant

quartermaster-general at Bungle-gunj, daughter of old Shadder of the Bombay side. The belle of Simla. [Mrs Raphean O'Rorke was the wit—which of us hasn't stood target for the unerring arrows of that female *ἐκρηβόλος*?] Society at most Indian stations is ruled and regulated by the thermometer—at Simla, society was ruled and regulated by Mrs Rawton Rickshaw. She had the ear—sometimes a large ugly red one—of government; had her white finger on the pulse—a great thudding pulse it was too—of society, and when its temperature rose to 106 decimal point 8, Ginevra would call for ice, shut herself up, and be "darwaza bund hai," which we all know means "not at home." She was now on her way to Europe for repairs. Beside her sedan walked good "Sir Percival" "with aimless feet." He had just handed Tract XC. to her, and was speeding away, intent on further distribution, when Bootles, of Bootles' Horse—no, not Horse, "Baby"—called out, "I say, old chappie, don't do us out of the other 89." Bootles had kept an eye full of fatherly compassion on Mrs Rawton Rickshaw ever since they left Simla. He was always refusing locks of her hair and trifles of that sort, and as they passed he was saying in a tone of friendly remonstrance, "'Pon my word, Mrs Wickshaw, if you go giving locks of hair to every fellow in the wegiment, you'll have to get a wig soon, and I shall feel it my dooty to wite to poor old Wawton." "Oh! don't remind me of my old *bête noire* 3000 miles away," wailed Ginevra. "Not half a yard away, madam!" roared the *hind* Hindoo: dropping the pole and tearing off his turban he disclosed the bald head and infuriated visage of Rawton Rickshaw. *He had*

followed his wife in disguise from Simla. I left him and the benevolent Bootles to extricate the limp and hapless Ginevra from a mass of broken bamboo, tattered gauze, and miscellaneous *débris*. "Ill Tales from the Plain," said I, and Echo answered, "rotten rickshaws."

And now a hot blast as from an oven issued from the Ark, and "She" stepped out, led by the Master of Ballantrae. She had quite got over her cremation, and was as fresh as paint, attired in a splendid mummy-case made of rich and costly materials, open at the feet to admit of shuffling along. She was fanning herself with the lobes of her own ears, which four thousand years of listening underground in the tropics to what was being said above-ground in the temperate zone had somewhat developed. The Master—that Master of Arts and of Fascinations—had already got her well into his toils, and was cajoling her into a project for sacking her own treasury, and urging her to fly with him to his palace on the Isthmus of Darien. Little did she guess that at that moment he had a pitch-plaster in his pocket ready to clap over her already flattened Egyptian nose and mouth; and a letter ready to post, offering Her, She—or She, Her, which is it?—to the keeping of the British Museum. In her hand she had several palimpsests covered with prophecies, which *must* be fulfilled one after the other, as each successive layer of hieroglyphic should yield to the scraper's tool. The Master purposed to act scraper; and he was fully qualified for the post. I didn't think it was worth while to follow them. I knew they must end by burying each other alive—somewhere.

And now "Chris" came lightly

down the plank, followed by "The Wizard's Son," "the Second Son," and a "Son of the Soil." She was engaged to the first, married to the second, and had been either engaged or married to the third. It was a little confusing, and they all seemed to feel it so. There was some difficulty as to the order of precedence, but it was all amicably settled at last, and they filed past all speaking at once. I fancied Chris looked just a little bored, and as if she should have liked the introduction of a new element; but that may have been fancy.

Just then there was a disturbance at the door owing to a galvanic battery which "Diana of the Crossways" *would* carry, and which had electrified several persons by accident. She came down cracking nuts with her ivory teeth; she was always cracking nuts, very hard ones, and she expected her friends to do the same. Beside her walked that very nice American who does business for both the firms of Howells and James. I can't remember his name, "but you know who I mean." He had with him an immense assortment (dry goods?) of motives—his own and other people's—which he was analysing with as much care as if it had been milk from a suspected dairy. Years spent in Venetian palazzas and "Borston" drawing-rooms had quickened his perceptions to a sort of divine intuition. He could differentiate to the point of attenuation the exact significance of a suppressed sneeze and of a half-suppressed yawn; and, like a true American, he could "do the outside edge" on the surface ice of modern hyper-refined society.

He had also a new umbrella. Diana was armed with a broom with which to sweep the crossways when she should reach them. As they stepped down, she glanced

first at the sky, then at her broom, and then at his umbrella. "Do you think it will rain?" she asked. "Rain," he replied, with a faint inflection of irony in his tone—"my dear lady, 'après nous le déluge' is not on the cards." "Why do you put so much emphasis on *nous*? there is nothing between *us*." "There may be one umbrella between us before long," he answered impatiently. It was evident that there was to be war to the knife between them, and every inch of ground would have to be contested. He had served in many engagements—sometimes with widows, sometimes with *ingénues*, always with women with histories and uncomfortable backgrounds; but he had never quite met with a woman like Diana. She puzzled him as she had done others, and this determined him to *finesse*. She saw this, and doubled back. He hedged, she ditched—that is to say, she dug a pitfall for him. She offered him a nut. "She wishes to find out if they're false," he thought. "She shan't." . . . Centuries of civilisation and refinement were swept away in that brief moment, and the look of the wild early settler overspread his delicately cut features. He took the proffered nut, and looking her steadily in the face, said, very slowly, and with the clearest *pre*-, not *post*-nasal enunciation, "You bet," and spun the nut into the air with the velocity of a catapult. It was to be *point* and *counter-point* to the very end.

At that moment Saracinesca strolled out of the Ark, looking very sulky, and as if he had been quarrelling with his dear wife,—which is, I am sorry to hear, a habit into which he has fallen of late. "Lady Baby" instantly tacked herself on to him, in order to play him off against "Sir Peter"

—silly little girl! But Sir Peter, who was just behind, swung himself up on to the outside of the Ark, and watched the pair go off with an amused smile on his face. "They may go to Jericho if they like; they will find me sitting here on their return; or if not, they know my address in town." So saying he lit a cheroot.

And now a strong smell of seawater and vitriol was borne on the breeze,—Mehalah was coming on to the scene, followed by Anthony Hammond, looking very shabby and sheepish, and as if he had just been refused—or accepted. He and Mehalah cannot have had much in common. I should have thought his tastes lay in the opposite direction from strong language and vitriol; but he was ever shilly-shallying, and willy-nillying, and thus found himself landed on a surf-beaten shore of new and possibly tempestuous experiences.

I had not time to follow up this strange concurrence of atoms, for just then "Lady Dolly" came out quickly, evidently *agacée*, because the "Moths" had got at her valuable furs while shut up, and because worthy "Mr Smith" had been kind enough to say he would devote "a part of his life" to seeing her safe home. She was *very* young and lovely, but her daughters were elderly women; she always called them her aunts when at Trouville, and made them wear poke-bonnets, and go about in bath-chairs. "Je connais mon époque," she would say, and rising and risen generations could make no head against her.

And now another panel of the door was opened, and instead of a *pas de deux* there began a regular stampede, and dozens of figures flashed down the plank and away. Some were carrying hansom-cabs, some suspicious-looking bundles

labelled "Life and Remains of," and I am sure I saw an arm protruding here and a leg there, and yet every one was laughing, and had a sort of spasmodic grin on their faces. Some had "struck ile," some their wives, some both—others had opened veins, gold or jugular. There was a great hubbub, and I heard cries of "Hello, 'Barnes!'" "Is that you, 'Potter'?" "You're 'In the wrong Box.'" "No, I'm in the ditto Paradise." "Are you 'Jekyll and Hyde' or 'Vice Versa'?" "Oh, it's all the same, for Jekyll's *vice* (e mute) and Hyde *versa* (worse)." "Is that 'the Mark of Cain'?" "Yes, it is the mark of the beast." "Are you 'Called Back'?" "No; I'm 'Found Out.'" All this, and much more, I heard, and I was moving away, muttering softly to myself, "Good old Ephemera!" when there was a lull, and I observed "Thoth" step out on to the plank, leading the "little Lord Fauntleroy" by the hand. "What a bad companion for the child!" I said to myself; and then I recollected that the boy had reduced an aged and irascible nobleman to submission, and that he was capa-

ble of converting an archbishop, or of dealing faithfully with a drunken charwoman. This decided me not to interfere, but to wend my way homewards. The word "Thoth," however, would keep running in my head—Thoth—what other word does it remind me of? I have it—Thought—knock out the *u* and the *g*, and transpose the *ht* and you have it. Modern Thought, Modern Thoth—why, it rhymes with froth!! Why, yes! What? eh? I felt on the eve of a *tremendous* discovery, when, with that sudden snort, gasp, and start [which the reader has fondly and indulgently anticipated from the first], I woke! . . . A shilling "dreadful" lay open on my knee—on the table lay a pile of magazines and novels—and from behind the bars of their brass-wire cages the backs of great books by great authors flickered reproachfully upon me in the firelight.

I rose, lit the lamp, seated myself in an easy-chair, and opened my book where I had left off. Incorrigible old Ephemeris!

O. J.

FOR THE PANEL OF AN OLD CASE CLOCK.

Irrevocabilis
Labitur hora;
Nulli optabilis
Dabitur mora;
Ne tu sis futilis
Semper labora;
Ne sis inutilis,
Vigila, ora!

Never returning,
Hours glide away;
Thou, though much yearning,
May'st not delay;
Labouring—learning—
Spend thou thy day;
Indolence spurning,
Watch thou—and pray.

H. E. M.

THE PARNELL IMBROGLIO.

RARELY, if ever, has the political world been thrown into such a state of confusion and excitement as that which had its beginning during the last week of November, and can hardly be said to have sobered down and settled at the present time of writing. In order to arrive at a clear comprehension of the situation, it is necessary to recall the position of affairs at the commencement of the month, and the anticipations with which the coming session of Parliament was regarded at that time. The autumn campaign, alike of Unionists and Gladstonians, had scarcely closed; the fierce and unscrupulous attacks upon the Irish policy of the Government upon one side, and the courageous defence of the same upon the other, were still ringing in our ears. The charge of obstruction, freely and loudly advanced, and as fiercely repudiated by men who in almost the same breath intimated their intention to obstruct in the future, was attracting an amount of attention which would probably have been greater but for the promised excitement upon the subject of Tipperary and its patriotic destroyers; and the principal question of practical importance seemed to be whether Government would be allowed to make such substantial progress with the two bills which they had undertaken to introduce as to justify them in having called Parliament together for the despatch of business upon the 25th November.

All at once a change came over the whole political horizon — a change so strange, so sudden, and so unexpected as to have almost paralysed men's faculties, confused the issues which had heretofore

appeared to divide political parties, and altered the whole of the relations which had for some time past been established between two large sections of politicians. During the whole of the recess the speeches delivered by Gladstonians and Parnellites had assumed the most cordial alliance and concord between the two. Long and loud had been the denunciations by both of the Coercion Government; confident the announcements of the gradual but certain change of public feeling in the direction of Home Rule; and bitter the taunts and invective hurled against her Majesty's Ministers, on account of their apparent inclination to be content with their present majority in both Houses of Parliament, and their refusal to plunge the country into the turmoil of a premature dissolution at the bidding of their opponents. It was in vain that in the columns of this Magazine, and in other Unionist writings and speeches, it was again and again pointed out that no definite plan of Home Rule had been placed before the country since 1886, and that the first attempt at any such practical step would infallibly rend and split up the English and Irish Home Rulers as it had done in that year. All such observations were contemptuously disregarded and scouted as the perverse pleadings of the enemies of Home Rule; and, contenting themselves with vague generalities and idle platitudes about "self-government" and "Ireland for the Irish," the Gladstonian party continued to avoid coming to close quarters, and to uphold their leader in his evident determination to seek the suffrages of the constituencies at the general elec-

tion, uncommitted to any definite scheme, and unencumbered by any definite principle upon the question of Home Rule.

The undoubted intention of Mr Gladstone and his colleagues was to conceal all ascertained or possible differences of opinion between themselves and their Irish allies until after the general election; or, in other words, to give the constituencies no opportunity of pronouncing upon the merits of any proposed legislation, but to induce them to restore Mr Gladstone to power with such a majority as should enable him to treat the question of Home Rule with a free hand. In order to accomplish this result, it was of course necessary to present before the country an unbroken front, and to make it appear that perfect unanimity existed between the English and Irish Home Rulers. The game was well played. It might indeed have succeeded for a time, although deceit and insincerity are vices so unpalatable to the British people that in the long-run they invariably recoil upon those who seek to utilise them for party advantage. In the present case, the exposure of the trick could not have been long delayed, and a Home Rule victory at the polls, followed as it must have been by the bursting of the Home Rule bubble at the first attempt at practical legislation, would have assuredly brought about the exposure and discomfiture of the politicians who had climbed to power by such insidious devices. Fate, however, had an earlier disgrace in store for those who had so craftily laid their plans, and their detection and disappointment came upon them in an unexpected shape, and from an unlooked-for quarter.

Many months ago there had been rumours of an approaching

suit in the Divorce Court—*O'Shea v. O'Shea*, in which Mr Charles Stewart Parnell was to figure as co-respondent. But it was understood that the Irish leader had given assurances that he could and would emerge unscathed from this attack upon his character; and remembering his escape from the ordeal of the Special Commission, and the failure of the charges then brought against him upon the testimony of the Pigott letters, men generally believed that he would be no less successful in the present case, and the majority were probably inclined to attribute the whole affair to personal or political animosity seeking its revenge in uncertain charges against private character. Great, therefore, was the surprise when the divorce suit really came on, and it appeared that Mr Parnell offered no defence, and that judgment was given against him. The particulars and merits of this case are not within our range of discussion to-day. It will be sufficient to say that it was a bad case in a bad class of cases, inasmuch as it showed an abuse of friendship, an habitual depravity, and an elaborated system of deceit, which are happily of rare occurrence even in such cases.

Up to this point the narrative is clear and simple enough, and does not bear upon the political crisis which presently arose. It was more than a week after this trial, and with a full knowledge of the facts disclosed thereat, that the Irish Parliamentary party deliberately and unanimously re-elected Mr Parnell as their chairman and leader. Thereby, indeed, they only indorsed the proceedings of a large Nationalist meeting which had been held in Dublin upon the 20th November, *three days after the verdict had been given in the O'Shea case*. At this meet-

ing Mr Timothy Healy, Mr Justin M'Carthy, and other Irish members spoke eagerly and vehemently in favour of the leadership of Mr Parnell, and the independent opinion of the Irish party would appear to have been clearly and decidedly given. Mr "Tim Healy" was especially vehement in his laudation of Mr Parnell; and Mr M'Carthy went so far as to hint in no obscure language that the whole truth of the O'Shea case had not yet been disclosed, and that a different complexion would yet be put upon the affair, of which statement he has so far furnished no explanation. We need not stop to discuss the question whether or no the decision of the Irish Parliamentary party can be defended and justified. On the one hand it may be contended that a man who has proved himself unworthy to be trusted in the private relations of life is equally untrustworthy in public and political affairs. On the other side it may be urged that history is full of instances of men whose moral characters would not bear investigation, but whose fidelity and services to the cause which they had espoused were great and undoubted. Moreover, it is not an easy thing to draw the line when we once begin to estimate the exact amount of moral blame which should determine the political associates of any man to cut themselves adrift from him, and there is something to be said in favour of the theory that, as a general rule, it is the wisest plan to separate altogether the affairs of social and private life from the management of political parties and the conduct of public business. Be this as it may, however, nothing is more clear and certain than that the Irish Parliamentary party deliberately took one view upon the subject under consideration, and

the majority of English Gladstonians took a view diametrically opposed to that of their allies. As far as we are able to judge, the outburst of Liberal—and especially of Nonconformist—disgust with Mr Parnell was, at least at the beginning, spontaneous and genuine, and there is little doubt that Mr Gladstone was set in motion by the pressure of the rank and file of his party. His natural inclination could hardly have been to interfere with or to dictate to the allies, of whom, even during the present crisis, he has written that he has "always held in public as well as in private that the Nationalist party of Ireland ought to remain entirely independent of the Liberal party of Great Britain." Yet what is it but the most direct interference and dictation on the part of Mr Gladstone to address to the Irish Parliamentary party a communication by which he declared that the retention of Mr Parnell as their leader would render his own leadership "almost a nullity," and "would be productive of consequences disastrous in the highest degree to the cause of Ireland"? If such an intimation had been given to the Irish party at any time between the delivery of the verdict in the O'Shea case on the 17th, and the meeting of Parliament upon the 25th November, there might have been an opportunity afforded to the Irish members to consider their position before committing themselves to the choice of a leader. The fact of Mr Gladstone having so long delayed the communication goes far to show that he had not determined upon it until the pressure of his English supporters obliged him to do so; but at the same time it operated with great unfairness upon those Irish members who gave Mr Gladstone credit for really desiring that their party should be independent, and

who afterwards found that the veteran statesman's idea of independence did not extend to toleration of any difference from his own decision and decree. These men found themselves suddenly called upon to choose between Mr Gladstone and Mr Parnell, and it will be noted that, in some instances at least, they were prepared to abandon Mr Parnell solely in obedience to Mr Gladstone's wishes, and with no more light thrown upon the subject than had been given by his letter. The statement that Mr Parnell and not Mr Gladstone caused the schism in the Irish party cannot hold water for a moment, because there was no schism before Mr Gladstone's letter, and Mr Parnell, having received an unanimous re-election at the hands of his colleagues, had no reason to cause or desire the schism which followed the publication of the Gladstone "Rescript."

Then Mr Parnell put forth a Manifesto to the Irish people which afforded an excuse to any Irish member to reconsider his position on one side or on the other. It is absolutely necessary to remember dates as we proceed to consider the events of which we write. From the 17th until the 24th, Mr Gladstone remained silent. Upon the 24th he addressed to Mr J. Morley the letter which demanded the deposition of Mr Parnell. Upon the night of the 28th Mr Parnell's Manifesto was issued, and on Monday, December 1, the adjourned meeting of the Irish Parliamentary party commenced, and terminated on December 6th by the withdrawal of the majority and their adoption of resolutions deposing Mr Parnell and appointing Mr M'Carthy as their "sessional chairman." From a careful study of these dates it becomes abundantly clear,—first,

that Mr Gladstone did not seek to interfere with Mr Parnell's leadership until he had ascertained the almost unanimous opinion of his English and Scotch followers; secondly, that in spite of all his declarations in favour of the independence of the Irish party, he did directly interfere in a matter primarily affecting that party, and actually already decided by them; thirdly, that a number of those who constitute the Irish Parliamentary party undoubtedly fell away from Mr Parnell on account of Mr Gladstone's letter, and their fear of losing the support of the English alliance, totally apart from any consideration of the Manifesto and its contents, and after they had deliberately condoned the moral delinquencies of their leader.

These things should all be borne in mind in our apportionment of blame or praise to any of the parties concerned. If Mr Gladstone was from the first moment of Mr Parnell's condemnation in the Divorce Court struck with a righteous horror of the offence, and determined to sever himself once for all from the offender, it is difficult to understand why he should have waited for a whole week before making known his views and determination. If, on the other hand, Mr Gladstone was sincere in his opinion that the Irish party should be independent of the Liberal party, and should be permitted to manage their own affairs, it is equally difficult to see why he should have allowed the opinion of English Liberals to force him to the direct attack upon Irish independence which he undoubtedly made in the blow which he aimed at Mr Parnell. In any case this much is certain with regard to the Manifesto and its revelations—namely, that Mr

Parnell made no attack upon Mr Gladstone until Mr Gladstone, from whatever motive, made an attack upon him, and one which had for its object the extinction of his public life and political career. It is only just to Mr Gladstone to recall the fact that he has not concealed that his object in delaying his attack was that he "might watch the state of feeling in this country,"¹ and that he has not pretended that his final action was dictated by any other motive than that of political expediency. It is also due to Mr Parnell that the nature of the attack should be remembered; because the first impulse of many honourable minds will be to condemn him for the contents of his Manifesto without considering, in the first place, that he was fighting for his life, and in the second place, that the withholding at this moment the particulars of the Hawarden conference with Mr Gladstone would have deprived him for ever of the principal weapon of his defence against the attack upon his leadership and political existence, which Mr Gladstone had adopted and encouraged.

Let us endeavour to be fair to all parties. It is beyond all controversy or doubt that a conference did take place at Hawarden, at the close of the year 1889, between Mr Gladstone and Mr Parnell, mainly upon the provisions of any legislative measure which might hereafter be introduced for the purpose of giving Home Rule to Ireland. Mr Parnell has given his version of the conference; and his remark that Mr Gladstone "mainly monopolised the conversation" gives, from its extreme probability, an indirect confirmation of the accuracy of his re-

collection. Does Mr Gladstone deny that there was such a conversation? Not at all. He confirms the fact when he demurs to the charge of having made "proposals," but tells us that "no single suggestion" of his to Mr Parnell was "formal, unanimous, or final." Of course this is an admission that there *were* suggestions; and no one who has studied Mr Gladstone's character and career will suppose that it was at all probable that any suggestion or proposal of his would be stated by him to be final, under the circumstances and conditions of the interview at Hawarden. Mr John Morley also gives an unnecessary denial to the statement that he offered office to Mr Parnell, but admits that he inquired whether he would still adhere to his refusal of office. Although, therefore, both Mr Gladstone and Mr John Morley declare that Mr Parnell's recollection deceives him as to the particulars of their conversations, yet both admit sufficient to render it impossible that the public should be satisfied without their own account of what "the particulars" really were. It is to the last degree improbable that they should only have related to minor details of the proposed Home Rule Bill. If, then, they indicated any considerable or important changes from the legislative proposal of 1886, how is it that Mr Gladstone has kept the whole of his party and the country in ignorance of such intended changes? Does not the fact of his having done so to some extent corroborate Mr Parnell's assertion of his own disapproval of the suggestions? For if they had been suggestions approved by him as likely to be palatable to the Irish party, and to render Home Rule

¹ Speech at Bassetlaw, December 11th.

more acceptable to the British Parliament, is it not more than probable that they would have been allowed to ooze out, and would at least have been mentioned by Mr Parnell to the leading men among his colleagues? As regards the latter, his silence towards them was doubtless a mistake; but that very silence is an argument in favour of the accuracy of his present account of what occurred at Hawarden. It was natural—and still more especially so in the case of a man of Mr Parnell's reserved temperament—that he should keep silence with regard to suggestions which he had not approved, the publication of which would certainly have caused disaffection among his followers to the imperilment of the English alliance, and which, not being final, he might still hope to see modified or withdrawn. Nor was it his policy to do otherwise than praise, uphold, and support Mr Gladstone before the public, because he knew full well that it was only through Mr Gladstone that he could rally the Liberals of England and Scotland to his Home Rule standard; and he equally well knew that his eighty-five Irish votes, dexterously guided, would be a powerful weapon with which to wring from Mr Gladstone such alterations and concessions as would render the new Home Rule Bill more satisfactory to his Irish followers.

In judging of such cases as the present, it is always wise, when certainty is not to be obtained, to consider the elements of probability; and in this case, if probability is carefully studied, it will be found to incline towards the statements in Mr Parnell's Manifesto, so far at least as concerns the Hawarden episode. No doubt, as events have turned out, it was a mistake on the part of Mr Parnell to have kept the particulars

of the conference from his colleagues and associates; but he cannot be blamed for this reticence by those who are now loudly accusing him of having violated confidence, because according to their view he should never have revealed these particulars at all. It is a fair and reasonable solution of the case to suppose that Mr Parnell saw no reason to reveal the matter until he should either have finally failed to convince Mr Gladstone that his suggestions could not be accepted by the Irish party, or should be obliged to make the facts known in order to vindicate his own position. That is precisely what he has now done. Was it to be expected that he would keep the whole thing quiet until the general election was over, and thus place himself entirely in the hands of Mr Gladstone, who, in the event of his obtaining a majority at the polls, might have put his suggestions into legislative form, and have then declared, as he does now, that Mr Parnell had not disapproved them? This would have been fatal to Mr Parnell's authority with his countrymen, supposing that the suggestions were as unpalatable to them as Mr Parnell declares them to have been to himself. But if this be so, it was evidently only a question of time on Mr Parnell's part as to when he should inform his party of the suggestions. An early disclosure might, and probably would, have damaged the alliance between English and Irish Home Rulers without any adequate compensation; but if he really disapproved, it is perfectly clear that unless Mr Gladstone had changed his mind in the interval, the disclosure must have come sooner or later. Nor is it altogether fair to condemn Mr Parnell for the betrayal of confidence, when we recollect

that the conditions were not equal as between Mr Gladstone and himself. Mr Gladstone was in no degree likely to offend his party or lessen his influence if it should become known that he had suggested modifications of the Home Rule Bill of 1886 in the direction of limiting the powers to be given to an Irish Parliament. He had therefore nothing to lose by maintaining the confidential character of the conference. Mr Parnell, on the contrary, would have given the greatest offence to his colleagues and followers, and would undoubtedly have weakened his authority, if it had become known that he had even meditated the acceptance of such modifications. The truth of this remark is proved by the blame even now cast upon Mr Parnell by some of his opposing colleagues, for having kept from their knowledge proposals or suggestions which they declare that they will never accept. It is evident, therefore, that to keep the secret of these suggestions was advantageous to Mr Gladstone and dangerous to Mr Parnell, and that the latter would have been more than mortal if, when driven to set his back against the wall, he had still thought it necessary, by a continued silence, to play into the hands of the man who was attempting to destroy him.

It is, of course, open to any one to believe or disbelieve the charges against the "wire-pullers of the Liberal party," of having "sapped and destroyed the integrity and independence of a section of the Irish Parliamentary party." But it is necessary to point out that, even if these and other charges of a similar character are untrue, this does not in any way affect the story of the Hawarden conference. Of the proceedings at that conference Mr Parnell has given *us his account*. A simple denial

of the accuracy of Mr Parnell, and the statement that "suggestions" and not "proposals" is the correct term to apply to the matter discussed at the conference, cannot be held satisfactory or sufficient under the circumstances. Mr Gladstone has told us that all his suggestions were "from written memoranda," and there can therefore be no difficulty in giving the particulars to the world. The British public have a right to ask that, if Mr Parnell be inaccurate, the extent and nature of his inaccuracies should be made known. Otherwise, if we are called upon to disbelieve a detailed and positive statement of a conference without any alternative statement to compare therewith, we cannot comply with such an unreasonable request. Some consideration, moreover, must be given to the position and interests of the parties concerned. It must not be forgotten that Mr Gladstone has himself set us an example of faith in respect to interviews with Mr Parnell. When the celebrated interview between the late Lord Carnarvon and Mr Parnell took place, Mr Gladstone openly and defiantly adopted Mr Parnell's version, in direct opposition to that given by Lord Carnarvon. So anxious was he, indeed, to make capital out of the event, that he exposed himself to one of the severest of the many rebuffs which have been brought upon him by his recklessness of assertion.

The incident is worth recalling to memory. In a letter to Mr Tait, candidate for the Bordesley Division of Birmingham, Mr Gladstone wrote, on the 29th June 1886:—

"The Tories denounce us as dismemberers of the empire because *we adopt the language of their own viceroy*, Lord Carnarvon, and seek to meet the local wants of Ireland, and

to satisfy to some extent her natural aspirations. But Lord Salisbury, down to the general election, aware, as is now clear, of the Viceroy's views, *kept this dismemberer in the viceroyalty and in the Cabinet*, together, as we are now told, with other dismembering Ministers. I do not blame him for thus encouraging the Nationalists of Ireland in their most reasonable claims, but for abandoning that good method, changing to a bad one, and *denouncing as Dismemberment the same policy of union, honour, and peace, which in the person of Lord Carnarvon he had taken to his bosom.*"

Upon the 3d of July appeared the following letter to the editor of the 'Times':—

"SIR,—My attention has been called to Mr Gladstone's letter of the 29th of June to Mr Tait, in which my speech in the House of Lords on the 10th of June is construed into an acceptance of his Irish legislation. Any one who refers to that speech will see how utterly unwarranted such an inference is. My words were deliberate, they are on record, and it is unnecessary to repeat them; but I must protest against their misuse for electioneering purposes.—I remain, &c.,
CARNARVON."

Upon this Mr Gladstone waxed wroth, and addressed a characteristic letter to Lord Carnarvon:—

"DEAR LORD CARNARVON,—I have just read in the 'Daily News' a portion of a letter which I would fain suppose not to be authentic. If it is not yours, please to consider this unwritten. The letter states that in writing to Mr Tait I have construed your speech in the House of Lords 'into an acceptance of my Irish legislation.' It discourteously goes on to allege that I have done this 'for electioneering purposes.' My letter to Mr Tait says nothing of what you adopt or accept. It states that 'we adopt the language of their own Viceroy, Lord Carnarvon.' Having adopted your language as a true description of our policy, whilst I make no reference to our legislation, how can I do otherwise than consider that, as your words describe our policy, your

policy is ours? Not, therefore, having said what you impute to me, I need hardly show that I have not said it for electioneering purposes. I have endeavoured to avoid in this letter the tone which seems to me objectionable.—And I remain, &c.,
"W. E. GLADSTONE."

Lord Carnarvon was prompt with his reply:—

"DEAR MR GLADSTONE,—I have just read in to-day's papers your letter to me. In it you complain that I have said that you construed my recent speech in the House of Lords into an acceptance of your Irish legislation. I have re-read your letter to Mr Tait, and I am at a loss to understand what other meaning I could possibly attach to your words, unless they are to be used in a 'non-natural' sense; or what could be the object of your introducing my name if it was not intended to indicate an agreement by me with you. *You adopt my language, you make that language signify an assent to your policy, and you then affirm that supposed assent as a fact.* You further draw a distinction which, I confess, seems rather subtle, between your legislation and your policy. I, on the other hand, can only judge of policy by legislation, when it is expressed in all the precision of a very elaborate bill. You complain of discourtesy on my part because I attribute your reference to me to electioneering exigencies. I should be deeply concerned if I could feel myself guilty of any discourtesy, but I can only judge of intentions by acts. I cannot suppose that your allusion to me was of a purely academic character, nor can I divorce a letter written for the avowed purpose of recommending a candidate to a constituency from the objects and issues of the present elections.—I remain, &c.,
CARNARVON."

This correspondence, which exhibits Mr Gladstone in the unenviable light of one who wilfully misunderstands and perversely misrepresents an honourable opponent, did not prevent the Gladstonian-Parnellite party from harping continually upon the same string, and

Lord Carnarvon was claimed far and wide as a decided Home Ruler upon the strength of Mr Parnell's account of the interview, adopted by Mr Gladstone in defiance of Lord Carnarvon's statement. A few days only before his letter to Mr Tait, Mr Gladstone had made this interview the subject of one of his interminable railway-station speeches, and had declared his wish "to put these two questions to Lord Carnarvon,—What did you say to Mr Parnell? and to whom did you make known your conversation with Mr Parnell?" Surely it is not unreasonable that at the present juncture we should put the same questions to Mr Gladstone with respect to the Hawarden conference, and his refusal to "make a clean breast of it" justifies belief in Mr Parnell's recollection, whilst at the same time it furnishes an additional example of consistency on the part of the eminent statesman who now refuses to his countrymen the information which in their name and on their behalf he was so desirous to extort from Lord Carnarvon. The idle excuse put forward by Mr Gladstone that "in 1886 there was contradiction between Lord Carnarvon and Mr Parnell; the contradiction is now between Mr Parnell in 1889 and Mr Parnell in 1890," will deceive no one that does not wish to be deceived. If there is now no contradiction between Mr Gladstone and Mr Parnell, it is either because Mr Gladstone cannot deny Mr Parnell's assertions, or because he remains obstinately silent for reasons of his own. In either case his silence is a corroboration of Mr Parnell, and we are constrained to believe that in the main facts of the interview the statement of the latter is in accordance with the true facts of the case.

But however interesting may be

the inquiry into the relative accuracy of Messrs Gladstone and Parnell, there is something more interesting and more valuable to Unionists in the direct and ample fulfilment of their predictions with respect to the Home Rule cry. We have already recalled our own repeated warnings that the first attempt at practical legislation upon this subject would split the Gladstonian party just as it did in 1886, and entirely fail to satisfy anybody. We based our belief upon the fact that, if words meant anything, the Home Rulers of Great Britain and those of Ireland neither intended nor desired the same thing by Home Rule. We pointed out that Great Britain would never give that which Irish Home Rulers wanted, and that Irish Home Rulers would never be contented with what Great Britain would give. We showed, moreover, that whilst an extension of local government,—under such restrictions as would prevent the gross misapplication of public funds of which Irish local authorities have in some instances been accused,—might be possible if desired, and would be readily given by the British Parliament, nothing could or would be given in the direction of what is called a National Parliament. Yet the Irish demand was that a National Parliament should be given, and that Ireland should "take her place among the nations of the world." How, then, could British Home Rulers, who were not prepared to accede to this demand, be honestly allied with those who made it an initial and fundamental article of their political creed? The thing was impossible; and for a long time past it has only been a question of how and when the want of identity in the demands of Irish Nationalists and British Gladstonians would bring their

alliance to an end. That this must occur at some time or other must have been all along as evident to Mr Gladstone as to ourselves; but the one great object of the old parliamentary hand was to postpone its occurrence until the constituencies should have been hoodwinked and deceived at the general election by the apparent unity of the Home Rule party. It is melancholy to reflect upon the dishonesty of such a policy, and upon the degradation into which British politics must have fallen when it is sought to further the interests of party by such a deliberate attempt to "jockey" the electoral body. The exposure of the attempt has justly followed; and the damage which it must have inflicted upon the Gladstonian party has been thoroughly well deserved.

Meanwhile the proceedings of the Irish party have been watched with interest by all thinking politicians. These proceedings have thrown some light upon past events, and have at the same time given us a fair idea of what would have been the result of passing a Home Rule bill with limitations upon the Irish Parliament, and to what sort of men Mr Gladstone would have handed over the lives and properties of our loyal fellow-subjects in Ireland. They have made it clear beyond all doubt that limitations of any kind would have immediately been made the basis of a new agitation, in which, of course, the popular candidates would have been those who demanded the removal of all limitations and restrictions upon the power of the National Parliament. A majority of Irish representatives imbued with this view and pledged to this demand would have created as much disturbance as the present generation of Home Rulers have

done, and the difficulty of governing Ireland would have been greater than ever. A striking commentary upon Mr Gladstone's "union of hearts" and his recent declaration in Scotland "that no one desires to repeal the Union," and a remarkable instance of the real aim and object of the Irish Nationalists, has just been given in a "manifesto" of Mr Dillon, who deplores the quarrels of his associates because "they might render it more difficult for us to fight together in the future as comrades *against the union of Ireland with Great Britain as we have done during the past ten years.*"¹ Surely after this the Gladstonians must submit to be called "Separatists" whilst their present alliance with the Nationalists still endures. But the proceedings of the Irish Parliamentary party have shown us something more than the impossibility of any reasonable settlement of the Home Rule question. They have shown a marked difference between British and Irish opinion upon important principles, quite apart and distinct from the question of Home Rule. It would have been impossible for any British statesman to have continued at the head of a British party after an exposure in the Divorce Court such as that which has befallen Mr Parnell. Still, a large amount of British public opinion regarded the retention and unanimous re-election of Mr Parnell as an instance of the impulsive generosity of Irishmen, and a mark of fidelity to the leader.

This generosity and fidelity, however, were in many instances shown to be of a transitory and evanescent character. No sooner had the blast of Mr Gladstone's trumpet been blown than schism showed itself in the Irish camp. Men who

¹ Mr Dillon's Manifesto, 'Times,' December 17.

owed their political existence to Mr Parnell, who had been brought into parliamentary being by his aid, and had been bound to him by every tie which could unite follower and leader, turned round at Mr Gladstone's invitation to snarl and snap at the kindly hand which had fed them, and lent themselves to the attempt to crush their leader and benefactor with an alacrity and vehemence which seemed to indicate some more selfish and jealous motives than the pure patriotism which they paraded as the mainspring of their insidious action. The course taken by those men was not one likely to be approved by the warm-hearted Irish race, or by British lookers-on who had seen with surprise the sudden change of front on the part of the patriotic majority of the Irish Parliamentary party. Actæon eaten by his own hounds is not a gratifying spectacle, and certainly not one which excites our sympathy for the hounds. It is scarcely surprising, therefore, that—without any desire to palliate his moral offence or to approve his political vices—no inconsiderable amount of sympathy should have been felt for Mr Parnell and the faithful followers who stood by his side during his struggle for political life. Nor can we avoid the remark that throughout the whole of the debates in which the Irish Parliamentary party have recently been engaged, the intellectual superiority of Mr Parnell to those who have been promoting his deposition has been conspicuously shown, and his strategical powers have been proved to be of a high order. Nothing, indeed, has occurred in the history of political warfare for many years which has been more amusing and instructive than the termination of the Irish wrangle so far as concerned the Irish Members of

Parliament. As soon as Mr Parnell's opponents discovered that they were in a majority, they appear to have been somewhat alarmed at their own success, and to have hesitated as to the most desirable way in which to use the independence to which they had so long been unaccustomed. Perhaps even at the last moment some reluctance to cut themselves finally adrift from the leader whom they had re-elected and deserted within one week still lingered in the breasts of some of those who had conspired together for his overthrow. Perhaps they honestly wished to wring some advantage from the "English wolves" to whom they were about to abandon their chief, so that, to use Mr Parnell's own words, they might not sell him "without obtaining value for him." In any case, they fell into the trap prepared for them by their astute leader, and agreed to the appointment of a committee to confer with Mr Gladstone, Sir William Harcourt, and Mr Morley, "in view of the difference of opinion which has arisen between Mr Gladstone and Mr Parnell as to the accuracy of Mr Parnell's recollection of suggestions offered at Hawarden in reference to suggested changes in and departures from the Home Rule Bill of 1886, on the subjects of the control of the Constabulary and the settlement of the land question."

It was understood that, if satisfactory assurances upon these points were obtained from Mr Gladstone and his colleagues, Mr Parnell would retire from the leadership, and with his assurances to this effect the mutinous majority were content. They were apparently unable to perceive that, whilst their failure to obtain such assurances would vastly strengthen Mr Parnell's position, and largely

increase the number of those who believed in his version of the Hawarden conference, the opposite result would enable Mr Parnell's friends to point to his having been the person who, by voluntary self-sacrifice, had forced such assurances from the leaders of the Liberal party, and would make it more unpopular and more difficult than ever to depose him from the leadership. Mr Parnell, however, was quite safe in his conditional offer to resign. He had already designated Mr Gladstone as a man from whom it was "impossible to obtain a simple answer to a simple question," and was sufficiently well acquainted with the veteran statesman to anticipate without apprehension the result of the deputation. Mr Gladstone was apparently upon the horns of a dilemma. If he boldly consented to guarantee that in his next Home Rule Bill he would hand over to the Irish Parliament the control of the constabulary and the settlement of the land question, he ran no small risk of alienating some of the best of his English supporters. If, on the other hand, he declined to give any such guarantee or pledge, the Irish Parliamentary party had pledged themselves not to consider such a reply as satisfactory, and never to accept a Home Rule Bill which fell short of their demands under the two heads specified in their resolution; and in this case they would have no justification, from their own point of view, in consenting to his commands that Mr Parnell should be cashiered.

Mr Gladstone's difficulty was not small; but he was in a measure equal to the occasion. First, he objected to the form in which the deputation had approached him, and declined to consider his conference with them as in any way connected with recollections

of the Hawarden suggestions. Then he declared that he could make no statement of his intentions as regards a Home Rule Bill in connection with the leadership of the Irish party, a question "which belongs entirely to their own competence," and that, when it should have been settled, he would be ready to enter without prejudice into confidential communications such as have heretofore taken place. When we speak of Mr Gladstone as being, in this reply, only in a measure equal to the occasion, it is because we are inclined to think that, having two objects in view, he has only accomplished one, and that after an incomplete fashion. Mr Gladstone's objects were, first, to oblige the Irish party to get rid of Mr Parnell; secondly, to restore and confirm their confidence in himself. As regards the first object, success has so far followed Mr Gladstone's tactics that the majority have boldly decreed the deposition of their leader. But they have done so, not only in such an informal and irregular manner as to justify his refusal to accept their verdict, but actually without having received the pledges which they solemnly agreed should be asked from Mr Gladstone as a condition of Mr Parnell's resignation. This they have done, moreover, after a transaction which has made it more clear than ever that they have simply obeyed the dictation of the English leader of the Gladstonian-Liberal party. It is childish for Mr Gladstone to speak of the election of their leader being "within the competence" of the Irish party, and to indulge in the expression of his desire to "uphold the independence of the Irish Parliamentary party," whilst at the very same moment he tells them that he can only hold con-

fidential communication with them when they have decided the question "*in such a manner as will enable me to renew the former relations*"—or, in other words, when they have finally forsaken and deposed Mr Parnell. In gaining, therefore, his first object, Mr Gladstone has enabled Mr Parnell to appeal to public opinion in Ireland against an act of dictation which may or may not be justifiable, but which cannot be fairly described as anything but dictation *pur et simple*, and which is more than anything else calculated to arouse Irish feeling on behalf of the chief whom Mr Gladstone and no one else has deposed.

But if he has indeed gained his object for the moment in this respect, what shall we say of the second object—namely, the restoration of confidence in himself? It is hardly to be supposed that even the deserters who have forsaken their leader at the instance of Mr Gladstone can be deceived by his *quasi*-assurances on the subject of Home Rule. He has indeed justified Mr Parnell's description of the difficulty in obtaining from him "a direct answer to a simple question." Let us contrast the position of the two men upon the points which Mr Gladstone calls "two out of many points vital to the construction of a good measure of Home Rule." Mr Parnell agrees that they are most vital points, and he says, "Let Mr Gladstone give a pledge that he will support the Irish party's view upon these points, and I will retire." Mr Gladstone on the other hand says, "Turn Mr Parnell out of the leadership, and I will enter without prejudice into confidential communications with you." But is this loyal and straightforward conduct either to the Irish party or to the country? The country has a right to know whether Mr

Gladstone intends to hand the control of the constabulary over to an Irish Parliament, and whether he is prepared to allow the settlement of the land question to be also left to such a body. These are not details; they are grave matters of principle and crucial points upon which public opinion should be informed as to the intentions of those who demand that they should be supported upon the broad principle of Home Rule for Ireland. If Mr Gladstone's letter is carefully scrutinised, it will be found to contain no promise or pledge of any kind whatever. It is general in its language and evasive in its spirit; and if the Irish party are deceived by it, they must indeed be of a simple and trustful nature. It will be remembered that when Mr Gladstone introduced his Home Rule Bill in 1886, he proposed that "the constabulary should remain under the same terms of service, and under the present authority,"—although he took care to qualify the statement by adding, "I do not say that this is to be so for ever"; and stated moreover that he and his colleagues had "no desire to exempt the police of Ireland *in its final form* from the ultimate control of the legislative body." If, therefore, Mr Gladstone intimated to Mr Parnell at Hawarden that which Mr Parnell states him to have done, he was moving upon the same lines as in 1886, and nothing is more probable than that he desired to conciliate British and Ulster feeling by retaining imperial authority over the constabulary. Whether he is of the same mind to-day as in 1886, or at the time of the Hawarden conference, is of course doubtful. His letter binds him to nothing, and in any communications which he may hold with the majority caucus of the Irish party, he may

be confidently trusted to leave himself a loop-hole of escape from any pledge which they may believe themselves to have obtained from him. The only thing which is absolutely certain is that, both upon the question of the control of the constabulary and the settlement of land legislation, Mr Gladstone, when the moment for action comes, will be entirely guided by considerations of the course which is most likely to win to his side a majority of votes. As his recent speeches during the Mid-Lothian campaign duly instructed us, there is to him no right or wrong in politics, but the opinion of the majority is to be ascertained and followed. The Irish Parliamentary party will be welcome to Mr Gladstone as part of a majority to place and retain him in office; but if "the approval of the people of Great Britain" is likely to be withheld from a plan which would be satisfactory to that party upon the two points in question, they may rest assured that their wishes in this respect would, in Mr Gladstone's mind, cease to be part of "the just claims of Ireland," and that it would be conclusively proved to them that he had never given them any pledge upon the subject.

Meanwhile the position of the majority caucus is hardly one to be envied. They have decreed the deposition of Mr Parnell by means of a curious character. Being unable to overcome the obstruction of the minority, they adjourned to another room to pass their deposing resolutions without interruption. This is certainly a lesson to the House of Commons, which may some day be led to follow so excellent an example, although it might prefer to remove the minority rather than the majority to another room. Whether the proceeding can be considered valid or

not is a point upon which we need not dwell, but there is another aspect of the case which may well be remembered. Mr Parnell denies the validity of the transaction, and declares that he is not only chairman of his party, but the leader of the Irish nation. Certainly Mr Parnell's pretensions to this position have been loudly and warmly proclaimed by his followers, and by none more vehemently than by some of those who have now condemned him. But apart from this, it is beyond all question that the eighty-five men who constitute the Irish Parliamentary party have all of them, majority and minority, been elected to Parliament as supporters of Mr Parnell. Those who have deposed him from the leadership have clearly but one course to pursue—namely, to apply for the Chiltern Hundreds, and ask from their constituents an endorsement and approval of their course of action. If they fail to do this, every word and action which they have directed, or may direct, against Mr Parnell, will be treasured up against them, and the deposed leader and his friends will be able to appeal with great advantage to the feeling of Ireland and of generous Irishmen against the men who, when left to themselves, supported and re-elected the leader whom they had been sent to Parliament to support, but at the first whisper of Mr Gladstone's disapproval deserted and discarded him.

The heat and passion with which the discussions of the Irish Parliamentary party appear to have been conducted are perhaps hardly to be taken as an example of the probable behaviour of the Irish National Parliament, since the surrounding circumstances must be admitted to have been of a character exceptionally trying to temper and forbearance on either

side. They must, however, be accepted as indications of a spirit which is hardly consistent with the decorum which should prevail when men are engaged in the work of legislation, and which points to a considerable limitation of the powers to be given to any body which may hereafter be established in Ireland in the course of the extension of local government, or the delegation of any portion of its authority by the Imperial Parliament. It is satisfactory to be informed that the members of the Irish party did not come to blows, and that the report of the police having been called in was a report without foundation. It must be owned, however, that the language employed towards each other, the charges and countercharges of intriguing and deceit, and the disorderly conduct of several of those who took part in the proceedings, have not served to elevate the character of the parties concerned, or to render more conspicuous their fitness to conduct business in a Parliament of their own. According to present appearances, both majority and minority having appealed to the Irish people, there will be an exceedingly pretty contest between the two sections of the party, and the issue may be doubtful. So far as it is possible to make any forecast of the result, it would seem likely that Mr Parnell, carrying with him the Fenian element and the more advanced of the Nationalist party, will obtain triumphs in the large towns, and wherever the population is massed together in some centre and is more or less controlled by existing Nationalist organisations. On the other hand, if the priests follow the bishops in their somewhat tardy condemnation of Mr Parnell upon moral grounds, it is probable that clerical influence will tell *against* the deposed leader in the

rural districts in which it more largely prevails. It is not, however, by any means sure that there will not be as great a division among the priests as amongst the laity; and if it should turn out that the curates and younger portion of the priesthood are to a considerable extent with Mr Parnell, the condemnation of the bishops will be to a large extent neutralised.

There is another fact to be borne in mind. When the Holy Father specifically denounced boycotting and the Plan of Campaign with all the thunders of the Vatican, the Catholic bishops and priests in Ireland scarcely even rendered an acquiescence to their spiritual head, and appeared to encourage the idea that "Religion from Rome—Politics from Home" was a fit and proper motto for an Irish patriot. If it should now appear that the people have learned this lesson from the recent attitude of the bishops and clergy, and decline to accept the interference of their religious advisers in political matters, the blame must rest upon those who first set the example of disobedience to ecclesiastical authority. If the bishops and priests have for the future less influence in Ireland than heretofore, they have themselves to thank for it, and their practical disobedience to the rescript of the Vatican will have recoiled upon their heads more speedily than could have been anticipated.

It is impossible to indulge in any lengthy comments upon the progress of the battle, still in progress, between Mr Parnell and his opponents upon Irish ground. An isolated victory, such as Kilkenny, on one side or on the other, cannot decide the ultimate result of the internecine struggle which is still taking place. It has its comic as well as its serious side, and it is impossible not to smile at the account of Mr Tim

Healy being hooted and hustled by a Dublin mob, and finally being taken under the protection of the police! The smile, however, must give way to more serious feelings when we come to reflect upon the meaning and the cause of that which is now going on in Ireland. Men's passions—the passions of an impulsive race—have been excited and let loose; their tempers have been stirred, and a spirit of bitterness and violence has been aroused which may yet produce consequences worse than have already been experienced. And why? Because, ten years ago, Mr Gladstone commenced a legislative career with regard to Ireland of a character entirely at variance with, and founded upon principles entirely different from, anything which had been adopted or sanctioned by previous British ministers. Confessedly ignorant of Irish history, and having given comparatively little attention to Irish affairs during the engrossing occupations of important official positions, Mr Gladstone proceeded upon a course of legislation which could only eventually land him in the difficulties which surround him to-day, and which cannot fail to overwhelm him if he should ever again have the opportunity of proposing further Irish legislation. He determined to deal with Ireland as if Irishmen were so different from the rest of mankind as to be unaffected by the ordinary principles and feelings by which mankind are governed, and to require a treatment which should pass by and ignore the usual rules by which society is regulated. In deference to agitation, Mr Gladstone proceeded to land legislation of an unequal and extraordinary character. If the owners of Irish land had no right to their property, or had seriously abused their position, it would have been right to

say so, and within the competence of Parliament to dispossess them. If they had a right to their property, they should have been allowed to experience the benefit or the damage of those ordinary laws of supply and demand which are usually recognised as producing fair and reasonable results. But to maintain them in the nominal possession of their lands, and then to subject them to legal confiscation, was a course cruel to the landholders, unjust as between owner and occupier, and one which dealt a fatal blow at the morality of the country.

Having once discovered the squeezable nature of Mr Gladstone, the leaders of Irish agitation pressed him from one point to another, until, having departed from the simple principles of justice in his land legislation, he has followed the same course upon other subjects. Rejecting the views of the great and wise statesmen who have gone before him, and in flagrant opposition to Sir Robert Peel, of whose leadership he was once so proud, he has adopted the wild theories of Irish agitators both as to the past history of Ireland and the legislation which she requires. For be it ever remembered that Ireland, as an independent country and united kingdom, has never existed save in what are politely called prehistoric times, and in the fervid imagination of Nationalist orators and writers. Nevertheless Mr Gladstone continues to write and speak as if the contrary were the case, proposes to restore to Ireland an independent national Parliament which never existed, and encourages Irishmen to indulge in aspirations which can never be gratified, and the realisation of which would be attended with ruin and disaster, certainly to Ireland herself, if not eventu-

ally to the empire. No doubt with excellent intentions, Mr Gladstone has led Irishmen to entertain hopes which they never would have entertained, or which at least would have been confined to a few visionaries and enthusiasts, but for his unfortunate resolution to deal with Ireland by attempting to reconcile irreconcilable people, and to govern through agitators who had spent their lives in striving to make government impossible. Hence it is that at the present crisis, when from unforeseen circumstances a division has taken place in the ranks of those into whose mischievous hands Mr Gladstone has been playing for ten years past, the pivot upon which turns the contest is the freedom of Ireland from British rule, and the winning party will probably be that which succeeds in persuading the Irish electoral body that to support its candidates will be the surest way to get rid of that imperial control which Mr Gladstone himself has termed the control of "*a foreign executive*."¹

Two things there are which should never be forgotten by loyal subjects of Queen Victoria, be they English, Scotch, Irish, or Welsh. First, that it is directly owing to Mr Gladstone's change of policy in 1880 and his subsequent concession to Irish agitation that the separatist doctrines and hatred of imperial control in Ireland have ever come to be more than the half-avowed opinions of a small and feeble minority of extreme politicians. Secondly, that the contest now raging in Ireland as to the Nationalist leadership has brought out more clearly and proved more certainly than ever the fact that no reasonable concession or legislative compromise will satisfy the Irish Nation-

alist party, and no measure will be accepted by them save one which involves the abandonment of the land question throughout Ireland to their decision, and the concession to them of the control of that constabulary force which has been the only security for the peace of Ireland for ten years past, and which it would be sheer madness to hand over to the Nationalist majority.

The recent exposure and the present contest should, it is true, have a beneficial effect upon the fortunes of the Unionist cause. But there must be no slackness, no over-confidence, no abatement of hard work in preparing for the general election. The occurrences to which we allude have enabled the Government to make rapid and satisfactory progress with their legislative measures, and to terminate the winter session at an unexpectedly early period. But there is much to be done in the country in order to bring the real issues of the battle clearly before the eyes of the electoral body. The contest at Bassetlaw has indeed resulted in a glorious victory, but this victory will be worse than a defeat if it should make Unionists supine or over-confident. The tone, the language, the demands of the Irish Nationalists should be recalled and prominently brought before the constituencies. It should also be pointed out that the political Nonconformists, whose prompt and consistent action forced from Mr Gladstone the condemnation of the moral delinquencies of Mr Parnell, have shown no disinclination to ally themselves with those who formally and deliberately condoned those delinquencies by the re-election of Mr Parnell as their leader. Nor should it be forgotten that the

¹ Speech at Hawarden, 1886.

Gladstonian party, whilst it shudders with due propriety at the breach of the seventh commandment of which Mr Parnell has been guilty, has not only been condoning offences against the sixth and eighth commandments, by its continued support of those who have been responsible for the Plan of Campaign and its attending outrages, but has consistently violated the ninth commandment throughout the whole of the controversy. What more gross and wicked false witness against a neighbour was ever borne than that which appears in the leading article of the 'Daily News' of December 9, in which Mr Justin M'Carthy is encouraged to move a vote of censure against the Government "for the *infamous prosecution of those statesmen and patriots* [Dillon and O'Brien] *conceived and carried out by Mr Balfour on purely political and personal grounds.*" According to the 'Daily News' (which is generally regarded as the organ of the Gladstonian party), Messrs Dillon and O'Brien should have been permitted to break and defy the law; and the Minister is thus denounced who attempts, in the only possible way, to vindicate the law, and protect the Tipperary tenants who had a right to be protected from the ruin brought upon them by the Plan of Campaign inaugurated by those "statesmen and patriots." In this connection, be it remembered that it is but the other day that Mr Gladstone, uttering various ambiguous words about the illegality of the Plan of Campaign, declared that Mr Parnell had "never given a distinct approval of the Plan of Campaign," whilst during the recent debates of the Irish Parliamentary party we actually find Mr Parnell and Mr Sexton squabbling as to which of them was entitled to the credit of having originated the nefarious scheme.

It is not only Mr Balfour, however, who is attacked by the unscrupulous Gladstonian press, which has now fallen upon a new cry with which it is manifestly delighted. The Unionists are accused of backing Mr Parnell, and being prepared to accept his alliance. No charge could be more foolish and more unfounded. No Unionist can have any political sympathy with either of the factions into which the Irish party is at this moment divided. We may indeed express our contempt for the men who were ready to condone a moral offence until they found a political disadvantage attached to the condonation: we may question the high standard of morality of the statesman who, as he told us in his speech at East Retford on December 11, "*determined to watch the state of feeling in this country*" before he denounced Mr Parnell; and we may have our own opinion of the patriotism and public spirit of the men who left their leader and abandoned the independence of their party in obedience to the commands of that statesman. But sympathy we have none with those who aim at the dismemberment of the empire, any more than with those who, denying that they have any such aim, ally themselves with the dismemberists, and refuse to show us the method by which they intend to maintain the alliance without supporting the dismemberment. It is absolutely untrue that we do, or ever can, sympathise with such men or such views.

If we regard the present schism in the Gladstonian-Parnellite ranks with interest, it is because we see in its origin and progress proof of the strength of our own cause and the truth of our own predictions. When the Gladstonians are denouncing Mr Parnell up hill and down dale as false, untrustworthy, and unscrupulous, we only reply

that it was to this very Mr Parnell that Mr Gladstone (according to his East Retford speech already referred to) was about to hand over the chief power as "constitutional governor of Ireland." When they deny Mr Parnell's account of the Hawarden conference, we ask them whether the contrary of that account is true, and that Mr Gladstone is prepared to do what he was *not* prepared to do in 1886—namely, to give to the Parliament in Dublin the settlement of the land question and the control of the constabulary; and when they talk of the "union of hearts," we point to the heated discussions at the meetings of the Irish Parliamentary party, and to the bitter conflict now raging throughout the whole of Ireland, and we ask whether these afford the slightest indication, or can inspire the smallest hope, that to hand the government of Ireland over to either of the contending parties would be a proceeding which could, by any possibility, produce harmony in the country, and tend in the most infinitesimal degree to the pacification, the contentment, and the prosperity of Ireland? If we desired further proofs of the impossibility of trusting the "Nationalists" with "Home Rule," we need only point out that the two sections of their party are both openly bidding for the support of the anti-British element. It is an instructive fact that upon the very same day (December 18) there appeared on Mr Parnell's side the "appeal" to the "children of those (rebels) who fought in '98," and on the side of the anti-Parnellites the letter of approval which Mr Justin McCarthy exultingly read to his packed meeting at Cork from Patrick Egan, the man convicted by the Special Commission as one of the dynamite conspirators, and who

fled from Ireland shortly after the Phoenix Park murders.

It is impossible at this moment to predict the termination of the internecine struggle between the two sections of the Nationalist party, but it is very safe to prophesy that it will leave behind it a spirit of bitterness which cannot easily or speedily be allayed. It is not our duty, nor is it our desire, to exult over the conflict of our political foes. It should rather stimulate us to take the opportunity, by pressing forward useful legislation, to show the Irish people that it is our policy to help Ireland, and to encourage Irishmen to help themselves. If we do this, and only seek this advantage from the divisions of our opponents, we shall show to the people of Ireland that it is the Unionist party which really deserves their support. The best friends of Ireland are those who will help her to shake off the despotism of illegal organisations and the tyranny of secret societies—who will teach her that no nation ever prospered which did not recognise, obey, and support the laws which protect life and property against lawlessness and outrage—who will point out to her that equal participation in the rights and privileges of a mighty empire is better for any country than the isolation of her nationality for sentimental or political reasons; and that in her own case, whilst her children have assisted and do assist in promoting the welfare and maintaining the strength of the British empire, their fellow-citizens in Great Britain have no other wish than to see Ireland happy and contented—no more earnest desire than that their Irish brethren should march side by side with them upon the onward path of progressive improvement.

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THE ROYAL STUARTS AND THEIR CAPITAL.

MR FROUDE assures us that since the palmy days of Imperial Rome there has been no age so devoted to luxury as our own. Apart altogether from its grosser manifestations, one is often tempted to confess that he is right. The English or American millionaire has become rich beyond the dreams of avarice or Monte Cristo; and what has been easily gained is lavishly spent. Some of his foibles, indeed, do not need to be excused. The first edition of a great poem, like the Pisa "Adonais," has, no doubt, an appreciable interest of its own; and many of us, it may be assumed, would like to read 'Vanity Fair' or 'Pickwick' again in the old green and yellow covers. But why first editions of Rossetti or Swinburne or Matthew Arnold, which could be

had a few years back for a few shillings, should now bring as many pounds, is one of those tantalising caprices of fashion which it is impossible to explain. Then the passion for sumptuous books is manifestly growing. During the past month, for instance, a London publisher has issued two volumes relating to Scotland, which are certainly among the most splendid ever published in this country,—Mr Gibb's 'Relics of the Royal House of Stuart,' and the large-paper edition of Mrs Oliphant's 'Royal Edinburgh.' These are books which rich people only can afford to buy. But the cost of producing such works is so great, that unless the sale is comparatively large there must be a very narrow margin of profit. The Stuart book costs seven guineas net, and five hundred copies have been printed for sale here and in

Royal Edinburgh. By Mrs Oliphant. Illustrated by George Reid, R.S.A. London: Macmillan & Co., 1890.

Relics of the Royal House of Stuart. Illustrated by a Series of 40 Plates in Colours by William Gibb, with an Introduction by John Skelton, C.B., LL.D. London: Macmillan & Co., 1891.

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America. Most of the copies, it is stated, have been already sold to subscribers, and in the course of a few weeks the price will probably be raised. And this is one only of some ten or twelve books, nearly if not quite as costly, which have appeared within the year! From all which we deduce that, in so far, at least, as sumptuous books are concerned, the will and the ability to buy were never more marked than at present. Moreover, the taste for lavish, if not ostentatious and indiscriminate, expenditure, is not confined to books; it embraces the whole of the fine arts: and the competition for a buxom wench by Millais or an emaciated saint by Burne-Jones, for a Japanese screen or a scrap of old china, is brisker than ever.

The 'Stuart Relics' is a book of illustrations; 'Royal Edinburgh' is an illustrated book. The letterpress in the one is altogether subordinate to the pictures; in the other the letterpress and the pictures are of not unequal value. Mr Skelton's introduction is merely a succinct and rapid *résumé* of the elaborate apologies for the Stuarts and their adherents which will be found in his other works, and notably in 'Maitland of Lethington'; whereas Mrs Oliphant's narrative is not only lively and picturesque, but is original in the sense that we have here the first-fruits of the independent research which she has lately undertaken into the earlier records of her native country. Whatever comes from Mrs Oliphant is sure to be interesting; and this sketch of the Scotland of the Stuarts is as brilliant and vivacious as anything she has written. The engravings from Mr George Reid's

admirable and striking drawings of "the grey metropolis of the North" are extremely fine. Edinburgh has always been the delight of the artist; but she is certainly at her best in Mr Reid's spirited presentation. The extraordinarily graphic force, the vigorous idiomatic personality, of this essentially Scotch artist, have never been sufficiently recognised out of Scotland. The portraits in 'Johnny Gibb' must always remain inimitable; in them his native genius most completely expressed itself: but for purely artistic work we do not remember anything that he has done which is quite equal to one or two of the sketches in this book; and all of them will contribute to make him better known across the Border.

Of Mr Gibb's drawings, too, it is difficult to speak too warmly. For deftness of manipulation, accuracy of eye, fineness of touch, they may be compared with the missal-work of the medieval artist. They manifest the same absolute sincerity, the same patient truthfulness; the labour must have been immense, but it is never shirked, and every shade of colour, every line of the most intricate and elaborate design, is reproduced with entire fidelity. It was a happy thought to preserve in this imperishable form (for, after all, a sheet of paper, fragile as it looks, is as durable as bronze or marble) the most characteristic of the relics which were brought together for a month or two during the winter and spring of 1889.¹ The Stuart Exhibition was a great success; and we trust that this memorial, on which so much skill and labour and money have been spent, will be equally successful. There can be no doubt, at least,

¹ Mainly through the industry and intelligence of Mr Leonard Lindsay, to whom a word of thanks might have been given by the compilers of the volume.

that it merits success. Such a book, indeed, could only have been produced within the last few years, when the new processes connected with the lithographic art have been brought to something like perfection. Many of the plates are marvellously fine; the drawings of the Scottish regalia and of the relics more directly associated with Mary Stuart, for instance, have all the freshness, delicacy, and spirit of the best water-colours. There is no glare or crudity of tone to offend the eye, and yet the general effect is brilliant in the extreme.¹

Mrs Oliphant and Mr Skelton have moved very much along the same lines. Mrs Oliphant takes the capital of Scotland as the starting-point for a history of the Stuart sovereigns up to the time when Edinburgh ceased to be the capital of a community which had hitherto regarded their neighbours on the other side of the Tweed as "the auld enemy." The Stuart relics furnish Mr Skelton with the text for a somewhat more extensive survey. He traverses the same ground up to the Union of the Crowns; but he follows the Stuarts to England: Cromwell, the Civil War, the Court of Charles II., Montrose, Claverhouse, St John, the Revolution of 1688, Prince Charlie's adventure in the '45, are passed in rapid review. The conclusions of the two writers have been independently arrived at; but upon the whole, Mrs Oliphant and Mr Skelton are in substantial accord.

The history of the Stuart family is a brilliant and romantic one;

and, on its picturesque side, full justice has been done to it by Mrs Oliphant. She appreciates with the instinct of a practised storyteller the tragic element in each of their lives; and the portraits of the five Jameses in particular are faithfully drawn and finely discriminated. It is just possible that she has done scant justice to James III., and more than justice to James IV.; but her view is the popular one, and naturally so; for James IV., though rash and vainglorious, was a brave soldier who died on the battle-field with his face to the foe. Mary also is a notable figure; and though we are not sure that Mrs Oliphant has mastered the problem of her life, she has tried hard to be impartial. She recognises the great and commanding qualities of Mary, as she recognises the great and commanding qualities of Knox; and her ultimate award is probably as just as in such an intricate business the award of mere man or woman can now be. It would not be in accordance with the practice of our courts to put Mary or Bothwell into the witness-box; but if we could cross-examine Morton, or Moray, or Huntly, we would unquestionably learn a good deal more than we are ever likely to learn from the documents that remain.

One of the most striking qualities of the Stuarts was their persistent vitality,—their determination, in spite of every sort of discouragement, not to die out. For more than five hundred years a great Scottish family, remotely of Norman extraction, played a not in-

¹ Both the 'Stuart Relics' and 'Royal Edinburgh' have been printed in Edinburgh—as was proper and fitting; and both reflect the utmost credit upon the present representatives of a trade with which many of the best traditions of the northern metropolis are associated. The manner in which Mr Gibb's drawings have been reproduced by Messrs M'Lagan & Cumming of that city has never been surpassed, and cannot be too highly praised.

considerable part in the history of Europe. "It was capable of true heroism; its follies have made it a by-word; yet its tenacity has been more striking than either its heroism or its folly. The individual members were short-lived; more than one died on the battlefield; more than one died on the scaffold; it was quite exceptional indeed for a Stuart to die in his bed; yet the house survived, and its last direct representative was a cardinal of the Church of Rome within the memory of men now living." This persistent tenacity is all the more noticeable, inasmuch as it was associated with persistent ill-luck. From this point of view Mr Skelton's summary of their history is instructive:—

"A pathetic interest attaches to the memory of many of the Stuarts. It may be said with some truth, though it sounds like paradox, that their history, almost from the beginning, is the history of a losing cause. Collectively, as well as individually, they failed. They bore themselves bravely; there was not a poltroon among them; even the sixth James, in spite of his nervous infirmities, could not justly be called a coward. The women were as high-spirited as the men; Mary's intrepidity was not exceptional, and of Mary her bitterest enemy declared that 'albeit the most part waxed weary, yet the Queen's courage increased manlike, so much that she was ever with the foremost.' But life was very hard with them; the assertion of what they held to be their rights involved a constant conflict; the hostile forces were formidable and persistent. They were the victims of war, of treason, of foreign craft, of domestic conspiracy. One after the other went down in the protracted struggle with feudalism. When the power of the great nobles waned, when March, and Douglas, and Hamilton had ceased to be rivals, their ill-luck still pursued them. Whether from some fatal defect of character, or whether from circumstances for which they were not re-

sponsible, they were still found upon the side which in the long-run was bound to fail. Mary was the representative of Catholicism among a people who had definitely accepted the Reformation. Her son, and her grandson, and her great-grandsons were the representatives of a theory of kingly right which was inconsistent with the maxims of popular government. The later Stuarts strove to arrest the march of the democracy, as the earlier had striven to curb the power of the aristocracy. It seemed at intervals as if they were ready to go with the tide; but they never cordially accepted the new order of things. It is probable that in their hearts they detested it; they openly or stealthily resisted it; and to the very last, they could not be brought to understand that resistance to the inevitable must be fatal. Situated as they were, they can hardly be blamed, perhaps, for what we call their obstinate wrong-headedness; it was no easy matter even for the wisest in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, to follow out to its end all that the new departure in Church and State involved. The notion that the exiled princes, who attempted to recover what they considered their birthright, could succeed, was the dream of a fanatical fidelity which was blind but not ignoble. The rebellion of 1745 was only a dashing foray, which, even if Charles Edward had entered London as he entered Edinburgh, could have had no permanent result. The Stuarts had become impossible, and the rising of the clans was the last flicker of the flame. It has been said that there were men to whom a smile from Mary on her scaffold would have been more than any Ribbon or Garter that the prosperous Elizabeth could bestow; and the unavailing heroism of the men who clung with obstinate devotion to the last of her unhappy house has not been unappreciated either by the people or by their poets. In

'Knoydart, Moydart, Morar, Ardgour,
and Ardnamurchan,'

Charles Edward is still a name to conjure with; while from Solway to Pentland the 'butcher' of Culloden is classed with the traitor of Glencoe."

Nor can their persistent ill-luck be traced to lack of capacity; for there was hardly a member of the family who was not bright, energetic, virile:—

“The Stuarts, intellectually if not morally, were immensely above the average. They were not merely men and women of conspicuous courage; they were men and women of conspicuous capacity. They were poets, fluent writers and speakers, brilliant soldiers, able administrators. They were resolved from first to last to hold their own; and they had a high conception of the kingly dignity, and of the absolute immunity from criticism of a divinely appointed ruler; yet they were not arrogant. Easy of access, affable, quick at jest or repartee, they had all the graceful qualities which win the love, if not the confidence, of the masses. The engaging address of the Stuarts attained perhaps its finest expression in Mary; but each could exert on occasion ‘the enchantment whereby men are bewitched.’ In their hours of leisure they liked to mix with the crowd; and instead of holding themselves aloof from the commonalty, it might be nearer the truth to say that they were not unfrequently plebeian in their tastes. Mary, we are told, was ‘somewhat sad when solitary’; and though none of them were sullen or morose, as moonstruck monarchs have been, there was a strain of gravity and even of melancholy in their moods; but it could not wholly cloud their constitutional gaiety. Surrounded as they were by a treacherous and turbulent nobility, they had to be patient, reticent, watchful, alert; and the strain told upon them in the end; but they were always eager to escape from the tedious conventions of the Court to the freedom and homeliness of a country life; and when they unbent they unbent wholly. Then they were like children out for a holiday; and it is only fair to add that though the mirth on these occasions might become fast and furious, it seldom degenerated into the unseemly licence and gross buffoonery which were common in the households of the greater nobles. It was kept in due restraint by a native

good taste which had been sedulously cultivated, and which was offended by boorish immodesty and clownish indecorum. They liked to have poets and scholars and minstrels about them—the Dunbars, and Lindsays, and Buchanans; and spite of complaints, made perhaps more in jest than in earnest, which have been preserved, they appear to have dealt liberally by them.”

There were great men in Greece before Agamemnon, and the history of Scotland does not begin with the Stuarts. Mrs Oliphant’s sketch of the saintly Margaret is quick with life and colour; but we are hardly prepared to agree with her when she says, “Before Margaret there is little but fable.” Such an assertion is hardly fair to the eminent antiquaries who have been recently at work upon our earliest records. The admirable industry of Mr Skene and other Celtic scholars has unquestionably thrown a flood of light upon the condition of the Scot before his institutions were feudalised; and the glimpses that we get into that remote society are full of interest and entertainment. Nor are we prepared to admit that Scotland, prior to the War of Independence, was the home of a savage and barbarous people. The period extending over several generations, from the time when Norman knights and nobles flocked to the Court of King David to the time when the Maiden of Norway died on her homeward voyage, was, speaking generally, a peaceful and prosperous age, on which the later annalists, who lived during the long anarchy and licence of the English wars, looked back with unfeigned regret. The “blast” which burst when Alexander the Third’s horse stumbled upon the cliff at Kinghorn, swept away the earlier civilisation of Scotland. That the Stuarts did much to re-

pair the evil is true, and Mrs Oliphant's eulogy of the Jameses is not perhaps overstrained :—

"With one exception, and that doubtful—for a man may be weak and may not be brave without being a bad man or even king—every bearer of this fated name laboured with courage and constancy at the great work of elevating his country. 'Another for Hector!' cried the Highland warrior when his young chief was in danger, and all the world has read the story with moistened eyes. Another for Scotland! had been the cry of the house of Stewart throughout more than a century. As one man fell he handed the sword to another; to an infant hand trained amid feuds and anarchy, but always clasping, as soon as it had force enough, the royal weapon with royal courage and meaning. None of the Jameses lived beyond the earliest chapter of middle age; all of them succeeded in early youth, most of them in childhood; and, with but that uncertain exception of James III., every one of them was actuated by a noble patriotism, and did his *devoir* manfully for the improvement and development of his country. They were noble gentlemen one and all; the bigotry, the egotism, the obstinacy of the later Stewarts were not in them. Knights and paladins of an age of romance, they were also stern executors of justice, bold innovators, with eyes ever open to every expedient of progress and prosperity. Their faults were those faults of a light heart and genial temperament, which are the most easily understood and pardoned. Under their sway their country and their little capital came to be known over Christendom as not unworthy to hold place among the reigning kingdoms and cities through which the stream of chivalry flowed. They invented the trade, the shipping, the laws and civic order of Scotland. Among her heroes there are none more worthy of everlasting remembrance. They fulfilled their stewardry with a unity of purpose and a steadfastness of aim which, when we take into account the continually recurring lapses of long minorities, is one of the wonders of the time. Edinburgh grew under

their sway from an angry village, lying between a fierce castle and a rich monastery, little distinguished among its peers, less favoured than Stirling, less wealthy than the town of St John, to one of the most noted of cities, picturesque and splendid, full of noble houses, the centre of national life and government. And it is curious to record that no one of the monarchs who brought it such nobility and fame left any sadness of death to the associations of Edinburgh. They lived and were wedded and filled with the brightness of their happier moments the town which afforded so beautiful a scene for all rejoicings: they died on the field of battle or in other places in conflict or violence or despair. But Edinburgh only retains the brighter memories, the triumphal processions, the bridal finery, the jousts and the feasts, the Parliaments and proclamations of laws and high alliances. The reigns of the Jameses contain the history of her rise, her splendour, her climax of beauty and stateliness, without any association of downfall or decay."

This is admirably put; and we may say at once without any qualification, that many of the most moving incidents in Scottish history have never been more brightly presented. The whole of the chapter, for instance, devoted to James I. is excellent. The description of the king's wooing while still an exile in England is just as finely realistic as the picture of Edinburgh on his return :—

"Old Edinburgh comes to light in the glow of this arrival, not indeed with any distinctness of vision, but with something of the aspect of a capital filled to overflowing with a many-coloured and picturesque crowd. The country folk in their homespun, and all the smaller rank of gentlemen, with their wives in the French hoods, which fashion already dictated, thronged the ways and filled every window to see the King come in. It was more like the new setting up of a kingdom, and first invention of that dignity, than a mere return; and eager crowds came from every quarter to see the King, so long a mere name,

now suddenly blazing into reality, with all the primitive meaning of the word, so much greater and more living than anything that is understood in it now. The King's Grace! after the long sway of the Regent, always darkly feared and suspected, and the feeble deputyship full of abuses of his son Murdoch, it was like a new world to have the true Prince come back, the blood of Bruce, the genuine and native King, not to speak of the fair Princess by his side, and the quickened life they brought with them. From the gates of the castle where they first alighted, down the long ridge—through the half-grown town within its narrow walls, where a few high houses, first evidences of the growth of the wealthy burgher class, alternated with the low buildings which they were gradually supplanting—through the massive masonry of the Port with its battlements and towers to the country greenness and freshness of the Canons' Gate which led to the great convent of the valley, there could be no finer scene for a pageant."

There is one omission in Mrs Oliphant's review of the Jameses—one only; we should like to have heard a little more from her of one of the most enigmatical of the Stuarts,—the Regent Albany. We have never, for our own part, been able to form any very clear conception of the character of the remarkable man who, after a fashion, governed Scotland for forty years, and of whom Mr Skelton writes:—

"Albany is one of those peculiar and powerful characters which perplex the historian. He had great opportunities which he misused. Under his government, during a period of profound peace, Scotland was given over to anarchy. The patrimony of the Crown, the estates of the Church, were squandered among nobles who were little better than brigands. On the other hand, he had strong natural affections. He was a devoted father. When he sinned he sinned for his children. He appears besides to have had tastes and occupations which were uncommon in that rude society.

He was a man of letters, a man of science. The contemporary annalists are his apologists. The crafty and rapacious tyrant is regarded by Bower and Wynton and Barbour with genuine enthusiasm. Amid the turbulence of Border warfare he is represented as engaged in archæological pursuits,—recovering and restoring the relics of an earlier age. A still more striking picture has been preserved by Bower,—sitting on the ramparts of the Castle of Edinburgh, the Regent discourses to his courtiers, during the moonlight night, of the causes of eclipses and the order of the universe."

One word of caution, before we leave the Jameses, we would venture to offer to Mrs Oliphant. Lindsay of Pitscottie's garrulous narrative has a perennial charm,—the charm of simplicity, *naïveté*, and unconscious picturesqueness; but it is not to be taken as gospel truth. It is not a finical criticism only that has found it faulty; it is clear indeed to the most casual student that many of the incidents recorded (*as recorded*) can be as little historical as Shakespeare's plays. If they have not been evolved out of the writer's inner consciousness, they have been derived, it is obvious, from no higher authority than floating tradition or the gossip of the market-place. We may add that a similar caution should be addressed to those who put their trust in Knox's narrative,—as Mrs Oliphant, we suspect, is rather too much inclined to do. We agree with her that the history of the Reformation in Scotland is surprisingly vivid and intensely dramatic. But it is history written by a man who was one of the chief actors in the drama which it records, and who was as prejudiced, as superstitious, and as *unconscientious* (where what he called "the Truth" was concerned) as the most bitter and unlettered partisan of the older

faith could have been. We may trust him so far when he tells us of what took place before his own eyes (though, even then, the incurable bias comes in); but his record of events which he did not witness is comparatively if not absolutely worthless.

Up to this time—the close of James V.'s life—we have found ourselves in full accord with Mrs Oliphant.¹ When we come to the reign of Mary, we enter “the Debatable land.” We are glad to say that Mrs Oliphant's judgment appears to us on the whole to be eminently judicial—alike as regards Mary and as regards Knox. A writer in the ‘Spectator’ (Dec. 20, 1890) will have it that “she steers a middle course between Mr Skelton and those thorough-going worshippers of Knox of whom Mr Froude is perhaps the leading representative in modern English literature.” It seems to us, on the contrary, that the “middle course” which she has chosen leads her within a measurable distance of Knox's later critics. We should be surprised indeed if many of Mary's apologists would find any difficulty in accepting as fairly impartial her general estimate of the Reformer. Such sentences as these could not come from the lips of a worshipper who was in any way blind to the failings of her hero:—

“Knox is often wordy, sometimes tedious, now and then narrow as a village gossip, always supremely and absolutely dogmatic, seeing no way but his own, and acknowledging no possibility of error. . . . We still feel sympathetically something of the suppressed irritation and sense of hin-

drance and interruption with which the lords must have regarded their companion, with his ‘devout imaginations.’ . . . When men's lives are subjected to the keen inspection of an ecclesiastical board new to its functions and eager for perfection, which does not disdain the most minute detail nor to listen to the wildest rumours, the high ideal is apt to fall into the most intolerable petty tyranny. . . . Knox had all the limitations of mind natural to his humble origin, and his profession, and the special disadvantage which must attach to the habit of investigating by means of popular accusation and gossip, problematical cases of immorality. . . . With such extraordinary arguments, unconscious it would seem of the absolute incongruity of his illustrations, obtusely perverse in the dogmatism which destroys both Christian charity and sound perception—though he was as far from obtuse as ever man was by nature—the preacher stood immovable—nay, unassailable. . . . He was a man all faults, bristling with prejudices, violent in speech, often merciless in judgment, narrow, dogmatic, fiercely intolerant.”

It is quite true, of course, that Mrs Oliphant is deeply impressed by what the Reformer—unpleasant and inconvenient as he was in many aspects—contrived to effect, by the dauntless force and independence of his character, for Scotland and for religion. She is right so far, no doubt; but we have always thought that there was considerable exaggeration in the view which makes Knox an indispensable factor in Scottish history. We hold, for our own part, that Knox was vitally and fundamentally unreasonable, and that unreasonableness (in other words, departure from, or failure to recognise, the true relations of

¹ One or two slips may be noticed for a second edition. Douglas was Warden of the Marches (not of the Marshes), p. 100; Beaton “skulked about his own *Fife* moors” (p. 204). Should it not be *Angus*? Opinion is veering, but it is by no means certain that James I. wrote ‘Christis Kirk on the Green,’ even in a more archaic form than it has come down to us.

things) is always punished in the long-run. The Pope of the High Street was not a whit more rational, not a whit more tolerant or enlightened, than the Pope of the Vatican. It may be urged, indeed, that Knox succeeded. Though more than three hundred years, however, have passed since the reformation of religion was carried through, it must not be assumed that we have seen the end. The revolt from Rome was one of those momentous movements which cannot be judged in a day; and we honestly believe that had Erasmus, Maitland, and men of that stamp, been permitted to conduct it—had they not been swept aside by the violence of the torrent—greater ultimate stability would have been secured. Rome recovered from the blow with amazing celerity, and the strides that she has been making of late years are ominous, if not of final triumph, yet certainly of a wide supremacy in the not distant future. Would she have retained this marvellous recuperative force had the Reformation been directed upon other lines?—had it been really what it professed to be,—the emancipation of the intellect and of the conscience? The truth is, that on the basis of a dogmatism so arbitrary and so narrow as Knox's—a dogmatism even more narrow and arbitrary than that which it succeeded—no enduring structure could be raised, no world-wide authority assured. Knox may or may not have been responsible for the destruction of the abbeys; but he was undoubtedly guilty of a fatal mistake when he cut himself off from historical Christianity, and, in his own

words, "established the Church of Christ *de novo*."

It cannot be said, on the other hand, that Mrs Oliphant is uniformly, or even frequently, unfair to the Queen. Mary's charm, her quite innocent charm, is freely recognised, as well as her transcendent ability.¹ Yet at the same time there is an under-current of adverse feeling which occasionally comes to the surface in unexpected places. "*After the half-dozen years of disaster and tragedy*," she remarks for instance, "of which a much greater number of her people believed her the guilty cause than the innocent victim, there were few indeed who maintained their faith." No representation could be further from the mark. There had *not* been half-a-dozen years of disaster and tragedy. Mary was only six years in Scotland from beginning to end; and the early years were exceptionally peaceful and prosperous. Maitland, for instance, was able to assure the Estates, four years after her coming, that both at home and abroad the nation continued in the enjoyment of almost unexampled repose—"peace with all foreign nations, and quietness among ourselves in such sort that it might be truly affirmed that in living memory Scotland had never been in greater tranquillity." We should like to know, besides, what authority there is for holding that even after Darnley's death the attitude of the nation, as a whole, was bitterly hostile to the Queen. "There would seem to be no doubt of the strong immediate feeling which arose against the Queen, the instant conclusion of the bystanders as to her guilt. . . . The whole

¹ Mrs Oliphant, however, is rather inclined to accept Mr Swinburne's well-known paradox. But the conclusion that Mary could not be innocent unless she was a weak and brainless idiot seems somewhat strained.

alarmed and terrified nation believed at first the evidence of their senses." It is true that the Edinburgh rabble had been inflamed against her by the preachers; but, so far as we are aware, any reliable evidence that is available goes to show that had it not been for the terrorism exercised by a few resolute men, the nation as a whole would have gone solid for the Queen. Knox himself admitted that "the wicked," as he calls her party, "might have exceeded the faithful;" and that had she remained at Dunbar, "could she have had patience to stay at Dunbar for three or four days without any stir," the nation would have rallied round her. "The people did not join as was expected;" and it is added by Maitland, "never a sene came to us after Carberry Hill." Even in Edinburgh itself the tide turned so quickly that it was thought prudent by the Lords to convey the captive Queen without delay to Lochleven, strongly guarded and under cover of night.

Mrs Oliphant's defence of the literary apologist of the Congregation against the charge of ingratitude to the mistress who had been good to him, is more ingenious than convincing. At the baptism of the infant James in December 1566, Buchanan had lauded the Queen to the skies; within the year he was her most savage critic. He did not hesitate to affirm, for instance, in the 'Detectio,' that during the period when he was in daily attendance at Court, her immorality was shameless and notorious. Mrs Oliphant suggests that he may have been ignorant of the scandal at the time, and that when he found he had been deceived he gave vent to his fury and abhorrence. But (apart from the *fact that there was no scandal to*

conceal) the 'Detectio' is characterised not so much by an angry energy of fury and abhorrence as by a cold and calculated malignity of detraction,—the art of the rhetorician being everywhere more palpable than the passion of the moralist. Mr Hill Burton did not love Mary; but even Mr Burton could not stomach the 'Detectio.' Of all caricatures the 'Detectio' was in his opinion the grossest. "In it," he adds, "a number of incredible charges are heaped up;" and then he proceeds to inquire what could have induced Buchanan to defame his mistress in this outrageous fashion? He did it—is the somewhat surprising explanation—because in producing a great work of rhetorical art, it was necessary to follow "the grand forms of ancient classical denunciation"—the "grand forms of ancient classical denunciation" being apparently the literary equivalent for wilful lying. But even from this point of view the writer surely overshot the mark, for the result was a picture "so inhuman and impossible in its utter blackness" that it produced an immediate reaction, and has done not a little to discredit the faction on whose behalf it was penned.

It may be freely admitted that the Casket Letters were not written by George Buchanan; and yet Mrs Oliphant's plea for their genuineness (which, to do her justice, is not very strenuously urged) need not be accepted as conclusive. The Glasgow letter is, as she remarks, by far the most important; for it not only contains the really damaging confessions, but is in itself a miracle of literary art. "Mr Froude has said that only Shakespeare or Mary Stuart could have written it—at all events the writer, supposing it to be forged, must have been of unquestionable

imaginative genius. It is one of the most wonderful compositions ever given to the world. We look on with awe while these dark secrets of the heart are unfolded"—and more to the same effect. Now what is known as the Glasgow letter consists of many closely printed pages of small type, and the Glasgow letter is only one of seven or eight that were produced and printed by Buchanan. The others are in no sense Shakespearian; and while the Shakespearian passages in the Glasgow letter do not extend to a dozen lines, they are quite out of keeping with the rest of the letter, which is as dull and decorous as a State Paper. One Shakespearian passage represents the writer—the high-bred, high-spirited, intrepid Mary—as meekly deprecating the anger of a lover of whom she stands in mortal terror; in another she is made to boast coarsely and offensively of her own infamous treachery to the helpless Darnley: "Have ye not desire to laugh to see me lie so well?" Never was a Shakespearian reputation more easily gained; and the neglected writers of the courtly rhapsodical, high-flown romances of the Elizabethan age, must feel with a pang (if they feel at all now) that "Oblivion blindly scattereth her poppies."

Apart from the Casket Letters, we should like to have heard the views of so competent and skilful a critic as Mrs Oliphant upon that version of the events of Mary's reign on which the most recent defence of her innocence is based. The construction may or may not be sound; but we have not yet seen any answer that commends itself to our judgment. In the 'Stuart Relics' the case for the defence in its latest form has been briefly restated:—

"Faction and fanaticism were the

rocks on which the bark which carried Mary's fortunes was wrecked. There can be no doubt now that she was the victim of a conspiracy which, from the day she left France, was more or less actively at work. The men who engaged in it had resolved that she should fail, and they kept on her track with merciless tenacity till she was hunted down. Knox in Scotland, Cecil in England, were the real leaders of an enterprise which, though more than once defeated by the high spirit and resolute bearing of the Queen, ultimately brought her to the block. The one saw in her a menace to Protestantism; the other, a menace to England. It is possible that they judged justly. Lethington was of a different mind; but Lethington, though he knew Mary's most secret inclinations better than any other man, may have been mistaken. She may have misled him. Her candour and her frankness may have been assumed. We know, besides, that 'the mark at which he always shot' was the union of the kingdoms under a Scottish Prince. He believed that through Mary alone could Union be secured; and the ardour with which he advocated her claims may have blinded him to the risks they involved. But even if we should come to hold that Knox and Cecil had good reason to dread the ascendancy of the Scottish Queen, it cannot be denied that their methods were cruel and their instruments base. The injury they inflicted upon Scotland was incalculable. The unfortunate country, which had enjoyed a brief period of peace, again became the theatre of deadly strife. Nothing like the 'Douglas wars'—the ferocity of a Border feud inflamed by religious passion—had hitherto been known in Scotland. For all this Knox and Cecil were responsible. It may not have been too heavy a price to pay; they may have been bound at all hazards to rid themselves of Mary Stuart; but the fact remains that the Scottish Anarchy was their joint work."

If this view be correct, the conclusion that Mary was more sinned against than sinning becomes logically irresistible. The assassination of Rizzio, the Lennox marriage,

the defection of Moray, the Runabout-Raid, the Darnley murder, the Bothwell marriage, were merely moves in the game which Cecil and Knox were playing. They had one end and one end only in view—to make Mary impossible. She was to be divided from her subjects; she was to be deprived of her good name; she was to be forced into an untenable position. What have hitherto been regarded as the criminal indiscretions of the Queen are now seen to have been difficulties expressly created for her by the untiring animosity of her foes. The Bothwell marriage was the last link in the chain. An unscrupulous faction thrust her into his arms; and when she had reluctantly consented to a distasteful union, they turned upon her and swore that she was his accomplice.

With the Edinburgh of Mary Stuart (one of the most brilliant and animated pictures in the book) Mrs Oliphant concludes her historical survey,—the subsequent chapters being devoted to very pleasant sketches of the great men who since the beginning of the eighteenth century have made Edinburgh and Scotland memorable—Allan Ramsay, Robert Burns, Walter Scott. The succession of James VI. to the English throne was (even more emphatically than the Act of Union itself) “the end of an auld sang.” The smaller kingdom indeed maintained its nationality for a hundred years, but the Stuarts were swept away by the stronger current of the wider stream. Whether they might not have been happier had fortune been less kind, is one of those puzzling inquiries on which Sir Thomas Browne loved to speculate, and to which no confident reply can be given. But, as has been suggested, the seeming gain, in so far

as *they* were concerned, may possibly have been a real loss:—

“When a Scottish Prince ascended the English throne, Scotland was jubilant. The stubborn determination to remain free had never been overcome, and had now won its reward. The ancient prophecies had come true. The War of Independence had not been fought in vain. Under no other conditions, indeed, so far as one can judge, could Union have been peacefully brought about. The jealous susceptibilities of the weaker people were allayed. A Stuart King took the place of Tudor and Plantagenet; and through good and evil fortune Scotland as a whole had been true to the Stuarts. A resolute and disciplined minority, indeed, had driven Mary into exile; but, even in her lowest estate, she had failed to alienate the affectionate fidelity of two-thirds of her people. The nation at large, it is now generally admitted, was at no time hostile to her. As it was a small band of Independents with Cromwell at their head who put Charles I. to death, so it was a small band of Calvinists with Knox at their head who banished Mary. And even when Mary was banished, the rights of her infant son had been scrupulously protected. It seemed a wonderful stroke of luck that made the ruler of a petty province and an impoverished people the sovereign of a rich and prosperous empire; but the seeming gain was possibly a real loss. In spite of his personal eccentricities, James VI. had been fairly popular with the Scots; but when he crossed the Border, the frivolous pedantry and clownish gait of the wisest fool in Christendom could not fail to excite the ridicule of a polished society. Under the fierce light that beat about the English throne the womanish weaknesses of the modern Solomon—‘Solomon the son of David’—were sharply and grotesquely accentuated. The initial misunderstanding was never entirely healed. It is possible that the English people did not understand the Stuarts; it is certain that the Stuarts did not understand the English people. In Scotland no steady popular pressure had been brought to bear upon the sovereign. He enjoyed, as a rule, complete freedom of action,

—doing what was right in his own eyes, until the nobles were gravely displeased, when they rose in arms and put him to death. Parliamentary opposition was practically unknown—what resistance there was, though violent, being intermittent and spasmodic. But in England, from an almost unknown antiquity and by an almost unbroken tradition, the people had been taught to shelter their political liberties and their civic privileges behind the forms of the Constitution. No tax could be levied except with the consent of the Commons; no citizen could be punished except by legal process. The most imperious of the Tudors did not venture to cross the line that inveterate and immemorial usage had drawn; and he knew by an inherited instinct how far he could safely go. On the other hand, the whole domain of English constitutional law was a *terra incognita* to James and to his son. It might be said for them (were it any excuse) that they knew not what they did. The principles which were most deeply rooted in the convictions of Englishmen were unintelligible to rulers who had been educated abroad. So Charles entered upon a hopeless contest with a light heart. He brushed aside the time-honoured limitations of the Constitution as if they were cobwebs. It is possible that the wisest ruler could not ultimately have averted the conflict. There were theories in the air which made all government impossible. Religion had reacted upon politics; and the Puritan had become the Republican. The sharp antagonism between the men who declared that they would live as their fathers had lived, would believe as their fathers had believed, would worship as their fathers had worshipped, and the men who hated the Church and detested the Monarchy, was certain sooner or later to bring Cavalier and Roundhead into deadly conflict. But although sooner or later an appeal to arms might have been inevitable, it was the incurable perversity of the King that precipitated the crisis. He invited a conflict which might have been delayed. In so far as he did not himself lead, he was led by Laud

and Strafford. Laud appears to have been even more insensate, more mole-like, than his master; but Wentworth was a man of quick intelligence and profound policy. It is foolish to condemn such a man without a hearing—as most historians have been inclined to do. We may be tolerably sure that he saw more than we are able to see now. He may have felt, and felt truly, that the revolution in men's minds which had taken place, which was taking place, must lead to anarchy. He may have felt, and felt truly, that the revolutionary forces could only be kept in check by rapid and decisive action, and that procrastination would be fatal to the monarchy. Had he succeeded in crushing the Revolution he might possibly have been reckoned a far-seeing English statesman; but he failed, and in such circumstances failure cannot be condoned."

Between the execution of Charles I. and the rising of the '45 a hundred years intervened; but during that time there was little in the records of the Stuarts on which their partisans can look back with satisfaction. The *sæva Pelopis domus* was tottering to its fall; yet to the very end the Scots adhered with rare fidelity to the race that had ruled them so long. It was among the barren mountains and the brave men of the western seaboard that the last of the Stuarts bade a final farewell to "the vision of a kingly crown." In the '45 Moidart and Morar were remote and inaccessible; even to-day the land of the Camerons and the Macdonalds—a land of wood and water, of crag and glen, of windy seas and rocky islands and Atlantic sunsets—is little known and rarely visited; but it has associations which will not be quickly obliterated; for it is the country lying between Loch Shiel and Loch Arkaig that is most closely identified with the brilliant and daring adventure of Prince Charlie.

YANKEE HOMES AND BUFFALO HAUNTS.

WE had a lucky but almost uneventful voyage to New York in the Cunard s.s. *Servia*, crossing the Atlantic in the most wonderful way between heavy storms on both sides, and just missing each. The journey after leaving Queenstown took just a week from Sunday, October 18th, to Sunday, 4 p.m., 26th of October, when we disembarked. We left Liverpool, Saturday, 13th, about two. A very amusing incident took place in Queenstown harbour. Two pretty Irish girls who had embarked on our ship, were on the arrival of the *Servia* in that port soon after joined by a gentleman who had come by mail from England, and who came off from the shore on the steam-tender. This gentleman, with the most excited and pantomimic gestures, begged one of these fair maidens to return to shore with him and become his bride. Before his arrival on board he had, we learned, sent her five telegrams to the same effect, to prevent her departure if possible. But the young lady at first appeared to be obdurate, for the unfortunate man was seen going off again to the shore on the tender, hatless, and holding out his outstretched arms imploringly to the lady of his love. But that man was not to be beat. He returned when the tender came back again with the last mails, and this time he brought a parson with him. This pledge of the honesty of his intentions of marrying her had, I understand, been exacted by this cautious Irish young lady as a condition of her going ashore with him. She now went with him, and the *Servia* sailed without her. Let us hope they were happy ever after.

On landing at New York our first experience of the country was the excessive rudeness of the custom-house officials. Discourtesy was nothing to the very insolent manner in which a custom-house official ordered a delicate English lady to unstrap her numerous boxes herself, and utterly refused either to give her any assistance, or any information as to whether she could get any porter to assist her in her arduous task. I have travelled all over the world, but never saw a custom-house officer behave so badly to a lady before. If it was meant to show that the Americans despise those who belong to their own mother country, it was done in a way only to make contempt fall back upon their own heads. Our own exertions on her behalf not sufficing, a German-American gentleman from New York very kindly came to the rescue, and might soon have been seen voluntarily unstrapping the boxes for her in a way which will make his memory always glad to our remembrance. A gentleman he was indeed! No more need be said.

My first idea of New York was, how like the outskirts of London were the streets we passed through from the docks. They gave one a general idea of Hammersmith, and the more one sees of New York, the more English it seems to one. The only thing they have which we have not got in England seems to be the elevated railway running down the Sixth and other avenues. In the hotels they have a clever invention which might well be copied elsewhere. For a bell, is in every room a dial-plate with a needle. This needle on being turned to any one of about

forty different divisions, not only rings the bell, but mentions what it is you want at the same time. For instance, you can say, "Bring my boots"; "Apollinaris water"; "Morning or evening papers," &c., &c. It can be imagined what a saving of labour is gained by this device. About the only necessary thing I did not notice on the bell-chart was "Bring a cup of tea." Instead one had to ring for "Dining-room waiter," which was a waste of time.

There are several other customs in American hotels, some of which have their decided advantages to some folks. One of them is that you can eat nearly all day long, if you so choose, from an enormous variety of dishes, the price paid for your room covering everything. Another habit is that of serving iced water with every meal. This suits some people better than others, and not only the Americans but the Canadians like it. No sooner does a person take a seat at table for breakfast, lunch, or dinner, than a waiter appears instantly with a tumblerful of blocks of ice and water, which is placed by his side, no matter if outside the ground is white with snow. And everything is iced that can be iced: the oysters are served up to you on powdered ice, and at times they even ice the claret. On the other hand, the rooms are kept at a tremendous heat by means of steam-pipes. A strange anomaly this, and not good for the health. The effects of these unhealthy practices are plainly evident in the faces of the women. They are mostly very pallid and rather thin-looking; and though pleasant looks are common, and a certain amount of elegance by no means rare, real beauty, as we understand the word, among the ladies of New York is most conspicuous by its

complete absence. This was a disappointment, for having frequently heard of *la belle Américaine*, and, indeed, having in my time met a few very pretty American ladies on the Continent, it was only natural to expect *la belle Américaine* existing in New York itself. But after having looked for her in vain, in the Opera, in the hotels, in the streets, in the tram-cars along the avenues, driving in the Central Park, or in the trains in the elevated railways, we were obliged at the end of eight days reluctantly to acknowledge that beauty among New York ladies is a "fraud." During the whole of those eight days we "located" only five handsome women: they turned out to be two English, one French, and two Americans. It is to be hoped that Boston and the other States manufacture a better supply of the article than New York: it is my firm belief that they do. In fact, we found many real beauties afterwards in Chicago and in California, especially at San Francisco. But as regards dress the New York girls are magnificent, many of them spending annually over £1000 on their attire.

The elevated railroads that I have mentioned above are a great eyesore to the city of New York, but they are wonderful things all the same: they run chiefly north and south along some of the avenues. By their means, and by the road tram-cars, that also travel chiefly north and south along the avenues, and run exactly underneath them for miles along Sixth Avenue, it is that all the locomotion is done in New York. Cabs are hardly used at all: they are too expensive altogether, the shortest drive costing you a dollar, if it is only the length of one street.

It may be as well to mention for the uninitiated that the word

"avenue" in American cities is only used in contradistinction to the word street. All of the avenues run one way, sometimes for miles the whole length of the city, and all the streets cut them across at right angles. All the avenues are numbered from east to west: First Avenue, Second Avenue, Third Avenue, (Madison Avenue and Lexington Avenue are two extra ones). Altogether there are about thirteen of these excessively long streets on Manhattan Island, on which is placed New York proper. The streets which run across them are numbered consecutively from One to One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street; everything is regular, and you cannot lose your way, except in the oldest part of the town, which follows no rule.

The elevated railroads are built overhead, the track laid on iron crossbars held up on double rows of iron pillars, which are made as light as possible. In most places the united double tracks are placed over the centre of the carriage-road at the height of the first-storey windows, which can be looked into, and allowing the light of day to come down freely to the sides of the road and on to the side-walks. But for a long distance along Third Avenue a curious sight is seen. The up and down trains here are disunited, and run along separately on lines of single iron columns, one over each of the pavements or side-walks. It is just as if the railways were built along the tops of the lamp-posts. The trains run each way less than every half-minute, only stop from five to fifteen seconds at each station, only cost five cents for any distance, and are always crowded. In some places at the north of the city, where depression in the ground makes it necessary, the thin iron columns on which the

elevated railways are carried are run up to the level of the fifth-storey windows, and even higher, of the houses alongside. It is not a very pleasant sensation travelling along on these thin supports at such a high altitude—at least it requires practice to get accustomed to it.

Not until one has actually travelled in America can one form any idea of how enormously the States are, in all parts, constantly being recruited by Englishmen and Scotsmen. I say nothing about the Irish, because every one knows in what quantities both they and the Germans pour over. But it is a matter of fact that in all the largest hotels in New York at the present time nearly the whole of the staff of waiters and other men-servants, also the carriage-drivers employed, are—not "Yankees," but British. Of course out West they are frequently negroes. They may have picked up Yankee expressions and a nasal twang, that will deceive you at first; but in spite of their saying "I guess," "Sit right there," "I'll fetch it right away," "Is that so?" or constantly using the frequent expression "quite a number" to denote a great many, when you come to question them, you will find their homes are in Devonshire, Edinburgh, or perhaps somewhere in the "shires." And, as a rule, their story is the same. They have married out here an American wife, and can never go back. Have they become naturalised Americans? "No, not yet; but they guess it will be as well to take out their papers some time," is the usual answer. In any case they must do so to open any kind of business. One fact strikes me much, and that is, that all these English waiters and carriage-

drivers talk so much about the advantages of a good free education for their children, with everything found, such as books, slates, &c. But most of them say they wish they had gone to Australia instead, because if they are better paid in America, yet the dollar does not go any farther than a shilling, and indeed often not even as far as the shilling does at home. And that this is quite true I can vouch for myself. Another odd thing about these men is, they have nearly all got a brother in the English army, or know some officer or other, of whom they ask for tidings.

"The Indian summer." Who that has read books about America or known Americans has not sometimes heard of their Indian summer? It is the brief period of beautiful weather which comes sometimes just as a break between the end of autumn and the beginning of winter. I was fortunate enough just to drop in to this Indian summer in the first week of November, while staying at Niagara Falls City (American side). For three perfect days in the most lovely sunshiny warm weather was I able to roam about Goat Island, or cross over the river on the 1300-foot-long suspension-bridge to the beautiful park on the Canadian side, and with the greatest comfort look at both the falls, and all the rapids from every point of view. And this, too, although there had been a fall of snow the day before the Indian summer set in, and one could stand and drop snowballs down the falls from Luna Island on the first of these summer days.

Rhapsodies about Niagara, its spray clouds and rainbows, are out of date. It is now such a well-known fact that nothing can beat either the American fall or

the Canadian Horse-shoe fall, that I shall not dwell on it myself. But I should just like to put on record a bit of advice gratis to enraptured and newly wedded couples. If you want, my turtle-doves, to see the place when it is at its very loveliest, when the changing leaves on the trees on all the islands have just reached their most perfect hues, when the "Lovers' Walk," and still more sacred "Lovers' Retreat," among the thick sweet-scented cypress and fir on the Dufferin Islands make love itself, 'midst the roar of the rapids, seem sweeter still,—go and stop a week at Niagara, either on the American or Canadian side, during the Indian summer.

Having put the above on record, I have something else about newly married couples and Niagara Falls to make a note of. The head-waiter at my hotel told me that the honeymoon pairs sometimes arrived "quite thick," and then he continued: "I guess we made quite a mistake with two couple here on last fall. They arrived together in the evenin', just about dusk. While the two gents was down-stairs payin' the drivers, the chambermaid she showed the ladies to their rooms right away. About five minutes afterwards I took up one of the gents, and Robert here he took up the other of the gents, and we shows them straight into what we thought was their own young ladies' rooms. But somehow, you see, we'd mixed up them honeymoons. One of 'em he came out again pretty quick, but the other he didn't come out again for quite a time. 'Pears as how he'd found the young lady on'y half-dressed; and when she turned round in the dusk from the basin where she was a-washin', and had kissed him or somethin' before she saw it

wasn't her own fellah, she got mad, and pushed him right into the dressin'-room and locked him in. You bet, sir, there was a high old time about them two mixed-up honeymoons. We was rather crowded, too, so I put 'em all four at the same table afterwards, and there wasn't one of the four could look the other in the face at first without blushin' quite a deal. And very nice-lookin' young ladies they was too, sir. But, you see, they'd all sorter made acquaintance in their bedrooms; so they soon hit it off again quite well together, and used afterwards always to go about in one carriage to save expense." Evidently another example of the saying "All's well that ends well."

It is not to be supposed that, travelling in the States as I was at the very time of both the general and municipal elections, I could avoid hearing the M'Kinley Tariff Bill, that is so unfavourable to England, very freely discussed. I found it generally very much hated by the majority of Americans I met, some of them even going so far as to tell me they wished that England would resort to retaliatory measures, so as to bring the Republican party to their senses. When, however, the great Democratic organisation, known as Tammany Hall, swept the country with the tide of democracy, and in all the States secured a majority for the next year's Assembly and Congress, as well as for all civic offices, great was the joy of a very political and piano-playing gentleman I met at Niagara. He had no language strong enough to denounce the obnoxious Tariff Bill, the object of which was, he declared, to make the rich richer, and the poor poorer. He had a very pretty little baby-faced, fair-

haired wife, with an adorable figure and a tiny foot. She was the most pussy-cattish little lady, with the most wheedling insinuating ways, that we ever met. I don't wonder that she made "Fred" marry her. She was the sort of woman who, when once you met her, somehow seemed to explain to you at once, or insinuate it by her actions, that you never ought to be without her more. While Fred was playing the piano, Mrs Pussy-cat, refusing a chair, and sitting at one's feet on the very lowest footstool she could find, would in a low, soothing, purring voice give one her own views on the M'Kinley Bill. "I don't know anything about politics, you know—Fred does all that; and I don't play the piano much, you see Fred does that too; but I do think this new tariff is just quite awfully abominable,—don't you? Why, just think of what we shall have now to pay for our Europe dresses," and here the little lady looks down complacently at her neatly clad little self; "and our Paris boots," and out comes the tiny little high-heeled shoe; "and our gloves," out comes the wee hand. "And then you dear English people will suffer so by it too. Oh, I do like the English people so! I am never so happy as when I am with them; they have such nice ways. Say, Fred," disturbing the pianist in his best part, "when are you going to take me to England? I am just dying to get there; let's go—now at once, and we will have quite a nice time, I know."

Pretty little pussy-cat, should you ever purr Fred into taking you across the ocean, I am sure that, with your pretty little harmless flatteries to every one, you will be sure to succeed in having, as you express it, quite a nice

time. So much for the M'Kinley Bill, and how it affects American ladies.

From Indian summer to winter is an easy and quick transition in North America in November. After arriving by Grand Trunk Railway at the ferry of Pont Levis, opposite Quebec, and crossing the dancing waves of the noble St Lawrence in a bright sun on one day, it was no surprise to us to see the snow beating against the double windows next morning, beating too with such vigour that little piles of snow soon found admission, and mounted higher and higher between the outer casement and the inner. After the ground was well covered with snow about four inches deep, came a little rain, and then a very sharp frost at night, the consequence of which was the upper crust of the snow was all turned to sheet-ice by morning. The next day all the sleighs were out, and merrily jingling their bells before the door and windows of the St Louis Hotel, and we speedily followed the example of all Quebec, and were wrapped up in furs, speeding swiftly over the snow in a comfortable sleigh, behind a free-going horse, at the rate of about twelve miles an hour, with a grand old driver named Aird, well known, so it seems, for the last sixty years in Quebec. After visiting the spot where Wolfe fell victorious, we had soon flown in our sleigh down the hill through the now thickly populated suburb of St Roch. This was all part of the bed of the St Lawrence in driver Aird's younger days, and many an interesting legend does he tell of how he saw schooners, and even iron ships, building where now are the finest shops of the French Canadians, who chiefly live here. Mr Aird is a man with a wonderful memory; and,

while bemoaning the withdrawal of the British troops twenty-five years ago, he relates word for word interesting conversations he had with Colonel Jones and Major Robinson; tells us how Lieutenant Brown drove tandem for a bet down those steps; shows us where he himself once, at the instigation of the merry Colonel Goodfellow, purposely upset his own sleigh, which was the leading one of twenty, and which contained the excessively stout Lieutenant Smith and the merry Mrs White. And the old fellow, who although seventy-two is as hearty as a boy, still tells his yarn so well that one almost fancies one sees the twenty following sleighs all driving round and round the capsized couple in a grand circle, and mocking at them as they struggle out of the snow-drift. "And Mr Smith, he weighed two-and-twenty stone, sir, and, Lord, how he did laugh hisself! And many a time I drove Mrs White since, and her little daughter too, who grewed up and married; but never did they know that I upset 'em that day because Colonel Goodfellow told me to. But the Colonel, he calls me in when we gets back to the Citadel and says, 'Aird, here's five dollars for you;' and I says, 'Thankee, Colonel.' Lord, those were times! Why, I've seen forty race-horses of a morning up at the Citadel. But Quebec is just ruined now, ever since they took the regiments away. It will never be the same again." And then, although his mother was a Frenchwoman, and his second wife too, he abused the meanness of the French a little—said that no English Canadians could ever do any business with them, they had no enterprise, &c., &c., all of which I have often heard repeated elsewhere.

Beguiling the time thus, and

telling us who lives in every single gentleman's house we pass, who his father was, who and when he married, and so on, the old man makes the nine or ten miles he takes, by a somewhat circuitous route, out to the beautiful Montmorency Falls, pass as if they were only two or three. Here, from the snow-crowned pine-clad heights, by the two hundred feet of falling torrent, a most lovely view is obtained of the mighty St Lawrence, with Orleans Island close below in the foreground. In the distance, glittering in the frosty sun, are seen the spires and fortress-crowned heights of Quebec, while the thriving and adjoining towns of Pont Levis and New Quebec are seen glistening on the other side of the river. Further away to the south can be seen the mountains of the State of Maine, whence the gallant American Montgomery started in vain with a small force, and after conquering forests, rivers, and difficulties innumerable, was only rewarded in the end by meeting with a bloody death in the streets of Quebec. But I must not linger longer over Quebec, its sleighing, its French-speaking people, and its beauties; for I have now got to travel away, straight off, a distance of about 3150 miles to the city of Vancouver, on the Pacific coast of British Columbia. And this can be done almost in a bee-line by the magnificent Canadian Pacific Railroad, which connects the Atlantic at Halifax with the Pacific at Vancouver, and by which we can travel without a single change for nearly 3000 miles, from Montreal to the west coast, in the same railway-carriage. Such a line may, with its wonderful results, be indeed said to have subdued the stupendous forces of nature, with which, in

its transit of thousands of miles of wood, mountain, lake, and stream, it has had to contend. It is now but a short six days' journey through a country which ten years ago was entirely uninhabited, except by a few Indians and fur-collectors; but where now, although its course lies for over a thousand miles through virgin forest, many small settlements and even some large and prosperous towns have grown up,—witness Winnipeg, the capital of the province of Manitoba, known formerly as Fort Garry, whence Lord Wolseley started his Red River Expedition, which is now a large and fine city where meets the Parliament of the North-West Provinces.

Railway travelling is very different in America from what it is in England. Firstly, one never need buy one's ticket at the "depot," as the station is called, as agents belonging to the railways are in all the large hotels, and sell them to you there a day or so in advance, or else you procure them at an office in the town. In all the trains that go any distance there are parlour-cars, sleeping-cars, and drawing-room-cars; and as the doors are in the ends of the cars, and a platform, sometimes roofed over, connects one car with the next, you can, if you like, walk from one end of the train to the other. There are one or two points to be observed when travelling by American or Canadian trains. The most important of all is never to get too far away from the steps leading up to the train when stopping at a station, for the trains almost invariably move off quite quietly and unexpectedly without any premonitory whistle. The Comte de Paris was once left behind thus while travelling recently in Canada.

Nor is any bell ever rung on the platform, but large and deep-toned bells are always going on the large and strange-looking locomotives themselves, but simply to warn the people at the numerous level crossings, which are everywhere, both in town and country, left unprovided with gates. As a rule, two people travelling together take a complete section in a drawing-room, which becomes at night a sleeping car, and which gives them double as much room as they require by day, and two beds, one upper and one lower berth, by night. Some married couples, however, save their money and only take half a section, and double up together in the lower berth at night; and indeed in the Canadian Pacific trains the under beds are so very wide there is quite room enough for two. As, however, at night all these berths, both upper and lower, are covered with a continuous line of thick heavy curtains, it is not always easy in the very dim light to distinguish one's own berth in a long car, and some laughable accidents occur. For instance, in the car in which I travelled a lady who had got out of bed got in again by mistake into the one next to her own. It was not until she was well under the curtains, and about quite in, that to her horror a violent grunt of dissatisfaction apprised her of the fact that it was already occupied by a gentleman. In her hurry to get out again she tumbled over on to the floor, and it was impossible for one or two of us who had not turned in to avoid laughing thoroughly to see the flabbergasted gentleman emerge after her to assist her, while making endless apologies because his bed did not happen to be hers. In the Canadian Pacific transcontinental trains,

naturally, as the cars have to run through about 3000 miles, the Pullmans are much longer, are better furnished, and more roomy than is usual: the smoking and toilet accommodations are roomy in proportion. They even have a little bath-room attached; but as, although the cars are heated by steam, they have no means of heating the bath, that is not of much use in the Canadian winter season. As the wheels of these cars are made entirely of compressed paper, they run much more quietly and easily than where iron or steel wheels are used. But I think this is enough about the means of conveyance, although, as what you have got to go in is the most important part of a journey, it is as well to make some description; and it must be owned that a train that runs from the Atlantic to the Pacific, all the way on British soil, is not quite an everyday thing.

Well, here we are, then, travelling away and away out towards the new, well-built, and flourishing town of Vancouver, only as yet five years old, and once burned during that time,—Vancouver, whence will soon be a splendid service of steamers to Japan and China, and probably a line to Australia as well; Vancouver, which will doubtless ere another generation has elapsed, usurp a considerable part of the place in the world now occupied by San Francisco, although it will only share the great future of the neighbouring city of Victoria, British Columbia. Yes; away we go, hour after hour, day after day, with snow all round, forest-trees all round—rocks, stones, lakes, rivers, waterfalls everywhere. Morning bright and sunny and shining, with glistening snow, pools of water, and small streams frozen over in all directions. Ash, birch, spruce,

firs, and low brushwood, on both sides of the line, all covered over with hanging glistening frost. Such, then, is the opening programme on the morning after leaving Montreal for the far, far west. And then, after a comfortable and thoroughly good breakfast in the dining-room car, one has time to look a little more about one. One now notices that great boulders of granite rock are lying about everywhere among the trees, that many fallen logs are lying about among the boulders, and that thousands of straight tree-trunks, burnt bare of branches and leaves, stand up everywhere out of the snow, for all the world like regiments of telegraph-posts. For the forest-fires have passed over great tracts for hundreds of miles again and again; but many of the trees have escaped, and many more green young ones are always seen sprouting up among the blackened stumps protruding from the snow.

Whenever a pool of water connected with a river is seen, its surface is covered with thousands of logs, now frozen in, and the comfortable wooden houses of the lumberers, and their saw-mills, have sprung up around its edges, while piles of newly cut logs bear testimony to their activity. Forest, forest, forest! Surely we never saw so many trees before, and then too, the rattling trout-streams running through them, which are not yet frozen, are innumerable, and make one long to come back again in more seasonable weather and fish every one of them. That first night, although a weird, restless little girl, scarcely more than a baby, trotted up and down the car nearly all night long, making such strange plaintive sounds as only naughty little girls can, it was not possible to dream of anything else but of the lynx, bear, moose, and elk or

wapiti, with which this endless forest is known to abound. Her very plaintive cries seemed to one as the crying of some wounded animal in the snow outside. The next morning we found on rising we were just hitting off the wonderful inland sea known as Lake Superior, at Jackfish Bay. The rocky ground was more deeply covered with the glistening snow than the previous day, but, quite happy in it, we observed a large group of brightly attired Indians—men, squaws, papooses, and dogs, all complete. They were all very fair in face, but did not look like half-breeds. A silver-mine owner called loudly out to them, "Bouzhou, bouzhou!" which he said would bring them up to the car, the train having then stopped. Every one thought at first he was a great swell to talk Indian so well; but when the Indians took no notice of him beyond glancing up apathetically, and then going on with their own avocations of rolling up two tents, we concluded his knowledge of the Indian language was not worth much. Perhaps "Bouzhou" is only a corruption of the French *Bon jour*, as the "Bono Johnny," so common in the east of Europe ever since the Crimean war, is a corruption of the Italian *Buono giorno*. The mining gentleman, a colossal Cornishman, who had been thirty years a Yankee before becoming a Canadian, knew plenty of other things, if his knowledge of the Indian language was limited to the word "Bouzhou." To him it was I was indebted for seeing and understanding some of the best engineering of this part of the line, perhaps some of the finest work in the world. All round this end of Lake Superior there are endless beautiful trestle-work bridges, many of them built on a

sharp curve, and the whole line itself is a series of curves and wonderful cuttings through granite; as for mile after mile the track winds in and out, often along the very edge of the island-dotted inland sea, where snow-capped hills on the one hand, and the wonderful works of men on the other, alike fill one with delight and astonishment. The miner's name was "Captain" Thomas Hooper. He owns the Beaver Silver Mine at Murillo, twelve miles from Nepigon, where is the best trout-river in the world. He told me much about this trout-fishing, and about his very successful mine too, which he bought cheap from a Scotsman three years ago. Since then it has turned out \$500,000 worth of silver, clear profit. We were sorry not to be able to accept his invitation to go and stop with him and see it all. The Governor-General and Lady Stanley were his guests at the Beaver Mine last year, and although he informed me he purposely put on the Yankee to excess, and called his lordship "Mr Stanley," as a contrast to everybody else's servile "your Excellency," they seem to have had "a real good time" of it with the sturdy miner during their visit. Port Arthur on Thunder Bay, an arm of Lake Superior, and Fort William, also a few miles off, are busy places. Here one sees plenty of steamboats, an enormous grain-elevator, and plenty of other signs of trade. They are equally splendid sporting centres and mining districts, any quantity of silver having been dug out of Silver Islet close by. Fort William is just about 1000 miles from Montreal. The continuously wooded country the line still traverses extends for 424 miles more, right up to the grand new city of Winnipeg,

capital of Manitoba. Here the prairie-land begins, as flat as a billiard-table, and it is now quite a relief, for a change, to pass mile after mile without any trees at all, or any more blackened stumps like telegraph-poles. After about fifty miles of uncultivated, but cattle-fed prairie, cultivation begins, and before very long fields are seen where they run a single furrow for miles in length. This is on the Bell Farm, near the village and river of Qu'appelle.

At Winnipeg the snow had entirely disappeared; but the Red River and the Assiniboine, which flows into it, were frozen over firm and hard, and one or two people were skating on the latter. At Winnipeg, which is a really thriving town, we stopped for four hours to clean the train. I was enabled to obtain there a beautiful bison's head (or buffalo). It was with great regret it was sold to me by Mr Hine, a well-known taxidermist; but he let me have it, he said, because I was an Englishman. He and his son informed me that the wild buffalo is now positively extinct, and that they would never now be able to get another wild-buffalo head: it was the very last. Also, in buying a buffalo-skin coat from the splendid establishment of the Hudson Bay Company at Winnipeg, I was informed that they had only four now left, and would never be able to get any more. It is indeed sad to think that of the millions of buffaloes that not long ago thronged these plains there is now not one left. And the Indians, who lived upon them, are nearly all gone too. But the same policy of extermination is unfortunately still going on in this present year of grace. A lady in the Hudson Bay establishment informed me that they were still constantly receiving the skins

of young musk-oxen scarcely the size of lamb-skins. During the short time we were in Winnipeg we were struck with the beauty of the Canadian young ladies in this little city of the prairies. The "Rosalie, the prairie flower" of our youth, must surely have come from somewhere about the central part of the Northern American continent. Whereas in New York it took us eight days to find five handsome women, in our four hours at Winnipeg we saw many pretty well-dressed girls, and four perfect beauties. Such bright flashing eyes, such winsome vivacity of expression. It would not be fair to the others to say too much about the exact place to find one or two of them; but if I had a younger brother in search of a beautiful young Canadian wife, I should gently suggest to him that the Hudson Bay Company's store in Winnipeg contained something else well worth looking at besides furs.

The morning after leaving the chief city of Manitoba, we find the train ploughing away through the monotonous and now rolling prairie; for it has lost its level character, and becomes slightly undulating, increasing in its swell as the train goes farther west. There are now met a few lakes of an alkaline character, called the Old Wives' Lakes, and the wallow-holes of the defunct buffalo are seen everywhere near them, and their tracks also everywhere. The air is frosty, and pools are frozen still; but the sun, bright as at midsummer, shining on the short brown grass, gives to the rolling prairie much the appearance of the golden sand-hills of Egypt. No farming or cattle are to be seen anywhere, although there are a few houses at Moosejaw, which is said to have six hundred inhabitants.

And now a word as to the names of the places we pass through all along this wonderful Canadian Pacific Railroad. Moosejaw itself is a corruption of an Indian name, which means The-creek-where-the-white-man-mended-a-cart-with-a-moose-jawbone. Well, the names are of all kinds—Scotch, French, Indian, and English,—and one follows another indiscriminately; for instance, taking groups of names at random out of the train-book, we find the following: Hocheloga, Mile-end, Sault-aux-Recollets, Biscotasing, Ramsay, Qu'appelle town and river, M'Lean, Balgore, Kananoskis, The Gaps, Canmore; and some more of the places have a name nearly as large as themselves, for there are no houses to be seen, or only one or two at the most, and they of wood. But here is a wondrous future for the settler. In some provinces, such as the province of Ontario, in the district of Lake Nipissing, a settler can have a lot of eighty acres given to him entirely without price, although he must himself clear the ground. The timber that he has to fell is valuable to begin with, and can be floated off down a river from nearly every place. The large, clear, rock-bound lakes are in places so numerous that, with their connecting streams, they form a labyrinth of waters covering great areas, and offering matchless opportunities to sportsmen and canoeist. Bear, moose, and deer abound about that region, and the trout and other fish are numerous in nearly every one of the lakes and rivers. All this information, and much more, is given to one in the time-tables of the Canadian Pacific Railroad; but as one has to go to Canada itself to get hold of that, I think it is well to place on record what I have personally

seen, and what we have heard on the spot. But now I think the time has come to make a division in a description of a fly round Canada and the States, so I will pause for a time at Rush Lake, in the middle of the prairies, in the State of Assiniboia. Here the soil is excellent, and accordingly here is passed the first of a series of 10,000-acre farms, started by Sir John Lister Kaye, and now worked by a company, situated all along the line at distances apart of thirty miles. In passing through this part of the prairie, one is taken back again to the days of boyhood, when we delighted in Mayne Reid and Fenimore Cooper. For there he is now; yes, that is he without a doubt, the dear little prairie-dog or marmot, who used always to appear so opportunely sitting up just outside his burrow; and then the very last cartridge would crack in the rifle of the lost and hungry Pathfinder, or Chingachook, or some other hero, who invariably potted the little guinea-pig-looking beastie from an incredible distance. But now the wily little fellow knows well that the last of the Mohicans is effectually starved out indeed, and so as the train speeds by he just sits up on his little hunkers and winks his eye, and does not even take the trouble to disappear underground. These little beasts are popularly known as "gophers," and their flesh has saved the lives of men even since the days of Mayne Reid. But they have not been despatched by a rifle-bullet, but snared; for the gopher only remains a few seconds in his hole, when he feels an irresistible desire to come out again and look about him. Taking advantage of a knowledge of this habit of theirs, a little boy, eight years old, who was lost for ten days in the prairies of Assiniboia,

150 miles north of the Canadian Pacific Railroad line, in 1886, was able to save his life. The boy wore lace boots, with leather laces, and used to spread a noose made with a boot-lace over a hole when he had seen a gopher go in: he would then lie down and wait for him to come out again. When the gopher, according to his wont, put his head out to see the world, the little boy pulled the string, caught him by the neck, and ate him. As there was plenty of rain-water in the holes about, the boy got along very well in this way till a search-party rescued him.

Going through the prairie westward to the Rockies, at many of the little stations the traveller wonders to see piled up high and long masses of bones and skulls, in heaps amounting to many tons weight. On inquiring, he will be informed that these are buffalo-bones picked up by the Indians, and waiting to be carted away east, for refining sugar or for conversion into bone-manure. Yet, although so many bones are to be found, and several Indians and squaws appear with buffalo-horns for sale at each stopping-place, there is not now a single little bit of fur or skin left to cover the roots of the horns with. The Indians have to supply the place of the buffalo-fur with coyote-skins or wolf-skins; and yet there is even now dwelling at Fort M'Leod a Scotch gentleman, a judge named Colonel M'Leod, who, having encamped on the prairie, was once detained for four whole days by passing droves of buffaloes. Some of the squaws have, especially where there are any railway works, very light-coloured infants. At one such place a squaw appeared with quite a white child. "Oh," said a lady on the train, surprised,

"a white baby!" "No," said the squaw, promptly, "half Injun, half Injuneer."

Well, now, let us leave the prairie, with its ever-monotonous features, only occasionally varied by wolf or coyote, and still moving further west, let us plunge right into the Rocky Mountains, to pull up only at Banff. To see Banff in early winter is to see all that nature can produce of the beautiful on this earth. The Canadian Pacific Company have built a hotel at Banff, and with wonderful taste have placed it on the very most advantageous point to view all the wonders of the neighbourhood. With the rapid Bow river running round on three sides, to north, south, east, or west are valleys; north, south, east, and west again, at the end of these valleys, are very lofty and most beauteous snow-clad mountains. The sides of these valleys are composed of somewhat lower mountain-ridges, some having barren and precipitous rocky sides, with only an occasional spruce-pine springing up from crevices in the surface. Others are thickly pine-clad, swelling and symmetrical piles, throwing up a series of separate peaks, gently rounded like a woman's breasts, and, like them, divided by the little even valleys between. Having travelled over very much of the world, and, as it were, having with time used up many of its beauties, whether those of the Himalayan ranges or only of some little row of hills in Wales, I must confess to having felt well back to me once more all the enthusiasm of early boyhood, when, starlight fading into dawn, I first found myself in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, one lone unit, lost in the centre of that glorious panorama. But how to describe those hills, that panorama,

I know not. They were not too mighty to be overpowering; but they were grand enough and varied enough to give all the necessary elements of the beautiful, with a great deal of the soft, much of the rugged, and yet nothing of the terrible. The snow, covering the higher peaks with a dazzling brightness, yet left the lower parts bare, to the east rough and rugged, to the west most bewitchingly soft, with a magical interlacing of myriad dark-green pine-trees. These forests of spruce were of a billiard-table green, and in the morning sun they shone with a deliciously tempered hue, relieved and made more beautiful still by the white glistening of the powdery seams above, which divided each lovely mountain-crest from its neighbour. And, brightly emerald-green in hue, the Bow river sped in and out through fair forests below, and the roar of the waterfall alone disturbed the silence in the air. At Banff all the land enclosed by the various mountains, twenty-six miles long by about ten in width, which is at present all forest, has been set apart by the Canadian Government as a national park. If, however, one wishes to take a tour in this Rocky Mountain park, it is as well to take a rifle instead of the walking-cane of civilisation; for although the frequent Stony Indians whom you come across will not interfere with you, the park is full of bears, wolves, wolverines, and other wild animals. Just before our arrival a police captain slew an enormous black bear at that part of the park abutting on the splendid Cascade Mountain, which little hill, by the way, is 9800 feet high, and quite inaccessible from the park itself. There are some beautiful trout-streams at Banff.

In addition to the Bow river, there are the Spray river, the Cascade river, and the Devil's Creek, all of them full of big and little trout. The last-named stream flows out of a beautiful clear lake, most probably the clearest lake in the whole world, which is called Minnewanka, which means the Place of the Great Spirit. This lake is nine miles away through the forest. There is a good driving road to the lake in summer, and a Mr Astley has got a wooden house out there, where one or two people can stay and fish for the enormous trout that the lake contains. Mr Astley, who owns a small steam-launch and canoes, told me that he himself caught a 34-lb. trout this summer, and that 20-pounders are quite common. He also informed me that a 42-pounder has been caught there within recent years. In spite of the clearness of the waters, which is phenomenal, these enormous trout are caught with very rough tackle,—a thick leaded hand-line and an enormous spinning bait, coloured red, and big enough to frighten an ordinary English pike into fits, being preferred to rod, reel, and the finest London-made tackle. Indeed, they say they are found to be more efficacious for taking these monsters.

After Banff it is impossible to describe the course of the railway to the coast in any language which could either properly depict the grandeur of the engineering or the grandeur of the scenery it passes through. During the seven hundred miles from Banff to Vancouver the railway track traverses three lofty ranges of mountains—the Rocky, the Selkirk, and the Gold range—the scenery and the engineering of the line through each forming three separate stages of admiration to the traveller,

which may be described as the magnificent, the terrible, and the incredible. Climbing the Rockies through a narrow pass, in the midst of snow-peaks and glaciers, to an elevation of 5300 feet, the train suddenly commences to go down the other side, horribly creeping along, and hanging to the cliffs, slanting at a fearful angle to them through a wonderful and terrible gorge overhanging the Kicking Horse river, a thousand feet below. Here glaciers hang overhead; but although they and the mountain-crests be shining white, the terrible height of the adjacent cliffs fills the whole valley with gloom. The descent of the line here is on an average of $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet per 100 feet—that is to say, no less than a drop of 238 feet to the mile for the six miles down to Field, where there are silver-mines, a trout-stream, a station, and a hotel. It often takes three extra large locomotives, one at each end and one in the middle, to pull an east-bound train up this pass. To prevent the terrible risk of a train running away down this mountain, at every mile there is a safety-switch running uphill, and a man is stationed there day and night to turn the train off the main track, should it have lost control. The railway time-table describes this descent well.

“Looking to the north, one of the grandest mountain valleys in the world stretches away, with its great white glacier-bound peaks on either side;” and then it goes on to describe the highest mountain there, Mount Stephen, along the slope of which we are running, and the great 800-foot green glacier upon its sides, and so on. After about a hundred miles of this sort of thing, and winding up at last along a narrow cañon or

chasm, where the train and a river rush down together, with hardly room enough for either, the line being first on one side, then on the other, now high above the stream, now at its level, finally one reaches daylight at a place called Golden, and precious glad to get out one is too. But it has all got to be done over again on the Selkirk range; and here the beautiful bridges cross terrible chasms of the hillside every few hundred yards, while we, as we sit on the step of the platform on the back of the train, find as we are crossing them that our feet are dangling over nothingness for at least 500 feet, and then there comes a roaring torrent. Deep, deep snow do we find on the east side of the Selkirks, where the line descends through mighty pine-trees in a succession of loops and curves. Many of the difficulties of a railway on this range have been overcome by the construction of numerous sheds, or, more properly, tunnels, of massive timber-work. They are built of heavily squared timber, dovetailed and bolted together, backed with rock, and fitted into the mountain-side in such a manner as to bid defiance to the most terrific avalanches. In fact, the avalanches in many places run right over the sheds, and up the opposite mountain-slope. The wooden tunnels are of all lengths, from 30 yards to half a mile long, so the expense of making and keeping them up can be imagined. There is a man on duty to look after each one and the usually adjacent trestle-bridge over a chasm. These bridges are also protected from the falling avalanches by immense wedge-shaped palisades, placed so as to guide the snow away from the bridges down into the ravines

they span. Much of the last day's journey to the coast was passed in the Gold range, going through the cañon of the salmon-stocked and gold-producing Fraser river. This was beautiful, but often also terrible. The snow was also here lost, and sun shone brightly on the great foaming river hundreds of feet below; but it also shone disagreeably on the falling sand, earth, and stones which fell both from the embankment above and also that below, from the edge of the abyss which we followed. Here we travelled at a pace hardly faster than a walk, the track being so dangerous owing to the instability of the soil.

In the broad valley of the Harrison river, when at length to our infinite relief beyond the mountains, we found we were back once more in summer, or at all events in autumn, weather. All the trees wore their autumn leaves of changing colours, the now smooth waters of the wide rivers glittered in the sunlight, houses and cultivation became frequent; and after so much wild torrent and mountain, great indeed was the relief of the sensation produced by this delightful contrast of homeliness and peace. The same afternoon found us steaming into the so lately burned-down, but now rebuilt, increasing, and thriving city of Vancouver, built upon the beautiful shores of the land-locked Burrard Inlet; and after first thoroughly exploring the place, by the boat that same night we crossed Georgia Sound, a distance of seventy miles, to the charming and prosperous town of Victoria, in Vancouver Island, in the Pacific Ocean. This place, commenced as a fur-trader's post by James Douglas forty years ago, is now the capital of British Columbia, and, although on an island, is the

seat of the local government. In 1882 it had only 7000 inhabitants. It now has no less than 25,000 residing within the city limits, and it will probably be one of the big cities of the early future. There is a charming and beautiful harbour for men-of-war at Esquimalt, three miles away from Victoria; but the merchant vessels run right up to Victoria itself, and now the trade with San Francisco and China is constantly increasing.

There is excellent bear and deer shooting on Vancouver Island, and pheasants, lately introduced, are now increasing rapidly. You can see them running about the roads almost in Victoria itself. We heard much about the shooting from a gentleman we met on the train when traversing the Selkirk mountains. He was a French Canadian, who fought well against Riel in the recent rebellion, in command of a company of volunteers formed from the Survey department, who formed the Intelligence Corps in the war. He was a Monsieur Poudrier of the Dominion Land Survey, who had lately been exploring a great tract of the country far away back in the Rockies, at the head-waters of the Fraser river, traversing to do so a country full of big game. Last September, he told me that far away in the backwoods he had found a hut, where the well-known pigeon-shot, Captain Turner-Turner, and his wife had been living quite alone, with one servant, through the whole of last winter. Should this ever meet their eye, they may be interested to hear that Monsieur Poudrier there found their photos—one being signed "Lily Turner-Turner"—some fur rugs, and other things they had left behind them. Also, he found on the wall a list of the game they had killed, and the date of their

departure. The Indians informed Monsieur Poudrier that this brave and beautiful young English lady was constrained to assume male attire for hunting the savage denizens of those lonely mountains, and that in prowess she was a veritable rival to Diana of old. Also, that she had been very ill indeed in those dreary solitudes, and that they were eventually driven away for want of food. We were indeed glad to hear that they had escaped alive and unstarved. This Monsieur Poudrier is a great sportsman, and has killed many grizzly and cinnamon bears in British Columbia. He told his hunting yarns in modest style, and showed me the best repeating-rifle I have ever seen, with which, he said, he had done the grizzly-killing work. This was a Colt's express rifle of 50.95 calibre, by the Stark Company, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. He strongly recommended copper-tipped bullets for bear-shooting with this weapon, which can, with one single motion, be reloaded repeatedly without even being taken down from the shoulder,—an incalculable advantage with fierce brutes like grizzlies and cinnamons, which latter are still larger animals. By the way, he informed me that the grizzly of the Canadian Rockies and Selkirks is never so large as the same animal further south over the border in the States.

Charmingly intersected by tree-fringed inlets, the city of Victoria clings to the rising ground in the most delightful situation overlooking the Sound of Georgia, which in turn is studded with pine-clad islands, almost solely inhabited by quantities of deer. The island of Vancouver is still mostly a dense mass of grand pine and oak trees, and the work of tree-felling has

still to be done in the streets on the outskirts of the capital before each new dwelling is put up. The view from the town, across the Sound, of the snow-crowned Olympian mountains of the American coast is grand; while the large, and now American, island of San Juan makes a pleasant break in the programme. Unfortunately, however, no British Columbian can well look upon pine-clad San Juan without feeling a pang at heart, for its position is such as to enable a hostile Power to thoroughly rake the Georgian Sound. This is what submitting to arbitration has done for us in British North America, and now once again the delimitation of the boundaries of Alaska should be most carefully watched. But if the British Columbians are rightfully disgusted at the loss of San Juan, and mourn, moreover, the departure of the wealth of Alaska, they are still more sore with losing also all the territory south of the 49th degree of latitude, right down to the Columbia river, which river was formerly considered as the natural boundary between English and American soil. The British Columbians tell an amusing story, that its loss is all owing to some confounded naval officers, who went down there salmon-fishing, and found that the numerous salmon positively would not rise to a fly; and, indeed, no British Columbian salmon will to this day. But these gallant sportsmen came back in a rage, and reported that the country down there "wasn't worth a cuss." Everybody believed this, therefore no effort was made to retain it. This country, until lately known as Washington Territory, has recently become exalted into a new State, and can boast of excellent harbours on the inlet called Puget Sound, on which

now stand the flourishing cities of Tacoma and Seattle, whence excellent steamboats run to Victoria two or three times a-day. It is a trip, and a very beautiful one, of about eight hours from Tacoma, and six from Seattle. Of course, with the increasing prosperity of those two neighbouring American towns, Victoria will also increase, and yet more rapidly than they; especially as now, before long, a steam ferry will run across from Crescent City at the narrowest part of the Sound of San Juan de Fuca, a distance of only nine miles, and will convey with it the loaded trains wholesale. This will be on the principle of the enormous ferries near Portland, Oregon, and at Benicia, near San Francisco, California. This latter gigantic ferry carries four parallel lines of railroad, upon which can be transported no less than forty-nine engines and passenger-waggons at every trip. We ourselves crossed it with an enormous train.

The climate of Victoria is splendid, much like that of England, but better, being far more equable. Excellent crops can be, and are, raised wherever the land is clear of trees. At Nanaimo, a town about seventy miles away, connected with Victoria by railroad, are excellent coal-mines, producing coal of a most remarkably good description, in the working of which several of the people now living in Victoria have become millionaires. And there is doubtless much more first-class coal only waiting to be found. A ready market for this splendid coal is to be had at San Francisco. There is indeed a chance for any man nowadays to become rich in Vancouver Island, for a twelve-month's coal-prospecting licence can be procured for only \$25 paid to the Government.

Vancouver Island grows plenty of fine oaks, and also for size some of the most magnificent pine-trees in the world; moreover, timber can be transported nearly everywhere by water. If, therefore, prospecting for coal does not strike the fancy, why not take out a timber licence for a thousand acres of forest-land near some convenient creek? Here, by paying only \$10 a-year rent, and 15 cents for every tree cut down, a man may make a good business either by starting saw-mills or by floating the logs down the Sound to such place where he may choose, and thus make a fortune out of timber. Of good farm-land, plenty that is already cleared can be had at a fair price, while uncleared agricultural land is to be bought for about \$5 an acre. Again, any person above the age of eighteen years can, free of charge, obtain what are known as "homestead rights" over a tract of land, situated within the railway belt, of 160 acres in extent. While these "homestead rights" do not actually at first convey the title to the land, they yet "entitle the recipient to take, occupy, and cultivate the land entered for, and hold the same, to the exclusion of any other person whomsoever." Under certain arrangements this land may eventually become the property of the occupier. It will thus be seen there is ample means, outside of speculation in land and houses, which, where everything is rising in value, is itself good business, for a man to make a living by using his hands and wits, and he has also an agreeable country to do it in. For the country is distinctly beautiful, and the peo-

ple, who are the most thoroughly English of all our American colonists, are most hospitable; the ladies, too, are very handsome and friendly. Electric cars swiftly moving will convey you for only five cents all over Victoria, and for a little extra charge will convey the passenger several miles right away into the country beyond. They run now out to Esquimalt in twenty minutes. Electric light illuminates town and suburb everywhere alike. In addition to the capital bear, grouse, deer, duck, and pheasant shooting, and to the salmon—which can be caught in numbers in the harbour at Esquimalt with a spoon-bait, although they will not take in the rivers, or else can be pitched out with a pitchfork from any of the small streams—there is also to be had in Vancouver Island some of the grandest trout-fishing imaginable, which is easily accessible from Victoria. It may therefore, I think, be fairly conceded that, whether to dwell there, or only to pay the islands a visit, any man going out to the city of Victoria, at any time of the year, is likely to enjoy what is known as a thoroughly good time. Indeed, a naval officer whom we know has recently written to us that "he hopes when he may die that his soul may go back to the island." And here, with my best wishes for its prosperity, will I say farewell to that beautiful gem of the British Crown, Vancouver Island, while wishing no better fortune for myself than at some time in the near future to be able to visit its hospitable shores again.

ANDREW HAGGARD.

LORD HOUGHTON.

WE wish Lord Houghton had been Boswellised by an independent double. We should not have cared for an autobiography, although that would have been interesting enough. No perfectly truthful autobiography has ever yet been written—for Rousseau, although he is candid to an excess, mixed his colours to please his morbid fancies, and there can be no question that he lied shamelessly. Such a biography as we should have desired, should have been written from the outside, and yet introspectively, by a man who possessed or appreciated Houghton's gifts and fine qualities, but who could have identified himself sympathetically with the foibles and amiable weaknesses which helped to endear him to his friends. Mr Wemyss Reid has done his work well, but it was almost inevitable that we should be somewhat disappointed. Neither in character nor qualities, nor in his habits or many of his tastes, had he much in common with the subject of his memoir. For one thing, he is one of the most hard-working and earnest of men, and Houghton was an idler and *diletante*. He has little leisure to indulge in the society in which Houghton shone and delighted. He has passed his life among his countrymen at home, and Houghton was a cosmopolitan. Moreover, he had made Lord Houghton's acquaintance comparatively recently, and has to rely for the earlier studies of his subject on correspondence, or on reminiscences contributed at second-hand.

That he should have done so well is the more creditable that he fully realised the difficulties which must have discouraged him. For a telling and lifelike portrait demanded not only long and intimate knowledge, but a rare lightness of touch. Lord Houghton, though his career had been in some respects a disappointment, remained much of a boy to the last. As no one could enjoy with fresher and keener zest, so he must have experienced periods of depressing reaction. He had the susceptible poetic temperament, and not a few of his early letters, written when his prospects were clouded by family embarrassments, are sad in the extreme. Delighting in paradox, he was a living paradox himself, as he had realised to his cost and sorrow. Thinking and feeling deeply on many subjects, as Mr Reid very truly remarks he never appeared to take life seriously, and undoubtedly he created that impression on the men who might have gratified the dearest objects of his ambition. Peel in especial not only admired his abilities but had some respect for his judgment. He repeatedly consulted Milnes, and particularly on French and foreign politics. Yet repeatedly he passed him over for subordinate office in forming his Ministries, and seemingly as a matter of course, for he tendered neither explanations nor apologies. For if there was one place Milnes coveted more than another, and to which he could put forward reasonable pretensions, it was that of

Life, Letters, and Friendships of Richard Monckton Milnes, First Lord Houghton. By T. Wemyss Reid. Cassell & Co., 1890.



Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Nor did he ever make a mark in the House of Commons, although he had taken high honours in the University "Union," and more than one of his speeches in Parliament had a certain *succès d'estime*. He sought consolations in society, and to some extent he found them; but naturally society never satisfied him. The triumphs that had pleased the brilliant young neophyte ceased to have a charm for him, when his acquaintance was more likely to confer distinction than to add to his own. Emphatically the man of many friends, he may be said to have known everybody. It was one of the weaknesses to which we alluded, that notoriety in any shape had an irresistible attraction for him, unless, indeed, it had been allied to vulgarity, which would have revolted his fastidious nature. Consequently, in his social relations he took a catholic and tolerant view of politics. He had made the acquaintance of Louis Napoleon at Gore House; he readily accepted the Emperor's hospitalities at the Tuileries, though, like his old college companion Kinglake, he disapproved of "the conspirators of the Élysée" and their *coup d'état*; and he dined just as readily with Thiers when Thiers had risen to the Presidency on the collapse of the Empire. It should be added that when the Emperor was an exile, Houghton was still staunch in his friendship and ready with his services. Nor is there anything Mr Reid has brought out more forcibly than Lord Houghton's generous and unfailing sympathy with all who were desolate, unfortunate, or oppressed. Consistently paradoxical, his first impulse, when a third party intervened, was summarily and some-

what cynically to reject a petition. His second thoughts and natural liberality would sway him rather towards the opposite extreme. We remember being commissioned to prefer a request in favour of the widow and orphans of a man who had really enjoyed an ample life-income. Lord Houghton made the obvious objection that the defunct should have insured for the benefit of his family; adding, "Would you consider it a deserving case if I were to leave my boy Robin a pauper?" He grumbled and protested again, but all the same, came down very handsomely.

He felt he had failed in public life, nor did he fully realise his ambitions in literature. He had not the spur of necessity to compel him to systematic work; he had too many distractions—too many irons in the fire; and he had some of the flightiness of the poetical temperament, which shines in sparkles and flashes rather than with steady light. All he left behind him was a volume of 'Monographs,' contributions to the *Quarterlies*, the slighter periodicals, and the journals, with sundry volumes of graceful verses. It is characteristic of the man, who in a measure misused his talents, that the poetry by which he is most likely to be remembered are some popular songs set to agreeable melodies. How painfully disappointment weighed upon him at times, is illustrated, as we have said already, in various passages in these volumes. Thus in a letter to his wife, where, *apropos* to the death of Lord Ashburton, he pathetically remarks that the Grange, where he had often had converse with Carlyle, "is gone from me and mine," he goes on: "I have much in common with him—mainly the failure in public life, which he bore with a dignity and manliness

I have never assumed, but which he felt just as acutely." Perhaps what he had chiefly in his mind was that Under-Secretaryship of Foreign Affairs on which he had set his heart. Even as to that, he might possibly have been successful had he been a more diligent and systematic student. He had no capacity for drudgery, and, like Dr Johnson, he shrank from improving himself by conversational practice in the foreign languages, where he felt himself at a disadvantage. He was an excellent Italian scholar, but he had no pretensions to rival politicians like Lord Granville or Sir Charles Dilke in his knowledge of colloquial French; and he was even seriously embarrassed when he sat down to write a French note.

Fond as he was of all sorts of refined society, he was never so happy as in the company of congenial authors. He had an omnivorous appetite, though his tastes were capricious, and loved to be entertained rather than instructed. Genius or cleverness of any kind and in any style was always a recommendation. Not only the bright public rooms but the halls and corridors at Fryston were padded with book-shelves, and it was his pleasure to boast that all the more accessible volumes were eminently readable. He would take down two or three at random, by way of justifying the boast. In fact, though no bookworm, he seemed to estimate books almost instinctively, and to have the memory and perception of a heaven-born librarian. A letter from his old friend Aubrey de Vere in this biography, tells a story which we can firmly believe. He had dropped down, as his fashion was, somewhat unexpectedly on the De Veres' seat in West Ireland. While waiting

for supper he had made a dash round the library, glancing at the backs and titles of the books, and occasionally dipping into a volume. Next morning reference happened to be made to some little-known work, and the host knew not where to lay his hands upon it. Milnes remarked that he had seen it the evening before, and straightway sprang up and produced it. No man was a better authority on some book of the season, almost simultaneously with its appearance, especially when it was concerned with contemporary characters or social and political stories. He not only devoured it hurriedly himself, but he made it his business to collect and collate the opinions of men whose knowledge and judgment carried weight. We remember his lively interest in the first series of the 'Greville Memoirs,' which passed in review so many of the public notorieties he had known, and threw the lights of a general confidant and gossip on much that had been going on behind the scenes. When the Conservative Premier brought out 'Lothair,' selling the forthcoming novel for a sensational price, Houghton eagerly volunteered to review it for 'The Edinburgh.' None the less eagerly, that he had no great liking for Lord Beaconsfield, who had never taken Milnes altogether at his own valuation. Milnes had written, when the two men were together at Lord Ashburton's, "Disraeli was in his grand style and not very pleasant." Moreover, Disraeli had drawn him as Mr Vavasour. Now he had a fair opportunity of indulging his caustic humour and gratifying the old grudge by satirising the gorgeous tinsel and the "Arabian Nights" magnificence which arabesqued a novel of undeniable genius. When we

discussed the article with him, and when he more than adhered to the severity of his strictures, it struck us that the author of 'Palm Leaves' might have had more toleration for the oriental extravagances of the author of 'Alroy.'

In any case, Lord Houghton must rank high among the most versatile and brilliant of conversationalists. If he was not always original, he was invariably bright, and he brought to the talk a many-sided play of fancy, thought, and various knowledge which was sure to animate and make it instructive. Mr Reid says of him very fairly: "Overflowing with information, his mind was brightened by a bright wit, whilst his immense store of apposite anecdotes enabled him to give point and colour to every topic which was brought under discussion." Mr Reid adds that he studied conversation as an art, and, like Johnson, he is said to have carefully prepared himself for the company he expected to meet. He quotes Lord Houghton himself in confirmation of that, but we may say that his talk seemed spontaneous enough; and in fact he was far too impulsive or volatile to tie himself down strictly to a line or a subject. It was a proof at once of his superabundant vitality and his powers that he made the breakfasts, in which he claimed the inheritance of Rogers, a success and a feature in London literary society. Surely in a climate and with social conditions like our own, no entertainments can generally be more depressing! But his table was always surrounded by celebrated guests, and when a young aspirant was known to have breakfasted more than once with Milnes, it was regarded as a brevet of promise and capability. It

meant money and press notices when a book, or rather a second book, was to be brought forth. And the host at these unseasonable banquets was always seen relatively at his best. Had it been a French noonday *déjeuner*, with generous wines in abundance, the guests might have held their own with him. But Milnes had the early morning courage on which Napoleon and the Duke of Wellington prided themselves, and he would get exhilarated, if not intoxicated, over the tea and the coffee.

His education and early circumstances were greatly against him. A somewhat weakly child, he was never sent to a public school. Nor, although his father appreciated his abilities and cherished high hopes as to his future as a politician, did father and son ever pull satisfactorily together. Nor did it help to smooth matters when the elder Milnes refused a peerage offered by Lord Palmerston, for the son set a sufficient value on social distinctions, and had no desire to struggle unnecessarily against the tide, when he could float with the stream in a cork jacket. Moreover, although Mr Reid does not go much into financial details, in early life he had no superfluity of money. The debts of an extravagant uncle weighed heavily upon the family estates, though it is characteristic of Milnes's generous unselfishness, that far from owing the spendthrift a grudge, he lived with him on terms of warm friendship. But when he went up to Cambridge, to Trinity College, he was singularly fortunate in his friendships and associates. It would be long to enumerate the men destined to various distinction who were more or less his intimates. Among others were

Charles Buller and John Sterling, Trench, Julius Hare, Praed, Hallam, Thackeray, Alford, Kinglake, and the brothers Tennyson. He was welcomed at once in the most intellectual set, and Arthur Hallam wrote of him very shrewdly in 1829 to Mr Gladstone: "Milnes is one of our aristocracy of intellect here. A kind-hearted fellow as well as a very clever one, but vain and paradoxical." He figured as one of the most conspicuous debaters at the Union, evidently bestowing much thought on his speeches, as is shown by the letters to members of his family. Yet his spirits were as easily dashed as they were elevated, and he found the examinations a formidable ordeal, although he might have passed them more successfully with greater resolution. Deferring his intention of standing for the borough of Pontefract, which is within a short drive of the family seat, he travelled in Germany, and afterwards visited Ireland. We allude to the Irish tour, because it was then he made the acquaintance of Eliot Warburton, with whom he kept up a close friendship till Warburton's tragical death. He has told us that the author of 'The Crescent and the Cross' set so little value on the delightful book, that he offered it to Kinglake to cut up into footnotes for 'Eothen.' When he visited Greece and the East, the poet who celebrated Mahomet was characteristically divided between his sympathies with the constitutional aspirations of the emancipated Greeks, and his admiration of the picturesque manners and customs of the Turks of the old school. His sympathies in the one direction found vent in verse; those in the other were expressed in prosaic letters to England.

He was a man of twenty-seven when, in 1836, he made his start in London with definite if not very exalted ambitions, and with many social advantages. "He was young; he was gifted; he had already gained a certain measure of repute as a poet and a critic." The young man indulged freely in gaiety, though scarcely in dissipation, and Mr Reid gives a fair idea of his character, tastes, and pursuits:—

"He was no anchorite; on the contrary, even before this period of his life had been reached, his friends spoke of him as an epicurean; fond of the good things of this life in the common sense of the term, but happily also fond of the best things of this life in the highest sense of the words. From the first, therefore, after he had pitched his tent in the great wilderness of London, he seems to have made it his mission to combine, as far as might be, the two worlds with which, by temperament, he sympathised—the world of pleasure and the world of intellect."

When a man of genuine ability makes up his mind as to the course he is to pursue, and follows it out with steadfast determination, he is pretty sure to succeed. Milnes had some reason to be assured of his own powers of fascination. As Mr Reid points out, he shrank from the eloquent monologues in which Macaulay and his friend Carlyle were wont to indulge. Having a nervous horror of being deemed a bore, he became a sprightly professional talker. Afterwards when he figured as host, he had learned to put a constraint upon himself, and to endeavour to draw out his guests in place of trying to dazzle them. With regard to the vice of engrossing the conversation, Mr Reid tells an excellent story of the first meeting of the two great historians:—

"Shortly after Macaulay's return to London" (from India) "Milnes met him at a breakfast at Rogers', at which Carlyle was also present. The fame of Carlyle's utterances—for, as I have shown, I can scarcely speak of his talk as conversation—was then at its zenith, and Rogers' guests had gone expecting to enjoy a rich treat. But Macaulay, his mind overflowing with the stores of knowledge which had been accumulating during his sojourn in India, seized the first opening that presented itself, and having once obtained the ear of the company, never allowed it to escape even for a moment till the party was at an end. Greatly dissatisfied at the issue of a morning from which he had expected so much, Milnes followed Carlyle into the street. 'I am so sorry,' he said to the philosopher, 'that Macaulay would talk so much and prevent our having a single word from you.' Carlyle turned round, and held up his hands in astonishment. 'What!' he said, with his accent of Annandale, 'was that the Right Honourable Tom? I had no idea that it was the Right Honourable Tom. Ah well, I understand the Right Honourable Tom now.'"

Se non e vero, e ben trovato. It is a good story, and it is characteristic of Milnes that he should vicariously and unconsciously have resented Macaulay's monopolising the talk. But it sounds incredible that the shrewd and sarcastic philosopher, who disliked being left out in the cold at least as much as Milnes, should have failed to identify the omniscient essayist, were it only from the overflow of the treasures he had brought home from the East.

From France in 1841 there are several interesting letters to Sir Robert Peel. Milnes is said to have seen much of the king and M. Guizot, and to have been accredited by both with unofficial messages. After all, the messages seem to have been couched in general

terms of civility, expressing the natural desire that nothing should be done to endanger the friendly relations of the countries. But doubtless Milnes was encouraged to believe that they must induce Peel to offer him, sooner or later, the post he desired. The humorous account of an interview with the Premier two years afterwards, is quite sufficient to explain his disappointments. Peel regarded all light *littérateurs* as triflers, and poets with their unprofitable pursuits as the butterflies of the human species. Carlyle had prompted Milnes to press Tennyson's claims for a pension. The rival claimant was Sheridan Knowles, the popular dramatist. As Carlyle had put it, "Richard Milnes, on the Day of Judgment, when the Lord asks you why you did not get the pension for Alfred Tennyson, it will not do to lay the blame on your constituents; it is *you* that will be damned." Accordingly,—

"Peel consulted Milnes as to the course which he ought to take, accompanying the appeal by the statement that for himself he knew absolutely nothing either of Mr Tennyson or Mr Knowles.

"'What!' said Milnes. 'Have you never seen the name of Sheridan Knowles on a playbill?'

"'No,' replied Peel.

"'And have you never read a poem of Tennyson's?'

"'No,' was again the answer, accompanied by a request that Milnes would let him see something which Tennyson had written. Accordingly Milnes sent to Sir Robert Peel the two poems of 'Locksley Hall' and 'Ulysses,' &c."

Among his literary friends there were few whom he valued more highly than Mrs Proctor, the wife of "Barry Cornwall." She was a frequent guest at Fryston, where she kept her favourite seat at a

particular corner of the breakfast-table, as he was a regular visitor in the house in Weymouth Street, where she lived before, as a very old lady, she changed it for a celestial tenement in Queen Anne's Mansions. There he used to meet Dickens, Thackeray, and many a minor celebrity; and for long, when Robert Browning was in London, he was always to be found with Mrs Proctor of a Sunday afternoon. Her letters are worth reading for their own sake, and especially for the sprightliness of touch as to current literary gossip. Mrs Proctor, when drawing on her reminiscences, used to laugh good-humouredly at the story told by Mr Reid of Milnes's appearance at a State Fancy Ball in 1844. Of all characters in the world, Milnes had pitched upon Chaucer, and Macready had been called in to superintend "the grave and simple costume." Wordsworth, as we know from a memorable recollection of the Ettrick Shepherd's, had little charity or consideration for the smaller fry of Parnassus. He growled out sarcastically, when he heard of this, "If Monckton Milnes goes as Chaucer, the father of English poetry, all that is left for me is to go as Monckton Milnes." Naturally, as a somewhat prominent celebrity in society, Milnes appeared among the graphic sketches from life in one of Disraeli's social novels. As we have remarked, the two men never took to each other, but the portrait of the Mr Vavasour of 'Tancred' is truthful and not unkindly, if slightly caricatured. Mr Vavasour was to be unmistakably identified by his habits and tastes as well as by his idiosyncrasy:—

"Mr Vavasour's breakfasts were renowned. Whatever your creed, class,

or merit,—one might almost add, your character,—you were a welcome guest at his matutinal meal, provided you were celebrated. That qualification, however, was rigidly enforced. . . . All this was very well in the Albany, and only funny; but when he collected his menageries at his ancestral hall, the sport sometimes became tragic. A real philosopher, alike from his genial disposition, and from the influence of his rich and various information, Vavasour moved amid the strife, sympathising with every one. . . . His life was a gyration of energetic curiosity, an insatiable whirl of social celebrity. . . . He was everywhere and at everything; he had gone down in a diving-bell, gone up in a balloon. As for his acquaintances, he was welcomed in every land; his universal sympathies seemed omnipotent."

In the beginning of 1846 Milnes wrote a letter to his old friend Mr Gladstone, which indicates, according to Mr Reid, the turning-point in his career. Lord Canining had resigned the Under-Secretaryship for Foreign Affairs. In this communication, which was marked "private," Milnes gave free expression to his wishes, and frankly urged his pretensions in something resembling an ultimatum. If what he considered his reasonable claims were ignored, he should take it as an intimation that the career of a politician was closed to him. As the letter had no result, he may have regretted stooping to make the appeal, though in such matters he was by no means morbidly sensitive. In any case, thenceforth he seems to have considered his fate was fixed: he renounced his dearer and graver ambitions; and consequently the rest of these volumes of biography is mainly the somewhat monotonous story of the social existence of a man who had to be content to go on as he had begun, and grow old in a

round of intellectual dissipation. The chief interest is in the revelations and sidelights as to the men of many countries and conditions with whom Lord Houghton lived in more or less familiar intercourse. Consequently we may be content merely to glance at them, but we need hardly say that they well repay careful perusal. They are full, besides, of examples of the generosity and good-nature which so often lent a welcome helping hand to unfriended strangers as well as to friends. Sometimes his influence was far more helpful to others than it had ever been to himself. For instance, it was through his instrumentality that his old intimate MacCarthy obtained the lucrative governorship of Ceylon, which, with its income of £8000 a-year, is the best post in the service of the Crown. Now we find him successfully exerting himself to assist the father and the husband of Charlotte Brontë, from warm admiration of the lady's genius; and again he is volunteering, with purse and pen, to make things smoother for poor Tom Hood, in the pecuniary anxieties of Hood's last illness. But no episode shows him in a more favourable light than that of his relations with David Gray, the humbly-born Scotch poet, if we may rely on the version adopted by Mr Reid, which *prima facie* is probable enough. Gray, in a brief and abrupt epistle, may be said to have put a pistol to Milnes's head, saying, "Your money or my life:"—

"SIR,—You promised to read my poem. I travelled from Glasgow to give it you and to push my fortune. Looking two days before me, I see starvation. Shall I send or bring it? I know that you do not want to be troubled with people of my sort com-

ing about you,—that is what makes me ask. Whatever you do, do it quickly in God's name."

Many men would have resented the rough appeal, and preached to the writer on his criminal imprudence. Milnes acted with promptitude and the most delicate liberality. He always remembered the classical maxim, *bis dat qui cito dat*, which has its counterpart in the Scriptural precept about not making the needy eyes to wait. In a couple of hours he had driven to the wretched lodging in the Borough, carrying with him a cabful of delicacies. Subsequently, when the excitable poet came to Brook Street one morning, after passing a frenzied night in the Park, the long-suffering Milnes welcomed and comforted him, supplying him with clothes as well as food. That night had sown the seeds of consumption in a frail constitution, and it was by Milnes that the invalid was sent to Torquay, and it was to Milnes he confidently applied in the last stage of his illness to provide the means for a journey to the East. Death interfered to disconcert that plan, but the patron's generosity did not end with burying the poet and supplying a tombstone. He sent money for the relief of the family, which was gratefully acknowledged.

We might have taken it for granted that his generosity was sometimes abused, and Mr Reid gives one amusing instance. A gentleman, described as a well-known man of letters, wrote Milnes, to protest with honest indignation against an atrocious calumny. "I am told that — took it upon himself to warn you against me as a man who would not improbably attempt to borrow a five-pound note." His prayer was that Milnes might give him

an opportunity of practically confuting the slander. He was invited to Brook Street; he was made welcome at Fryston, and not long afterwards came the peremptory demand, not for the five pounds, "but for £50, which he must have within twenty-four hours to stave off imminent ruin. And when Milnes, instead of sending the £50, writes kindly to him, inquiring the nature of the emergency which has necessitated such a demand, he is repaid by a letter, modelled apparently on the immortal epistle of Dr Johnson to Lord Chesterfield, in which his 'patronage' is repudiated, his character maligned, and his pretensions to literary eminence turned to ridicule."

In 1863, Milnes, when getting on in years, was gratified by the peerage he hoped to have inherited. He affected to take it grumblingly as "a second class"—as a sort of consolation stakes in the political races. Of course he was pleased, and he liked the title, for few men more appreciated social distinctions. His friends knew it, and Mr Reid prints a selection from innumerable congratulatory letters. Mr Gladstone writes as Premier:—

"I cannot sign the appointment to the Chiltern Hundreds without a word of regret, though I write it partially in the dark. . . . If you are about to be removed to 'another place,' I sincerely hope you may derive gratification from the transfer, which I believe would be regarded by the public as a just tribute to your character and powers. The superior beings among whom you may then go, could not have more pleasure in receiving you, than we, your humble companions, have regret in losing you."

We may remark, parenthetically, that Milnes, although an advanced Liberal, and a hearty admirer of Mr Gladstone's genius,

never hesitated to differ from the great man, and to speak his mind—notably on the American and Oriental questions, and on the arrangements at the British Museum, as to which he probably believed himself by far the better authority. There are happy and graceful notes from Mr Delane and Dean Stanley, and one from Carlyle which is characteristic: "The new Grace of Fortune is a thing we are all glad of and wish well to. I will only say, may the noble British Peerage, once one of the noblest things in all the world, and still a very noble, find you an honour and possession to it, and you it a ditto, ditto to you!" The two men had been attracted to each other from the first, perhaps by the cynical and paradoxical humour which was common to both; and the irritable Chelsea Sage had taken kindly to the hospitable master of Fryston. At Fryston he had licence to indulge his humours, and was made comfortable, so far as possible, in monastic silence and seclusion. On the very last visit, we are told that he came down to breakfast the first morning in a shockingly bad humour, but was gradually soothed into complacency by unobtrusive attention.

In 1866, as one of the English Commissioners to the French Exhibition, Lord Houghton revived old friendships, and made many new acquaintances. He was introduced to the reigning spirits in light literature and fiction—to About and Flaubert, to Daudet and Zola. For the friend of Mr Algernon Swinburne had a catholic toleration for all the eccentric forms of French genius, even when it confounded licentious realism with artistic freedom. At the same time, there are letters from graver men,

which show that the catholic liberality was reciprocal. We may single out a flattering passage in a letter from Montalembert: "Mrs Craven would be delighted to hear from you, particularly if you take the trouble to read her book, 'Récit d'une Sœur.' I am sure it will greatly interest you."

Unlike most of us, Lord Houghton early got over the worst of his earthly trials, and few men upon the whole led a more pleasant or placid existence. When he had once resigned himself to carry the cross of the disappointment of his political aspirations, he walked away with it contentedly enough. And when the destructive fire occurred at Fryston in 1876, he consoled himself philosophically with the general sympathy of his friends. He was happy in his circumstances, his habits, and his children. Possibly, as infirmities began to grow upon him, he may have felt the mortification of honours coming too late. He very sensibly declined the succession to the Presidency of the Geographical Society, although he had always taken a lively interest in its proceedings, and would once have delighted in the duties of the post and the distinction it conferred. He writes rather sadly in 1882 that his limbs are crippled and his brain growing dull, so that he found himself incapable of writing a promised article for the 'Quarterly.' Nevertheless, he stuck manfully to his

métier. "Though he was thus crippled, he resolutely pursued his social life, resolved that illness should make as little difference as possible in his ordinary habits. During his stay in Scotland, he visited at many of the country houses he had known in earlier days. . . . And he could talk just as delightfully as of old of the people and the places he had known in bygone times." But his old friends had been dropping off fast, and death came to surprise him at Vichy in the summer of 1885. One Sunday he took part in an animated conversation at the *table d'hôte* of his hotel, explaining to some French Republicans the services the Prince of Wales was able to render to English society. That night he was suddenly taken ill, and he had breathed his last early on the following morning. So the intellectual *viveur* and the man of society *par excellence* may be said to have literally dropped in harness; but we know that he deserved the eulogy pronounced by Mr Reid: "The kindest of human hearts ceased to beat, and the shadow of a great sorrow fell upon a thousand homes of rich and poor, of cultured and simple, scattered throughout the world, in all of which his presence had been welcomed as that of a friend." There was no man to whom, as a simple acquaintance, we should have turned with more confidence for counsel or assistance of any kind in case of real and urgent distress.

PROFESSOR LOMBROSO'S NEW THEORY OF POLITICAL CRIME.

LITTRÉ, that eminent French writer and thinker, lays it down as his opinion that political crime is among all crimes that which most demands our careful attention—at least as modern society is constituted—because its effects not only operate on individuals, but on the public weal, international relations, and public morality. "This crime," he goes on to say, "is worthy of being studied as a case of social pathology."

Whether it was this suggestion on the part of Littré, or whether it was the logical consequence of all his previous studies in criminal science, in any case the Frenchman's desire has been carried out by Professor Lombroso of Turin, in a large and important work just published in Italy, called 'Il Delitto Politico e la Rivoluzione' ('Political Crime and Revolution'). It is a book crowded with a mass of careful research, of facts and figures and data, and, as such, forms rather stiff reading for the general public, to whom also the circumstance that it is written in Italian will help to make it less accessible. Still, like all Professor Lombroso's previous works, it cannot be overlooked by those who would keep themselves *au fait* of the modes and methods of modern thought; for the influence of Lombroso's books in Italy, France, and Germany has been as immediate and decisive as that of 'The Origin of Species.' It is not to our honour that in England as yet he is so little known.

It is for this reason that I propose to give an account of the book in these pages, though from its technical character, its discursiveness, and its great length, my

remarks thereon must necessarily be but cursory. But if they excite the reader's curiosity, and induce him to go to the fountain-head, some purpose will have been effected.

This important work, yet another evidence of the powerful vitality which informs the Italian School of Criminal Anthropology, is divided into two parts. The first, treating of the anthropology and sociology of political crime, is entirely the work of Professor Lombroso himself. In the second, which sets forth the manifestations of political crime in ancient and modern history, and studies penal codes from the point of view of criminal anthropology, Lombroso has been assisted by Professor Laschi. The methods of investigation pursued by the Italian scientist in his previous works are, of course, also followed in this book—that is to say, the criminal is regarded as rather an organic than a psychological anomaly. He is studied in himself, physiologically and anatomically, as well as in his *milieu*. Tables of statistics and graphic representations of the relative frequency of a particular kind of crime are given. In short, an attempt is made to introduce the light and order of science into the great limbo of crime, with the hope thus in time to lead up to a legislation somewhat more rational and discriminating than the inadequate patchwork which mere empiricism and antiquated and unscientific conceptions has begotten for us.

It is needful, first of all, to define what is meant by the term political crime. Many celebrated penal lawyers have asserted that

such a thing does not exist. Daily experience shows us how very lightly the so-called "free" countries regard political crimes committed on the territories of their less fortunate neighbours. Lombroso, on the contrary, insists that such a crime does exist. He maintains that the majority in every country is a hater of everything new (misonic). He goes on to assert that we are all misonic—even the most progressive-minded among us—adducing endless examples from customs, religion, science, letters, arts, even fashions, to prove his point. This leads him to the momentarily startling assertion that the existence of misonic in the majority implicates—nay, necessitates—the existence of political crime. This crime Lombroso defines as any violent assault against the political, religious, or social misonic of the majority—against the form of government which results from it, and the persons who officially represent it. For misonic is, from this point of view, as much a physiological characteristic of society as a whole, as material and mental functions are physiological characteristics of each particular individual. Every violent assault on the misonic of society is therefore an assault on a physiological fact; and since this fact is a social fact, an attack on it is anti-social, which is equivalent to saying that it is a crime.

Now, the progress of the world requires that misonic should not reign supreme. It must be offended from time to time. But in the mode of offending it consists the difference between political crime and the legitimate working of change—in other words, between rebellion and revolution. Revolutions, in the proper sense of the word, are immediately determined, almost without excep-

tion, by some neurotic genius or historical occurrence. Nevertheless, the genius and the occurrence are, so to speak, accidental; the changes they work have been slowly ripening throughout the course of years, just as the infiltration of a little water and the generation of a certain amount of steam may produce some tremendous telluric catastrophe, which in truth has been preparing for long ages in the gradual, ceaseless working of the earth's internal forces. Revolutions, therefore, are no crime. They are the historical expressions of a people's development. They are necessary from the point of view of the physiology of society regarded as an entity, and can in no sense of the word be classed as anti-social. They change the religion or the government with which the genius of the people among whom they occur is no longer in harmony, with the smallest possible amount of friction, substituting the new order of things with the least offence to the misonic tendency of the majority, and hence with the greatest possible amount of success. Rebellions, on the other hand, are hatched out hurriedly, artificially, at false temperature, and under high pressure; they are therefore embryos doomed to certain death.

Such is the key-note of Professor Lombroso's new work. Under the heading of misonic, he adduces endless examples to show that the extension and tyranny of the law of inertia in the moral world—that hatred now so little recognised, which takes its rise in the difficulty and disgust which we feel when we have to substitute a new sensation for an old one—is so common even in animals that it must be classed as physiological in its character. The dislike shown

by animals to all that is new is well known to those who have observed them closely. Lombroso cites the instance of an ape, which, let loose in its native haunts, after having been dressed in European fashion, was received with horror and shunned by its companions; and a hen which, painted green by an artist, was mercilessly pecked and hunted out of the yard by the other fowls. (Æsop no doubt would have deduced from these incidents other conclusions than those drawn by Lombroso.) Dogs which always bark quite needlessly, and not because they have to keep watch, at every carriage which passes through the silent street of the village—horses which shy when their riders appear in a different dress—cows which refuse to be milked when the milkmaid is in holiday attire,—these and endless other cases may be cited as examples of the fundamental misoneism of organic nature.¹ Nor need we do more than mention the ingrained conservatism of children. Every one, for instance, who has told them stories, knows how they delight in the repetition of the same tales—nay, even of the self-same words—and how they notice and correct any change. Varigni tells us how a little boy two years of age, who was very fond of him, recoiled from him in horror when he was obliged, in consequence of rheumatic pains, to wrap up his leg in cotton-wool, looked at him with suspicion, and uttered frantic howls. Even after he was well he sought to avoid him, and cried whenever he went too near; and

only after several months, and in the presence of a third person, did he consent to listen to him and shake hands. Women, too, have a large dose of this quality. They cling to their particular method of religion, to time-hallowed customs, to forms often grown empty of meaning. In some regions and tribes this extends to the language of their ancestors, so that they often speak differently from the men, when these, as in America, or on the Orinoco, have adopted the tongue of the surrounding tribes. To this day the peasant women of the Romagna speak a language hardly changed from the Latin of old times. Savages are classed by Lombroso in the same category as women and children—i.e., as beings whose psychic weakness is such as to prevent them, once they have assimilated a certain number of sensations, from assimilating others, especially if the difference be great, and there is no connecting link between them. Thus in primitive languages an elephant is a *bull with the teeth*; in Chinese, horses are *big dogs*; in Sanscrit, a stable for horses is a *stable for oxen for horses*; a pair of horses is a *yoke of oxen of horses*. If connecting links be wanting, the perception is associated with such fatigue as to produce real pain, which sometimes reveals itself in horror. There then takes place in the normal mind that which happened in the case of a lunatic woman, who, whenever she went out of doors, remained impressed with the first object or first person she saw, and for the whole day sub-

¹ Lombroso himself is an amusing case in point. From early youth he possessed the art of divining fruitful ideas, which at the time seemed absurd to scientific men as well as to the public. Every line of investigation he took up was at the time apparently opposed to the current tendency of thought, and only received attention at a later date.

stituted that first sensation to all others. The confusion became still more complete when the persons or objects she afterwards met were unknown to her. Then she did not succeed in rectifying her judgment. She used to get especially angry with her daughter, of whom she was in reality very fond, and whom, although she fully recognised her, she used to see under the aspect of the first person or even beast whom she had met in the morning, and she would sometimes get so infuriated with her that she even tried to murder her. This same woman could not go into a new district, even if she were accompanied, because the horror and the confusion which then took possession of her were so great as to make her attempt to commit suicide. When, therefore, the reasoning faculties are suspended, as in mental disease, misoneism stands revealed in all its force as the fundamental groundwork of the human mind. Hence weak or weakened intellects, or primitive minds, show the greatest repulsion to what is new—except, of course, where merely small innovations are concerned, such as fashion among women, the change of tattooing from elliptic to circular among savages, toys among children. These things not only raise no dislike, but on the contrary a lively desire, because they excite without irritating or paining the nervous centres which, notwithstanding this ingrained tendency, yet have need of a certain amount of change. If the innovation in question is too radical, then the mass of the community assimilates itself to the savage, to women and children, and refuses it with horror. "We may compare the ordinary man," says Lombroso, "thus shut up to innovation to the hypnotised subject

who, when he has once received an inhibitory suggestion, does not see a given image which he has under his eyes; and we can understand how ridiculous and impious must seem to him the man who approves and adopts these innovations." And the word *trovare* (find) comes from *turbare* (to trouble); troubadour, *trouvère*.

The nations certainly furnish us with salient examples of the truth of Lombroso's contention in the persistence with which they preserve the customs and moral tendencies of their ancestors. Syrians, Gipsies, Bedouins, have remained almost unmodified for centuries; even among the Greeks, the French, the Hungarians, Lombroso traces the national characteristics of Pelagic, Gallic, and Hunnish forefathers. See, again, how the bacchanalia have held their ground in spite of all religious modifications. The Carnival of the South is their direct offspring. The processions at Verona to this day even contain men dressed in all points like ancient bacchantes. Indeed, the most superficial observation of the festivals of the Roman Catholic Church proves how it preserves heathen ritual. Close bodies are always strongly misoneistic, especially when they have to deal with sentiment, whose very essence is atavistic. Thus, if we examine well into the grounds of our religion, we even find that fetichism is by no means extinct—nay, not even among societies calling themselves free-thinking. When the French Revolution was at its height of frenzy, on the death of Marat, Brochet caused thousands of copies of a litany to be printed with this refrain, "Heart of Jesus, heart of Marat, protect us!" The worship of rocks and stones had to be forbidden

by the Church five hundred years after Christ; and even now travellers visiting the sanctuaries of Piedmont may catch strange echoes of this ancient adoration among the peasantry, who know not what to venerate most, the image of the Madonna, or the rock under which it was found, so inextricably are the two associated in their minds. Who that is familiar with the ballad poetry of Scotland or Brittany, or is versed in stories of kelpies, who that has seen the numberless pilgrims who wend their way to Lourdes, can say that the worship of wells and springs is extinct? Or who that reflects on the innumerable superstitions concerning the divining-rod, the wonder-working rope with which a man has been hanged, lucky and unlucky days, Easter eggs, pilgrimages for the dead, rain, ghosts, witches, love-philters, &c., can fail to be struck with the inherent inertia of human nature? What, for example, can be said in favour of the superstitions concerning Friday, which date back from the earliest times of Christianity? In Paris, where the omnibuses carry on an average 317,000 men a-day, a difference of 217,000 persons is observable on Fridays. The little pigs which it was lately the fashion to wear, half in jest, half in earnest, as *portebonneurs*, have come down to us from the Romans, to whom this animal was sacred.

It is almost needless to heap up examples. Sentiment, the foundation-stone of human nature, is essentially misoneistic, and religion, the embodiment of sentiment, is also the embodiment of misoneism. Hence morality, which is in fact more closely connected with religion than it is fashionable just now to allow, is also

strongly misoneistic. Lombroso quotes the incident of an Australian, who, having lost his wife through illness, declared that he must follow the usages of his own people and kill a woman of some other tribe. Threatened with imprisonment, he remained silent from that day forth, filled with remorse at the idea of failing in his duty, until at last he made his escape, and returned after some time contented at having paid his sacred debt. "Again, what else is it but this that we call misoneism," continues Lombroso, "that prevents the speedy acceptance of scientific improvements, and causes them to excite the wrath of the populace?" Nor the populace only. Even to educated men old traditions cling strangely. Thus, when in 1760 the Spanish Government proposed to cleanse the streets of Madrid, the very doctors opposed the operation, declaring it to be impossible to calculate the dangers of such an experiment. The evil exhalations themselves, they contended, by rendering the air heavier, took from it every unwholesome property. Nor are examples lacking of interesting misoneism among famous men. Thus Schopenhauer, that greatest of philosophical heretics, could speak of the political revolutionaries only in words of pity and scorn, and left his fortune to those who, in 1848, had helped to repress their noble endeavours. Bacon laughed at Gilbert and Copernicus, and did not believe in the applicability of instruments, and even of mathematics, to the exact sciences. Voltaire denied the existence of fossils, and Darwin of the Stone Age and of hypnotism, just as Robin and Quatrefages deny Darwin's theory. Laplace denied the existence of meteorites, because, said he, amid

the thundering applause of his academical audience, no stones can fall from the sky, seeing that in the sky there are no stones. The extreme slowness with which discoveries make their way is another proof of the misoneism of human nature.

"There is no modern discovery, great or small," says Lombroso, "photography, electricity, steam, illuminating gas, &c., &c., which has not been rediscovered, not only once but many times, and in many epochs, and always to the detriment of the discoverer, remaining for the most part in the state of a child's plaything."

"The steam-engine," writes Fournier, "was a toy in the times of Hero of Alexandria and Anthemius of Trallis. The human mind and the needs of our race must labour millions of times under the guidance of experience before drawing all the consequences from a fact."

The same rule applies to theories. Even that of selection does not belong to Darwin: it has profound roots in the past. "Existing species only exist, thanks to their astuteness, force, and velocity. The others have perished," writes Lucretius. And Plutarch, asked why horses, which had been followed by wolves, were swifter than others, adduced as a reason that "they alone had survived, while the others, having been lazy, had been overtaken and devoured." Newton's law was, as we all know, already tried in the sixteenth century, especially by Copernicus and Kepler, and had been almost completed by Hooke. The same things may be asserted of magnetism, chemistry, and even criminal anthropology, so long believed to be a protectress of crime, immorality, and so forth. Therefore, even in the very domain of science, misoneism is a formidable force.

Passing on to art and letters,

Lombroso shows how it is nothing else but the working of this law of misoneism which still makes such a fetich of grammar and the classical languages; or that induced the Greeks to continue to represent in marble the mode of architecture that suited the wooden temples they had formerly built. Professor Häckel found this law of inertia at work even among the apparently capricious vagaries of fashion, proving that the modern black coat, with its cuffs, its buttons behind, is merely a remnant of the military coat of three or four centuries back, while the waistcoat is the ancient cuirass.

In no domain can misoneistic ideas be more clearly traced, in no field are they more in view, than that of politics. On this theme Lombroso breaks out into expressions quite Carlylesque in their grim humour. "A lie is the faith in a parliamentary régime which every day lays bare its sad powerlessness, and the faith in the infallibility of men who are often inferior to us; a lie is the absolute faith in a justice which, at an enormous expense to honest men, touches hardly twenty per cent of the guilty, and these for the most part the fools, while it leaves the others not only free, but often admired and obeyed, among the defenceless and innocent who are their destined victims." Duels, the immense sums spent on ornaments rather than on public instruction or agriculture, are not these things also a misoneistic survival of tribal and savage days? The tendency to swear by great names, be they Mazzini, Garibaldi, or Cavour, in altered circumstances; the desire to re-establish governments which were called negations of God, like that of the Bourbons in Naples, the Carlists in Spain, the Legitimists

in France, &c. The secular survival of the castes in India, our own continued instinctive devotion to the aristocracy, even when we know them degenerate in race and character, what are these but immovable atavism?

In a word, the past is so incarnate in us that the most rebellious feel its irresistible attraction. And if civilisation not seldom makes a way for itself, it is because it finds, in changes of climate, of race, or in the rise of geniuses and madmen, circumstances such as to produce a sum of small movements, which, in a century, make a great one. But even this progress is necessarily extremely slow. Any attempt at precipitation goes against the physiological nature of man; hence a revolution which is not an evolution is pathological and consequently criminal.

And herein may be sought the reason why, in primitive legislation, offence against customary use is held as the greatest of crimes, the height of immorality. The traditions of our forefathers, the laws of the Medes and Persians which alter not, are repeated under different forms among all peoples, and hedged about with all manner of punishment. Among the most misoneistic of nations in this respect stand, as might be expected, the Chinese, whose law, at the time of Confucius, records some curious examples illustrative of the misoneistic theory. It was written, for example:—

“For him who altering the words corrupts the law, who confuses titles and rules, who professes false doctrines to disorder the government, penalty of death; for him who composes licentious music, who makes strange clothes, who manufactures crafty mechanisms or extraordinary

implements to move the minds of the princes, penalty of death. Among prohibitions of less importance, entailing pecuniary penalty, utensils in ordinary use not conforming to legal measurements, cloth and silk when the piece does not consist of the legal number of threads and is not of the legal dimensions, licentious colours which cloud the primary colours, carpentering work not conforming to the legal mode of cutting, are not to be sold in the market.”

“Here there is,” adds Lombroso, “a true physiological misoneism which permits not even colours different from those in ordinary use, just as we have seen it among animals and primitive peoples, and considers as a sin or as an immorality the use of one colour rather than another.”

Goncourt remarks that if the ‘*Revue des Deux Mondes*’ were to change the colour of its paper cover it would lose at least two thousand subscribers. The standpoint assumed is well expressed in the following extract from the Indian law of Manu: “Immemorable custom is the principal law approved by revelation, consequently he who desires the good of his soul must perseveringly conform to immemorable custom.” In Greece too, and even in volatile Athens, there was a strong tincture of misoneism. Sacrilege, and hence the rejection of habits and beliefs, was essentially a political crime. Socrates was condemned as guilty of not believing in the Attic gods and of wishing to introduce new ones. Even popular superstition had to be respected. An Exagora was expelled and fined for having said that the sun was not an incandescent stone. Cliantes of Samos wanted the Athenians to accuse Aristarchus for having affirmed that the earth made an oblique revolution along the zodiac, rotating on its axis. In Sparta, civic degradation was threatened against those who

should dare to propose to the people the abrogation of Lycurgus's penalties for homicide; and we all remember, too, the Greek city, in which any one who was hardy enough to propose a change in the constitution had to appear with a halter round his neck, safe to be strung up if his amendment was rejected.

Having thus insisted on the misoneistic groundwork of human nature, Lombroso considers at great length the two methods, revolution and rebellion, by which it is offended. True, no hard-and-fast line can be drawn between them. Revolutions are necessarily accompanied by rebellion; but these are hardly noticed, they burn out as soon as they appear: they are the breaking of the shell of the mature chick. Revolutions are always successful sooner or later, according as the embryo is more or less mature, and according as the people and times are more or less adapted to evolution. They move slowly, and thus wound as little as it is possible the misoneism of the masses. They are more or less widely diffused, general, and followed by the whole country; they are the work specially of the middle and lower classes—seldom, if ever, of the upper. They appear but rarely, never among backward peoples, and always for very important causes or high ideals. The immediate exciting cause may be slight, but the fundamental *raison d'être* is grave. The French Revolution began with the outcry against monopoly of grain; but the first violence of which the people was capable was directed, not against the bakers, but against the Bastille. The English insurrection against the Stuarts began with the refusal of Hampden to pay a tax; but the trial of

Charles I. was begun and ended on grounds of administrative order,—it was a violent reaction against the abuse of popular rights and liberties. Revolutions, moreover, are often fostered by the death of their leaders, who thus become heroic figures, and whose opinions, being in reality progressive, gradually leaven the misoneism of the masses.

Rebellions, on the other hand, are always partial, the work of a limited group of castes or individuals. Any rank of society may be concerned in them, even, nay, especially, the higher classes,—assuming, of course, that there is no question of levelling them down to their poorer brethren. Seditions are occasioned by unimportant causes, often local or personal; they are closely connected with alcoholism, and still more with climate. They aim at no high ideals, and attain no aim; or, if they do, it is an aim contrary to the general wellbeing. They abound among backward peoples and the uneducated, as, for instance, Mexico, San Domingo, the small medieval republics, the South American States. Women and criminals take more part in them than honest men. Rebellions, as opposed to revolutions, cease with the death of their leaders. They are usually the produce either of hot countries or of great heights, where diminished atmospheric pressure impoverishes the blood; while revolutions are more frequent in temperate and lowland regions.

It is difficult obviously to draw a hard-and-fast line between revolution and rebellion. Revolutions may proceed from a just cause—may be impersonal, may be general; but they may be precocious, like those of Marcel in France, of Peter the Great in Russia; or

they may have arisen among the lowest social strata, such as the Jacqueries; or have sprouted forth among the highest classes, and thus be out of reach of the comprehension and contact of the mass. This was the case with Nihilism in its earliest manifestations. They all end by triumphing, but until they adapt themselves to their surroundings may constitute a political crime, though one that is evidently but temporary, which a time not far distant will transform into heroism or martyrdom.

Historians are often called upon to decide between revolutions and rebellions. Many are the features they have in common, for even the most legitimate of revolutions cannot be accomplished without a certain amount of violence. Success or non-success in the course of years is often the only proof of the legitimacy or illegitimacy of the agitation, of its physiological or pathological character. The production of geniuses, however, is the highest effort of human evolution. A study, therefore, of their natures and the causes of their being in the agitations in which they appear, will give us, in pure solution, as the chemists would say, the true character and the true causes of those great evolutions which are called revolutions, distinguishing them perfectly from revolts.

Working on these lines, Lombroso proceeds to examine the various conditions—the *milieux*, so to speak—in which revolutions and revolts arise,—the physical, anthropological, social, political, and economical causes from which they spring. Climate, for instance, and meteorological conditions strongly influence the abundance or rarity of insurrections, going far also to determine their revolutionary or seditious char-

acter. In extremes of heat and cold, insurrections are rare. Moderate heat, on the other hand, especially if dry, being favourable to social and political evolution, by reason of the greater energy it infuses into nerve and muscle, is favourable to agitations. Lombroso gives tables showing that, as in the ancient world so in the modern, revolutions and revolts are most abundant in Europe during the spring and summer. Dryness of the atmosphere, hastening the processes of loss and reparation of the nervous system, renders a people excitable and ready to revolt. Thus is explained also the well-known turbulence and impatience of control of mountaineers, recognised from the times of Pisistratus to our own. If the mountain be too high, however, the rarefaction of the atmosphere has a depressing effect; geniuses cease to appear; the race deteriorates physically, morally, and politically.

Race has also an enormous influence on popular movements. Dolichocephalous and fair peoples are much more inclined to agitations than brachycephalous and dark ones. Thus, in the French Revolution, out of eighty-nine great innovators and revolutionaries twenty were brachycephalous, sixty-nine dolichocephalous. The northern fair races of Europe, which lead the vanguard of civilisation, can show the records of few revolts, but of some great revolutions; while the dark races of the extreme south present us with instances of many revolts, but few great revolutions. Further, abundance or poverty of food, the use or abuse of alcoholic drinks, largely influence insurrectionary movements. Extremes of abundance or poverty depress mind and body, and while they may favour revolts, are hostile

to revolutions. Alcoholism is fatal to all strictly revolutionary movements, while it is most fertile in seditions. The impetuous character of revolts is still further shown by the fact that women and youths are constantly found as their instigators and furtherers, while in revolutions appear men of mature age. True, among the Nihilists many women are to be found, but this Lombroso treats as an exception, adducing various social reasons to explain it, such as the fact that Nihilism represents the mystic-religious tendency inherited from the horrors of famine, fire, and inundation in Russia, which has been turned into a political tendency, as is well expressed by the women when they exclaim, speaking of the Revolution, "Thou art my beloved spouse," in the same manner as saints and nuns salute Christ.

In an able chapter Lombroso traces the influence which geniuses, enthusiasts, madmen, and criminals have had on revolution and revolt; discusses the conditions under which political crime is most likely to abound, or rather has actually abounded in the past, and still occurs; and finally applies his researches and conclusions to the elaboration of the punishments, and especially the preventive measures which political crime demands, for he lays the old proverb, "Prevention is better than cure," here, as elsewhere, well to heart.

The perusal of this book recalls the old story of our nursery days

called "Eyes and no eyes." It might be contended that we knew all these things before, that some even are trite. Ordered by Lombroso's hand they assume new significance, and give food for deep reflection concerning the multitudinous external influences which are at work on our whole being, modifying and moulding us individually and *en masse*, even in matters in which we are wont loudly to assert our independence of thought and action. Instead, it seems we are in the power of a host of plastic agents which unswervingly fashion every part of our individual and social life. What becomes of free-will under such circumstances? Have not our modern scientists destroyed it once again? and will the Dantes, and Miltons, and Boethiuses of the future have to reargue it anew? Certainly the results of the scalpel and microscope brought to bear upon *Homo sapiens* is little flattering to the vanity of the self-styled "head of creation." How little of the *sapiens* there is in the bulk of humanity, how dependent the *sapientia* is on muscles, nerves, and disposition of internal parts, on climate and meteorological conditions, our modern scientists amply show. But is there not, perchance, an ineffable something that they miss and lose sight of? We trust so; certainly the tendency of the day is too much to

"Take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies."

HELEN ZIMMERN.

AN EVENING WITH SCHLIEMANN.

"He needs no ship to cross the tide,
 Who, in the lives about him, sees
 Fair window prospects opening wide
 O'er history's fields on every side,
 To Ind and Egypt, Rome and Greece."

—RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE time of the year was April, the thermometer stood at 80°, the days were lengthening, the barley was ripening, as some weary travellers reached a hotel in Cairo. They had seen early morning in a small boat on the Suez Canal, while devout worshippers were saying their prayers, and a camel was threading its way on the banks near Goshen. They had felt the sun at mid-day at Ismailia, seen the desert and the palms and the low flat mud-buildings of the poor fellahin. They noticed for the first time the precious water sold in skin bottles at Tel-el-Kebir. The sand lay in heaps on the uneven surfaces of the railway-carriages, and the stifling atmosphere within was only less distressing than the clouds of dust outside. The open omnibus of Shepheard's hotel has passed through the crowded streets, avoided the runner before some wealthy citizen's chariot, and at last stopped. There, on the cool broad verandah where magicians ply their enchantments and vendors sell their wares, the newcomers are investigated by the older inhabitants.

The hotel became a home to us, because of the presence there before us of our friend Professor Virchow of Berlin; and that evening, without any previous arrangement, we found that his seat was placed opposite our party at table. He introduced us to his companion, Heinrich Schliemann, the discoverer of Troy. When asked how long they had known

each other, Virchow said "Seit Adam"—"Since Adam." They looked like brothers. Schliemann was the taller and broader, something between a jovial farmer and a German officer, but keen, genial, impulsive; while Virchow was shorter and slighter, with the simplicity and intensity of genius marked on his features. Sometimes they were accompanied by fellow-workers not then resident in the hotel—M. Naville, who was then exploring the remains of the temple at Bubastes, and Schweinfurth, the African traveller. They are enamoured of the land, and say they could spend here a thousand years.

We have now before us the writing of three of these friends in our interleaved Bible.

Professor Virchow, who knows his Bible, turned up Exodus opposite the story of Israel in Egypt, and wrote, "Rudolf Virchow, in returning from a journey to Nubia and Upper Egypt in special research of the statues and pictures of Rameses II., the king of the oppression."

Dr Schliemann wrote in Greek, with certain adaptations, two hexameter lines from the Odyssey, "King Zeus, grant me that [Telemachus] may be happy among [men], and may have all [his] heart's desire."

Dr Schweinfurth wrote, "Ich glaube, dass die hohe Bedeutung der biblischen Geschichte für die Erziehung des Menschengeschlechts in der Natürlichkeit der darin enthaltenen Gedanken liegt,

welche stets die urmenschlichen Gefühle anrufen und alle Unnatur ausschliessen."—Cairo, 8 April '88.

[Translation.] In my belief, the deep significance of the Biblical story for the education of the human race consists in the fidelity to nature of the thoughts it embodies, which always appeal to the deep-seated feelings of men, to the exclusion of everything that is contrary to nature.

Next evening Dr Schliemann and my husband exchanged places, the latter sitting beside his old master of German student days, and the writer next Dr Schliemann. Some funny remark was passed about the exchange of their wine. As we sat there, Schliemann told us his life-story. Intense reality and earnestness in life and pursuit of one aim always captivate one, and among a crowd of mere pleasure-seekers often with soulless faces—breathing wax figures—one learned much from the purposefulness of Dr Schliemann.

In that land where there is no twilight, in a city where almost every nationality is represented, on a soil which rewards the explorer at every turn of his spade, and the student every look at an old papyrus, surely the living picture which was on that night to be painted for us had a fitting background. In our childhood we went to dioramas, and great was our delight as we watched the moving pictures, the thunderstorms, moonlight effects, sunrisings and sunsets. We used to go home to our attic nursery with the green baize curtains and the sloping windows, to reproduce to any audience we could lay hold of queerly made pictures on gummed rolls of paper, with lighted tapers behind pinholes in our illustrations, and musical accompaniments, of what

we had seen before. So, after that sixty minutes' experience in the large hall at Cairo, in our little bedroom where mosquitoes hummed round us all night in the sultry air, the whole scene was again enacted for us in the theatre of memory. As, after a stormy voyage, the traveller, though on land, thinks he is still in the moving ship, so our mind surged and swelled under the force of the impetus received from the story of the dreams, hopes, fulfilments of a single life. We felt when with him that we were in a great presence—a life that had been built up of varied and costly experiences, and which was always imbibing from every source. While he was speaking, waiters were hurrying to and fro, sometimes whisking off the flies, again putting down the quaint brass finger-bowls; but the guests were scattering, the chairs were creaking over the smooth surface of the polished floors, and the dinner was over, before we thought it had well begun. The flight of time was the only obstacle to his going on much longer.

Since the news of his death reached us a week ago, busy workers have been in our brain digging away the heap of material which has accumulated since that night two years ago, and we have refreshed our memory by reading his autobiography. The warm heart and the clear brain which had mastered so many languages, and told the story with such artless simplicity, as if only for the first time, made an impression not easily to be forgotten. Here are some of the results of our excavation.

It was in romantic surroundings that the boy's life was spent. Behind the garden-house of his childhood was a pond, out of

which, ran the legend, a maiden rose each night, holding a silver bowl; and in the village a small hill with burial-place, in which a robber-knight had laid his child, confined in a cradle of gold. To add to all this, there was a living heroine in that fairyland, the little Minna, whom he loved, and who always shared his dreams. When poverty blocked the way, he used to say to his father, "Why not dig up the golden cradle or fish for the silver bowl?" His father pinched himself to afford as a Christmas gift to the little lad of eight a Universal History, with an engraving of Troy in flames. "If these walls were as thick as those in the picture," said the boy to his father, "there must be some remains of them; and I shall excavate them some day." The agreement was made between father and son. Not every bud opens to a flower, not every acorn becomes an oak, not every beginning has an ending so true in every detail to the ideal first raised in that child's imagination.

Among his childhood's friends, besides the faithful Minna, was the village tailor, Wöllert, who had one eye and one foot, and was for this reason called "Hopping Peter." This man had a most wonderful store of tales, which he told with inimitable skill, one of which was how he had caught a stork which used to build a nest on Schliemann's barn, and fastened a piece of parchment round its foot asking the proprietor of its winter's home to say where it lived; and that it had returned in the spring with a verse of bad German tied to its foot, telling that it had been to St John's Land. In the written story of his life, he tells how this and several other anecdotes of

Hopping Peter stimulated his desire to learn geography, and increased his passion for the mysterious.

Another event which he loved to dwell upon was the entrance of a drunken miller into the grocer's shop where, as a young apprentice, he was working from 5 A.M. to 11 P.M. This man recited a hundred lines of Homer, and the boy was so attracted by the rhythmic cadence that he wept, though not understanding a word, and had the lines repeated three times. He spent all his little savings in giving three glasses of whisky as a reward to the man; and from that moment constantly prayed to God that he might learn Greek.

His deliverance from grinding potatoes, sweeping the shop, and selling herrings and candles, came in this way. He lifted a cask too heavy for him, spat blood, and could work no more; and the next glimpse we catch of him is as a cabin-boy on the Dorothea, selling his coat to buy a blanket. The brig was wrecked; he did not know the name of the land he was cast upon, but he heard a voice, as he writes, that "the tide in my earthly affairs had come, and that I had to take it at its flood." He was on the coast of Holland; and from that country wrote to a kind friend in Hamburg, telling him of his unfortunate position. His letter reached the friend when sitting at a large dinner-party; a subscription was started on the spot, and £20 forwarded to Schliemann. The recommendation which accompanied the money got him a situation. His new work was stamping bills of exchange and getting them cashed in town, and carrying letters to and from the post-office. His

work was no longer exhausting, and he now began his pursuit of learning. His whole salary amounted to £32 per annum, but half of it he spent on his studies. Whether we look at him in his garret mastering English over his rye-meal porridge, reading a great deal aloud without translating, and writing daily essays in the new language, repeating in an undertone the sermons in the English church after the preacher, running in the rain book in hand, or learning something while waiting at the post-office, his experiences are alike unique. He complains of his short memory, but could repeat in each day's lesson twenty pages of the 'Vicar of Wakefield' to his English master; and soon after he knew by heart the whole of that book, as well as Sir Walter Scott's 'Ivanhoe.'

He worked by night as by day, repeating aloud what he had previously learned. English took him six months, and in the same length of time he learned French, and then Dutch, Spanish, Italian, and Portuguese took him six weeks each. He found that reading in any new language he was learning a translation of some novel with which he was acquainted, helped him, and saved him from looking up the words in a dictionary. His knowledge of languages got him a situation as correspondent and bookkeeper in the office of Messrs Schröder of Amsterdam, and now he commences Russian. He told us how in this office a Spaniard brought in a bill which no one could read; Schliemann translated it on the spot, and at once got promotion. Who but Schliemann would have hired a poor Jew for the sum of four francs a-week to come every evening for two hours to listen to recitations, not one

word of which he understood? The lodgers complained of the noise, and twice Schliemann got notice to quit.

It is too long to tell how this study of Russian helped him in many ways; how he became a successful Russian merchant; how his goods escaped the great fire which destroyed Memel in October 1854; and how he amassed a fortune. This we are sure of, that the study of Greek and the discovery of Troy were always before him, and formed his supreme motive in making money. But he did not let himself realise the dream of his life till the tidings of peace reached St Petersburg at the end of the Crimean war; and it was in January 1856 that he engaged a Greek teacher. In his autobiography, he clearly describes his method of study, and the hints are so important that we quote the extract in full:—

"I again faithfully followed my old method; but in order to acquire quickly the Greek vocabulary, which seemed to me far more difficult even than the Russian, I procured a modern Greek translation of 'Paul et Virginie,' and read it through, comparing every word with its equivalent in the French original. When I had finished this task, I knew at least one-half the Greek words the book contained, and after repeating the operation I knew them all, or nearly so, without having lost a single minute by being obliged to use a dictionary. In this manner it did not take me more than six weeks to master the difficulties of modern Greek, and I next applied myself to the ancient language, of which in three months I learned sufficient to understand some of the ancient authors, and especially Homer, whom I read and re-read with the most lively enthusiasm."

Before beginning the cherished Troy work of his life, he made a journey round the world; and it

was while crossing the Pacific Ocean in a small English vessel to San Francisco that, during their fifty days at sea, he wrote his first book, 'La Chine et le Japon.' After this voyage he settled down in Paris for the formal study of archaeology.

And now we must leave the well-stored mind, the keen brain, the warm heart, the willing hand, to pursue his investigations in the region round Troy. During the intense cold, when his wife and he were suffering from the icy north wind blowing so strongly through the chinks of the planks of their house-walls, and they were not able to light the fire on the hearth, they were kept warm during the day by work, and during the night by enthusiasm in that work.

"Duty done's the soul's fireside—
Blest who keep its ingle wide;
He who hath it hath no chill,
And may have it whoso will."

We shall not speak of the books written, of the sights discovered, of the trophies collected. When we know that a friend is still alive, it is as if we carry about a watch in perfect order which we can ever and anon time our lives by; but when the life is gone, we carry about the same article without the mainspring. We are distinct losers. It is pathetic to think how, in dying at Naples, his sun set nearly opposite the scene of the buried cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum,

which had early fired his imagination as a child, and a stone's-throw from the museum of the rare antiquities he revelled in. We shall not see him now in the home to which he invited us to see his young Greek wife in Athens, with his son Agamemnon and his daughter Andromache, nor hear him describe his rare collections of treasures; but the story of that self-denying struggle upwards and onwards to what he set as the goal of his life has for us abiding lessons.

We are looking now at some rose-leaves which Professor Virchow laid on our luncheon-plate in Cairo; and in memory's portfolio the scene of Schliemann's shipwreck, the entrance of the drunken miller reciting Greek, the repeating of 'Ivanhoe' by heart, and the eager lad translating the Spanish bill, are unfading photographs.

The fruit of his toil remains. Merely to meet a nature like his made us feel how cold we are, how lifeless, how barren of enthusiasm. Even to one listener he poured out his life-story in a torrent of eloquence. We may not have the genius or brain-power which was his; but all can learn from his indomitable energy and perseverance and toil, in discovering the sites of old battles and old graveyards, to give at least time and energy in the search after Truth; and having found it, give to others the benefit of our search.

MADELEINE'S STORY.

CHAPTER III.—UNCLE LLEWELLYN.

I CANNOT remember the time when we had not heard of Uncle Llewellyn. "Llewellyn and I" was how mother's stories about her childhood always began, and from that they wandered on with the brother and sister, out from the gloomy indoors life, overshadowed by one awful presence, through the trim sweet garden away to the lonesome hills and threading torrents, to the sound of wind and water in freedom and frolic and love. Uncle Llewellyn was mother's twin brother, her childhood's sole companion; and every reminiscence of him was precious. Mother had a way in saying his name even, of making it sound like the stanza of a love-song or a cadence of passionate music, for she took each syllable up into her heart before she gave it utterance. There was a strain of pathos, too, that continually invaded the melody, as if she would have said, "Poor Llewellyn." But she never did say that; on the contrary, there was always something of the hero about him, whether in good fortune or evil fortune.

Mother's old home did not lie very far away from ours; we were in Shropshire, and her childhood was passed just over the border in Wales. But there was all the difference between our side of the border and hers. "Over the border" was like a magic sentence that took us at once into another world. I had a distinct picture of the house where mother was born formed in my mind out of mother's stories of it. The colour-

ing was dark, and the surroundings weird and exciting to a degree. I have seen the place since; and as I look up at the little sketch I made of it a year ago, I cannot match the two images in any outward detail; and yet I was right in my impression, for houses are not themselves by reason of shape or colour, or any outward thing: they receive individual existence from the people who live in them, and there was a presence in mother's old home which darkened it and touched the young lives of brother and sister with the excitement of strong contrasts. Inside the house there was gloom, the surroundings were magically beautiful.

Whenever mother spoke of her father the expression of her face altered; curious hard lines formed round the lips, dark fire came into her eyes. Her voice grew different too. "He never understood Llewellyn," she used to say, and our hearts indorsed that condemnation with instant sympathy. I never asked questions about our grandfather, for the mention of him was sure to bring a shadow over our talk, and mother refrained as a rule from detailing painful circumstances to us. But one day, after a series of anecdotes concerning the virtues and wisdom of a dog of Llewellyn's, one of his numerous pet animals, mother ended her tale with the refrain, "Poor little David!" and Gladys hastily asking, "Why do you call him 'poor,' mother? Did he come to a bad end?" we were told how he had been found killed by

poison, his body thrown out on the hillside over the garden-wall. Our horror must have been almost as great, I think, as the horror of his young master and mistress when the little body was first seen; and when mother added, "David had offended your grandfather," the picture of a monster assumed distinct form in my mind. Theo said, I remember, "But where was your mother, mother; couldn't she have saved David?" Then silence fell upon us all. Gladys and I had always supposed the mother of that house was dead, for nobody had ever mentioned her to us; but when Theodora spoke, no answer or explanation of any kind was given.

Once when we were little toddling things we saw Llewellyn. It must have been very soon after our mother's second marriage, when we had been living at the rectory about a year. It was before Wynne was born, I know. "Yes, here are my children, Llewellyn; now at last I can show them to you," mother said, and whilst clinging round her, we three chubby baby girls were made to hold out hands and look up at the slim young-looking uncle whose name was well known to us even then.

Uncle Llewellyn and mother and we spent the whole of one day together. We got very friendly with the tall man before long, and pestered him for high jumps and races, and I remember that he was very good-natured. I suppose now that day was a tragic one to mother. Uncle Llewellyn had come to say Good-bye before leaving England, indefinitely it seemed; for when we used to say to mother afterwards, "When is Uncle Llewellyn coming home, mother?" mother always sighed and looked away, and turned the

talk to something else. So that long day that Uncle Llewellyn spent at the rectory was the beginning of the tragedy. Well it is for us that we don't know beginnings when we see them, that we often mistake them for endings, and smile where tears are due.

It was dark when Uncle Llewellyn went away. The clear musical tones of his voice sounded in the doorway as he and mother exchanged good-byes. The light of the lamp hurt mother's eyes as she came in from the darkness, and she shaded them with an up-lifted hand. It was the light that made the eyes glisten as with tears, for the mouth was smiling. In a minute she caught us up and kissed us, and merrily chased us to bed. "This is the end of all difficulties for Llewellyn," I am sure she was saying in her heart; "and everything is going to be well with him from this day always." And for herself? What had become of her own grief at parting from him? It had cleared away absolutely I believe, dissolved by the force of her love. I remember a laugh of real joy she gave when the first letter came from Uncle Llewellyn. I recall nothing about succeeding letters for a long time, excepting that the stamps occupied us a good deal, and that the scrawliness of the handwriting had a vague interest for us.

The next time I saw Uncle Llewellyn—but I must not go on to that day yet. There were hearsays and signs. We heard the name spoken now and then by our stepfather, not in mother's tones; we, at least I, grew to be conscious of contention in the air, setting in from some quarter un-awares at intervals. Then mother would look jaded and ill, until the storm somehow lumbered away, for no reason connected with the life

we were cognisant of. Once it flashed upon me that these seasons followed the coming of foreign letters, and I began to watch and to fit the events together. I was then first aware how seldom any letters did come from abroad, and mother did not seem to notice this, indeed I felt certain that she rested when they did *not* come. Yet the sweet child-stories were still often told, and in the telling of them smiles came breaking over the beautiful mouth as of old, and the eyes grew liquid in the love-light that shone through them.

It was during the terrible days of the period of tumult, whilst mother's anguish was at its height, that Martha told Gladys and me all I knew for a long time of what had happened about Uncle Llewellyn. Theodora was not mistaken, she had seen our uncle on the day of our garden-feast. He did not look like a beggar then, Martha assured us; but there was something wrong she knew at the time, for he would not come into the house until he was certain of finding our mother alone. He made a friend of little Thee that day, and sent her with a message to mother. Theodora must have promised secrecy to her, she would never have given her word to a stranger.

After that first visit he often came and went, Martha said, and until nearly the end our stepfather knew nothing of it. Of how he came to be hanging about our place at Christmas when mother was away Martha could not tell. I told her about Theo's fancy of seeing his face against the glass of the passage window.

Uncle Llewellyn had been the haunting shadow of mother's life that autumn and winter and cold spring. She never could refuse him anything; and Martha told us how

one trinket after another had gone, and everything valuable mother possessed—even the watch, that still made believe to be in its place by means of a pierced scallop-shell slipped inside her waistband. Mother's beautiful furs were sold at last; she said she could not bear to wear them, because Theodora had loved them so.

The secret visitor came and went, and looked shabbier as time went on; he was often the worse for drink, Martha said. She knew that mother and Thee had met him on the last evening of the mission when they came home so late. Things were getting rapidly worse by that time. Sometimes Uncle Llewellyn went away for several weeks together; when he came back he was dreadful to look at. "He took up hopelessly with bad companions, *joined a gang of thieves*," I shall never forget how those whispered words of Martha's made me shiver, whilst Gladys's eyes grew large, and her face flushed and took a sort of wild expression. It was after one of his long absences that Gladys saw Uncle Llewellyn and mother standing such a long time in the rain. The next day he took refuge in the rectory, hoping it would prove a safe hiding-place, for the police were after him then—and mother would have given her life to save him. Martha knows the plan of escape she had contrived. If only a few things had fallen out a little differently, it would have succeeded, and then— Well, I suppose things really never could be different from what they are. Anyhow, Llewellyn was *not* saved.

After the crisis when mother went away, we heard no more of him. I think we forgot even to wonder what had become of him. We only had that one talk with Martha in the time of tumult, and



the partial relief that came when mother seemed somehow to have been lifted up above reach of the tormenting fiends, closed the terrible past. Why look at it or think of it any more? I heard afterwards that Uncle Llewellyn had been sent to prison. After all, his offence could not have been a very serious one, or perhaps it was only that nothing very dreadful against him was proved, for the term of his imprisonment was a short one. But, as I said, we knew nothing of this at the time I am writing about, and never thought about Uncle Llewellyn at all.

The open grave was in October. Christmas came round again at last.

"Bring us a great many candles," Gladys said, on the evening before Christmas Day. "Madeleine and I are going to sit up very late in the schoolroom reading."

She insisted upon Wynne going early to bed, however, and carried him off herself. Then she drew the curtains across the schoolroom window, which was at the front of the house and overlooked the garden-gate (the schoolroom was over the hall and front door), made the fire half up the chimney, lighted candles on the mantelpiece and upon the schoolroom table, drew two rickety arm-chairs to the fireside, piled books in a heap between us, and settled herself to look in the fire. After all, Gladys could not turn herself into an absorbed reader by force of will. She was terribly restless, poor child, and my heart was bleeding. What could I do to help her? I don't think we did help each other except by being close in bodily presence. My heart yearned over Gladys; she could not bear things as I could

and can. We managed to stay up in the schoolroom until twelve o'clock. The last hour from eleven to twelve was a quite silent and idle one. Even I could not read. Gladys put no more fuel on the fire after eleven struck. There was an old tall clock in our schoolroom which had come from mother's home. It stood against the wall, between the fireplace and the window, just behind where we were sitting. It had a loud tick: the marked even sounds soothed us a little that night. Gladys sat on the ground and leaned her head against my knee. By-and-by she threw her handkerchief over her face — a favourite habit of hers when she was tired. I looked into the embers then; Gladys's right hand lay loosely in my left, the moments ticked away, the clock began to strike twelve. Then Gladys sprang to her feet, "We can go to bed now, Madeleine, can't we?" I hesitated a moment and looked round the room. The candles were sputtering and flaring; two had gone out. The clock finished striking. Hush! there was a knock at the front door under the window. Just *one* rap. Nothing answered the rap; no sound within. Had every one gone to bed, then, except us two? even our stepfather? That wasn't likely; he always sat up till twelve.

"Perhaps it was fancy," I said, "and there wasn't a rap at all. Nobody would be likely to rap in the middle of the night." Listen; it came again, one rap, louder this time. Then we heard the study-door open, and footsteps treading the hall to the door. Everything sounded clearly in the silent house. Gladys and I stood close together and listened. We heard our stepfather undraw the bolts and chains, and take down the bell that hung

inside the shutter, then he opened the door, and then there came a pause in sound, of a few seconds only, and after that the door was banged to with an angry noise, barred and locked within, and we heard our father's retreating footsteps. Instinctively we drew towards the window, and putting our ears within the drawn curtains, heard a man walking down the gravel walk, and soon came the click of the garden-gate, and then everything was silent inside and outside.

I don't know how I felt, it was like a lump of ice being formed in my heart. We never said to each other, "Who could it be?" or "What has happened?" We got into bed somehow, and somehow fell asleep; but I awoke often between then and the morning, and always with a feeling of the intense cold of the night. It was freezing bitterly out of doors.

The Christmas Day that followed was a dreary one. Morning prayers were read in the church; there was nothing else to mark the day. Wynne's chilblains were so bad that he did not care to take a walk with us after the service. We thought we might perhaps get up a little feeling of exhilaration if we went for a tramp along the frosty roads. The sun had broken through the morning fog whilst we were in church. There was not any snow on the ground; but the trees were covered with rime, and now the beauty of the cold giant-kingdom could be understood. I always thought of the winter season as the reign of the giants of old Norse mythology—terrible giants they were, and my heart rebelled against them—but I never could deny the beauty, weird and piercing, of a winter landscape in the sunshine. The sun-god at mid-day even could win no victory there, it is true; but

he cast his better magic over the enchanted land. We almost ran along, our footsteps clattered, we did not speak. I began to feel not only the glow that exercise gives to the body, but the rhythmic flow of imagination which this communicates to the mind. I was happy for the space of half a mile or so. We came to the cross-roads where the sign-post stands, and were hurrying on straight ahead without changing our direction, when we noticed a small group of people to the left of us, standing looking at something by the roadside under the hedge. Gladys led the way to join the group, and I followed her.

"Poor body!" I heard a woman say, "he must have crept under the hedge to die." "He's starved to death, I doubt," said another.

We pressed between the speakers and saw too;—the body of a man, in ragged and scanty clothing, sitting as he had died under the branches of a bare black-thorn, arms fallen to the sides, mouth slightly open, sallow cheeks, short stiffened hair, eyes closed,—Oh! perhaps he was asleep when he died. I hope he was asleep. He must have been asleep, and he didn't know everything so very dreadfully.

I looked at Gladys. She was as white as the corpse before us. I pulled her away. "Come away, Gladys," I said; "we cannot do any good here."

So we went home together, and neither of us spoke again until we were inside our own garden, and then Gladys told me, "That dead man is Uncle Llewellyn, Madeleine. It's the very same I saw with mother." But no one else seemed to know who it was.

Two days after, the body was buried on the pauper side of the churchyard. Our stepfather read the funeral service over the grave,

of course. I wondered did the sound of the rectory door being banged to in the middle of the night, echo in his ears? It did continually in mine, and with it came a sense of shame and sin new to me in those days.

We made wreaths of ivy into two love-knots, put one upon the grass that covered mother's mound, and laid the other above the nameless grave; and all the time I kept repeating to myself one verse out of a favourite hymn of Theodora's:—

“Heart of Christ, oh! cup most golden,
Taking of Thy cordial blest,
Soon the sorrowful are holden
In a gentle, healthful rest.
Thou anxieties art easing,
Pains implacable appeasing,
Grief is comforted by love,
Oh! what wine is there like love!”

The words did not seem to apply much, but the refrain haunted me. “Oh! what wine is there like love!” and I thought of mother's heart, and that there must be life somewhere for Llewellyn the beloved.

CHAPTER IV.—OVER THE BORDER.

Two years passed — years of feeble impression on my memory — and then a day stands out like a hill from the plain. Gladys was fifteen that day. I have called Gladys our June rose. “Rose of the world,” I said to myself that 1st of June; and surely no rose could have been found in the world to match her. Had she suddenly grown like our mother, I wondered, as I saw her move about the breakfast-room, stooping here and there to arrange a flower or an ornament? The tenderest possible pink bud was lying in one of the fair coils about her head. What was it that awakened such a thought in me? Mother's hair was a golden glory, and Gladys's crown was only soft and fair. I could not tell. The breath of some reminiscence was astir in me, I think, and it opened my eyes to see that Gladys was already a woman. Gladys was grown up; she was a rose, and not a rosebud any longer, though the dew was still upon the petals. I am a year older than Gladys, but I felt like a child beside her that day. She was very sedate, I remember, as if something was restraining her

usual sudden impulses. A change was awaiting us, and Gladys was prepared for it. I am never prepared, because I wrap myself up in phantasm; and at that distance of time after our bitter grief I had wandered far into the realm of fancy. There is, however, one thing I am glad to remember about my dreams at that time. They were not so often personal as they had been in my childhood. I was becoming more and more capable of falling in love with what lay outside myself; the places that surrounded me were dear to me in themselves. There was a cluster of lilac and laurestina bushes at one corner of the grass plot where a blackbird built every spring. I used to stand outside the bushes in the sunshine and peer into the labyrinth of leaves, and trace the flickering light as it threaded the intricate ways. At morning and evening love-notes sounded from within; at mid-day silence reigned through the world of the little birds. I used to speculate what sort of consciousness they had; and every year the same sweet mystery of life perplexed me. From that

nest in the bushes my fancy stepped far; but the place was a symbol to me, and the ground-stuff of many histories. Then there was the gate that led from the garden into the field. Some years the field was used for pasture, and some for meadow. To open that gate in the meadow years and walk through the grass about a week before the hay-harvest began, looking into the faces of all the flowers whilst the seeded grass rippled through my fingers, and Venus's looking-glass strewed itself like pearls deep down, just above the ground—well, the first few minutes of such a walk gave me the greatest feeling of exhilaration I have ever known. I leaned on the gate that summer morning and repeated a favourite nursery rhyme to myself:—

“ When all the pleasant meadow-lands
Are bare, and still, and green,
They never look so bright to me
As in the spring they've been.
I like to see the meadow-sweet
In the wind move to and fro;
Purples growing high in the grass,
Red pimpernels below.”

Just then a servant from the house came to summon me to the study, where she said my stepfather wanted to speak to Gladys and me. Gladys was there before me. I came through the open French window into the study; Gladys sat facing me as I came in; my stepfather was standing in front of the fireplace, sideways to her. He had been telling her something, I could see, and he looked confused and nervous; but Gladys, quietly listening, had a slight smile upon her lips. When I came in, the story had to be told over again; my stepfather had to tell it, for he got no help from Gladys. It need not have surprised me so very much. It was two years

since our mother died, and her husband was going to be married again—that was all. Anybody could have told us that such a thing would happen sooner or later. Poor Wynne! It would be the happiest thing for Wynne, his father assured us, and the best. I thought of the coldness of the relations between him and us that existed ever since I could remember. It hadn't been good for us particularly to have a stepfather. No; I could not help feeling sorry for Wynne. And for ourselves—our stepfather politely explained to us that we must go away. He had made an arrangement with our grandfather, he said, that we were to be taken into the old home in Montgomeryshire. We had a week before us in which to take leave of our home, collect our treasures and belongings, say good-bye to all our friends, separate ourselves from our little brother, and go.

Gladys took everything more simply than I did; she cried at the right times, when we were saying our good-byes to friends, or taking leave of favourite spots. I couldn't cry, although I felt as if I were leaving a part of myself everywhere. Some people say it takes a great many selves to make up one person, and I think this must be true, and that we leave a self behind us in the places we love best—astral bodies. I don't know, but the idea expresses a little the feeling I had of a dissipation of my proper person taking place every day during that dreadful week, so that I could not imagine what there would be left of me at the end of it to go away.

By the time we were to set off, Gladys had cheered up a little. “You know, Madeleine,” she said, “it will be a great change”—it was just that I hated. Gladys was

chiefly occupied in speculations about our grandfather—the old ogre of our childish imagination. Would he be a real tyrant? However real, Gladys was prepared to resist and determined to conquer. In short, the calculation as to how much of her own way she should contrive to get, and how little of his own will our grandfather might be allowed to keep, formed the staple of her thoughts and talk during our travel. I let her run on—what did it matter? I was crying all the time.

A shabby car met us at the Junction station, where we were left by the train, for Colwyn (that was the name of our grandfather's place) was seven miles off. Driving up and down hill, along muddy lanes, crossing streams here and there, passing through Welsh-looking hamlets, seeing for the first time un-English faces, roused me to wonder if we should really get inside the magic of those old tales of mother's, if we were going to live in the atmosphere of them ourselves. We looked out curiously for the first view of the house. It looked commonplace enough as we drove up to it—a long stone building, with one half the roof higher than the other, a stone wall outside the garden, thickly growing trees behind, the drive up to the door uneven, rutted, and overgrown with weeds, all very neglected and unhappy-looking. It was like an ogre to surround himself with dreariness. It was a dreary reception, too, that we had from our grandfather's housekeeper, a melancholy-looking woman, who told us Mr Colwyn was engaged with a friend and could not see us. "I'll tell you what, Madeleine," said Gladys, as we were supping together, "this is exactly like one of our old plays; going a journey, don't you remember, stopping by

mistake at the thieves' house in a wood, seeing nobody, having supper by ourselves, stumbling over a bloody dagger on the stairs, being all of us murdered in the night, at least all but, saved just in the nick of time." If things had been a little better, I think they would have been a little worse somehow. I was glad to be left alone with Gladys, and not to have to seem pleased to see anybody. So we went to bed in two slips of rooms, with wooden walls, that led into one another by a step, and had no door between. All the passages went up and down in steps, and there were no carpets anywhere up-stairs, excepting one torn scrap upon a landing. "I never thought our grandfather was poor," Gladys said, and it was a new idea to me. Everything was new, we had stepped straightway into a new life.

"I can't make him out, Madeleine." Gladys had been standing by the window in the hall looking absorbed for five minutes or more. This was whilst we were waiting for breakfast one morning about a week after our arrival. "Him" was our grandfather. I waited to hear what else Gladys would say. "Do you think he's nice?" I didn't, but I said nothing. I knew what Gladys meant. She hadn't had a single tussle with him yet, and Gladys measured people, as a rule, by the amount of freedom they accorded herself. Just then we heard him come into the dining-room, and we went in too by the door from the hall. Our grandfather was a large man with broad shoulders, and he stooped a good deal. His head was well shaped, and he had a quantity of white hair. His face was florid; his mouth was large, and had a scornful expression, I thought. The eyes were the feature that

puzzled me. He scarcely took any notice of us; but when he did so, his manner was brusque. In short, he was much more rough than any man we had seen before. Gladys was not very sensitive about roughness, and I don't know that I minded it much. It was only another part of the strangeness of everything at Colwyn; and so long as he did not interfere with us, what did it matter? But as it happened that very morning, war was declared between him and Gladys.

As I said, our grandfather had not hitherto taken much notice of us. That morning it seemed as if he thoroughly took in Gladys for the first time. He looked at her in a fixed considering way, followed with his eyes the motions of her tall, rather full figure, drew some conclusion or other from his observations—perhaps was struck, as I had been, by the combined freshness and ripeness about her whole person. For want, I suppose, of anything else to say, Gladys announced during the meal (silent for the most part, as all our meals had been at Colwyn) that she was going to walk over the hills to a certain village she mentioned five or six miles away.

It might have been Gladys's independent tone that irritated Mr Colwyn. It had not surprised me; I know Gladys's way. She is not really wilful—not more than any one ought to be. Instantly our grandfather insisted that Gladys should not go as she had said; that the roads were not safe for a young girl to walk so far alone. He could not have said anything less likely to turn Gladys from her purpose. "It was absurd to make any difficulty about it," she answered; "but, for company's sake, she would take Hoel with her." Hoel was a

bloodhound of our grandfather's, and Gladys had made friends with him. Perhaps the very fact of her having done so was another offence to his old master, whose irritation rose into passion at Gladys's last remark. His eyes literally flashed fire, and I was more puzzled than ever about his eyes. They looked dead generally, cased over as if there was no passage through them either way; now the fire leaped through. I wondered Gladys didn't give in. There, indeed, the old ogre was revealed to us. It was grand to see how quiet Gladys kept under his torrent of words; she didn't flare up; she just took no heed of him at all, and I knew by that what she intended to do.

Mr Colwyn was not a busy man. He lounged away the greater part of the mornings in his study, library, or smoking-room, whatever one might call his own peculiar den. He was something of a reader, I believe. Sometimes he would have his bailiff in to talk to, and sometimes he wandered about the place; but he kept his head down out of doors, and never looked at anything. Perhaps he disliked to see how shabby all his belongings had become. He was a magistrate, we heard that morning for the first time; and it also came out that he was going to be away the whole day at a meeting in the nearest town. As soon as he was gone, I slunk off towards the garden without looking at Gladys; but very soon I heard the bang of the garden-door in the wall, and recognised Hoel's bark, and a clear tone or two reached me—Gladys's voice talking to him. After that I pushed my way through bushes of guelder-rose and seringa and laburnums, all shabby and seeded by this time,

past many trailing thorns of sweet-brier, until I came to the only part of the garden which bore the least resemblance to the "sweet trim place" of mother's stories. This was a straight grass walk between rows of rose-trees. It was hedged in by taller shrubs on either side, and was beautifully sheltered and quiet. At one end of the walk there was a summer-house, from which, looking through the rose-trees, one saw the upper windows of that half of the house which stood the highest. At that time of the year the summer-house was a bower of honeysuckle, whose flowers hung over and round it in bunches. I walked down the grass walk towards this resting-place, lingering as I went to enjoy the sunshine and drink the sweetness of the air. The feeling of the rest here, and the consciousness I still had of the combat in Gladys's mind, struck me with a sense of contrast, and then suddenly I felt as if I had slipped back into the lives of another pair—the brother and sister whose history had been divided between the same combats and the same rest. On such a morning as this, I thought to myself, our mother in this very same place was shaken by the same tremor that troubles me to-day—conscious of a gathering contest of wills, dreading it, taking pause of serene enjoyment as I am doing this moment between the storms; and then the tension dropped a little, and I called up a day all clear from dawn to sunset, and breathed the joy of the children, open, undisturbed. "On such a day," I exclaimed, and I stood for a moment to take in all the lovely surroundings, "mother walked between the rose-trees with a—frozen corpse!" The image came suddenly across my mind, and the

outward sunshine could not overpower it. So I hurried on to the summer-house, and sat down there and tried not to think any more. For a little time I became absorbed watching a family of wrens flitting in and out of the honeysuckle bush; but by degrees my thoughts went back to the shock which the intrusion of that death-image had given me, and I pondered on the wonder of unfolded destiny. If mother could have seen on even one such day as this the image my brain bears now—if she could have known what the bud of Llewellyn's life was going to unfold into—and to think that God knows the whole always—all at once, one may say. And I thought, it is like this. We are like persons travelling in a train or carriage, who look out from a window upon the country as they pass, seeing just as much as can be taken in at one time by the framed space: we see things in succession. But any one who looks from a height at rest sees the whole simultaneously. And what is true of place is true of time. I turned this thought over in my mind as I sat under the honeysuckles, looking towards the house without seeing, until at last I found that I was watching something take place at a window in the gable-end of the higher roof. The window had been opened since I began to look—the lattice having been fastened far back, and a figure inside the room had passed to and fro several times in front of the open space. As I began to be conscious of this, the figure came faceways to the lattice, and stood there opposite where I was sitting. The window was too far away for me to see the face distinctly. It looked small and white, I thought, and there was some kind of head-dress

that formed a setting to the face. Presently I could see that the hands of the person were busied with something, and that the arms leaned a little way over the window-sill; a small stick was fastened in the wall below the sill, and then one hand unrolled from round the stick a small white flag. A light breeze caught it quickly, and floated the flag out to its full size. It was fringed with lace, and looked like a large muslin handkerchief or veil such as any one might use to cover a baby's face in the air. I remembered to have once seen a kerchief, beautifully soft and dainty, laid away amongst mother's pretty things, and hearing mother say it had been used for her when she was a baby. I always pictured to myself a lady's hand decked with rings like mother's spreading this handkerchief over the face of a little baby, and I used to say, "That must have been grandmother's hand." But we never heard anything about our grandmother, so there was nobody in my imagination to fit the hand. The flag from the gable window drooped or fluttered as the breeze rose or fell, all alone. The hand that fixed it in its station left it there—the face vanished. After all, it was only a fichu or tippet belonging to one of the maids, I thought, hung out to dry; but at first it had seemed to me to be a vignette belonging to some little history.

Gladys came back from her walk in immense spirits. The expedition had been a great success. She had made acquaintance accidentally with, she assured me, the jolliest family, living at Rhoscolyn, half-way between Colwyn and the village she had walked to in the morning. They were rather the great people of the neighbourhood,

we found out afterwards; but all Gladys knew then was that they were coming to call upon us and meant to ask us to go and see them. "They don't like our grandfather," Gladys said. "I am sure of that by the way they spoke of him. Well, no more do I now." Just then I was listening nervously for the return of Mr Colwyn.

We waited an hour at least for dinner that evening, and, after all, had it alone. Our grandfather brought some one home with him, whom he took into his private room, and we were left to ourselves.

"My luck, you see, child," Gladys was saying to me as, the dinner having been cleared away, and fruit put on the table (the custom of having dessert was new since we came; Gladys had wrung the concession from Miss Hughes, the housekeeper), we had turned our chairs, facing each other sideways, to the open window, and were beginning to enjoy the dusky hour, too light for candles and too dark for anything but talk. "Just my luck," Gladys was saying, when—the dining-room door opened. Gladys put the cherry back on her plate she was going to eat, and turned to look who was coming in. I could not have looked for the world, though I might have guessed that the feathery sound made by that entrance could not have heralded Mr Colwyn. Tripping footsteps and a gentle rustling came out of the darkness of the doorway into the room towards where we were sitting, a chair was moved and placed between us, facing the window, and we were a party of three.

Poor little grandmother, that was the first time we saw her; it was the beginning of our knowing that we had a grandmother.

Gladys had been watching her all the time since the door opened until she sat down between us. I watched Gladys, and the expression of her face puzzled me: she was not frightened by the surprise,—she looked disgusted, I thought, as she was used to look when unwelcome visitors intruded; or was it something in the appearance of the new-comer that disgusted her? When, at last, I looked for myself at our guest, I felt as if I were opening a book and reading a history which I had known all along, or I should say now it felt as if my conscious and sub-conscious selves had run up against one another and were staying together with me for a long waking moment.

The face I looked into as into an open book was small and white; the features were small, all but the eyes; the little person belonging to the face was suprisingly fragile. I did not take in the details of the dress our grandmother had on that evening, but the grotesqueness of the whole appearance left a picture in my mind that always seems to belong to her. She had a white scarf or kerchief thrown across her head, and a thick band of something black was drawn across her forehead. The effect of the head-gear was to increase the largeness of her dark eyes, the poor eyes that had an unmistakable craze in them. She turned her face from one of us to the other and back again, as if she were looking for something she could not find, and at last her eyes rested on Gladys and then she laughed. It was the sort of laugh that rings like base metal, false, for there was no mirth in it. I could see that it made Gladys shrink, but I was too much interested to mind the discordance.

"Don't you know me?" the little lady said at last, still looking at Gladys. "Antoinette, my beautiful darling," and she put out her hand and touched Gladys's hair. Gladys couldn't help it, she started away from the touch and held her head out of reach. Then the little lady laughed again and looked at me. "Proud," she said, "like my Antoinette; and quite right too,—a beautiful girl has a right to be proud, she is a queen. *You are not a beauty, my dear,*" she added as she scanned my face; "you've got nothing to be proud of. Are you the child of my Antoinette too? Are you two really sisters?" Gladys answered for me in her blunt way, saying something about my being better and cleverer than she was. But our grandmother only shook her head and laughed, and would have none of me.

After that we talked about our mother, for we had both taken in by that time who our visitor was. We told her that Gladys was not christened as our mother had been, but only by the Welsh name of Gladys. This, however, she did not believe. Her own name was Gabrielle, she said, and the beautiful granddaughter was certain to have been called after her or after the beautiful mother.

The evening grew darker as we talked, and grandmother's spirits seemed to increase with the darkness. At the beginning of our conversation she had asked questions chiefly, and listened to Gladys and me; by-and-by she began to make confidences to us, commonplace enough at first; stories of Mr Colwyn's temper and tyrannical ways, complaints of servants, and of the difficulties she had in getting her clothes made as she liked them; then there came a sort of recklessness

into her talk, and suddenly she drew her chair a little forward, and leaning over close to me, said, in a loud whisper, "You wouldn't know it by just looking at them, but they are all murderers, from Mr Colwyn downwards. Every morsel of food they bring me is poisoned; fortunately I can detect it, so I baffle them, you see, for a time." There was a pause after she had said this, for we were too much puzzled to answer her. In a moment or two the moon rose above the trees and shone down upon us through the open window. I shall never forget the wistful, helpless expression on Grandmother Gabrielle's face, as she pushed her chair back again and looked up in the moonlight. Then there came a knock at the dining-room door, and grandmother started violently, and got up and crossed the room and left us, and we heard her disputing with some one outside, and two sets of footsteps died away along the passages together.

"Madeleine, let us go up-stairs to bed—anywhere to be by ourselves," Gladys cried, and there was a tremor in her voice as she spoke. "I can't bear this sort of thing. Oh, I do hope she won't come bothering us again! Madeleine, what *shall* we do if she comes after us?"

I knew what was in Gladys's mind. Our sad memories were crowding upon us in this desolate place. "Let us go to bed, let us try to forget this evening. Why, this is worse than grandfather, a thousand times worse."

Gladys began to cry. I didn't feel at all inclined to cry; on the contrary, I wanted to find out more about Grandmother Gabrielle, but I fell in with Gladys's mood, and we ran up to our rooms and locked the outer door and lighted

candles. Then I made Gladys tell me of her adventures out of doors, and about her new acquaintances; and we planned where we should receive them when they called, and how we would make the drawing-room look a little less shabby, and that we should put flowers about, and coax Miss Hughes to give afternoon tea to our visitors. It was the sort of talk that felt like putting on cheerful everyday clothes after being at a funeral. We managed to get a good laugh out of it at last, and by-and-by settled for the night.

By Gladys's stillness I knew that she soon fell asleep; but the first twittering of the birds began in the July morning before I had closed my eyes. There had been no noises in the house through the short night, and I thought at first when I heard a door down below open and shut, and then the front door do the same, and then a sound of people on the stairs, that the servants were about early, perhaps it was washing-day. By that time in my life I had had many dreadful surprises, but I scarcely think any one of them had shaken me more than did the surprise of the next few moments. There was such a curious halting about the sounds I heard, and at last a noise so like that of a fall, that, not able to bear the suspense of ignorance any longer, I got up, and opening the bedroom door cautiously, for fear of disturbing Gladys, went to the head of the stairs. Our grandfather was sitting, dressed as in the morning, upon the landing, leaning back against Miss Hughes's kneeling figure. She was trying to support him, and just as I came, she, having her back to me, not seeing me, began to speak to him. I couldn't believe my senses; she called him

horrid names, she upbraided him, she scolded and taunted him as if he had been her inferior and she a hard mistress. But for all her scolding, she could not make him get up. He was helplessly drunk. My first impulse was to steal back to my room and lock myself in, and leave Miss Hughes to fight her battle with Mr Colwyn as best she could. I hated her so for the way she spoke to him. I felt as if I couldn't help her. I almost hated him too; but he was our grandfather; he was a gentleman, and *she*—a common person—to speak to him *so*! In spite of myself, however, I came down to the landing and stood beside the housekeeper, and put my strength to hers, and between us we got him on his feet, and led him to his room, and there, I suppose, she put him to bed. When I was alone again I faced resolutely the discoveries of that day. Our grandmother was insane, Mr Colwyn was a drunkard.

Gladys said, after I had told her all the next day, that the trouble about grandmother was the worse of the two, and she has always said so; but then Gladys was not afraid of Mr Colwyn. "Afraid of *him*, Madeleine," she

said to me, after one of his outbursts of tyrannical anger. "*Afraid* of him? No; I despise him too much." And Mr Colwyn himself felt this, and it was he who quailed before her. He seemed to understand ever after the day of their first quarrel that Gladys knew his secret vice. I don't think it troubled him to guess whether I knew about it or not, he always ignored me.

But if Gladys did not fear our grandfather, there was one person in the house whom she could never close round or use, who fairly baffled her—and that one was Eleanor Hughes, the housekeeper. The history about her came out by degrees; it was told to me, not to Gladys, and Gladys never knew it all, for I folded down that leaf in the family record, and kept the memory of it secret. It troubled me for a long time, but now I have really forgotten most of the details. Gladys could never understand what she called "*Eleanor's cheek*," and try as much as she could to put the housekeeper down, she never succeeded in doing so. My instinctive dislike to her developed into a well-grounded abhorrence.

E. KEARY.

(To be continued.)

A RIDE IN KAFFIRLAND.

[THE following pages were written during a coasting voyage along the tropical littoral between Mozambique and Guardafui, transcribed from notes which, still impregnated with the indescribable odour of Africa, recall vivid reminiscences of the scenes wherein they were made—sometimes in a Kaffir hut, where a hospitable headman shared with me, sheltering from a storm, his noonday meal of curdled amass; sometimes on the high veldt or beneath the shade of a mimosa-tree during the happy hour of off-saddling. The only merit of the descriptions is that they were made amid the local colouring of the country: otherwise the narrative is woefully tame compared to the thrilling recitals of more adventurous tourists, the commercial travellers of the dark continent. As, however, everything African is nowadays of interest, it has been thought worth while to print this account of a forgotten corner of the land protected by the British flag for half a century, yet less known than are the remoter regions between the Vaal and the great Equatorial lakes, which now occupy the chanceries of half the capitals of Europe.—J. E. C. B.]

One cloudless summer morning, in a month associated in England with fog and sleet, the brilliant South African sun was lighting up the red mass of the Parliament Houses at Cape Town, in striking contrast of colouring to the green background of Table Mountain and to the deep blue of the sky, as I made my way from among the trees of the Botanical Gardens to the primitive building which contains the public offices of the colony. Sir Thomas Upington was waiting for me to talk over the route he had planned for me with his colleague and successor, Sir Gordon Sprigg, for a tour in the western and eastern provinces. Nothing can surpass the kindness of all persons in authority in South Africa to English travellers who are anxious to see the country, and willing to give time and energy to so doing. Sir Hercules Robinson, who was approaching the term of his memorable governorship, not content with giving me letters and information of great value, had put me in the hands

of the Prime Minister of the Cape to help me farther on my way. The Commissioner of Works had placed at my disposal a pass over the Government railway system; but as it was my intention to travel chiefly off the beaten tracks, by Cape-cart and in the saddle, still more valuable were the good offices of the Premier in providing me with a budget of introductions to the magistrates and other functionaries stationed throughout the colony.

Sir Thomas Upington, as he went through the pile of letters with a map of South Africa, remarked, "Now, if you could only extend your tour into native territory, you would at the end of it have seen more of Africa south of the Transvaal, not only than any traveller from the old country, but than any Africander." Just as he was uttering the words the door opened, and in walked Mr de Wet, the Secretary for Native Affairs, who had that morning returned from an official tour in the Transkei. "This is providential," said

the Attorney-General; and before the interview ended I had decided to visit Kaffraria, the Minister for Native Affairs promising to ask the chief magistrate of Tembuland to summon a "pitso"—a great gathering of native chiefs.

A month later, after a wonderful journey of over a thousand miles through the southern parts of Cape Colony, I left King William's Town on my way into Kaffirland. The people in the old frontier town had advised me, as my time was not unlimited, to push on by post-cart from Kei Road through the Transkei as far as Umtata, the capital of Tembuland. The road at first lay through miles of monotonous rolling veldt, and after an hour or two of driving in the low Cape-cart drawn by six horses, the air was so clear that our destination at night was plainly visible when still fifty miles away. This was the Amaxosa country, the scene of the great cattle-slaughter of 1857. To a young girl, Nongquanse, a Kaffir Marie Bernadette, there appeared on the banks of a stream the spirit of a dead chief, who bade her tell the nation to slay all the cattle of their vast herds, and to destroy all the corn stored in pits. Then on a certain day myriads of oxen would issue from the earth to take the place of the slaughtered kine; fields of ripe waving corn would spring up; the ancient warriors of the past would reappear; and the sky would fall and crush the whites and the Fingo dogs. Agents of the British Government and missionaries vainly tried to stem the frenzy. Two hundred thousand hides of slaughtered cattle were bartered to traders for trifles, and great kraals were prepared for the promised herds. Thousands of the Amaxosa race were famishing even before the

appointed day: at sunrise the whole nation was watching for the morning, and as the hours went by without any of the portents appearing, the Kaffirs awoke to the reality that they had been duped. In British Kaffraria alone there perished that year of famine nearly 70,000 natives.

The whole of the first day's journey was over ground made historic in the war of the Axe in 1846, and in subsequent Kaffir wars. My one travelling companion, the post-contractor at Umtata, had held a lieutenant's commission in the more recent Gcaika and Gcaleka campaign, and entertained me with his adventures. He pointed out a spot where in one engagement he could not extract the cartridge from his rifle. A native, seeing him thus helpless, threw an assegai at him, which struck his saddle. A friendly Fingo now came up and went for the Gcaika at close quarters. The two Africans pointed their guns at one another's foreheads, and the officer, incapacitated from helping his ally, gazed expecting to see two black heads blown to atoms: both pulled their triggers—and both had forgotten to load!

In our first stage, the grass of the rolling veldt looked as green as English pastures in June, beneath the deep blue sky; but presently heavy clouds began to gather, and a terrific thunderstorm raged all round us. We escaped the worst of it; but later in the day we climbed a mountain road, strewn with giant boulders washed down by the deluge, and the next morning we passed a kraal where three native women had been struck dead by the lightning—the Kaffir huts, notwithstanding their lowness, frequently attracting thunderbolts. As the Kei river was approached, beyond

the straggling village of Komgha, the country became very picturesque, the mimosa-trees, fragrant after the rain, giving it the appearance of a park laid out amid mountain terraces, till suddenly the Kei bridge came in sight—the finest bridge in Cape Colony—uniting the old eastern province and Kaffraria.

On the river-bank squatted a group of Red Kaffirs,—six young men, all well built, and all adorned with great care—Fingo mashers. On their heads they wore a fan-like erection of feathers; their blankets had slipped down and they sat in complete nudity, excepting for their necklaces of beads, armlets and anklets of metal, rings or feathers pierced through their ears, and the minute adornment which Kaffir modesty ordains for its males. They sang a monotonous chant, swinging their arms from their heads to the ground, and when it was done they got up, threw their blankets over their bodies as gracefully as a Spaniard adjusts his poncho, and with an insolent air swaggered into the canteen of the Kei Bridge Hotel. These boys are the worst class of natives to deal with, in their pride at having passed the age of circumcision. They refuse to work, but when brought before the magistrates plead that they are poor blacks. They form the class in which the native difficulties will lie in the future. English rule has disestablished the authority of the chiefs to which their fathers looked, and these youths are growing up bereft of that tradition, with nothing else to reverence in its place. Tembuland had just been given the franchise; but though the black population is estimated in proportion to the whites as 200 to 1, the restriction which disallows the qualification

in respect of property held tribally makes the proportions of the electorate in the opposite ratio of black and white.

We lay that night at Toleni, where, on a mountain-top, a long low building containing post-office, store, and inn, stands among a cluster of Fingo huts, shaped like beehives, with roofs of thatch and walls of mud. From this point to Umtata the postal authorities allow twenty hours for the mail-carts, but as the swift Kaffir horses can do the distance in fourteen, the hour for starting is four in the morning instead of ten at night, thus giving the rare passengers a little rest. The solitude of the green plains at sunrise is unbroken save for some flocks of stork. The natives are not matutinal, and nothing stirring is seen round about the frequent kraals till the day is well aired. The first signs of life we encountered were at Ibeka, a station of the Cape Mounted Rifles, one of the smartest military bodies in the empire, and most serviceable in native warfare. The men came running round the cart from the native huts they inhabit to receive the mails, the enormous size of the bags being explained by the fact that many of these young braves are Englishmen of respectable family, whose chief link with the old country is the receipt of newspapers from regretful relatives.

Whenever we ascended a rise we could now see before us the great Drakensberg range, which, rising in Pondoland, runs right through Natal into the Transvaal. On all sides scenes of native life met us. Two tiny boys, black as jet and stark naked, ran among a flock of goats; each seized one by the horns, and, leaping on their backs, they galloped after us for a mile. Now we descended to the Bashu river, so swollen by yesterday's

storm that the drift could not be forded. As we went down the steep declivity to the roaring stream six naked non-electors of Tembuland ran up to help us outspan. The horses being unloosed, the Kaffirs drove them into the river, shouting and clapping their hands as they were borne down the stream by the current. On to a primitive pontoon the blacks lifted the cart with loud cries of "hamba," in sound not unlike the Neapolitan *jammo*, and of equivalent meaning; and so we passed out of Fingoland.

At Umtentu, in Tembuland proper, that afternoon we espied a great multitude of Kaffirs assembled in a kraal, and found that the headman had just completed his brewing, and was entertaining all the neighbouring kraals at a beer-drinking. Most of the men squatted within a wattled enclosure ladling out the beer from barrels, and drinking it from pumpkin calabashes; while the women sat in rows before the huts, many of them carrying children slung in blankets behind. For a consideration the men, and afterwards the women, agreed to dance. The dancers did not lift their feet from the ground, but, letting their blankets slip, they advanced slowly with a quivering motion, their breasts protruding and all their muscles shaking, while they brandished their clubs and assegais aloft. The women meanwhile chanted a wild accompaniment, clapping their hands till their turn came, when they stripped themselves to the waist, and advanced in line with animated postures and gestures. The only dignified figures in the dance were the unhappy babes, who, swathed in blankets, had their young heads whacked against their mother's glossy backs, without for a moment losing their imperturbable composure. This early discipline more

probably accounts for the hardness of the Kaffir skull than the theory of exposure to the sun. After the remuneration had been distributed, and as we were driving away, a dozen boys and girls followed us asking for directions about the division of the money, as some of the visitors were of the Pondo nation, which neither loves nor respects the Fingos, who were present in large numbers; so we departed leaving a likely prospect of black wigs on the green that night.

Umtata, which we reached before sunset, after a drive of ninety miles, is a long straggling village, which, from the character of its architecture, looks in the distance like the preparation for an agricultural show. The rolling hills above the river, which is the frontier of independent Pondoland, resemble the Sussex downs, and the Kaffir huts, like stumpy ricks, keep up the illusion that the scene is in England. Here, in the little town, Major Elliot dwells in a cluster of native huts which stand in a large garden, and administers justice as chief magistrate of a great native province, with power of life and death over the people, who consider themselves his subjects, and him the embodiment of British rule in South Africa. My time being somewhat limited, the major decided that as it would be impossible to assemble a "pitso" of large proportions, in the absence of the principal tributary chief at an exhibition at Grahamstown, a better plan would be that Mr Merriman, the magistrate of Umtata, should take me for an expedition into Pondoland, and a messenger was forthwith despatched to the chief Nquilisio to request him to summon a meeting of his tribe to welcome a visitor from over the great sea.

Two mornings later we set out on horseback, accompanied by two young officials, one of whom was an admirable interpreter, and our sole escort was a mounted Kaffir policeman. A few miles outside British territory we passed through a prosperous-looking kraal, full of sleek oxen. This belonged to an opulent headman, whose wealth so excited the chief's cupidity, that the witch-doctors were bidden to find a pretext for "smelling out" the owner of the fat cattle. It was a time of drought, and the witch-doctors soon discovered that he had large stores of grain in his pits, so they charged him with sorcery, inasmuch as he had defied the elements by making a disrespectful gesture at the sun. The rain, however, came, and his life was spared for that occasion. As we were up-saddling after our mid-day rest, there passed us a man driving a small flock of goats and several head of cattle. This was the husband of a lady-physician who is ruining the practice of the local witch-doctors, and he was taking home his wife's fee for attending a patient.

At last we reached the chief's kraal. A large drove of horses showed that a numerous gathering had assembled. The kraal was not unlike other Kaffir villages, but the round enclosure for cattle was rather bigger, and there were a greater number of mud-and-wattled huts grouped around. Outside a vast herd of cattle was grazing, of which hereafter. Nquilis, chief of Western Pondoland, was easily recognised by his cap of royal leopard's skin, and as we dismounted he advanced to meet us, and received us with imposing dignity. The previous night the messenger from Umtata had announced the coming of the stranger, and the "leopard's tail" had forth-

with been sent round to all the headmen. This is the fiery cross of the Pondos. The tail of a leopard mounted on a rod, when found within a kraal, is known to be a silent summons for the headman to repair to the chief's "great place," or wherever the chief is. The Eastern family is paramount in Pondoland, but the Western chief, who is not in the succession, is the grand elector, and Nquilis's uncle, Mquikela, being dead, our entertainer was in the unpleasant position of having to nominate a successor from among four more or less powerful candidates.

Nquilis, who looked rather like Aida's father in the opera, thanked the magistrate for the friendliness of his message to the effect that the visit was not for the purpose of making any claim, but merely to introduce a traveller, and he added, "The stranger must eat of my bread." This is the modest form which the Bantus of the coast use to offer a guest "a white ox of the herd." As it appeared to me rather embarrassing to have to go through Africa for the rest of my travels driving a cow, it was explained that after accepting it I might offer it again to the tribe for a feast—the Faste of flesh being a rare treat for the natives, notwithstanding the vastness of their herds, which are kept unimpaired as an outward sign of wealth, excepting when used for purposes of barter. Immediately half-a-dozen naked Pondos rushed into the drove, and seizing by the horns a white ox, they threw it on the ground and cut its throat barbarously with assegais. While it was being skinned almost before it was lifeless, a circle was formed of the chief, his counsellors and people. Nquilis and his guests sat on a

bench, which was probably a missionary relic. Outside our circle sat a wild-looking group, a deputation from the Konjwayi — the people of Gwadiso, the most considerable of the minor chiefs, who were waging war with the Pondos, and had come to talk over a demand of cattle as war indemnity for men slain in battle; but our host had said that as he was entertaining he could not talk till to-morrow.

When we had settled ourselves in a circle, the raw smoking liver of the ox was handed round, which the Pondos devoured, holding the meat aloft in the one hand, and with the other slicing off a gobbet which fell into the mouth. Nquiliso then asked if we had brought him a present, whereupon the magistrate produced a small jar of whisky. A rude cup was brought, and the chief himself fished out from a bag of beaded skin a corkscrew! Our native constable had first to taste, to show that the drink-offering was not poisoned. Then the chief drained a bumper himself, and after offering the cup to us, he passed it to some of the counsellors sitting on his left hand, who drank with much dignity, one of them remarking that the liquid was "softer than fat." Then Nquiliso beckoned to a young and handsome boy with almost Grecian features, not to drink himself, but only to act as cup-bearer to the chief's "great son" Boklène, who sat a little in advance of the circle upon a kaross of buckskin. The cup was thus borne to him, this distinction being reserved for the heir, all the others, counsellors and headmen, coming up to the chief till the jar was exhausted. Boklène is a good-looking disdainful individual of eight-and-twenty. He has seven wives and as many

children. For two years he was a student in the Wesleyan Seminary at Buntingville, about twenty miles from the kraal where we were, but he has completely relapsed into the habits of his tribe: perhaps the name of Buntingville was too much for his fastidious feelings!

The expansion of the Anglo-Saxon race, with all its civilising benefits, is vulgarising the habitable globe, and in no particular is this more striking than in the nomenclature of new settlements. In South Africa this importation of Americanisms, like Buntingville, is the more wanton, as the old Bantu names of places are singularly musical. The Dutch were offenders in this respect before we came, but where a name has historical significance, whether Boer or British, there is some excuse for it. For instance, it is not uninteresting to trace the etymology of the quaint town of Stellenbosch to a combination of the patronymics of Governor van der Stell and his wife Constantia Bosch, whose christian name also lives in the famous vineyard beneath Table Mountain. Or again, no one could complain if each English governor or colonial statesman of mark left his name attached to one burgh or province. No one would grudge this amount of immortality for the valiant and eccentric Sir Harry Smith; but Harrismith, Ladismith, Aliwal North, and Aliwal South, are reiterations as ugly as they are needless; and because Lord Charles Somerset once governed Cape Colony, that is no reason why South Africa should be studded with every name and title connected with the Beaufort family, as if it were a London building estate. Sir Hercules Robinson, whose rule in days to come will probably be accounted more successful than

that of any British administrator who preceded him at the Cape, may congratulate himself that as yet no Herculeum has been dedicated to him; but it will hardly be credited that the name of a brave and unfortunate commander is vilely travestied in a Kaffrarian settlement called Colleywobbles. After that, the suburbs of Kimberley named Gladstone and Beaconsfield are models of Cockney refinement and originality.

To return to the young Pondo chieftain. I beckoned to me a native who was smoking a curious inlaid pipe, and he had agreed to sell it to me, when Boklène, who had been eyeing the transaction, arose, and with a gesture of great dignity ordered the man to return the money, saying, "The stranger is our guest; whatever he desires must be a gift;" so the coin had subsequently to be slipped surreptitiously into the pipe-owner's palm. Conversation then became general with the aid of our clever interpreter—the old chief, with all the courtly unction of an Italian Monsignore, repeating his expressions of gratitude for a friendly visit of ceremony without any disagreeable business in the background, and of hope that it was the beginning of a new era. We asked if the tribe had any grievance. Boklène said that their chief trouble was an epidemic of pleuro-pneumonia; that they hoped that the English surgeon of Umtata might come and inoculate them, as similar treatment for smallpox had saved the tribe. His own powerful arms bore the vaccination marks; and he added, amid much laughter, that the witch-doctors ascribed the present epidemic to the malignant influence of a monkey and a snake, but that the day of the

witch-doctors had ended—upon which assertion we received a gruesome commentary that very night.

There was an aged counsellor, whose noble features were Arab rather than Bantu, who plied me with questions about the great white chief over the seas—a subject, as Livingstone testifies, always of the deepest interest to the children of the African wilderness. I explained that she was a woman—a queen; that she had reigned for more than half a hundred years; and that her fiftieth anniversary had been celebrated by "a great dance given to all the nation, at which many oxen were slain." "Has she a great son, and what is his age?" I told him of the Prince of Wales, and how he and his sons had travelled to the distant parts of the world. "He has had long to wait," the old counsellor sententiously remarked; and Nquilisso added, with a caustic smile, that if he kept Boklène waiting as long, the witch-doctors' aid would probably be invoked to find a means of expediting the succession. "Of what tribe was the great Queen's husband?" the old counsellor then inquired; and on hearing that he was a German he asked, "A German of the nation which has sent people to Pondoland? But they have told us that their nation hates yours, and will one day drive you out of the land."

This is the work of one Einwald and his associates, who was once described in a Colonial Office Blue-book as "a distinguished German traveller," but who is said to have been a watchmaker at Cape Town. I am not disposed to lay too much stress on the stories of German intrigue in South Africa. The German

traders and settlers within British territory would be the most strenuous opponents of the cession of any part of the land of their adoption to the Fatherland which they have voluntarily left, with all its irksome limitations on liberty, if any cession were within the range of probability. Their attitude is instructive, as showing what a fraud German colonisation is. The Germans are the best settlers, but the worst colonists, in the world, and in Central Africa the supineness of our successive Conservative and Liberal Governments has postponed for England her supremacy, while civilisation has been retarded by the sham colonisation schemes of Germany. At the same time, the existence of German busybodies and adventurers in South Africa, unacknowledged though they be at Berlin, calls for our absolute annexation of Pondoland, which is a comparatively small tract of country wedged between Cape Colony and Natal, and though nominally under our protection, is a sanctuary for all the cattle-thieves and other bad characters of Kaffraria. The German petty plotters have undoubtedly, as the old counsellor revealed, stirred up the Pondos against the English; and when the Colonial Government was constructing (at a cost of £16,000) the road through Pondoland to the Indian Ocean, our road-makers had frequently to call themselves Germans to obtain assistance from the natives and to avoid molestation. Einwald and his people had told them that if once the Germans came, there would be free importation of guns, and that blankets, which now cost 8s., would be sold for 5s.—an argument which appeals deeply to the mind of the Kaffir,

who, since the introduction of English currency, will walk ten miles to obtain the cheapening of an article by sixpence.

I asked Nquilisio to allow his braves to give me a war-dance. He courteously protested: we had come on a friendly visit, he said, and their gesticulations might seem menacing. At last he consented to a compromise. The warriors were not to wield their assegais and shields, but only their clubs. They massed themselves in close column, swaying backwards and forwards, and chanting a refrain quite in Verdi's latest Wagnerian style. One man sang a few bars, and the rest of the host took it up, repeating it again and again. All the time the phalanx advanced upon us, the men shooting up their clubs in rhythm with the chant, till they were uncomfortably close upon us, and we could appreciate the old chief's warning about the menacing character of the dance. At a signal they retired in the same order, and at the end the women rushed from the huts to welcome the heroes on their return from battle.

We had to take our leave. We had twenty miles to ride to our bivouac, and not only was night approaching but the thunder was muttering in a threatening sky. The old chief was asked if he wanted anything. Yes; he would like some cartridges for a Martini-Henry he possessed. He did not want to shoot men, but only the *paru*—the turkey-bustard; and would the great Queen from over the water send him a suit of clothes: he was tired of his blanket. Boklène, with a well-bred air, escorted us to the entrance to the kraal, and pointed out our way after Nquilisio had shaken hands with us most warmly. We galloped for several miles over the rich veldt,

ascending to high ground from which the country down to the Indian Ocean was visible. In the west was a patch of red angry after-glow, and in the twilight twenty bush-fires sent up their smoke. Darkness fell suddenly, and the lightning became magnificent—chain-lightning they called it—the whole horizon facing us being lit up again and again by parallel lines of trickling light. Then all was darkness again, except for the rare glimmer of the fire in a Pondo hut, looking like a glowworm.

Then as we paced our horses in the blinding rain, amid the roar of the thunder, we heard the appalling history of the day's proceedings. When the magistrate's message had come announcing our visit, Nquiliso was disconcerted because he was short of cattle wherewith to make a show and welcome his guests. He bethought him of one of his people, a wealthy Pondo who had been already accused of sorcery by reason of the fatness of his herds; so a band, headed by Boklène, was sent over to his kraal that very morning: he was "smelt out" by the witch-doctor, and forthwith beaten to death with clubs. Thus were we provided with our entertainment. This was the story told us by the Kaffir messenger who had been sent over with the magistrate's message, and he had seen the armed band go forth and return later with the cattle. I naturally felt some remorse at the thought of a human creature having been done to death on my account, but the native guide consoled me. It was lucky for the doomed headman that we had come. His sleek herds had long since marked him down as a victim for the witch-doctors; and had it not been for our coming he

would not have been so mercifully despatched, but, bound and smeared with fat, he would have been thrown on an ant-heap, to linger for days. I thought of the dead Pondo lying stark beneath the African thunderstorm, every moment growing more terrific; and of the Wesleyan seminary at Buntingville, a few miles away across the hills; and of the propaganda of the Anglicans, the Roman Catholics, and the Methodists, all severely ignoring one another, at Umtata, from whence we had ridden that day. Two days' journey farther, at King William's Town, the Salvation Army was each night waking the echoes of the streets; and still a little farther, at Grahams-town, the young Tembu chief was inspecting the triumphs of civilisation at the exhibition in the City of the Saints, and might have been taken to see the iron tabernacle erected as a sanctuary for the Bishop of the Diocese when locked out of his cathedral by the Dean: for South African Christianity, in its multitudinous forms, is full of healthy activity, and even Boklène was so far amenable to its influence that he had acquired at Buntingville a sense of the propriety of deriding before visitors the custom of "smelling out," with the blood not yet dry on his club after its morning's work.

Suddenly my reflections were interrupted by a dazzling glare which stunned me, and amid a deafening crash of thunder my horse spun round and round. We were all blinded for some minutes, and each thought the other had been struck. The magistrate was riding by my side, and twenty yards ahead of us his two subalterns. The bolt had fallen between the two groups, and a sulphureous smoke thickened the air.

At last, when nearly midnight, we reached Umlingana—a store and a cluster of Pondo huts. We had sent in advance the second Kaffir constable, but he had not arrived, doubtless struck by the lightning. An excellent old woman, the store-keeper's wife, and formerly a nurse in the Merriman family, soon prepared us a capital supper of what the Pondos call *inbanto* and *itywala*, and I never slept as well as in the hut I shared with the magistrate.

The next morning was fine and hot, and our Kaffir policeman, whose fate we had bewailed over supper, turned up. He had not been struck by lightning, but recollecting that a lady of his acquaintance dwelt in a neighbouring kraal, he thought that a visit to her would be more comfortable than acting as our advance-guard in the tempest, especially as a hunk of my cow, which he had carried away at his saddle-bows, would make him unusually welcome. In Pondoland the policeman conveys the meat to his lady-love, instead of following the converse practice traditional in the English constabulary.

Space forbids me to describe the lovely tract of scenery which stretches down from Umlingana to the Indian Ocean at the Gates of St John. The rich monotonous veldt ends, and the landscape from this point is a magnificent combination of mountain and forest, with the river running through the valley, swollen by streams which trickle like silver down the wooded hillsides. Here in secluded kloofs we saw clusters of huts, the fastnesses of cattle-thieves; beyond in another mountain recess were the remains of a grass-fire where lately had perished a band of *kivetta* boys (as the youths

are called who have recently submitted to the rites which admit them to manhood), who had been turned into a kraal there during the season of their wearing the customary white paint. The old store-keeper at Umlingana, from whom I procured some Pondo curiosities which he had taken in exchange for food during a famine, told me that the life of a trader isolated among savages is not altogether a happy one. Madolo, a neighbouring chief, had recently ridden over and had taken some blankets out of the store, but when asked for payment threatened to *sjambok* the old man—that is, horsewhip him with a thong made of sea-cow-hide. On the other hand, some of the traders are the most disreputable of whites, who live in great comfort, according to their debased ideas, supplying the natives with spirits and ammunition, and loudly exaggerating the perils they are subject to. On our way back to Umtata by a different route, we met with one of these, who was married to a Cape Hottentot woman, to whose care Boklène had confided his eldest son, to be brought up as an English gentleman. The solemn little man was wearing, to prove his civilisation, a flannel shirt as his only garment, but it was too short for him, though he was only three years old.

I must pass over many interesting incidents of the return journey through Pondoland,—a ride which made me regret in subsequent solitary expeditions the companionship of Mr Merriman, the magistrate, who is full of information of the people among whom he dwells, and with whom he has the greatest sympathy. Umtata, however, must not be finally left without a word about the Anglican cathedral there. The Bishop had gone to



an Episcopal Conference at Lambeth, but I saw much of his amiable and hard-working coadjutor, Mr Cameron, who has mastered the Kaffir language. Like all disinterested missionaries I have met in South Africa, he did not dare make any forecast of the future of missions in that country, and he sorrowfully acknowledged that the frequent relapses of converts into the condition of the "Red Kaffir" shows that the civilisation of the "school Kaffir" is only skin-deep. The instance of Emma Sandilli is well known — the chief's daughter, who formerly used to be a guest at Government House, Cape Town, in Sir Bartle Frere's time, where she played the piano, and now has returned to the blanket and the ochre in a kraal, where she lives as one of a retinue of wives.

The native service in the iron cathedral is an interesting spectacle. The congregation is arranged in High Church fashion, men on one side and women on the other; and the walls are decorated with inscriptions in the Kaffir language. The black choir is surpliced and cassocked, and the clergyman, with his Pondomisi deacon, wore coloured stoles, the latter *en bandoulière*. A baptism took place the morning I was there in three languages, Kaffir, Dutch, and English, as one of the infants was Kaffir, another Hottentot, and the third a colonist's child, so the god-parents would have some difficulty in deciding what was the vulgar tongue in which they vowed to instruct their charges. The singing was beautiful — as soft as that of Italian women chanting the Litanies of the month of Mary. Lily Mtobobo lent me her hymn-book,

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—her name, which must have been given to her in honour of her teeth, was written in it—"Lily Mtobobo, Emtata." In my rash ignorance I suggested that Lily ought to know how to spell the name of her native town, but was crushed by the reply that the spelling showed her knowledge of the refinements of Bantu etymology, Emtata being the locative case of Umtata. The Kaffir language is trochaic, and it contains few rhymes, the chief being *yam* and *bam*, which give a comminatory sound to the pious canticles; but the collection of hymns is said to have great literary merit, and is chiefly the work of Canon Woodroffe of Grahamstown, who has done more work for the native races in South Africa than many whose names figure ostentatiously in missionary reports.

From Umtata I set out again one sunny morning at five o'clock, accompanied only by a Fingo constable, who acted as my guide and carried my saddle-bags. Mounted on a wiry Kaffir horse, my way through Tembuland lay over a well-cultivated country of grass and mealies. On the first forenoon we came to the kraal of Makaula, a friendly chief. Timothy, my guide, rode on in advance to ask if a visit would be agreeable, and he came back with a message from the queen-mother to say that on no account must the stranger pass without seeing the chief, who was at a neighbouring kraal and would be summoned. I rode up and off-saddled, and was received by Makaula's mother, a massive matron six feet high, and quite of the type of the British chaperon. She was soon surrounded by her daughters-in-law, who came forth from the huts and sat in a circle. They all shook hands with me, and

one of them, the great wife, brought out a Windsor chair for me. I peeped into my lady's chamber, but she had denuded it of its only piece of furniture. The ladies produced their pipes, and helping themselves from my tobacco-pouch, they proceeded to smoke with all the grace of a Viennese beauty puffing her cigarette. The chief's unmarried sister now joined the group, and her bashful monosyllables in reply to some questions of mine called forth much well-bred hilarity from the chaperons. There were only two men with them, the tame-cats of the kraal—one an elderly young gentleman, whose hair was arranged in finicking little spikes. The whole group, indeed, had much in common with what is met with in an English country-house when a caller has to be entertained for half an hour while the men are out shooting. The tame-cats were much interested with my field-glasses, through which they could see the messenger galloping on a cream-coloured horse for the chief; and before he arrived the royal babies were exhibited, their respective mothers uttering sounds of delight when I prodded the black fatlings with my riding-whip.

Makaula at last rode up—a magnificent creature, taller than his mother, a white blanket thrown loosely round him, and a string of beads crowning his head. He held a long and dignified conversation with me about his grievances, but as Timothy's English was as peculiar as my Kaffir, we made little progress; however, he made it clear that he felt the cold (it was a hot, thundery day), and that some whisky would be acceptable. I told him that I carried none with me, but that if he would ride on with me to the next store he should have some. He replied

that unhappily the storekeeper had no licence, so I consoled him with a present of cigars, which he proceeded to chop up for his pipe and his snuff-box.

That afternoon, at the Moravian mission-station at Bazira, I found myself in the midst of a group in remarkable contrast to Makaula's people. This was the little family circle of Mr Baudert, a Prussian missionary from Coblenz, consisting of his kindly wife and pretty child, a sweet little Gretchen. These simple-minded folk welcomed me with the greatest heartiness, and were in despair when they heard it was my intention to complete a fifty-mile ride that day, predicting thunderstorms and swollen rivers to prevail upon me to be their guest. The good missionary spoke in high praise of the industry of the Kaffirs so long as they remained in the location, but confessed that as soon as they went back to the huts they relapsed into barbarism.

So the day went on; rivers were forded and swum; mounted Kaffirs passed me, saluting with uplifted hand, the two forefingers spread out as in a bishop's benediction; the horses were off-saddled at intervals, till at last we espied our resting-place for the night, Engcobo, fifty-six miles from our starting-point, and only two hours ahead. Then my misfortunes began. As my horse struggled up a steep river-bank the girth snapped, so my guide went on to tell the magistrate of my coming, and I followed as quickly as the tired horse and the broken girth would allow. Then darkness fell with sudden swiftness as it does in Africa, and I was left alone on a moonless night, so black that my horse's head was invisible to me as I sat in the saddle, so

my wisest plan seemed to be to halt. After hours of waiting, at about nine o'clock, just as I was preparing to tether the horse and go to bed supperless on the veldt, I heard Timothy shouting. He came leisurely leading his horse. "I told you to gallop back to me." "But, bass, the saddle-bags were heavy." "Why in the name of your grandfather's spirit didn't you leave them with the magistrate?" This was an excellent specimen of aboriginal sagacity. As guides, too, I found the natives, whether Fingo or Gcaika, who were lent to me at the different magistrates' stations, quite useless twenty miles away from their home, and I had to guide them with the aid of my map. At the conclusion of each day of my ride in Tembuland I was benighted entirely by the fault of the native, and after riding forty or fifty miles it was hard lines, both for the horse and his rider, to be let in for two or three hours of wandering in the dark when tired and hungry. The powers of endurance of the native horses are beyond all praise. On this journey the little animal which brought me from Umtata carried me nearly 150 miles in fifty-three consecutive hours without turning a hair; and a similar experience with a Basuto pony in Zululand confirmed me in my admiration for the calibre of South African horse-flesh. All that the steeds demand is an off-saddling and a short rest at the end of every two or three hours. If forage can be obtained at these stages, so much the better; but if not, they will contentedly feed on the sweet veldt, and then proceed again, always at the same easy canter, which makes riding in Africa in dry weather as easy as sitting in an American rocking-chair.

Even in a savage country, where there are no telegraphs and infrequent mails, it must be awkward sometimes for the most hospitably inclined people to receive unlooked-for and belated travellers at the dead of night. Yet when I reached the little group of huts which form the residency of the magistrate, Mr Arthur Stanford, I found awaiting me the most welcome comfort and the most comfortable welcome, as if my coming had been expected for a week. It is astonishing how soon one forgets one's weariness at the end of a long day's ride in Africa; and though five o'clock was my hour for starting again the next morning, my kind entertainers found me very willing to sit up talking with them till long past midnight. Just as I was setting out in the morning, the magistrate's eldest little girl was going for her ride. One of the pleasantest memories of my expeditions in wild regions has been the pretty children I have found making bright most remote and desolate spots. Yet the presence of a fair-haired baby girl must often cause some anxiety to its parents in their isolation among savages. Here on this very spot, during the Tembu rebellion of 1881, the brother of my host was taken by surprise by the Kaffirs, and with the greatest difficulty escaped with his wife and children through the woods to the next station, which they found burned down by the rebels.

I must pass over the remaining days of my ride, with all their infinite variety, in order to devote a short space to a subject which is from time to time brought prominently before the English public,—the great missionary question. As the traveller rides or drives through

Kaffraria, whenever he gains the top of an eminence there is sure to meet his view a neat homestead, the white walls of which shining in the sunlight are visible for miles. This is pointed out as the mission station, and as it is approached there are apparent signs that the tenant of the holding is the happy occupier of a prosperous-looking estate. The prosperity of the neighbourhood does not, as a rule, extend beyond the boundaries of the location. The characteristics of the kraals within a mile of a mission station in no wise differ from those which are more remote, though there are few kraals in Kaffirland which are half a day's ride from some British or German evangelising agency. Occasionally a Red Kaffir is seen stalking along with a tall hat surmounting his ochre-stained blanket, or wearing a frock-coat below which his black legs are visible, and one is told he is a Moravian or a member of some British sect; and the conclusion that one comes to, after months of travel in Africa, from Tumbuland to the Transvaal and from Zululand to Zanzibar, is that the only achievement of the later generations of missionaries has been to modify the picturesqueness of the natives. In South Africa the Yorkshire blanket has taken the place of the kaross of skins, and the carved wooden pipkin has given way to the tin-pail of commerce.

Had I nothing but my unsupported observations to rely upon, I might have thought that by some curious chance the zigzag course of my journeyings had passed through the more unfavourable localities of missionary propaganda; but the result of my inquiries of every class of person, from the missionaries themselves

to the magistrates, confirmed me in the impression that little or no progress is being made in civilising the native races. More valuable, however, than a volume of traveller's talk is the Blue-book on native affairs, which is annually presented to the Cape Parliament, containing the reports of the magistrates and civil commissioners in native territory. Now it may be objected that in certain quarters of the globe the civil officials are prejudiced witnesses against missionary propaganda. This is not the case in South Africa, for this reason. The Dutch Boers and the missionaries have a mutual hatred and distrust of one another which is traditional. The magistracy, as far as that impartial body of men can be said to take sides, are opposed to Boer principles; they are, with few exceptions, of English origin, and without exception, I think I may say, are the protectors of the interests of the native races as against "Boer oppression." It is therefore to be presumed that their testimony is as favourable on the missionaries' behalf as is consistent with the truth.

I quote the reports of several district magistrates at random. The first in the Blue-book before me is that of the administrator of the district of Idutywa in the Transkei, where the population is under 20,000. "There are three mission societies labouring in the district—the Church of England, Free Church of Scotland, and the Wesleyan Society. . . . The Free Church has five schools; . . . the Wesleyan Society has three schools. . . . I cannot mention any actual progress which has been noticeable amongst the people since I wrote my last report." In the district of Kentani, where the population

is 16,000, the magistrate says: "There are two mission societies labouring in the district—the United Presbyterian Church and . . . the Wesleyan Society. There is no perceptible improvement in the district in regard to civilisation." The magistrate at Engcobo writes that in his district the Church of England has two head stations, the Wesleyans two, and the Free Church of Scotland two. "Each of these denominations has, in addition, numerous out-stations. . . . Nothing has occurred during the year to denote any special progress either amongst Christian or heathen natives." The magistrate at Umtata makes a careful analysis which is too lengthy to transcribe. He describes the Anglican, Wesleyan, and Moravian propaganda, and sums up: "The mission work does not, therefore, appear to show a very striking result, as little more than 300 scholars out of a population of 18,000 souls, or something less than two per cent, receive instruction, and of this

instruction the greater portion is barren of results." Half-a-dozen similar quotations might be made, and I can only find one district magistrate who reports favourably, the Commissioner of Tsolo, who adds, however, that he has arrived so recently that he has "had no opportunity of visiting the district."¹

During my travels in Africa I re-read the 'Personal Life of Dr Livingstone,' and it is necessary to travel in Africa to understand the force of much that he says on the Mission question. As long ago as 1843 he wrote, from South Africa, to the Directors of the London Missionary Society,—“The conviction to which I refer is that a much larger share of the benevolence of the Church and of missionary exertion is directed into this country than the amount of population and the success attending these efforts seems to call for. . . . I confess I feel grieved to hear of the arrival of new missionaries. . . . There is not a country better sup-

¹ My quotations are from the Blue-book of the year of my travels in this region. Sir Charles Mills, the agent-general for Cape Colony (to whom I was indebted for many pleasant incidents of my South African tour), has supplied me with the latest report received from his Government. In it the seven magistrates of Tembuland independently and unanimously testify that the natives have made no progress whatever in civilisation during the previous twelve months. In the adjacent territory of the Transkei, I am bound to say that one or two of the officials report a certain amount of progress. The most favourable account is that from Kentani, a settlement mentioned above, of which the magistrate says: "The population is, approximately, European, 150; Bantu, 26,000; Hottentot, 50. There has been perceptible progress in Church and school work during the year. . . . Three out-station churches have been cleared of debt, and three new ones will be opened very shortly. This, together with the fact that eight raw heathen are now seeking to become Church members, is a very pleasing indication that the steady and untiring labours of the missionary are being rewarded." I have no reason to believe that the excellent functionary who makes this report is a master of sarcasm; though it is evident from his account that the missionary propaganda in this district are, in the prodigious proportions of converts to population, rivalling the achievements of the Society for the Conversion of the Jews. The increase of the black population (which cannot be entirely accounted for by tribal migration) in two years at the rate of more than 60 per cent, is very significant for those who contemplate the future of South Africa, now that British rule has put an end to internecine wars which formerly kept down the numbers.

plied with missionaries in the world; and in proportion to the number of agents compared to the population, the success may be inferior to most other countries where efforts have been made." What would the great missionary say to the magistrate's report for the district of Kokstad, where there is a population of 5800 (including 600 Europeans) for whose benefit "work is carried on by the Church of England, Roman Catholic Church, Wesleyan Society, and Congregationalists? School work by all the above is being carried on, the number of schools being seven."

If missionaries accepted the good things the gods provide for them in the same spirit in which in the old days the old school of parsons accepted fat livings, they would be less open to criticism; but when one reads, in a Review which is supposed to represent the prosaic fag-end of a practical century, about these individuals "flinging to the winds all considerations of wealth, and ease, and social position, and worldly honour, having left behind them friends and country, everything which is ordinarily supposed to make life worth having"—one turns for refreshment to the journals of Livingstone. That greatest of travellers, who had some little knowledge of what hardship and isolation are, repudiated with supreme scorn the idea of self-denial. One of the chief stumbling-blocks to the success of missionary work, he said, was cant of this sort, and he asked if British officers ordered out to India ever boasted of their self-denial. The sight of the trim farmhouses standing in their cultivated lands in the loveliest climate in the world made me wonder if many a parish priest, working in the sunless dens of the great cities of Europe, would

not sometimes like to give up the advantages of civilisation to practise the life of self-denial vaunted at May meetings. No wonder Livingstone wrote, "I never felt a single pang at having left the Missionary Society." A missionary society is no place for a great missionary. In 1857 he again wrote, "My views of what is missionary duty are not so contracted as those whose ideal is a dumpy sort of man with a Bible under his arm." The dumpy sort of man is still often to be seen in South Africa, but as often wielding the scales behind the store counter as carrying the volume of the sacred Law.

My strictures are not aimed against all missionary propaganda. The apostolic labours of the missionaries of Rome have pioneered the way for civilisation in many dark places of the earth, and there are self-denying men of Protestant persuasion who are enduring dangers not less than those which Williams and Patterson in the Pacific Islands endured to the death. I am writing only of South Africa; and even there, there are men of single purpose and of indefatigable energy who are working hard in the interests of Christian civilisation. The existence of the Lovedale Institute, which belongs to the Free Church of Scotland, with its admirable system of technical education for natives, is a standing proof of what can be done if the right method be adopted. But Lovedale is an oasis in the African desert. The fact remains that the costly missionary organisations which have representatives in South Africa far out of proportion to the native population, are doing practically nothing in the interests of civilisation; and it cannot be said that they have the obstacles to contend with which

used to beset the old pioneer missionaries. The climate of South Africa is superb; the people are orderly, and in case of any outbreak armed forces are at hand to repress it. The land is fertile, and I am absolutely certain that there are at this moment hundreds of unemployed Oxford and Cambridge men who, if they could be located in a comfortable Kaffrarian mission-house, would undertake not to boast of the "social position and worldly honour" they have given up, as is the custom of some of those evangelists who have previously failed in the minor walks of commerce.

A curious feature of South African religious life is this. A large number of the Dutch pastors are annually imported from the Scottish universities, as the doctrines of the Reformed Church and of the Presbyterian Church are almost identical. It therefore follows that two young graduates of Aberdeen may have been college friends, and have come out to the Cape together—one of them to minister to an opulent congregation of Boers, the other to engage in the missionary propaganda; and although their belief is presumably the same, it will be the mission of the one to preach down the mission of the other, as the *Africander-Dutch* sternly discountenance missionaries. Perhaps the Boers may be right in this respect. Our methods with the native races have not been so successful that we can sit in judgment on the Cape Dutch, who were in the country before us. And, moreover, what is the civilisation that we are bringing into Africa? Let any one read the searching and interesting evidence taken before the South African Commission on the Native Laws and Customs, and

then let him read the Report of and Evidence before the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes, of which I have some knowledge, and he will fail to find any description of life so degraded and barbarous in the African narrative as of what is going on at our own doors. It is often said in answer to those who criticise the slowness of the results of missionary work, that one forgets that it has taken nearly nineteen centuries to perfect modern civilisation. For my own part, I do not think that we need take this practically despairing view, for I believe that in less than a fifth of the time which has elapsed since the landing of Augustine in Kent, our successors may see South Africa, under European rule, reduced to the civilisation now to be found in Southwark and in Clerkenwell.

I should have liked, had space permitted, to have referred at some length to the question of the Mohammedan propaganda in Africa. Mr Bosworth Smith, who is perhaps the greatest English authority on Islamism, in his essay on 'Mohammedanism in Africa' gives a valuable account of the West Coast religions, but he has impaired its worth by generalisations. The title he has chosen is far embracing, and the recurrence of expressions like "pagan Africa" would seem to include the whole continent from Tripoli to Pondoland, while distinct references to Mofat, to the Kuruman mission, and to Cape Colony, show that his remarks must be taken as referring to what is commonly known as South Africa, as well as to Central and North Africa, unless expressly limited.

I will make no reference to Mr Bosworth Smith's comments on

the progress of Islam on the Zanzibar and Mozambique coasts, as not germane to this article, though in some points my observations in those regions would lead me to join issue with him. As, however, some of his remarks refer to the land of the Kaffirs, it will not be inappropriate to mention them. He says there is no disguising the fact that hitherto, with the exception of one or two isolated spots, Christian effort has been anything but markedly successful in Africa. In this I have already shown that I am in complete agreement with him, but some of the causes he adduces seem a little far-fetched. He says that one reason is that Christianity has come to the negro as an incident of slavery. As far as South Africa goes, there is no foundation for this suggestion. The degenerate race of Hottentots—who, it is perhaps needless to say, are not negroes but yellow-men—may have associated Christianity with the oppression of their Dutch masters; but that is by no means the case with the Kaffirs, who, as far as servitude goes, are as independent as in the earliest days of Moffat and of Livingstone.

Christianity having failed, Mr Bosworth Smith says Mohammedanism is fast spreading over the whole continent. His words are: "It is hardly too much to say that one half of the whole of Africa is already dominated by Islam; while of the remaining half, one quarter is leavened and another threatened by it." This is, I venture to say, an exaggerated statement; and that he is thinking of Kaffraria is shown by another passage, where he says: "Southward they [the followers of the Prophet] are to be found scattered, always anxious to propagate their creed, even among the unbelieving Kaffirs, and still further

afield in Cape Colony." The facts of the case are as follows. Throughout Africa, south of the Zambesi, there are vast and increasing numbers of Mohammedans. In the seaport towns of Cape Colony there is a relatively enormous settlement of Malays, especially at Cape Town, where they are the most prosperous section of the working population. Their mosques are costly edifices, crowded with worshippers, and their priests are conspicuous in the streets; but my most careful inquiries could never elicit a single instance of the conversion of an African native to Mohammedanism, or even of an attempt to proselytise.

Again, the Indian and Arab traders, who have nearly all the commerce of the Zanzibar and Mozambique coasts in their hands, have spread down to Natal, and thence inland into the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, where they undersell all other merchants and store-keepers. In Natal especially, they are brought into close contact with the natives, but never has an instance been known of proselytism. The same may be said of the coolies, who are imported into Natal by the thousand.

The fact is, the religion of Islam gains its influence in these days by precisely the same methods by which it obtained its power of old—by force. It will probably be found that throughout Africa no converts are made to Islamism save in the case of slaves of Mohammedans, or in localities where the faithful are in such a majority that those who are not Mohammedans are looked down upon. The reason why the religion of Mohammed has made no progress in South Africa, and why it will never make progress among the Kaffirs, is that the followers of the

Prophet have no slaves in that region, and are never likely to form a majority of the population there.

In conclusion, I may mention an incident in connection with the "Black Madonnas," which were often referred to in the controversy on the Mussulman propaganda in Africa as significant of the sagacity of the missionaries of Rome in their conflict with Islam and with paganism among the dark-skinned races. In the Roman

Catholic Church at King William's Town, my starting-point for Kaffirland, Dr Fitzgerald of the Grey Hospital, one of the greatest authorities on Kaffrarian lore, pointed out to me a handsome stained-glass window which is said to have reconciled many Kaffirs to Holy Church, for on it is a representation of the Temptation, wherein the devil is depicted not in his customary sable hue, but as a white man!¹

J. E. C. BODLEY.

¹ The mention of the Grey Hospital recalls a matter of special interest to the readers of 'Maga.' All travellers on the frontier of Kaffraria are taken to see that admirable institution, founded for the benefit of the natives by Sir George Grey, and administered by his old friend Dr Fitzgerald. The two objects which are chiefly pointed out to visitors are the pictures painted by General Gordon for one of the wards during his sojourn at "King," and the annexe devoted to the leper patients. When the remarkable article appeared in 'Maga' calling attention to the condition of the unhappy sufferers of Robben Island—remembering the contentment of the lepers I had seen sunning themselves in the beautiful flower-garden of the hospital the day I spent with Dr Fitzgerald and his colleague Dr Eyre—I wrote a letter to the 'Morning Post' and 'Standard' affirming that there was one spot in British South Africa where leprosy was treated on a more humane system than that practised on the dismal pest-island of Table Bay. An agreeable response was made to my letter by an anonymous donor, who sent a present of one hundred pounds to the Grey Hospital, which may be considered as one of the many excellent results of the striking article which appeared in these columns.—J. E. C. B.

THE FRENCH ACADEMY.¹

THE French Academy is not only interesting because of its illustrious founder, and of the many celebrated men whose genius has rendered it glorious, but it is also most interesting as the only institution in France which has come down to us unchanged from the olden days. The discussion which has for some weeks back been carried on in the English press regarding the institution of an Academy of English Letters—a discussion as idle in its origin as it has been barren in its results—makes it worth our while to bestow some attention upon the constitution and working of the model which a small section of literary busybodies propose for our imitation.

At the time of its foundation, two centuries and a half ago, the feudal system was still in vigour in France;² the old race governed and the old laws prevailed. A hundred and fifty years afterwards the great Revolution swept like a hurricane across the land, burying beneath the ruins which it caused not only the ancient royal line and the aristocracy, but the very ideas and modes of thought which had existed until then. From the chaos a new France arose; but the ancient institutions had passed away for ever, or had changed in accordance with the spirit of the times.

The French Academy alone—although, as we shall see further

on, obliged for a moment to bow before the storm—remained unhurt, retaining all its pristine vigour; and it still continues the same as at its foundation, having the same constitution, the same statutes and laws, even the same number of members, which has never been increased—the *forty Immortals*.

Although from the very beginning the society has been frequently attacked—although its enemies have often been numerous and violent—yet never have so many dangers threatened as at the present moment. Truly, as the century draws to its close the democratic spirit waxes stronger, and the prominent idea seems to be to destroy. This is especially the case in France, where an incredible rage seems to exist to sweep away every vestige of old things. The French Academy has not escaped, but is attacked on every side; even several literary men, who ought to be amongst its defenders, are to be found in the enemies' camp, disdaining, as they say, its favours—or perhaps, as the other side pretends, not having been considered worthy to receive them. Is the Academy destined to disappear?—or will it, as Macaulay says of a still more venerable institution, rise like Noah's Ark above the waters of the deluge; and, as it has remained unshaken amid all the political changes of the last century, is it

¹ This article is based upon the ancient registers of the Academy; on 'L'Histoire de l'Académie française,' par Pellisson et d'Olivet. 'Introduction et Notes,' par Ch. Livet: Paris—Didier, 1858. 'L'Histoire de l'Académie française,' par Paul Meanard: Paris—Charpentier. And the latest work on the subject, 'Chapelain et nos deux premières Académies,' par L'Abbé Fabre—Paris, 1890.

² It was Richelieu, the founder of the Academy, who destroyed the power of the old feudal nobles.

destined still to triumph, and to hold, as it has ever done, the foremost place in the history of French literature?

In any case its present position is interesting; for although, as we have said, its authority is disputed and its pretensions ridiculed by many, yet, on the other hand, never have the Academy's prizes been so eagerly sought, and never have so many competitors come forward to strive for the vacant chair which will give them a place beneath the celebrated dome.

Although the French Academy was only established by royal charter in 1635, yet its origin may be placed some five or six years earlier, and may be attributed as much to chance as to design. The beginnings of the celebrated society were very modest: the real spirit of the Academy took its rise in the humble little room of Malherbe, the only furniture of which was a few straw-bottomed chairs! There in that humble chamber the literary men of Paris were accustomed to meet to discuss subjects of mutual interest; to hear the opinions of the master, himself poet and critic; and especially to judge the new works which might be produced by any member of the little circle: and there not only the ideas, but also the language and style, were subjected to the severest criticism—proving that from the very beginning the French literary genius aimed at perfection of form, and that, as has ever been apparent in their literature, it is not so much the idea that is sought as the

language in which that idea is clothed.

In 1629, after the death of Malherbe, the members of the little coterie found it difficult to meet, living, as they did, in different parts of Paris, and at great distances from each other; so they agreed to assemble once a-week at the house of one of their number, a M. Conrart, who lived in a central position, "in order to discuss literary subjects, and especially to unite their efforts to aid the advancement and promote the purity of the French language."

This little society consisted at first of only nine persons. Besides Conrart there was M. Chapelain,¹ a high authority, as he was in correspondence with most of the learned men of Europe, and was consulted both by his own countrymen and foreigners as an oracle. The other members were Godeau, De Malleville, the brothers Habert, the younger of whom is best known as Abbé de Cérisy, M. Giry, M. de Sérizay, &c. Such was the nucleus from which sprang the French Academy. For some years they continued their meetings without attracting much attention; but in 1634 Cardinal Richelieu, the all-powerful Minister of Louis XIII., was informed of these assemblies by his favourite, M. de Bois-Robert, who kept him *en courant* of all that was going on in Paris, and who was a personal friend of Maynard, one of the members.

What impulse moved Richelieu that he determined to take the little society under his protection? Was it merely the desire of an ambitious man to be first in every-

¹ Ch. Livet, 'Introduction.' Chapelain had many enemies, but of the important part which he took in the affairs of the Academy at this period there is no doubt, as M. Fabre's book amply proves. He unfortunately fancied himself a poet, although the poetic gift was completely wanting. His heroic poem on "Jeanne d'Arc" was severely criticised by Boileau.

thing? Or was it that he also aspired to literary fame, as we read that he occupied the short intervals of leisure left by his political schemes, and the signing of death-warrants, in the composition of poetry? Or had the great Cardinal, as is not unusual with men of genius, a sudden inspiration, and did he foresee that the little assembly was destined to develop into a great institution, and that his name being linked with it would be another title to transmit it to posterity?

However this may be, the Cardinal commissioned De Bois-Robert to offer them his protection, and to demand if they would not like their little society to be regularly incorporated by royal charter, and that he would undertake to procure the letters-patent from the king.

The first effect of this message was to cause a panic among the members. What! the great, the terrible Cardinal to be mixed up with their affairs? Then farewell to the liberty and good-feeling which had hitherto prevailed; and they almost decided to refuse the offer, when Chapelain, who, from this time, seems to have taken a very prominent part in the affairs of the new society, spoke strongly on the imprudence of refusing the Cardinal's offer, and thus making an enemy of so powerful a man. "The Cardinal has offered," cried he; "his protection may help us, his enmity would surely destroy us,¹—we must accept." The other members submitted to his judgment, and it was agreed that a

letter should be written asking in the name of the society for the Cardinal's favour and protection.

This letter was written by M. de Sérizay in March 1634, he being at that time director of the Society, and a friend of M. de Bois-Robert.

The Cardinal returned a most gracious answer, promising that the letters-patent should be prepared, and advising them in the meantime to add to their numbers as they should think proper; to draw up among themselves a code of statutes by which the society should be governed, and finally to choose a name.

Many new members were at once elected; Bois-Robert was naturally one of the first chosen.

The choice of a name was an important business. Many high-sounding titles were suggested, but the society had the good sense to reject them, and to choose the simple one² of The French Academy (*L'Académie française*), by which name the society has ever been known. The members set zealously to work to prepare the laws by which the society was to be governed: three members were specially chosen for this work, but all were invited to give in writing their ideas and suggestions, which were afterwards put into proper form, and a code containing fifty statutes was drawn up. Many of the articles were insignificant, but some were of the highest importance, especially the one which established the perfect equality of all the members: this in itself was an immense concession at a time

¹ Meaning that the Cardinal was powerful enough to hinder their meetings and dissolve the assembly, which had hitherto been conducted with some appearance of secrecy.

² Many strange names were given to the academies of these days. That of Florence was called *La Crusca*, meaning that the *bran* should be rejected and the *pure flour* only retained.

when the differences of class were so strongly marked. Within the sacred precincts of the Academy all were equal, and the scarcely known author took the same rank as the great prelates, the powerful ministers, the highest dukes, or even the princes of royal blood—as when, for instance, the great Condé became a member, or in our own day the Duc d'Aumale. It is related that when Colbert, the celebrated Minister of Louis XIV., was elected, some of his academic brethren addressed him as *Monsieur* (my Lord). "Here I am only monsieur, like all the others," replied Colbert.¹

It was also decreed that, for the better government of the body, three officers should be chosen from among themselves—a director, a chancellor, and a secretary.² The two first were chosen by lot, and only continued in power three months. The secretary was permanent for life, and elected by vote. These officers still continue, but all three are now elected by vote.

The code being prepared, was sent to Richelieu for his approbation. He agreed to all, with the exception of one article, and this exception is to his credit, for it decreed that "all the members, present and future, should revere the virtue and memory of their great protector." As the Cardinal did not believe in gratitude by law, he struck out the article.

In these regulations it was declared that the Cardinal Richelieu was the founder and protector of the French Academy, and on the seal of the institution on one side

was the head of Richelieu, with the date of the foundation; on the other, a laurel wreath, surrounded by the motto *à l'Immortalité* (Immortality),—hence the epithet of *Immortals* so often given to the members of the Academy, or the Academicians, as they were henceforth called.

By letters-patent given by the King, Louis XIII., in the month of January 1635, was established under the name of French Academy (*Académie française*) the institution founded by Richelieu, and the number of members limited to forty, which number has never been exceeded.

The statutes drawn up by the Academy, and ratified by royal charter, contained, as we have said, fifty articles. Besides securing the complete equality of the Academicians, full liberty was given to the society in the choice of its members; but another article modified in a great degree this latter privilege, for it ordained that "no one could become an Academician if he had not first obtained the approbation of the protector." Richelieu being protector of the Academy until his death, did not hesitate to avail himself of this article, and the decisive influence which he had in the elections is not doubtful. Later on, when, as we shall see, the king himself became protector of the Academy, the royal veto could hinder an election, but things rarely went so far. The Academy was careful not to choose any one positively obnoxious; and the king on his side refrained from encroaching too much on the

¹ Meunard, 'Histoire de l'Académie française.'

² Conrart was the first permanent secretary. He held the office for more than forty years, until his death in 1675. He began his register 13th March 1634, and continued it regularly to the end. Pellisson made great use of this register in writing his history.

liberties of the society. Louis XIV., we are told, withdrew his objections to a candidate when he was informed that he had been unanimously elected by the Academy; a somewhat similar fact is also recorded during the protectorate of Louis XV.¹

In these days the office of protector is no longer heard of. Nevertheless the Academy recognises to a certain degree the authority of the chief of the nation, whether he be Emperor or President. When an election takes place, it is communicated to the public with the formula: "This election has been submitted to the approval of the chief of the State."²

It is customary also that, after every reception, the new Academician should be presented to the Sovereign or President by the director and secretary of the Academy, and should offer a copy of his speech.

At the present time this is a simple form of very little consequence, as the Academicians have no personal animosity towards such or such a President; but the situation was much more delicate and embarrassing during the Second Empire, when Villemain, the director of the Academy, was obliged, according to the ancient tradition, to go to the Tuileries and present to the Emperor the newly elected, amongst whom were Lacordaire, De Broglie, Prévost-Paradol, and Jules Favre!

Although the Academy elects its own members, it never offers its favours; all those who desire to belong to the illustrious society must ask for admission. This rule has prevailed almost from the beginning. It appears that in the very early days a place was offered to some one³ whom the Academy

wished to honour, and who, no doubt for political reasons, refused it! This was felt to be such an indignity that it was resolved never to run the risk of another. At first, however, a simple letter to the secretary asking for admission was all that was necessary. After some time the affair became more complicated, and each candidate was obliged, as is the case at the present day, to pay what are called "the visits"; that is, it is necessary to pay a visit to every Academician in turn, and to ask for his vote: forty visits!—thirty-nine rather, for of course there must be at least one place vacant.

This has been a stumbling-block in the way of many whose talents well entitled them to a place beneath the famous dome. As one Frenchman says, "The Academy's doors are too low, and one has to stoop too much to be able to enter without knocking one's head against the wall."

But it is time to speak of the object for which the Academy was created. In the royal charter it is distinctly stated that the aim and object of the institution, its principal function, was "to work with all possible care and diligence for the advancement of the French language, to purify it from all the dross which might alloy it, to establish a certain use of words—in short, to render it eloquent, and capable of treating of the arts and sciences."

This may appear to us but a modest aim, but at that time when the language was not thoroughly settled it was quite otherwise, and Richelieu himself assuredly regarded it as one of the most important services that the society could render.

¹ Meunard.

² Fabre.

³ Arnaud d'Andilly.—Ch. Livet, 'Introduction.'

It was further enacted that to promote these objects the Academy should compose a dictionary, a grammar, a treatise on rhetoric, and another on poetry. We may say at once that neither the grammar, poetry, nor rhetoric were ever written. Nor would it have been possible to tie down by rules eloquence and poetry, which, to be anything, must spring free and unfettered from heaven-born genius.

The dictionary was commenced, however, and forms the most important and useful of the Academy's labours.

Of course, when we speak of the Academy's labours, we mean that which it accomplished as a collective body. To speak of what individual members have done would be out of place and impossible, as since its foundation it has counted amongst its members, with very few exceptions, all those who have held a place in the world of letters, and the history of their productions would be the history of French literature.

As early as the year 1635 M. Chapelain was begged to draw up a plan for the dictionary.¹ He and several other members were afterwards formed into a committee for this purpose, but the work seems to have gone on but slowly,—so much so, indeed, that some witty person gave them the name of the "*Académie des fainéants*" (the Academy of do-nothing). Vaugelas took an important part in this work. He was appointed head of the committee chosen

to prepare the notes of the dictionary, which were read at each sitting of the Academy.

Vaugelas worked with unwearied diligence for more than ten years, until his death, which took place at the end of 1649 or beginning of 1650, and during his life some progress was made; but after his death the work languished.

It was that he might devote all his time to the dictionary that Richelieu obtained for him the renewal of a pension² which he previously enjoyed, but which had been stopped. When he went to thank the Cardinal, the following anecdote is related: "The Cardinal advanced to meet him with a gentle and smiling majesty, and said, 'Well, M. Vaugelas, at least you will not forget the word *pension* in the dictionary.' Vaugelas replied, with a profound bow, 'No, your Eminence, and still less the word *gratitude*.'" It is said that Colbert, himself an Academician, disappointed at the want of ardour which the committee displayed, and, as an eminently practical man, thinking that when there was work to do it should be done at once, went one day to surprise them. He found them busily working at the word *ami*, and after listening to their discussions, and perceiving the time, thought, and labour necessary for the definition of one word, confessed that the affair was much more complicated than he could have supposed, and went away without having administered the rebuke which he intended.

¹ Chapelain's plan, which was adopted in the first edition, was very different from that which now prevails: the words were arranged in groups according to their derivation, and not by the letters of the alphabet. This plan was discarded in the second edition, and the alphabetical order adopted.

² This pension had been granted to Vaugelas's father by Henri IV. for some service done to the State, with reversion to his children. The father left it to his second son, Claude de Vaugelas.

More than thirty years elapsed before the dictionary was finished, in the year 1672—only two years before the death of Chapelain, who had been one of its first promoters, and had always taken a passionate interest in the work.

Unfortunately it was discovered that the first parts, which were written before the language was thoroughly settled, were in such antiquated French that it was necessary to revise, or rather rewrite, a great part of the work. This took another twenty years; so that the dictionary was not published until 1694, more than fifty years after its commencement. Several new editions were published at different periods of the eighteenth century. Another appeared in 1835; and the latest, the seventh edition, a few years ago, in 1877. "From the time of its publication it became, and has ever continued to be, the standard of the French language; and any word not to be found in its pages has no right officially to exist!"—although Goncourt declares that, as "the French language is the poorest, and contains fewer words than any other modern language," he has no hesitation in adopting any word that expressed his meaning, even "though it should not have ridden in the Academy's carriages!"¹

To finish the subject of the dictionary, we may remark that the present Academy contemplated compiling a new and most comprehensive dictionary; that the work was even commenced, but as it was found that many generations would have passed away

before it could be finished, the project was given up a short time ago.

It was also enacted that each Academician should in turn, in order to further the development of the language, deliver a weekly oration in presence of the whole Academy. This custom was soon discontinued; but another, which has existed from the earliest times, is still in full force—we mean the speeches delivered at the reception of new members. At first the sittings were strictly private; but as Perrault, the famous author of the fairy tales, relates, the speech he made on his reception was very eloquent and greatly appreciated, and he regretted that it had only been heard by so small an audience, so he proposed that in future the receptions should be public. His request was agreed to. Even at the present day, great is the interest and excitement when a new member is to be received at the French Academy. The fair sex especially are eager for admission; and many intrigues are carried on in the drawing-rooms for weeks beforehand, so as to secure the much-desired ticket. Nor is the pleasure a small one; for, now as ever, these speeches are generally masterpieces of eloquence, and the splendid language of Rénan and the wit of Pailleron are as much appreciated as in the old days, when the glowing words of Bossuet, or the eloquent language of Racine, enchanted their hearers. The speech of the newly elected member is always in praise of the defunct Academician whose place

¹ This requires a word of explanation. In the reign of Louis XIV., &c., it was customary for the king to invite the most favoured courtiers to accompany him in one of the royal carriages when he drove. Hence the expression, "*Monter dans les carrosses du roi*" (drive in the king's carriages), which was a *brevet* of royal favour.

he has taken; and one of the most eloquent of the illustrious body is generally chosen to give the answering discourse.

Very soon after the foundation of the French Academy, and during the protectorate of Richelieu, happened what is known as "the affair of 'The Cid.'" In 1636, this, the masterpiece of Corneille, was acted for the first time. It was received with great applause, and brought to the young poet a complete triumph. Richelieu, however, did not like the piece, and expressed his disapproval strongly. This dislike was probably caused by the fact that the Cardinal had tried by every means to put down duelling, then so prevalent in France, and the great interest in the tragedy depends on a duel.¹

M. Scudéry, also an author, partly through jealousy and partly to gain favour with the Cardinal, criticised the work most severely. Richelieu desired that it should be judged by the French Academy. As individual members, most of them approved of 'The Cid.' When the Abbé de Cérisy was asked what he thought of it, he replied, "I only wish it was I who had written it."² At the same time they knew that Richelieu demanded, not an opinion, but a condemnation; and as they did not wish to offend him to whom they owed so much, they tried by every means to avoid examining the work, saying, "that by the statutes of the Academy they were prohibited from judging any

work, except with the permission and on the demand of the author."

But Richelieu was resolute, and would take no excuse. He sent Bois-Robert to Corneille, and a reluctant consent was wrung from him, he saying at last, "The gentlemen of the Academy can do as they like; and as you tell me that his Eminence would be glad to have their opinion, and that it would amuse him, I have nothing more to say."

And now the Academy was obliged to set to work; but six months elapsed before the judgment was pronounced. Chapelain, as in all other circumstances, took an important part—in fact it was he who drew up the memoir which was sent to the Cardinal for inspection. In these notes a great part of 'The Cid' was condemned, and the rest "damned with faint praise."³

This judgment was given wholly with the view of pleasing the Cardinal, as many of the Academicians, and even Chapelain himself, express in their private letters admiration for Corneille's tragedy.⁴ This memoir was afterwards published under the title of 'Sentiments of the Academy on "The Cid."' A history of the Academy that did not notice this "affair of 'The Cid'" would be incomplete, as from the beginning it has been made use of by the enemies of the institution as a proof of the want of independence of the body, and of the spirit of submission, not to say servility, which was shown to

¹ Some say the Cardinal was jealous of the immense enthusiasm with which 'The Cid' was received; for, as we have said, he had literary pretensions, and wrote (without his name), or at least gave the plan of, more than one theatrical piece acted at the Palais-Cardinal (Palais-Royal).—Demogeot, 'Littérature française.'

² Fabre.

³ The reason given for the condemnation of 'The Cid' was that the work "was in contradiction with the rules of art."—Fabre.

⁴ Chapelain's letter to M. de Belin.—Fabre.

the protector, whether king or minister. Chapelain seems to have been one of the most prudent and time-serving amongst them. His letters to Richelieu on this and other occasions are filled with what we should call the grossest flattery, and we wonder that men of real talent should condescend to stoop so low. But let us not be too harsh in our judgments. After all, they were but human; and at that time literature and literary men were held in small consideration, and their protector was all-powerful.

In any case, the French Academy soon became a real power in the State, and by its influence a love of learning was rapidly diffused among the aristocracy; and the high place which the institution then won has never been lost, and France is foremost amongst the countries where genius and talent have, as is their due, the highest place.

After the death of Cardinal Richelieu, which happened in 1642, the Chancellor Séguier, who was already a member, was invited to become protector of the Academy. He accepted, but gave his demission as Academician, that there might be no inequality among them.

And now for the first time the Academy found a home. From its foundation the assemblies had been held in the house of one or other of the members, but the arrangement naturally involved many changes; and Séguier offered his own palace, where from that time for more than thirty years the meetings were held. Séguier was less to be feared than the

great Cardinal; and although he was treated with great deference, and his opinion accepted in case the votes were divided, yet it is said, "The Chancellor never interfered with the liberties of the Academy."¹ At his death in 1672 the society had already become famous, and counted amongst its members many celebrated men. Louis XIV., who was then in all the glory of his youth and power, let it be known that he desired to become protector. The society accepted this signal honour with joy, and the Academy went in a body to thank the king for the favour he had done them.

Louis received them with the greatest urbanity; and perceiving Colbert, his celebrated Minister, who was in his place as an Academician, he requested him to present every member who was not personally known to him. Afterwards, taking him aside, he said, "You must tell me what I can do to be agreeable to these gentlemen."²

In fact, Colbert used all his influence in favour of literature and art, and was always a munificent patron of learning.

The king, too, treated the Academy royally, and gave them a royal residence, for he ordained that from that time the assemblies should be held in what was formerly the council-chamber in the palace of the Louvre. Even in little things the king showed consideration. From the beginning the director of the Academy was the only one who had an arm-chair; the others had only small chairs, "which were very uncomfortable," adds the old chronicle.

¹ The Chancellor is blamed for having favoured the election of several nobles, more because of their position than of their literary merits.

² Pellisson, '*Histoire de l'Académie française*.'

The Cardinal d'Estrées, who was old and infirm, wrote to the king as protector to allow him to have an arm-chair, "otherwise he could not attend the sittings." Louis not only granted his request, but sent from the palace forty arm-chairs, so as to excite no jealousy among the members. From this comes the expression, "*Les quarante fauteuils*" (the forty arm-chairs), by which the French Academy is so often described.

Richelieu had made the French Academy a power in the State, but Louis XIV., who said, "*L'état, c'est moi*" ("the State, it is I"), raised the Academy up to himself. He ordained that at every State ceremony and Court festival six members should represent the society; in fact, favours of all kinds were shown to what he termed "*my Academy*."

It is said that Louis XIV. loved eloquence and poetry; but, adds the historian, "he loved them still more when they were employed for him."

It seems, indeed, that at this moment the object which had been in view at the foundation of the Academy was no longer the same, and that all its orators were not too many to proclaim the triumphs of the king, nor had its poets other occupation than to sing his praises.

This adulation, this almost worship, seems to us not only incredible but ridiculous, and leaves a kind of stain on this noble institution. We can only say that the Academy was carried away by the feeling which prevailed everywhere, for Louis XIV. was adored almost as a god by all classes, from the highest

to the lowest; and we may judge to what a point this enthusiasm was carried when Racine, great poet as he was, is said to have died of grief because "the king cast on him a severe look."¹

The warm rays cast by the "Sun-King" (*Roi Soleil*), as Louis XIV. was called, seem to have had a vivifying effect, for this was certainly the Augustan age of French literature. And had the Academy already accomplished its great work—the advancement of the French language? Certain it is that in the thirty-five years which had elapsed since the foundation of the society, the language had made immense progress—we may almost say, had attained its full development and beauty; for the magnificent orations of Bossuet, the classic eloquence of Racine's tragedies, have never been surpassed, rarely equalled.

At this period a reviving breath passed over France, and its literature, as by a magic touch, awoke. A number of talented men sprang up on every side, and gave to the world productions that will last for ever.

Within the walls of the Academy were to be found Corneille and Racine, Boileau, La Bruyère and Fénelon, and perhaps greatest of all, Bossuet.

It was indeed the great century ("Le grand siècle"), not only because of the victories gained by Louis XIV., but still more because of the galaxy of great men who rendered it glorious.

Colbert was the first who gave any remuneration to the Academicians.

When Richelieu founded the

¹ The well-known anecdote that the death of Racine (already in delicate health) was hastened by having incurred the king's displeasure is disputed by M. Ch. Livet, who says that in the memoirs of Louis Racine, son of the poet, recounting his father's last illness, he says nothing about it.

Academy, no emolument was attached,—not from want of generosity, for he gave pensions to many literary men, but he wished the Academy to be independent, and especially that no one might be tempted by cupidity to try to enter there.

Colbert, being an eminently practical man, and being greatly disappointed at the very irregular attendance of the Academicians,—"some," as the chronicle says, "entering as the others were going away"—caused a register to be prepared, in which each member, on his entrance, was requested to write his name.

Colbert ordained also that forty counters of silver should be distributed at every sitting of the Academy: of course the absentees got nothing, and all the counters were equally distributed amongst those present. It is related that on one occasion only one old Academician appeared, and that, with great delight, he carried away all the counters.

This idea of Colbert's was combated by several even among the Academicians themselves, so much did they fear that the independence of the Academy might be compromised; but the smallness of the sum (only amounting at most to a few hundred francs a-year) reconciled them to this innovation.

To finish this subject, we may add that the Academicians at present receive an annuity of about £50 a-year. There is also a small sum which is divided every month amongst those whose attendance has been the most regular—this to keep up the ancient custom of the counters.

After the death of Louis XIV., the two succeeding kings, Louis XV. and Louis XVI., became in turn Protectors of the Academy. The Academy as a body was not hostile to the literary ideas which developed so rapidly in the eighteenth century: and the chiefs of the school called the Philosophers were all, with the exception of Rousseau, admitted within its portals. The reign of Louis XVII. was a period of calm for the society. But evil days were fast approaching, and the Revolution, which destroyed royalty and abolished religion, was not going to spare the chief literary institution of France. Let it be said to the glory of the French Academy, always noted for its sentiments of generosity and mercy, that although some of the members were partially imbued with the spirit of the Revolution, yet not one of them joined the bloodthirsty faction which voted the death of the king, and caused many of the best men in France to perish on the scaffold.

In 1793—the Reign of Terror, as it is called—very few members of the Academy were to be found in Paris. Some had died and had not been replaced, some had been put to death, others forced into exile; but the few who remained faithful to their duty continued to assemble once a-week as usual. Morellet, who was acting as director, seeing that the storm was about to burst, had the precaution¹ to carry away and put in a place of safety the charters and papers of the institution, and thus saved them from destruction; for on 8th August 1793, a decree gave orders for the suppression of the Academy,

¹ He also saved the portraits of the Academicians, by locking them up in a room and taking away the key. He carried away to his own house the charters of the society and the registers. One volume of the registers was lost, that kept by M. Conrart during the first forty years of the Academy's existence.—Fabre.

saying that it was useless.¹ The doors were closed, and it was notified "that the property of the Academy, and of all literary societies, became the property of the Republic."

But the Reign of Terror drew to its close, and the suppression of the Academy was but temporary. For two years had scarcely passed away when an order of the Convention in 1795 established a body which was destined in some degree to revive the ancient academies abolished two years previously. This was called "*L'Institut de France*,"² and was divided into three classes, one section of which represented, in part at least, the French Academy.

In the year 1803, Napoleon Bonaparte being First Consul, "*L'Institut*" was considerably enlarged and remodified. It was then divided into four classes. The ancient French Academy formed a distinct class, No. 2, under the name of "The Class of the French Language and Literature." It was in reality the French Academy without the name; and at this time many of the ancient rules and customs were re-established.

Napoleon favoured this revival, but expected there, as elsewhere, to be completely the master, and sometimes the master was very peremptory. Be it said to their honour that several of the Academicians resisted his will, when what he desired was contrary to their conscience—as Delille, who refused to write verses in praise of some of his tyrannical acts; and

Suard, who, after the execution of the Duc d'Enghien, refused to write, "in order to rectify the public feeling where it had gone astray." But Chateaubriand's opposition was the most serious. After his election as Academician, a day was appointed for his reception, on which occasion he was obliged, according to the custom, to deliver a speech. Before it was pronounced Napoleon demanded that it should be sent to him for inspection. A great part of this speech was in favour of liberty, which was spoken of in the most glowing terms—as being as necessary to learning as air is to life; ending with the words, "So naturally is liberty the friend of science and literature, that when banished from the midst of a people it takes refuge with them." Napoleon's fury knew no bounds. He said, "If that speech had been delivered in public, I should have closed the doors of the Academy, and thrown Chateaubriand into the lowest dungeon." He sent at once for the director of the Academy, and thus addressed him: "Since when, sir, has the institution become a political assembly? Let it compose verses and correct errors of language, but let it not overstep its own domain, or I shall very soon force it back again," &c. The manuscript was returned to Chateaubriand corrected by the hand of Napoleon himself, the objectionable passages being slashed out with great heavy strokes.

¹ Not only was the French Academy suppressed, but all the academies then existing, which had been founded for the greater part by Colbert.

² *L'Institut* consists of five academies: 1, The French Academy; 2, The Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres; 3, The Academy of Sciences; 4, The Academy of Fine Arts; 5, The Academy of Moral and Political Science. The French Academy is the oldest, the most important—in fact, *The Academy*. To be chosen member of the French Academy is the highest honour to which the most celebrated members of the other academies can attain.

The Academy wished that Chateaubriand should write another speech, but he indignantly refused. His election, though not annulled, was not ratified, nor did he take his seat in the Academy until after the Empire had passed away. It was only after the restoration of the Monarchy that the Academy regained all its privileges, re-established all its old statutes, and finally took again the ancient name, *The French Academy*, which it had rendered so glorious, but which had been suppressed since the Revolution. The king, Louis XVIII., declared himself Protector, as in the old times, and this office was also held by the succeeding king, Charles X.

The royal edict which restored the Academy to its former position was issued by Louis XVIII. on 21st March 1816. A most painful remembrance is attached to this restoration of the Academy's rights. In the list of the Academicians by royal order, eleven names were omitted, which implied that these members were henceforth excluded from the Academy; several new members were at the same time imposed by royal authority without even the form of an election. We need hardly say that the members excluded had belonged either to the revolutionary party or were partisans of the Emperor Napoleon, and that the new members were all ardent royalists, several of whom were chosen rather for their political opinions than for their literary merits.

Nothing can excuse such injustice, and that the society submitted to it without protest leaves an indelible stain on the ancient institution, whose liberties and statutes were thus trampled upon.

A very different attitude was assumed by the Academy, when in the reign of Charles X. (1827)

the government of the king brought a bill before the Chamber of Deputies which endangered the liberty of the press. Even before the deputies had examined the measure, the Academy, *in a body*, protested against this infringement on the liberty of thought; and a meeting of all the Academicians then in Paris was summoned, and after an energetic speech from M. Lacretelle, in which he asked "if liberty of thought in France is to be curbed and tied down at the pleasure of the rulers," it was almost unanimously resolved that a petition should be addressed to the king, and three members were chosen to draw it up. The Director of the Academy requested an audience in order to present the petition, but the king refused to receive him, and the three members who had taken a prominent part in the business were treated with great severity, and deprived of their offices. We may add the measure never passed; owing to the opposition of the Chamber, it was withdrawn.

But from this time a much more liberal spirit began to prevail in the Academy, not only in its deliberations and speeches, but also in the election of its members. Here we must mention a movement which had been going on for some years, and which at length produced almost a civil war amongst literary men. We speak of the new school which had sprung up in the first years of the Restoration, commonly called the "Romantic," in opposition to those who held to the ancient forms and rules of literature, who formed what is called the "Classic" school. There is no doubt that it was the influence of English literature on the French mind which was the beginning of this great change. This influence was greatly in-

creased by the writings of Chateaubriand and Mme. de Staël, who may be considered as the early leaders of the school. (It is said that Mme. de Staël was the first who made use of the word "Romantic.") The first growlings of the storm were heard in 1820; but it burst out with fury in 1824, when Auger, permanent secretary of the Academy, who was one of the fiercest in the war between the two schools, declaimed in an academical sitting against "the new schism which had sprung up—the sect of the Romanticists."¹

The Academy as an institution did not take part in these disputes; as we have already said, the statutes of the society forbid any work being judged unless with the consent and approbation of the author. Besides, strange to say, the Academy appeared to prefer the passive rôle, as if any interference would compromise its dignity. The learned society has at all times been attached to the ancient traditions, and anything like innovation has ever been regarded with distrust, especially at its commencement. In the meantime, individual members rushed to the warfare, and some of the bitterest opponents of the new school were to be found among Academicians.² But, as we have said, little by little a more liberal spirit took possession of the Academy. Chateaubriand had long been a member; in 1825 Casimir Delavigne was elected; in 1828 M. Lebrun;³ and Beranger³ himself would have been received had he not persistently refused to become a candidate. The reception of M. de Lamartine in April 1830 was a great event, and showed that the

Academy recognised in deed if not in word the talents and merits of the new school. By such a choice it was proved that the Academy, as the new Academician himself said, "would not leave outside any of the celebrities of the epoch," and that its doors would henceforth be opened to receive all great talents, "without respect to school or party." Later on Victor Hugo, whose drama 'Hernani' had given rise to such violent discussion, was elected. Since the disappearance of the old *régime* the office of Protector has fallen into desuetude. But in all other respects the French Academy of to-day is the same as that which was founded by Richelieu, and which attained to its full glory in the reign of Louis XIV. Its assemblies are held, as has ever been the custom, once a-week during the whole year (for the Academy takes no holiday), and twice a-week during the months in which the prizes are given. For the Academy, whose beginnings were so humble, the members being for the most part poor and of modest position, is now not only a learned but also a rich and important body. Many donations have been left, and the Academy has many prizes to bestow, which are eagerly sought after. And a place beneath its dome⁴ is the highest literary glory to which a Frenchman can aspire.

And now that we have traced the history of the Academy down to the present day, to what conclusion must we come? Has it accomplished the object for which it was founded? and is it still worthy of its ancient fame? Has it ren-

¹ See Mesnard.

² Especially Fouz, who called the Romanticists barbarians.

³ Mesnard.

⁴ Since 1808 the French Academy holds its assemblies in the ancient Palace Mazarin, which is surmounted by the famous dome.

dered, and can it still render, useful service? In spite of the attacks of its enemies, we think all these questions may be answered in the affirmative. As we have seen, soon after the foundation of the Academy the French language received an immense development, and became, as it now is, one of the finest of modern languages—clear, brilliant, precise, capable of expressing great thoughts with eloquence and lucidity.

We have seen also that the French Academy raised literature and literary men, held in but little consideration until then, to the highest place and honour; and still more by its influence diffused a love and a respect for learning through all the higher classes.

Then its protection and aid were accorded to those whose talents were yet unknown, and who, without such help, must have struggled in vain, or have sought a protector among the powerful of the land.

On the other hand, we cannot deny that the attacks of its enemies have sometimes been justified, and that at certain periods a spirit of minute criticism has existed within the walls of the Academy, which had a tendency rather to impoverish than to improve the language—as if it feared that any innovation, however advisable, would compromise its dignity! We must also confess that a too great submissiveness was sometimes shown to kings and their ministers, and that in a few instances it amounted to servility.

It cannot be said, either, that merit has always decided the elections, for at different times several were shut out whose places ought to have been inside;

and sometimes political reasons, or drawing-room intrigues, have had more influence in the giving of votes than the merits of the candidate. But when all this and even more is allowed, the good greatly surpassed the evil. And this must necessarily be so. For during two hundred and fifty years the Academy has (with very few exceptions) received within its walls the noblest intellects of France—men of genius and talent in every department of learning. An assembly thus composed must be great; and great it is, not only by the talents of its members, but by their integrity, their disinterestedness, their generosity, and by the courage they have often displayed in defence of the liberties of their institution. To conclude in the words of one of the latest writers on the subject: "The French Academy has resisted many storms, and has survived many vicissitudes and political changes, and we confidently hope and expect that it will last as long as the French nation itself."¹

The 1st of May 1890 was the day appointed for the election of the new member who was to take the place left vacant by the death of M. Emile Augier, the well-known dramatic writer. Never has a more ardent battle been fought to secure a seat beneath Mazarin's dome, and never before have so many candidates come forward at one time, as no less than *thirteen* desired to occupy the same *fauteuil*.²

It is not now as in the old days, when the will of a Richelieu, or the command of an all-powerful sovereign, had an immense influence on the Academic elections. The President of the Republic

¹ L'Abbé Fabre.

² The number was increased later on. There were fifteen candidates.

does not interfere, yet many influences, political and others, combine to cause great divisions among the Academicians themselves.

Daudet's celebrated novel, 'L'Immortel,' lets us behind the scenes, and in spite of the exaggerations of the work, there is no doubt that many intrigues are carried on at every election, and many influences brought to bear on the votes.

This was especially the case on 1st May, for the battle was long and ardent, yet remained without result, no one reuniting a sufficient number of votes to make the election valid—*twenty* votes, or one more than the half of the Academy, being absolutely necessary.

Foreseeing the ardour of the struggle, the Academicians were all at their post. Of the thirty-nine *Immortals*, only one was absent, the Duc d'Aumale, who was in Sicily. M. Rénan, suffering from a severe attack of gout, and unwilling to be absent, was carried into the hall. At one o'clock the sitting was declared to be open, and the permanent secretary read the letters addressed to the Academy by the thirteen candidates; and then, according to the ancient statutes, he declared that the voting ought to be entirely free and independent. The votes were then taken. Seven times the operation was renewed, and always with the same result, or rather without result, as no candidate succeeded in reuniting more than ten votes. After the seventh time, seeing that it was useless to continue, the director proposed that the election should be adjourned. This motion was unanimously agreed to.

Amongst the candidates it was certainly not variety that was wanting, for there were not only his-

torians and critics, but novelists, poets, men of science, dramatists, &c.,—some amongst these of brilliant talent, others of more modest pretensions, and some few whose names are but little known even in France. Amongst the best known was that of M. Zola. Many have wondered that he should aspire to a place among the Immortals, for whatever may be the merits or defects of his works, they certainly are not academic.

Many thought that his last work but one, 'Le Rêve' ('The Dream') was written with a view to academic honours. However this may be, the book is as different from his other works as day from night, as light from darkness. When a friend asked M. Zola if he thought he had a chance, he replied, "I know I have not the slightest, at least this time; but I mean to persevere, and in the end I hope to succeed. I think a man, and especially an artist, ought to aspire to all the honours he can obtain, and that he thinks he merits. A seat in the Academy is the highest literary honour for us, and I mean to try for it."

Another novelist on the list was Pierre Loti ("Julien Viaud"). His works are eminently sympathetic. The descendant of an old Huguenot family which centuries ago took refuge in the isle of Oron, we may call him the sailor-poet, for his profession is that of a naval officer, and his writings, although in prose, are full of poetic beauty.¹

From all the far-off lands and distant seas where the changes of a sailor's life have carried him, he has brought back memories and descriptions whose originality and melancholy tenderness have a pro-

¹ He has written 'Le Mariage de Loti,' 'Mon Frère Ives,' 'Propos d'Exil,' 'Madame Chrysanthème,' &c.

found charm. And his last work, 'Le Roman d'un Enfant' ('A Child's Romance'), gives us pictures of the Huguenot home which might have been taken from some old English Puritan family of the seventeenth century. The old Family Bible, the object of so deep a reverence; the venerable grandmother, stern yet kind,—are described with rare tenderness and pathos. Some day or other Loti will certainly take his place amongst the forty, but it will not be this time!

M. Brunetière, who was another of the candidates, takes a high place as critic. His articles in the 'Revue des deux Mondes' are much appreciated.

But the competitors who seemed destined to dispute the prize were the historians, M. Lavissee and M. Thureau-Dangin. The former is Professor of History at the Sorbonne, and has written ably on historical subjects: above all, he is supported by very powerful friends, who have left nothing undone to ensure his success.

M. Thureau-Dangin had, however, still more serious claims. For several years he has been accepted in principle as a future Academician, and the merits of his works amply entitled him to this distinction.

His principal work, 'The History of the Monarchy of July,' gives him a place among the great historical writers, not only on account of the eloquence and beauty of the language, but principally because of its thorough integrity, and the rare impartiality and independence of its judgments.

But almost at the last moment a new candidate came forward—M. de Freycinet, Prime Minister (Président du Conseil) and Minister of War. His suc-

cess was certain from the first, his position as Prime Minister coming powerfully to the aid of his literary merits. The election took place 11th December, and M. de Freycinet obtained the requisite number of votes—namely, 1 more than the half; 38 Academicians were present, and 20 voted for him. We may add that M. de Freycinet's literary *bagage* (as they say here) is neither very voluminous nor very important: some treatises on scientific subjects, and a book written after the war of 1870 ('La Guerre en Province'). This latter publication has been well spoken of. M. de Freycinet is considered (by his own party, at least) to have done good service to his country; and the Academy's doors have always been open to those who have rendered public service, though it may not have been with the pen.

Much of the success of the French Academy is due to the opportune time at which it was inaugurated. It fixed to some extent the language of French letters, and has exercised a not inconsiderable influence upon literature itself. Usage has made its membership a most legitimate aspiration for French *littérateurs*, but it is only when coincident with the already expressed judgment of the public that its membership affords any practical benefit. English literature may fairly boast that no academy would be capacious enough to hold the authors who might justly claim their seats in it. English authors, "*sua si bona norint*," will think twice before they curb their free, noble, and inclusive profession by an institution whose *raison d'être* could only be restrictive, and which at best would lend only an extrinsic dignity to its present position.

ON SURREY HILLS.—II.

FIN AND FUR.

THE moorland rills, in which live the pigmy trout, gathering force and volume, unite and become streams. After running through the upland woods they widen in the woodland meadows, forming ponds which are nearly surrounded by copse growth. In these, fine trout thrive and grow fat; not the long-bodied trout that live in the swift stream, but short thick fellows, silvery in colour, red spots dappling their bright sides. "They be hog-backed uns, an' no mistake," said a rustic fisher, as I was passing along the edge of the wood one evening.

This man was cutting extraordinary capers with his heavy hob-nailed boots on the grass, threshing away most vigorously at the same time with his hat. "Now then, Marksman," said I,—that was the nickname he went by,—"what's up? Have you got St Vitus's dance, or is it a wasp's nest you've stepped into?"

"I ain't got one nor yet t'other; I'm gettin' owlets." As he said this he held up a ghost moth between his finger and thumb. Then he placed it in his empty tobacco-box, in which were three or four more of the same sort.

"That'll do fur to-night," he remarked. Will ye come? Then he produced from his pocket a fishing-line wound round a short piece of hazel. I nodded.

"Are ye going to bide here, or are ye coming in the cover with me?"

I chose to remain where I was, for from the open side of the pond I could note all his proceedings,

which were always of an interesting nature.

From some brambles he pulled out a stick about five feet long, forked at the end where it had been cut. The end of the line was securely tied just below the fork; the rest of it was wound round the outside of the fork, leaving about a foot of strong gut hanging down; to this a by no means small hook was attached. Then from his tobacco-box he pulled out one of his owlets, and, evidently knowing well what he was about, he placed the moth. "I'm agoing to wiggle fur 'em," said he. Then he made his way into the cover, with such gentleness of movement that I only knew of his whereabouts by seeing him look over the splashed hazel bank of the pond on the other side, the light throwing his shadow behind him. Marksman was knowing in all details; but he had an original way of proceeding that always had great fascination for me, and I learned many a "wrinkle" from him. He very quietly unwound the line by turning his forked stick the reverse way as it neared the water, and I could see him gently jerking it up and down to imitate the flight of the insect. Then he let it drop on the water, close to the bank, and gave his owlet a motion as if it were struggling to rise from the pond, after falling in.

Another wiggle, and then came a sound, sock! The stick was raised, the line as tight as any harp-string, and up the bank went a trout, being out of sight in the most extraordinarily quick fashion.

The next moment, with a grin all over his face, Marksman held it up for inspection; a real beauty it was. As silently as before he then moved on to another place, where the performance was repeated with equal success.

"I see one of they owlets drop in one evenin' as I wus looterin' round," said he. "I thought over it fur a spell, an' since then I've found it act most uncommon."

But luck changes. Marksman had only seen that particular moth fall in, and when his owlets failed him he was at a loss to know what to use next. Worms or live bait the trout in that particular pond refused entirely. Meeting him again on the moor one day, I asked how his fishing was getting on. "Oh," replied he, "I gi'n it up. I thought as I'd found out a way to clear that thear pond, but 'tain't no go arter all. I shell hev tu wait till they owlets cums round here agin."

"Marksman," said I, "if I find you a kind of owlet that will catch trout out of that pond, and last you all the season up to running time, will you keep it to yourself?"

"Now——"

"There, that's all right—give me your precious tackle; you don't leave that at home, I know."

"I wonders what noover ye be 'up tu now," he observed, handing over his fishing-gear.

After a fresh whipping of the hook on to the gut, I made a body from a new wine-bottle cork, and securely fixed it on the hook fore and aft. In it I put two small dark beads for the eyes. In place of wings I whipped on the beautifully pencilled tips of the feathers from the wings of the white owl. "Use it just before the dark closes in," I said, in giving the thing to Marksman.

He used it with good result. Many a fine trout in that pond was taken by the strange insect, which, when not in requisition, was religiously kept in a domino-box in some cunningly contrived pocket of his old velveteen jacket. No profane eye was allowed to rest on that treasure, and from the date of the unearthly insect's manufacture I rose many inches in Marksman's estimation. It is still treasured up, and when its owner has had a little over three pints of ale he will tell the company that he has "summat in a box as 'll fetch 'em out on it, when it's dark." After another pint, he will state in the most defiant manner, and perfectly unsolicited, "No, I ain't a goin' tu show it tu nobody,—what du ye think? No, nor yit tell who made it. No, I shan't!" his voice rising to a perfect yell. Poor Marksman!

There is plenty of water on both sides of the valley belonging to the Hackhurst downs. The streams run in different directions, part finding their way to the Wey, the rest emptying themselves into the Mole. In these are certain pools and ponds hidden in nooks and corners that are full of fine fish. Before the property changed owners I and many others were allowed to fish and shoot there, but that is a thing of the past. The rod is placed on one side now; there are too many of those unsightly square boards about, telling one that any person attempting to catch anything the size of a sprat will be prosecuted. Ay, ugly notice-boards disfigure the stream and road sides, the beautiful woods and the wild hillsides. Yet I do not remember that the kindness and confidence of our old gentry was ever abused. A simple intimation to keep away

from certain spots on and about the estates was sufficient.¹

"What are you young fellows about?" one old squire would say; "fishing, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's all very well, but what kind of fish?"

"Perch, roach, dace, and gudgeon, sir."

"Show me your baskets, and take your lines from the water that I may see your baits. . . . Yes, yes, quite right."

We lifted our caps to him as he turned to go again,—an act of politeness which the courteous old gentleman returned instantly in kind.

"Let my trout alone—don't go where they are," that was the only restriction he placed on our movements. We respected it always, for we liked and honoured him well.

Dabchicks, or little grebes, bred in one spot, I knew. The pool was not larger than a duck-pond, but it was clear and deep, and full of fine green weeds. I had never noticed any fish, particularly, on account of the thickness of these. One evening my companion was waiting for a shot at a dabchick—we had come for other game—when a rise up in the weeds made us put our guns quickly up to the shoulder, thinking it was some water-bird diving; but out jumped some fine roach, and a great pike after them. He was one of the brightest, and for his length the thickest, pike I had ever seen. We looked at each other, dabchicks were forgotten, and our only thought was how to get at the fish. What to do we did not know,

for if the pike ran into the masses of weed a rod was useless,—no clothes-prop would have pulled him out. So we agreed to sleep on it; and during the night my friend had a happy inspiration. Next morning he showed me the most rough-and-ready contrivance that it has ever been my lot to see. He had a large hank of light olive-green cord, thin but very strong, such as you would use to hang a good-sized picture by. To this form of line two feet of wire was firmly lashed, and this again was securely lashed—whipped would by no means express it—to a double hook. The wire was of the same kind and of equal thickness as that used to catch hares with. As my companion observed, "It would pull the very old one himself out, if he got the hooks in his gullet." The next business was to catch bait: this was easily done, for large roach abounded in the stream close at hand. After the bait had been fixed, my friend took it in his hand and threw it, as he would have done a stone, into the first open space between the weeds near us; the remainder of the picture-cord lay on the top of the weeds. I had no faith in the proceedings myself, the tackle being so very rough, but my companion evidently had. Those pike had surely never seen a line before; they must have been the most unsophisticated of the pike family, for, before five minutes had passed away, the picture-cord began to shoot over the top of the weeds at a most rapid rate, and then it stopped. "All right," said my friend; "he's pouching it. I shall give him ten minutes, and then I'll tickle his gizzard." He

¹ Our author must remember, too, that in those days, before so many railroads were open, crowds of trippers were not able to overrun the beautiful country-side, tearing up primroses, roots, and flowers, and carrying on a system of wholesale destruction wherever their profane hands and feet went.

did that with a vengeance, jerking the pike sharply enough to pull a donkey up to a standstill. The pike was so alarmed and amazed, never having been served so in his life before, that he sprang clean out of the water like a trout, came down head first into a mass of weeds, and buried himself in them like a pig in straw.

"You've lost him!" I cried.

"Not I," rejoined my friend; "he's safe enough. Come out of it!" and with that he hauled a mass of weeds ashore that would have overfilled a bushel measure. When we parted the weeds, in the centre of them was one of the most silvery thick 8-lb. pikes that we had ever seen or ever shall see.

After that we found more pike in that secluded bit of water, all of that same stamp and quality. Numbers of them were hauled out by that happy contrivance of picture-cord and snare-wire. We two meet one another at times now, and no matter what the topic of conversation may be, it is sure soon to drift round to that lonely pool; and it is our united opinion that if we had allowed those fat pike to remain there, they must infallibly have died eventually of apoplexy.

From the stream that ran by this pond little rills flowed through the lush water-meadows, which were covered in their season with the king-cups, the yellow iris, and many other plants that flourish in such localities.

The rills were clear as crystal, having sandy bottoms, about a foot in depth. Here loach of large size were to be found in abundance; six inches in length they were, the finest baits possible for the pike and perch of the river Mole. I have tried all the various baits there, but the very best were the fine stone loaches from these

rills. Miller's-thumbs, bullheads, or bull-trouts, were plentiful; with them we did not interfere, although, like the loach, they are excellent eating. If you make a skeleton of the miller's-thumb, the head looks curiously monkey-like.

Water-shrews had their home here. I have spent hours in watching the habits of these little creatures. Where the rills widened out into ditches the water-rats, or water-voles, had their holes. Two varieties I knew there—the common brown vole and the black water-vole. The latter is smaller than his more common relative, and, when he is sitting on the bank, looks like a small ball of dark velvet. I saw one lately on the banks of the same small ditch.

I have seen the pike, too, swim up that brook in the way that the late Richard Jefferies observed them in his own county. As a fellow field-naturalist, I would pay my tribute of praise, and express my perfect appreciation of the work of one of the most minute and truthful observers that England has ever known. He has now solved those secrets of nature, doubtless, that puzzled him here. As to myself, I am at the present time nearer sixty than fifty years of age; I enjoy first-rate health; my eyesight, thank God! is as keen as it was at twenty-five; and I am as capable of a twenty miles' trudge over the moorlands as I was in the days of my youth. From my childhood I have studied natural life, but not for profit: until a few years ago I never wrote a line about what I knew or had seen for the public eye to rest on. And so I feel competent, as one of nature's children, to give an opinion as to the value of the work of my lamented fellow-naturalist, Richard Jefferies.

Let us climb the hills once more

from Hackhurst downs on our way to Ranmore common. From here a bridle-path passes in front of the mansion of beautiful Denbies. We have one of the most lovely views of woodland scenery that it is possible for any one to look on. There is the whole length of the Holmesdale valley, with the hills on either side of it. We see mansions thickly dotted in all directions, where some years ago there was not a house to be seen. Retracing our steps from this point, and walking over the common and on to West-humble, we find Box Hill fronting us. In spite of the changes following in the wake of fresh bricks and mortar, delightful remnants of what has been are still to be found. One spot I often visit,—a large pool, a half-choked-up mill-pond, with a current running through the middle of it, and bare expanses of soft slub, where flag and iris, tasselled grasses and rushes, and stunted willow growth, flourish most luxuriantly. This pool must possess some peculiar attraction for all the birds of passage that affect such localities, either for purposes of breeding or for food; for here, in their migrating seasons of spring and autumn, come curlew, plover, dunlins—these, by the way, have a great portion of their full breeding plumage about them—sandpipers, the common or willy wicket, and the rarer green sandpiper. Geese come at longer intervals, ducks are common, teal visit it now and again, terns frequently, and gulls that, from some reason or another only known to themselves, are tempted to stay their flight for a time and to rest here—a treacherous enough resting-place to some of them. Snipe, also, visit the place—wisps of them zigzag up at times, according to the season;

and the heron comes to see what he can bayonet with that bill of his. Thirty-five years ago that pond and the streams that fed it teemed with fish of all kinds: the perch and the pike ran very large there. It was not to be wondered at, taking the vast supply of food into consideration. I have seen shoals of young carp swim up a quiet part of one of the feeding-streams and down again. As to the roach and gudgeon and the loaches, their name was, in truth, legion.

There was a tradition about the pond in connection with a secret outlet said to run from it into the water-meadows. In most traditions there is a grain, at least, of truth. An individual I knew well—he is still alive, although sadly grizzled and battered with the wear and tear of a very nomadic way of living—who was of an inquiring turn of mind, set to work to solve the problem of the exact whereabouts of that secret outlet. He found it, but he kept the knowledge of it to himself.

This man dealt with the miller for siftings, pea-meal, and other matter for the fattening of his porkers; so that he generally had one sack, if not more, in his house, with the names of the miller and his mill marked on it in full. Not only was the outlet discovered by him, but he opened it and let out the water. So cleverly did he manage this, that by the morning the pond was full again to the edge, without anything to tell how the affair had been contrived. I was rarely in bed after four o'clock in the morning nine months out of the twelve, and on that particular morning my work took me past the mill-pond at my usual early hour. To my astonishment I found the water-meadow nearest the pond turned into a shallow

lagoon, in which great pike and other fish were rushing about like rockets, making the golden tops of the king-cups nod about in a most extraordinary fashion. I suppose it was very wrong of me, but how I laughed and rubbed my hands in glee to see the fun—and the sight of that harlequin-like fellow, with his trousers tucked up to his knees, a “three-speened fork,” as he termed it, in his hand, as busy as a bee in a tar-pot, harpooning the fish with the greatest ease. He had some fine specimens of pike already laid out on the grass when I arrived. As I stood there enjoying the scene, who should appear but the village constable returning from his beat of night duty. Nothing daunted, Harlequin saluted him with a cheery good morning.

“What game is this, then?” queried the guardian of the peace and of the place.

“A werry nice un I calls it,” replied Harlequin, as he harpooned another pike, that I judged at least to be twelve pounds in weight. “You see,” he continued, “he,” jerking his thumb in the direction of the mill-house, “keeps a lot of ducks, as you knows well; an’ he’s lost a lot o’ the young uns lately with these ’ere jacks, so he comes tu me rather late last night, an’ says he to me, ‘I shell let some o’ the water off, quite unbeknown to anybody,—some o’ they jacks is sure tu find their way out into the medder: yo’ git up early, as soon as ’tis light, an’ settle some on ’em off.’ He says that tu me, an’ I’m a-doin’ of it. An’ he give me one o’ his sacks fur tu put ’em in; then, says he, if anybody cums an’ interferes with yer, they’ll see as ye’re doin’ it fur me. An’ all the jacks as yo’ settles yo’ can keep fur yerself! But, bless ye! what should I du with such a lot? Now,

look here; ye just take this here big un home with yer—ye’ll find it fine eatin’!”

The guardian of the night accepted that splendid pike, and marched off a happy man—the pike on one side, balanced by his staff on the other. As I noted the broad tail of the fish flopping against his leg from the inside of his coat, “Pat Haggerty’s wedding” popped into my head—

“Where the bride she was dressed in
A short-bodied gown,
Jist made in the fashion,
The tail hangin’ down.”

As soon as the constable was out of sight, we both roared with laughter.

To this day the real state of the case is not known, nor where that very mysterious outlet is. The receiver of the pike has passed over to the majority long ago, and the miller was never the wiser. I kept poor Harlequin’s secret, as I have done many another of the sort in my day.

Of all our Surrey mills, pleasantest to me are the Woodland valley mills, shut out as they are from all sounds of traffic—cool and quiet spots surrounded by trees. A flight of old brick steps led down from the mill-head into the garden, and then you saw the miller’s house,—one I often visited and rested in. The dusty outside look did not extend to the interior of the house, for the low-ceilinged rooms with beams running across them were kept in perfect order. The furniture was of old-fashioned mahogany, solid and good; and the miller and his wife were a grave kindly couple, quite in keeping with their surroundings. He was not given to much expression in the matter of religion, and he did not go to church so regularly as his wife, a quiet staid

woman, who might be seen walking through the beech woods two miles to church every Sunday morning. She had a profound respect for the clergy and all relating to the Established Church; he had a hearty regard and admiration for his landlord, the squire. He had stronger opinions about fishing than he had on religious questions. I remember his finding a fellow fishing with the spoon-bait for pike, and the man was quickly made to wind up and go, for he would have no dumb creatures tortured; one hook, he said, was quite enough. With respect to the mill-stream proper, independently of the mill-pool, his ideas and sentiments were of the most conservative nature. The trout were for the squire and the squire's friends only. Even to hint at a day's possible fishing was enough to get you excommunicated by the miller. No keeper ever watched his coveys of partridges with more jealous care than that miller did the trout that lived in his portion of the stream. Yet he was once tricked out of a day's fishing by a supposed clergyman, compared with whom my poor Harlequin was a saint. I shall never forget the wrath and disgust with which he related the story to me. I give it as the miller told it, a few days after it occurred.

"Just after breakfast there came a rap at the door, which mother answered. Then she told me that there was a strange gentleman, a very respectable-looking clergyman, inquiring for me. I went out, and he at once held out his hand, saying, 'Good morning, Mr Dash, —good morning to you; I must introduce myself. I am the vicar of G—, and my old college friend, your worthy and esteemed landlord, wrote me an invitation to come and have a day's fishing over

here. He knows my weakness for the gentle sport, and he said I was to come to you, with his compliments, for instruction where it was best to go, and about other matters concerning the limits of his water.' He said, too, as how he was going to dine with the squire that same evening, and that he should then be able to give an account of his success through the day.

"So I left the mill to my chap, and showed the stranger all the best places where I knew the heavy fish lay, and then left him to it. About ten o'clock I went to see how he was getting on. The fellow could fish, no doubt about that. I looked at him as he threw, and I thought to myself, if all parsons is like you they're uncommon active with trout, whatever they may be with men: he'd got eight or nine good ones already.

"'You see,' says he, 'thanks to you, my good friend, I'm labouring in a fruitful vineyard. The flesh is weak, though, this morning, and in the excitement caused by the prospect of a day's fishing, and seeing my old college friend, I omitted to bring the needful refreshment with me. Do you think there is a possibility of anything being procured in the neighbourhood—any good inn near to which I could go?'

"I told him there was none nearer than two miles away, but that he would be heartily welcome to anything there might happen to be in our house: mother has a weakness for parsons, you know, so I was all right there.

"'Do you say home-brewed, my dear friend?' he went on; 'never since my boyhood have I tasted that fine drink of Old England. I feel my youth come back at the very name of it. Yes; gladly will

I accept of your hospitality ;' and a lot more stuff of the same sort—about lines in pleasant places and the like. Well, mother laid the cloth in the best room, and she even put her own best bib and tucker on, in honour of the clerical gentleman. He washed his hands, and in he came; looked it over, and then said a grace. After that he set to work, praised our beer, called it nectar for the immortals, emptied the jug,—three pints it held,—and praised mother's bread and cheese too. He talked us right over, both of us—asked us if we went to church. I told him mother did, wet or fine. Then he got on his legs and gave us a bit of a sermon on true religion and outward forms, and the grand old Church of England, finishing up with Christian charity, which was, he said, just what he had had from us that day. 'On my return to my vicarage,' he said, 'I will at once send, for your acceptance, one of the most costly Bibles that the town of G—— can supply; and may peace and plenty rest on this house for evermore.' Mother cried a bit, he brought it all out so solemn like. 'Now, my kind friends,' he finished up with, 'I am but a humble shepherd of the flock, but you have my blessing. I will now proceed to fish again.' There was some more stuff about the partner of my joys, and he trusted of few sorrows, and then he took his leave.

"I went with him up stream, telling him not to fish in the other water, and then we shook hands. As he pulled out his handkerchief to wipe his face, out came a short, dirty clay-pipe, a regular pot-house pipe, not even such a one as you and me might use. That struck me curious like. 'I'll watch you, my clerical gentleman, a bit,' I said to myself, and instead

of going home I slipped round another way. Well, he was over on the other ground, where he'd been told not to go, like a shot, and had a fine one from there, quick. Then I showed myself, and told him he'd no right there. 'It's all right, my friend,' said he; 'the owner of this property is also a friend of mine. I will leave the fish at his door as I pass, on my way to the Hall.'

"Said I, 'I'm going that road myself, and I will carry it for you.'

"'No, no, my dear friend. I could not let it be a burden to you, especially after your great hospitality to me.'

"That did not quite satisfy me, but I let him start, and then followed him up. He gave me the double: he did not go the house road, so I made for the way to the station, where a man told me he had just met a parson running along, full trot. He was not in the station, and I made for the public. There I found our clerical humbug sitting down, drinking grog, that same clay-pipe in his mouth; and as I live he was actually singing, 'Catch 'em alive, oh! catch 'em alive!'

"He could not see me where I stood in the bar—he was inside the parlour. 'I'll catch you alive just now, my gentleman,' I said, and I waited for him to come out into the street. There I fixed him.

"'You canting villain!' I cried, 'what do you mean by this swindle?'

"Looking me full in the face, he said, 'My dear friend, permit me to suggest that you are labouring under some strange delusion. I am afraid that you have somewhat overstepped the bounds of prudence by too free indulgence in intoxicating liquor. Allow me to go my way in peace.'

"That so riled me that I took off my coat; he bolted, I after him. He could run, but so could I; and just as he was turning into the station he had to accept a little more of my hospitality in the shape of a kick that heaved him off the pavement. Then I left him."

"And what did mother say?" I asked, when the miller had finished his story.

"Why, it made her that mad and cantankerous, she did not go to church for some weeks, but took to the little chapel instead. She's got over it now though, but I ain't."

On the borders of a trout stream, close to a farm, I know a spot well where a vixen littered that was well tended by Master Reynard. Very soon after the cubs had done sucking, twenty-five ducks were missing from the farm. They had gone down to the stream, and never returned again. So close was the earth to a public footpath, that persons out for a stroll used to stop and watch the vixen and her cubs at play.

One morning one of the cubs was found dead, close to the earth. From certain signs on the ground round about him, there could not be the least doubt that some person or persons unknown had committed the awful crime of fox-murder. It might have been done by way of a gentle hint to Master Reynard and his family that it would be well to leave the remainder of the ducks alone.

Although the fox has grace of sanctuary allowed him by some for their own purposes, yet he has ever been a bone of contention: he has had many a curse heaped on his head, and has been the cause of more bickerings and ill-

feeling among certain classes than any other of our wild creatures.

If only the same protection had been awarded to the badger, it would be well for our farmers, large and small. May he long have his home on our Surrey hillsides. I confess to a great weakness for this frolicsome bear-like little creature.

One morning last summer (1890), I was out for a stroll through the woods, when a man hailed me from the door of a cottage that stood just on the outskirts of one of them. He told me he had got a queer critter that had come to his garden, and to his mind it was very like a little pig—in fact, "fust off he reckoned it was one o' his young snorkers hed got out. He's gone to his home now," he added; "it's close handy to my garden. About seven of an evenin' he cums up reg'lar; I be mortal cur'ous about it—can ye tell us what it is?"

At about seven o'clock I made my way gently up to the edge of the man's garden, and it was not long before the "snorker-like critter" made its appearance. He seemed to have no fear—he had evidently never been disturbed since he first made his home close to; and had he not been attracted by the grunts of the cottager's young snorkers, his proximity would never have been suspected. As it was, he gambolled about among the fern in the full joy of his nature, perfectly fearlessly—a strange combination of the bear and the pig in all his movements. If you have only seen the badger in a zoological collection, you have no idea what the creature is when he enjoys perfect liberty. After eating something he had rooted up, our friend dashed down into the open meadow adjoining the wood.

THE PROTÉGÉ SYSTEM IN MOROCCO.

WHILE enterprising travellers have penetrated into almost every corner of the globe, it seems remarkable that Morocco, which is situated within sight of Gibraltar and only five days' steam from England, should have remained, until within the last few years, an unknown land. This corner of north-western Africa is one of the most important and interesting portions of that great continent. It formed at one time, under the title of Mauritania, a powerful division of the Carthaginian and Roman empires. In the eleventh century the Moors, under Arab rule, became conquerors of Spain, and held dominion over that country for four hundred years; but since their expulsion from Europe they have sunk into their present savage condition. Several travellers, who have within recent years made journeys into the interior of Morocco, have called attention to the deplorable condition of the inhabitants of that country, who are groaning under the most corrupt government in the world, and under the evils arising out of the system of protection established by foreign Powers over some of the natives of Morocco. It was with a view to make full inquiry into these important questions that I undertook a journey to Morocco in company with my friend, Mr Henry Gurney. We left London on the 6th of March, and after staying at Gibraltar a few days we crossed over to Tangier, a distance of thirty-five miles. We took up our quarters in the Villa de France Hotel, which is situated on high ground outside the town, commanding a splendid view of Tangier Bay, the coast

of Spain, and all the surrounding country.

Tangier, although only about five days distant from England, presents an aspect so entirely different from anything that can be seen in Europe, that the traveller may fancy himself carried away to the land of the 'Thousand and One Nights,' or to the days of the ancient patriarchs. Modern civilisation, which has brought such marked changes in almost every part of the world, has not as yet penetrated the outside crust of Moroccan life. Here the fashions remain the same as they were in the days of Abraham: we meet men and women everywhere dressed in similar robes to those worn by their remote ancestors; the very antiquity of the customs seems to have a special charm for them. In fact, all Morocco from time immemorial has been the land of *jalabias* and slippers. It is true that many Jews have assumed Christian clothing as an outward sign of honesty and respectability; but the Mohammedans stick to their fashions with the same tenacity as they do to the Koran. We can hardly imagine, as we pass them in the street robed in their loose garments, that these are the descendants of the Moors who conquered and carried a measure of civilisation into Spain, and who left behind them magnificent monuments of their former greatness. They seem to have once more gone back to barbarism, and turned their face against any kind of progress.

The houses of Tangier are white and flat-roofed, and the streets, which are all unpaved, are so nar-

row in some parts that two persons can scarcely pass each other. The streets are without names, and the houses without numbers. The postman would have a hard time of it to find out the owners of letters. As a rule, every one goes for his own.

The Arab shop is a mere box in the wall without windows, neither does it bear any name or number. The shop-door is raised some distance higher than the street, and when this is open in the morning, the merchant jumps in and squats down on a cushion within easy distance of his goods. Here he attends to his customers, who stand outside in the street to examine his wares.

The notary and scribe sit in an open place, and their clients are attended to in public. We have never heard what a lawyer's fees are for a consultation in this country; but we know a charge is made for drawing up public documents, such sum depending upon the character of the work required to be done. Justice is delivered by the governor in the gate, as it was in olden times. We do not mean by this that justice is administered as we understand it in England. No; it is carried out after the Moorish fashion, bribery forming the chief feature. Tangier is the nearest town to Europe of all the Moorish ports, and certainly the most important. It was once under the Crown of Portugal, afterwards that of England; but 200 years ago it was abandoned to the Moors, and has remained in their hands ever since, leaving no trace of Christian occupation. It has no architectural adornment worth a passing notice. Of late years, however, it has undergone some change, on account of the number of tourists, especially English, who go to it for

sport and as a health-resort. Hotels of good accommodation have sprung up for travellers all round, and the suburban part has now a decidedly European appearance, being studded with pretty villas enclosed in nice gardens. Even the speculative builder has commenced his operations in this corner of Morocco. Missionaries are at work endeavouring to turn Moslem hearts to Christianity, while others have opened educational establishments for instructing the Moors. Newspapers in several languages have been established—all devoted to ameliorating the condition of the Moors. If these various agencies which are now at work are conducted honestly and sincerely, they must eventually help very materially to regenerate this portion of Africa.

To Europeans, Tangier is the most important and interesting of the towns of Morocco, on account of its being the residence of the representatives of all the foreign Powers, and the place where every kind of diplomatic intrigue is hatched, with a view to thwart each other in the relations with the Moorish officials.

Having introduced our readers to the first town of the Moorish empire, we think it best, before proceeding further in relating the narrative of our journey, to briefly explain the nature of the abuses under protection about which we came to inquire. But, in order that the subject may be clearly understood, we find it necessary to give a short sketch of the Shereefian Government of the Moorish empire, also of its relation to the *protégé* system—a question which has been a bone of contention between the Powers and the Sultan for many years past. The local and the foreign

press have discussed it on various occasions, and pointed out the crimes and abuses which are carried on under it. Mr Allen, the able secretary of the Anti-Slavery Society, and Mr Crawford, a member of the same excellent institution, made a very valuable report on this subject, and I wrote one dealing with the same question four years ago, but still the evil continues.

Morocco, with all its abundant wealth and immense natural resources, possesses one of the most despotic and corrupt governments in the world. The Sultan is lord and master of the lands, fortunes, and lives of his subjects: he is not only absolute as a temporal sovereign, but in his spiritual capacity he is the prince of believers or the followers of Mohammed—in a word, he is the State or the Shereefian Government as well as the Church, so that good or bad government depends on the character and disposition of one man. He has a Council of State, consisting of a Grand Vizier who attends to home affairs, a Chamberlain and two Viziers for foreign affairs—one at the Moorish Court, the other at Tangier, who acts as a buffer between the Sultan and the foreign representatives. These state officials are mere instruments for carrying out his Majesty's will, and have no voice in the affairs of the nation. These men subsist by corruption and oppression: every post is sold by them to the highest bidder, the proceeds being divided between themselves and the Sultan. The whole country is divided into many provinces ruled by governors, who, having to purchase their position, obtain full liberty to grind and squeeze the poor unfortunate inhabitants of Morocco out of their last penny. While these heartless governors are able to pour money

into the coffers of the Sultan and his minions, the cry of the oppressed is never listened to. The large sum which a governor has to pay for his appointment is often borrowed from Jews at 50 per cent interest. So soon as he gains his coveted position, he commences his career by imprisoning all the friends and relations of his predecessor, putting them to the torture, so as to compel them to reveal where the late governor's treasure is hidden. Their property is meanwhile plundered by the new authority. After this formality is gone through, the governor appoints his chiefs of villages, who are exempt from all taxation, and supposed to follow him in war with as many of the tribe as possible. It is through these subordinates that he finds the means to satisfy the court officials. He orders them to bring him about twice the amount he had to pay for his post. They in their turn make a requisition of double the amount demanded, which the poor farmer has to pay. Before the year closes a new governor may be appointed, when the poor Moors are again subjected to similar treatment. There is no regular system of taxation. It is collected in such sums as the Sultan and his Ministers may determine. The amount is always increased to meet the demands of officials. It is given on authority that not more than one-third of the taxes collected ever reaches the Sultan; two-thirds pass into the pockets of unpaid and corrupt Moorish officials. If a native appears in a new garment he is suspected at once of being rich, and is sent to prison to be squeezed out of all his money. It therefore happens that rich men, in order to conceal their wealth, go about in rags and filth, like beggars of the street. When the Sultan is displeased with a governor, it be-

comes a matter of demand for money, and if not forthcoming it means dismissal, and a successor is appointed. The former governor is sent to prison for an indefinite period, or perhaps to die there. The highest official in the State is never secure in his position. To-day he may be in favour; to-morrow may find him a prisoner in a filthy dungeon, or poisoned by a cup of coffee. The manner in which these horrors are brought to pass is worthy of the darkest age in the world's history. If, for instance, a governor is reputed to be rich and powerful, he is invited in the most friendly manner to Court. He responds, and comes with some followers, and presents for his lord the Sultan and his Ministers. The sovereign receives him in great honour; he is feasted and flattered, and the Sultan makes him valuable presents. Before returning to his province, his Majesty, as a mark of high favour, presents him with one of his black wives. The governor thinks that his master may raise him to a very high position. He is not aware that the black wife is only a spy to find out if he is wealthy, and where his treasure may be found. All the information is carried through females to the Sultan, who forms his plans in secret. After the governor spends some time at Court, feasting and being honoured, he makes preparations to return to his province. In the meantime he is encouraged to write to his people, informing them of his good fortune, and that he will soon be with them. This is done to put his friends off their guard, so that they will not be prepared to resist the Sultan's authority when the day of reckoning comes. Soon the day of the governor's departure arrives. He has a last audience with his master. The Sultan receives him, to all

appearance, in a friendly manner, but, without uttering a word, the Sultan strokes his beard. At this royal sign the poor governor is deprived of his liberty. He is sent to prison without any means of redress, while troops have been despatched in the meanwhile to plunder his friends and take away his treasure. It sometimes happens that the black wife, after extracting all possible information from a governor, poisons him. This is only an illustration of the fate of most Moorish officials.

Some portions of Morocco are inhabited by tribes too powerful even for the Sultan and his governors. In cases of this kind, where he cannot use force, he resorts to treachery and craft. He approaches them in his spiritual character, inviting the chiefs to meet him. Some obey the summons on religious grounds: these are immediately seized and cast into prison, there to remain as hostages for the good behaviour of the tribes. The prisons of Morocco are full of such persons, taken from all parts of the empire. Those who do not trust the head of the Mohammedan faith live in an independent state, carrying on continual war against the Sultan, and plundering every one they meet. The Moorish army, if such it may be called, is not organised for the purpose of defending Morocco against a foreign invasion. It would be quite powerless to meet such a contingency. The Sultan's army is formed for collecting taxes and carrying out all kinds of oppression against defenceless people. With these bands of robbers his Majesty plunders and massacres the tribes, handing women and children over to his followers, to be sold by them for their own benefit. Desolation and misery follow in the wake of these ruffians, who are a scourge to the

country, and are looked upon by the inhabitants as a pestilence. It is very deplorable that European officers can be found to take part in these marauding expeditions, and help in the work of destruction. Justice, as understood in England, is unknown in Morocco. A Moor may be seized at the will of the governor or the Sultan, and he may remain all his life in prison without trial, or indeed without knowing the nature of his offence. The guilty are not usually sent to prison. It is the innocent person possessing means who is pounced upon, and made to pay debts he never owed. It is enough evidence if he may happen to have resided in the same village or country with the accused. They have not only to pay debts of others, but suffer for crimes which they never committed. Moorish governors do not trouble themselves in going after criminals or debtors. They hold the innocent responsible for the guilty, and they are even sent to prison for imaginary crimes in order to satisfy the avarice and cupidity of a governor. The Moors have to work all their lives like slaves to satisfy the Sultan, his officials, and the usurers, who are a band of parasites which infest all parts of Morocco.

It was in order to escape from this corrupt government that the *protégé* system was first established. Commercial relations between England and Morocco existed by treaty as far back as 1585. From that period up to the early part of the eighteenth century the Sultan had the sole right to arbitrate in disputes arising between British subjects and Moors, but very little justice could be expected from such a despotic and barbarous ruler. It was therefore provided by the treaty of 1721 that in future every Brit-

ish subject should be surrendered, not to the Moorish judge, but to the English consul. This was the beginning of the modern diplomatic system of protection, which was confirmed and consolidated at the Conference of Madrid, 1880. This measure, which was intended to ameliorate the condition of the foreigners, has given birth to untold abuses and crimes, under which the poor inhabitants, who are still obliged to remain subjects of the Sultan, groan in the present day. The Moors, seeing that by this system the foreigners were exempt from taxation and military service, and only amenable to the jurisdiction of their respective consuls, eagerly sought to gain similar privileges by purchase or otherwise, which would enable them to escape the clutches of the Shereefian Government, and raise themselves to the level of aliens. Some of the foreign representatives embraced this opportunity for enriching themselves, and gaining greater influence in the country. Protection was therefore, with all its advantages, extended to Moors engaged as agents for foreign traders, and those connected with the legations and consulates. Indeed the granting of protection has become a source of considerable revenue to foreign representatives. It has often been obtained by unscrupulous Jews and Moors for the purpose of extortion, by making unjust claims against unprotected Moors. These demands are enforced by foreign Ministers without being able to know their origin or justice. Thus the legations have become instruments of oppression to a greater degree than the Sultan's Government. Even the governors derive considerable benefit from these claims, because they often recover three times the amount demanded.

Protection is only granted to rich Moors and Jews, who are able to pay well for the privilege, and they in their turn become oppressors of the worst description, grinding unmercifully those who are obliged to remain under the Sultan's yoke. It is not a wonder, then, that the Sultan has flatly refused to grant any more privileges to foreigners, who have already undermined his authority over his people, and deprived him of a large amount of his revenue. Neither can we be surprised at the Moors seeking foreign protection when they are continually pillaged by the Shereefian Government. Even the Grand Shereef of Wazzan has resorted to similar methods, for he has placed himself under the protection of France, so that he and his followers may be relieved from paying any tribute to the Sultan.

Others again make journeys to Mecca, at considerable peril and expense, in order to surround themselves with the odour of sanctity as a defence against the rapacity of the governors. The Moors do not seek protection from the Christian because they love him. They only do it because they have no security for life and property, or the shadow of justice, under their own wretched Government. It is this which drives them into the arms of the Christians. Although the Moorish Government carry on all kinds of oppression, the foreign representatives should not resort to similar measures, and even outstrip the Moorish officials in this respect. Diplomatic life in Tangier is a system of intrigue, each Minister apparently trying to thwart each other, making no united effort to improve the condition of Morocco.

If foreign representatives and their subordinates had never permitted any of the abuses which

now flourish under their patronage, the condition of Morocco would be entirely different. Upright and honest conduct on the part of Ministers would tend to regenerate Moorish official life, and would certainly give them greater influence in the country and the councils of the Sultan: they would be more trusted and respected than they are at present.

Having given this brief sketch of the Shereefian Government, we shall now proceed with the narrative of our journey.

During our stay in Tangier we interviewed several of the foreign representatives and private gentlemen on the condition of Morocco, and the abuses arising out of the *protégé* system. It was admitted that the whole condition of things in Morocco required a complete change before any improvement could take place in the country—in other words, the Shereefian Government, which is a sink of corruption, ought to be reformed and brought under the control of Christian Powers. With such a change the necessity for protection would disappear.

On the 18th of March we rode out of Tangier, and proceeded along caravan tracks—for neither roads nor wheeled carts exist in Morocco, all products being carried on the backs of animals from the interior to the ports of shipment. This primitive system of transit does not offer much facility for the development of the resources of the country. Our route lay near the sea-coast, and we observed on our way many portions of the country under cultivation, although the implements of agriculture are of the most primitive description. Some of the inhabitants lived in tents, while others dwelt in miserable huts, toiling all their days to uphold the most rotten Govern-

ment in the world. To the east we could see chains of high mountains stretching right across the country, with several deep valleys, through which flowed navigable rivers of considerable extent, giving the whole scene a grand and picturesque appearance. We made careful inquiries into the condition of Morocco at every port-town on our journey until we reached Mazagan: we also learnt much from the natives of the country whom we met on the way.

The only town on the coast of historic interest is Sallee, at one time the home of the Sallee rovers, who were the terror of mariners. It is situated at the mouth of the Boo Ragray river, with the town of Rabat on the opposite bank. Here is the Hassan tower, which is said to have been built by the same architect who erected the Giralda of Seville. Close by are the ruins of the town of Chellah, founded by the Carthaginians, rebuilt by the Romans and again by the Moors, who made it the burial-place of their ancient kings.

From Mazagan we took our departure for the southern capital of the Moorish empire, which is six days' journey inland. We passed the rich province of Ducala, which we found in a fairly good state of cultivation; but the next district, which is called Rahamna, was almost destitute of inhabitants, although the soil was of the richest description, the wretched natives having fled from their oppressors to the mountains or some secure place, where they could defy the minions of the Sultan. The night before we entered the city of Morocco we encamped at the foot of the high mountains which stretched to the east as far as the eye could reach. We found the people of the village where we took up our

quarters particularly kind, giving us directions as to the best road to take next day. They looked upon us with considerable curiosity, as they had not seen Christians before. We crossed over the Jiblat mountains next morning, and descended into an immense plain stretching to the foot of the Atlas mountains. We observed in the distance the high tower of the great mosque of Morocco. The city itself lay in the plain, surrounded by immense gardens of tall palms and other trees. We approached it in the afternoon, and crossed over an old crumbling bridge, under which flowed the Tensift, whose rapid stream falls into the Atlantic between Saffi and Mogador. We soon entered by the Ducala gate, and passed along the narrow winding streets, until we found ourselves in the great market-place, where we rested for a while until the return of our messenger, whom we despatched with letters of introduction to the governor of Morocco. Afterwards we took up our quarters in the house of Cid Boobeker, one of the richest Moors of this country. He came next morning to welcome us, and ask us to spend the following day with him in his garden outside the town.

Morocco city is the second capital of the Moorish empire. It is situated on a plain near the Atlas, and is 1450 feet above sea-level. It was celebrated in the time of Leo Africanus as one of the principal cities of Africa. It was founded in the year 1063 by Sidi Yusef ben Taxefin, one of the Sultans of this country. The city is surrounded by mud-walls, now crumbling to pieces, and most of the houses are of the same material. The great mosque is the most interesting building in the town, its tower being about 250

feet high. The same architect who constructed the Giralda of Seville and the Hassan tower at Rabat is supposed also to have built this, as the three are alike in design. There are many large orange, olive, date, and other fruit-gardens within the walls of the city. The streets are narrow, without names, and crooked, and the houses without numbers, like all those of Morocco towns. The population is estimated at 60,000. The city is divided into two parts, each with their walls and gates. One quarter is exclusively for Jews, and the other for the Mohammedans. The Jews are kept strictly within their own division at night, and none of them can walk by their gates into the Mohammedan quarter without taking off their slippers; and some of the more fanatical of the people place hot coals in their path, so as to burn their feet as they walk along. There is no regular police to keep order, yet we have never seen brawls in the streets, nor have we heard that the people do much serious damage to each other. The climate of Morocco is considered particularly salubrious. The summer heat is tempered by the snow-capped Atlas, which raises its high summits just behind; whilst the abundant supply of excellent water which passes through the city contributes much to the health of the people. As it rained nearly every day during our sojourn in this country, we found Morocco at this time of the year particularly dirty, the rains having made the streets so muddy that they all seemed like running sewers. However, during our stay we visited the principal bazaars and shops, which we found well stocked with Manchester and native products. Some of the people were gathering up the mud and storing it in their shops to

mend their houses with. We passed through several markets full of people, and we examined every kind of work which they were pleased to show us. Here there are markets for all sorts of industry. There is the slave-market, which is held every Friday; also the skin, oil, grain, and other markets. Here we have a street where old shoes are mended and new ones made and exposed for sale; there a street for old clothes; and others for saddlery, ironmongery, grinding-mills, gunsmiths, daggers, and swords. The pottery is truly Moorish in character. Fruit, charcoal, cooscosoo have markets of their own. Bread and meat have their peculiar quarters. Carriers go about with skins supplying the thirsty with drink. Cloth fairs, native and foreign, are held every afternoon, and men go about selling their wares in public. Soup-kitchens are found at many a convenient corner for the hungry Arabs. Coffee-houses also abound, where Moorish questions are discussed amidst the smoking of *keef*. The snake-charmers are found in the market-places entertaining the inhabitants; and the story-teller finds eager listeners to his marvellous tales. The barber thrives here also, and is busy shaving the hair off the heads of the faithful. Astrologers may be found squatting on the ground with their mystic books, selling charms to the credulous. Other poor wretches may be met with appealing to the benevolent for alms in the name of some favourite saint. At the gates the lawyers are to be seen seated on the ground with their large white turbans, busy in making out documents of law. Apothecary-shops are very abundant, the medicine being principally herbs, and the chemist tells the virtue of each without extra

charge. Eating-houses are found in various places; and paint for beautifying the ladies is sold everywhere. We pass ladies, as we move along, completely covered from view with the exception of the eyes. Public baths and fountains are met with in various places, one bearing the inscription "Look and drink." There is even a system of sewerage, but there is a great need of competent sanitary inspectors to keep the streets and houses clean. We went into the slave-market, but found it empty.

On the morning of April 8, Cid Boobeker came to convey us to his garden, which is situated about two hours' ride from the city. On the way he pointed out the extent of what he calls his "garden": it is surrounded by mud walls similar to those of the city of Morocco. It is as large as many a decent county, being nearly twenty miles square. Cid Boobeker, who is a man of about seventy years of age, stout, of good presence, with a most impressive face, possesses a thorough knowledge of Moorish character. He commenced his career in a very humble position in the employ of a Glasgow house which had a branch at Saffi: he soon rose to great influence and fortune, and has become the agent for the British legation in many difficult questions with the Sultan. He is very often at Court, and is consulted by his Majesty in various matters. His fortune consists of £80,000 in English consols—an investment which he made by the judicious advice of Sir John Hay: he owns whole streets in Morocco, and his garden, which is splendidly irrigated by water brought from the foot of the Atlas mountains. One thousand two hundred families find employment in it, receiving wages, and

he states that they are happy and contented: it produces several kinds of grain, and is planted with the date-palm, pomegranate, olive, citron, lemon, and other fruit-trees. The yearly production of oil from this garden amounts to about £4000. He has in other places 50,000 head of sheep, and a large number of houses in Tangier, Fez, Casablanca, and other Moorish towns, which must altogether produce a handsome revenue. As he is a British *protégé* he is free from taxation, and is not subject to Moorish jurisdiction: those under him, we believe, share the same privilege, so that his profit is entirely free from any burden. His habits are very simple and business-like: he comes to the town in the morning about 10 A.M. to attend to business; he remains until 4 P.M.; he is his own clerk and overlooker; he is as regular in his business habits as a merchant in the city of London. His dress and mode of life are simple and inexpensive; he sits down on the carpet in his business house under a verandah, with a cushion on which he at times rests his arms, and here he receives all his business friends, and the day's work passes as in Europe: at 4 P.M. he mounts his splendid mule, and rides away to his garden. Indeed Cid Boobeker may be considered one of the most important and interesting characters in Moorish diplomacy: he certainly possesses great talents, which would have made him an important personage in almost any country. We soon found ourselves at his house, which is situated under the shade of some trees: it is quite a country place, nice and comfortable. On entering we were led into a beautiful, large, cool room, furnished in oriental fashion: having sat down, tea, the favourite beverage of Morocco,

was brought in by his females. His youngest daughter, a child of three years, came in also to salute her father, and he appears to be particularly fond of the child. Soon after tea was over the same females brought in a most sumptuous dinner, prepared in oriental fashion; we all ate out of these dishes with our hands according to Arab custom: various kinds of meat and sweets were brought in to tempt our appetite. It was here, he said, that he entertained the British Minister, Sir William Green, when he was in Morocco city. After dinner was cleared, we settled down and talked on the condition of the Moorish empire. One of the first questions he asked was about Mr Goschen's conversion scheme, as he wished to know why his interest was reduced from 3 per cent to 2½ per cent. We pointed out that this was a beneficial measure which was of great advantage to the British empire, as a lower interest had reduced the yearly charge on the British Government. Cid Boobeker replied, "As it was the will of God, he was contented." He pointed out that at one time he possessed a large number of slaves, but now he followed out the law of England, for, at a cost of £4000, he had freed all, with liberty to go wherever they wished; those who remained he paid wages, and they seemed contented. He said that slaves were still sold in the interior as much as ever; but the Arabs treated them well, and it was unlawful for a rich man, according to Mohammedan law, to make money out of slaves, and it was meritorious in the sight of God to free them. With reference to protection, he stated that he was the only *protégé* in Morocco city; he had no one in prison on account of claims; and he often appealed to the Sultan to release

prisoners, but the answer he received was that the Moors and all their possessions belonged to the Sultan, and he was free to do what he pleased. A short time ago a flagrant case of injustice occurred between himself and the Sultan: he said that he commenced building some houses in Morocco city, and it was reported to the Sultan that he had encroached on the street, and although Boobeker was with the Sultan at the time, he knew nothing of what was going on between the governor and his Majesty. An order was sent by the Sultan that Boobeker's shops should be shut up and the building stopped; but the governor understood the order to include all his property in the city of Morocco: he therefore went with soldiers and about 5000 people and stopped the work, closed his shops, and took possession of all his houses; and his family had to flee for shelter into the country. When Boobeker heard of this, he went in person to Morocco city, and on seeing what had been done, he immediately made representations to the Sultan, who ordered the governor to take away the soldiers from Boobeker's property and send them to prison, their only fault being that they obeyed the orders of the governor. Although he asked the Sultan to release these soldiers, who were innocent of any crime, and depose the governor, who was the actual culprit, he could get no satisfaction. The Sultan has, however, promised to dismiss this governor shortly. He himself is usually with the Sultan on English and other business: he remains only for a short period in Morocco city; he was just then about to depart. Regarding the Moorish Government, he said they opposed every reform, and existed only by keep-



ing the representatives of foreign Powers in continual opposition to each other, and also by bribing some of the Ministers in order to have power over them. There was a clear proof of this custom when Sir William Green was in Morocco three years ago. The Sultan found that Sir William was very strong on the telegraph question. His Majesty spoke to Boobeker about giving £40,000 to the Telegraph Company and Sir William Green for the full settlement of the matter. Boobeker answered that he was perfectly sure the British Minister would not accept such a settlement of the question, but the Sultan insisted that the subject should be mentioned to Sir William. This was done, but the English Minister was very much disgusted with the suggestion. Boobeker told him the Sultan would speak with him when his Majesty met him. During the next interview the Sultan offered Sir William Green £40,000 if he could settle with the Telegraph Company that they should take up their cable and go away. Sir William replied that his Government gave him a large income to uphold his position comfortably, and he could not disgrace himself or his nation by accepting bribes; the cable must remain at all costs. Boobeker spoke regarding the Moorish Government in parables, which is characteristic of the oriental character: he compared Morocco to a man walking in the darkness without a light; in the end he must stumble and fall. He also compared it to an old house which seemed on the point of falling to the ground: the neighbours around that house might, for their own sakes and protection, prop it up, however old; but supposing the owner took no notice of the ruined condition of his house, and made no

improvement, it must in time fall about his head, notwithstanding the props that may have been put up by his neighbours. This was really the condition of Morocco.

Sir John Hay had from time to time made representations to the Sultan and given him advice, but without avail. Sir William Green has done the same, with similar results: many promises of reformation were made, but they were never fulfilled, and are never likely to be unless force is used. All the Powers are propping up the tottering empire of Morocco, but in the end it must fall unless there is a reform. If you ask the Sultan to go straight, he will just go crooked by some other advice: for instance, England asks the Sultan to do something; the French Minister comes in and says to his Majesty, "Beware of the English; you know that you require one eye for us, but you require two for the English." The Sultan is like a man riding a horse, who fears that if he were to hand the reins to another, perhaps he would never receive them back, and thus lose his control: now he holds the reins of government, but does not know what would happen if he let the foreign Powers govern. In this way he and his Ministers oppose all reforms proposed by Christians, and they do all in their power to keep them out of the country. The Sultan manages his country in this way: if one province begins to get rich, he subdivides it into many, in order to weaken it; for instance, Ducala had at one time only one governor, now it has seven. The Moors are like birds—their wings are clipped when they begin to grow, in case they might become too independent and fly away from his authority; indeed his Majesty is obliged to imprison the principal chiefs of the tribes

of Morocco, and retain them as hostages, to ensure his own safety in travelling from place to place. If the people were allowed to get rich, they would soon turn round and kill the Sultan and his Ministers, and establish a government of the people.

To show how changeable and impracticable the Moorish Government is, Boobeker pointed out that the Sultan some time ago had actually agreed to a reform suggested by Sir William Green: it was all but signed, and after they thought all was arranged, the Sultan changed his mind, and the whole matter came to an end. This was a great disappointment to Sir William, and he believed it caused his illness. Sir William had a good heart, and wanted to see Morocco improved, but without force nothing could be done. Words are of no avail. He thought the best thing for Morocco was to establish mixed tribunals, which would ensure security over life and property. At present, so long as a governor sends plenty of bribes to the Court, he can do what he pleases, and the people have no redress. The governors, administrators of customs, and sheiks of villages were only one company of oppressors to squeeze the last farthing out of the poor people; for them there was no redress. Cid Boobeker remarked that the Moorish Government was so ignorant, that if one were to attempt to export mud from the city of Morocco, a royal order would immediately come to stop it, as they considered it of enormous value.

The Sultan feared the French the most. They were his near neighbours, and he was always afraid that they would take possession of his country from the Algerian frontier. The French always considered that they had

Fez in their pocket. The Spaniards were like hungry dogs — chained for the present, but waiting to be let loose when there was a change. He added that the treasure of the Sultan is in Morocco city, and not in any other town.

Regarding the army, the Sultan had none that could be opposed to Europeans. Cid Boobeker spoke in the highest terms of Sir William Green, who has, by great courage, perseverance, and straightforward conduct, made the name of England feared and respected at the Moorish Court: he also referred in a kindly spirit to the great services of Sir John Hay.

During our stay in Morocco city we were enabled to gather further information on the questions in which we were interested from two European residents and from natives. Regarding the quarrel between Cid Boobeker and the Sultan, they said it was caused in this way: Boobeker purchased church property in Morocco from parties who had no right to dispose of it, as it belonged to Moorish trustees, who must give consent before it can be legally acquired. The order for closing the shops was misunderstood by the governor. When he was made aware of his mistake he withdrew his soldiers, keeping only the shops on the church property closed. Boobeker made a claim of 27,000 dollars against the Moorish Government, money which he alleges was taken from him, and at the same time he prepared a list of seventeen persons, who he declared were the guilty parties. All of them are asserted to be respectable neighbours of good position, perfectly innocent of any crime. Boobeker's claim receiving British support, the seventeen Moors were cast into prison without trial. One of them has since died. We hope



that the British Minister will make full inquiry into the conduct of this man, in his own interest and in that of England. Our informants declared that Boobeker was unfit to represent England, on account of his general character. He is said to be very much disliked by the Moors. They suggested that it would be a great boon for England if an Englishman were appointed as consular agent in Morocco. In this view we heartily concur. We were also informed that domestic slaves are used very harshly by their masters. A little girl, who was cut with a red-hot knife for breaking a dish, and afterwards beaten for crying, was given as an illustration of the usual fate of the poor slave. We were also informed that a few days ago Boobeker had been asked to procure for the Sultan thirty female slaves to replace some old ones in the Sultan's palace.

After taking a very friendly leave of Cid Boobeker, who had been so kind to us during our stay, we took our departure from the city of Morocco on the 11th of April. We found the roads turned into pools of water on account of the incessant rain which fell almost every day. The rivers were so swollen that we had much difficulty and danger in crossing them. After a few days we entered into the beautiful province of Chiadma, which resembles in many respects an English county. Many parts are covered with Argan trees, which are not unlike oaks in the distance. It is fairly well peopled, and affords abundant pasture for numerous herds of cattle. On our left rose the great Atlas chain of mountains, whose lofty peaks were covered with a mantle of snow. When the weather is clear, the sight of these stupendous mountains at sunrise and sunset is

truly enchanting. The sky like burnished gold for the background, and the many coloured shades which these mountains present, would delight the eye of an artist.

On the afternoon of the 13th of April we entered Mogador, the most southern port of the Moorish empire, inhabited principally by Jews. Here we took up our quarters in the house of our good friend Mr Zerbib, who is doing excellent work amongst the Jews on behalf of the Society for Propagating the Gospel amongst the Jews. Here our inquiry regarding the condition of Morocco came to a close, and here we terminated our journey so far as Morocco was concerned. In closing this narrative, we beg to state that we have studied the whole question of protection with impartiality. Our information has been gathered from every available source, so as to make ourselves acquainted with every side of this difficult subject. We received during this inquiry very valuable assistance from the British Minister, the consuls and vice-consuls along the Moorish coast, as well as from other gentlemen connected with the country. After careful consideration of the evidence brought before our notice, we are of opinion that protection was first established for guarding the commercial interests of merchants in Morocco, but we find this system has been abused to a very enormous extent by foreign ministers and consular agents, and that indiscriminate protection has been granted to Moors and Jews: some doubtless did so for gain, others may have done it injudiciously. We have gathered abundant testimony to prove that crimes and oppressions of every kind have been carried on under this system: it has been used as an

engine of extortion by unscrupulous *protégés* against defenceless Arabs, unjust claims have been enforced against innocent people, and persons have been imprisoned without any redress. These abuses have been committed with impunity under the sanction of the representatives of foreign Powers, which has, without doubt, contributed very much to the opposition offered by the Moorish Government to any further advantages being granted to Christians, because they use unmercifully the privileges which they have already gained. We cannot say that the European Powers are fully aware of the abuses carried on under their name. We venture to think that, if they were really acquainted with the matter, they would adopt some measures for removing these scandals, which are a disgrace to Europe. We fully admit that in the present state of the Moorish empire, protection is necessary for carrying on commercial relations with the interior; but we think the consuls ought to have used greater vigilance, so as to have prevented protection being made an engine for oppression, instead of being used for the advancement of legitimate trade.

We are of opinion that protection, as now established in Morocco, should be abolished altogether. We consider that every one of the Sultan's subjects should pay legitimate taxes towards the support of the government of the country; but then it must be a

government that will give liberty and security to life and property, and administer the law justly. This cannot be expected from the present Moorish Government, which is utterly corrupt: therefore the Shereefian Government must be reformed before any improvement can take place in the country. The establishment of international tribunals is the only effectual way by which such reformation can be carried out, for these courts would be open to Christians, Jews, and Moors alike. That an institution of this nature is the only remedy for the evil which presses so heavily on Morocco, is the unanimous opinion of all those we consulted on the subject. In order to carry out this beneficent measure, we would urge that England, which carries on two-thirds of the commerce of Morocco, should call a conference of the various European Powers together for determining the reforms which are necessary for the wellbeing and prosperity of the inhabitants of Morocco. In the interests of commerce and civilisation, we trust that the Powers will cast aside their mutual jealousy, and join with one voice to put an end to a scandal which is a disgrace to Europe. If these reforms are carried out in a just spirit, Morocco in a few years may become one of the richest countries in the world, and Europe generally will benefit by its prosperity and advancement.

DONALD MACKENZIE.

THE GROWING UNPOPULARITY OF MILITARY SERVICE.

THE question as to how long England will continue to be able to fill up the annual vacancies in the ranks of her army, by means of our old-world system of voluntary enlistment and recruiting, with the same conditions of pay and other general advantages as are at present in vogue, is one which must inevitably press more and more urgently upon the consideration of those who are responsible for the numerical strength and efficiency of the army. The reason why the urgency of this question grows greater and greater as each year goes by is, that during the last decade or so it has been growing more and more evident that the time is fast approaching when the present system of recruitment and enlistment must come to an end; simply because it will no longer continue to supply an adequate yearly quota of able-bodied and efficient recruits for the ranks. When that time does arrive in the near future—and the signs of its coming are so many and so plain that “he who runs may read”—then, one of two things must inevitably occur; either the pay, position, and prospects of the soldier must be greatly improved, or, if this is not done, no Government can continue to allow the vast majority of young Englishmen to evade altogether, as they do at present, the burden of personal service in some modified form, at any rate for the purposes of home defence. In fact, increased pay or a conscription, in some form or another, are the only alternatives.

I propose, therefore, in this article to consider what our present system of enlistment has done

for the country during the last eighteen or twenty years, what it is doing at present, and what it is likely in the future to effect. Furthermore, I will endeavour to point out the main facts which plainly show that military service is waning more and more in popular favour.

The main thing that the short-service system has effected for the country during the last two decades is well known to all, and is soon told. It has given the country what it never had before—viz., the First Class Army Reserve, a force consisting of upwards of 53,000 trained soldiers, available for filling up the ranks on the outbreak of war. The reality and efficiency of this force may be said, on the several occasions on which it has been called out, to have fully answered the expectations which were originally formed of it. In a word, this Army Reserve is, in spite of many shortcomings and deficiencies, a great fact, and constitutes a most valuable and welcome addition to the military and defensive resources of the country.

On the other hand, it must be borne in mind that the Army Reserve is the outcome, and represents the survival, of an enormous number of short-service enlistments during the last ten or twelve years; that it has no annual training; and that the systematic neglect with which the reservists have been treated by the War Office, and consequently by the country generally, have done much to extend, to deepen, and to accentuate the prejudices against military service that unfortunately exist among a large

section of our population, and which prevent the trade of a soldier from ever becoming a popular or desirable calling in the eyes of the working classes.

In order, however, the better to obtain a just and adequate idea of what our recruiting system is doing for the country at present, and what it is likely in the future to effect, it will be necessary, first, to take a retrospective glance at the history of its working during the last eighteen or twenty years.

It is well known that during the above period the army authorities have had a long uphill and toilsome task to perform. During that period continuous efforts have been made to develop to the utmost the recruiting for the army, to raise the comfort and wellbeing of the soldiers, and to render military service attractive to the classes from which recruits are likely to be obtained. These efforts have been hampered and impeded by many causes, and the difficulties with which the army authorities have had to deal have been neither slight nor few.

On the other hand, it would be a mistake to lose sight of the fact that they have had some counterbalancing advantages on their side, which may be enumerated as follows:—

In order to aid them in their efforts they have had, of course, the State Treasury, with its practically unlimited funds at their back; several continued periods of great depression in the labour market—a state of affairs which is always somewhat favourable to recruiting; a population which, during the whole period under review, has been increasing by leaps and bounds, and which, consequently, has been affording every year a larger number of youths of

eligible age from which recruits can be drawn. Last, but not least, they have had the great advantage of being able to count upon a continuous policy and system of recruiting being carried out by successive War Ministers, irrespective of all considerations of policy or party.

Seeing, then, that the recruiting department has had all these advantages to back it, the public and the country in general may reasonably be justified in thinking that, after the lapse of nearly two decades, recruiting might fairly be expected to be established upon a firm basis, and to give good promise and augury of success for the future.

As an aid to the formation of a correct judgment upon this point, I will begin by quoting from the official figures, annually published, the number of recruits annually obtained during the last seven years—viz., from 1883–1889, both years inclusive:—

Year.	No. of Recruits.
1883,	34,924
1884,	35,754
1885,	39,552
1886,	38,953
1887,	30,751
1888,	24,719
1889,	29,401

A brief analysis of these figures will serve to show and explain what their true significance really is.

It will be seen that in the year 1884, 35,754 recruits were obtained. In 1885 the number rose to 39,552, which was the highest number of recruits ever enlisted in any one year. In 1887 the number sank to 30,751; and in 1888 to 24,719. Now, it should be borne in mind that the years 1885 and 1886 were those during which the long-continued depression of trade and manufacture was

at its worst—a condition of affairs which is always more or less favourable to recruiting. As a direct and natural consequence, the number of recruits who joined the service was greater than ever before. Even during this most favourable period, however,—i.e., 1883–1886—it was not found possible to obtain the requisite number of recruits without, on two occasions, lowering the standard of chest measurement and height for some sixteen months. Last year, moreover, the same device had again to be resorted to—viz., in the Foot Guards and Artillery, both of which are branches of the service in which it was most desirable that no further reduction should take place. In 1887 the number of men offering themselves for enlistment had sunk to 60,976, as against 74,991 in 1886, a decrease of close upon 14,000 men; and the number of recruits enlisted was 30,751. In 1888 the number of men offering themselves for enlistment was less than in 1887 by nearly 12,000 men; and the number of recruits obtained sank to 24,719, showing a further decrease of more than 6000 men. It had become plain to every one by this time that if this alarming annual decrease was allowed to continue at this rate, the British army would soon disappear, and that therefore something must be done. As every means and device which might be calculated to attract recruits had long ago been tried, and might well be deemed to be utterly played out, there was no alternative open to the War Office authorities but to reduce either the standard of height, of chest

measurement, or of age in some branches of the service. As these standards had already all been reduced in the infantry, down to a point beyond which it was impossible to go, it was decided to reduce the standard of height by half an inch in the Artillery and brigade of Guards. At the same time it was also found necessary to lower both the height and chest measurement of the drivers of the Royal Engineers by one inch—viz., to 5 feet 3 inches of height, and 33 inches round the chest.¹ The net result of these measures was that 53,888 men offered themselves for medical examination, and that the number of recruits actually enlisted was brought up to 29,401. With regard to the artillery, 1299 more artillery recruits were enlisted than in 1888. This increased number, however, was probably obtained at the expense of the infantry, which was at the beginning of this year 4500 men below its establishment.

During last year it was estimated that 34,500 recruits would be needed—i.e., 5100 in excess of the numbers raised during 1889.

Taking these and other collateral figures and facts, which easily come to the knowledge of any one who seeks information upon this subject, into consideration, let us see what is the actual position, and what are the actual prospects, of recruiting at the present time.

Leaving out all side issues and unimportant details, the essential facts of the case may be summed up as follows—viz.:

Firstly, That during the years 1886, 1887, and 1888, the numbers

¹ It is a grave and significant fact that, though the *physique* of our population has, as is universally admitted, greatly improved during the last twenty or thirty years, the standards of chest measurement and height are now as low as, or lower than, they have ever been.

of recruits annually obtained dwindled from 39,552 to 24,719, and that in the year 1889 the number could only be brought up to 29,401 by reducing the standard of height for the Artillery, the Foot Guards, and the drivers in the Engineers.

Secondly, That even these results were only achieved after having, on three occasions, made such reductions in the standards for chest measurement and height that no margin for further reductions has been left upon which to fall back in time of need.

Thirdly, That these results have been obtained only after every means and device to make known the advantages of a soldier's career, and to make the terms of service as elastic and palatable to all who would be likely to enlist, has been resorted to, till it would seem that in this direction ingenuity could no further go.

Fourthly, That in spite of all that has been done during the last fifteen or twenty years, with the object of popularising the service and bettering the conditions of the soldier, there is no improvement, physically or socially, in the class of young men who enlist; that the supply of recruits is as precarious as ever, and as much dependent upon the fluctuations of trade and the demands of the labour market as it was two decades ago.

Fifthly, That in six years out of the last seven, the establishment of the army has never been up to its normal strength; and that on the 1st of January of last year this deficiency amounted to more than 4500 men.

Sixthly, That though our population during the decade of 1870-80 increased by leaps and bounds, there is now no corresponding increase in the number of recruits coming forward for enlistment.

Seventhly, That inasmuch as more than 450,000 short-service recruits have during the last twenty years or so been enlisted in the army, the conditions, the advantages, and the disadvantages of army service are now thoroughly well known and understood throughout the United Kingdom, and that, therefore, there is no reasonable ground for supposing that recruits will in future enlist in greater numbers than at present, or that the service will become more popular.

Eighthly, That although the War Office only requires recruits to be 5 feet 4 inches in height and 33 inches round the chest, and from 115 lb. to 128 lb. in weight, the men and youths who offered themselves for enlistment were last year of such poor *physique* that 47 per cent of them were rejected upon medical examination, and this, too, after the lame, the halt, and the weakly had previously been sifted out by the recruiting sergeant as being manifestly unfit to send up for medical examination at all.

Lastly, That during the year 1889, out of a total strength of all arms of 210,298, only 5639 men were found willing to extend their service. In other words, about 97 per cent of our soldiers were well content, after an experience of some years of the service, to leave it. Considering how highly prized and sought after Government service is in all other departments of the State, no greater proof of the unpopularity of military service could be shown than these figures reveal.

It must surely be thought by any one who looks at these facts dispassionately, and with a desire to come to an impartial judgment upon them, that this is a result with which the country cannot

reasonably be satisfied, or with which those intrusted with the administration of the army have any great reason to be proud. In other words, there is only one reasonable conclusion to be drawn from these facts—viz., that the popularity of military service is waning more than ever in the eyes of the classes from whom our recruits are drawn.

The recruiting reports, which are published annually, furnish interesting records of the progress of recruiting from year to year as far as they go. It must be borne in mind, however, that these reports are official, and that, together with their merits, they have the defects of such documents. Their whole tone is necessarily hopeful and optimistic. The best and most favourable points are made the most of, whilst all unfavourable and awkward facts are ignored or explained away. It is, of course, natural and inevitable that this should be so; and no one who has had experience of the usages and requirements of official life, could expect or suppose that it could be otherwise.

The English public has been broken in, by long custom and training, to regard these reports as satisfactory, or at any rate to accept them as the best that can nowadays be reasonably hoped for. Recently, however, a marked and significant change of tone has been observable in the official report on recruiting which is published every year. Up to a few years ago it was possible for Inspectors-General of Recruiting to express sanguine though somewhat vague hopes and expectations that, as the conditions and advantages of the service became better known, a

greater number of young men of the right sort might be induced to enlist for short service, and so forth, &c., &c. But now that two decades have passed since the first institution of short service, and more than 450,000 short service recruits have been enlisted, it would be too obviously futile to indulge in such hopes as these, inasmuch as it is evident these expectations are not likely to be fulfilled. The conditions of the service, as they are at present, are by this time, it would seem, only too well known, and its advantages are not patent, but very much the reverse, to the classes which it would be desirable to attract. Nay, more than this, in last year's official report on recruiting, a tone of despondency may be detected, as if the officials themselves were beginning to despair of being able to procure a sufficient number of men. Again, in an official circular recently published by the War Office, a pathetic and almost despairing appeal was made to the officers commanding districts to use every effort to secure a larger number of recruits.¹ Unfortunately, the classes from which recruits are likely to come will no longer listen to the voice of the Inspector-General, "charm he ever so wisely." After all that has been done and all that has been spent during the last two decades, to be obliged now to issue such an appeal as this is virtually equivalent to a candid confession of utter failure.

It may be observed, however, by those who care to look below the surface and to think for themselves, that these recruiting reports are eloquent by their silence on certain important points upon which curiosity may legitimately be

¹ The wisdom of issuing such a circular as this appears very doubtful.

felt, and upon which accurate information is absolutely necessary, in order to form an accurate view of the real state of affairs.

For instance, in an army recruited as ours is by voluntary enlistment, it must surely be of great importance to have accurate and definite information upon the following points—viz. :

What is the average number of young men between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five (the limits of age for the recruits) in the United Kingdom and Ireland?

Secondly, At what average rate does this number increase every year? (Considering the rate at which our population grows, it is evident that this increase must be very considerable.)

Thirdly, What is the annual percentage of such men who offer themselves for enlistment?

One may search in vain through the annual recruiting reports of the last twenty years or so for any information upon, or even reference to, these vitally important points; and, what is more strange, no attempt ever appears to have been made to obtain any definite information or trustworthy statistics upon them. And yet it is plain to any one who understands the subject that if the War Office did possess any statistics, which were even approximately correct, upon these important points, reaching back, let us say, so short a period as two or three decades, they would be of great service in enabling the Inspector-General of Recruiting to gauge, in a far more satisfactory manner than at present he has any opportunity of doing, whether army service is increasing or decreasing in popularity in the eyes of those from whom our recruits are drawn.

Up to the present the only me-

thod which successive Inspectors-General of Recruiting have been able, owing to the restricted facts and figures at their command, to make use of for gauging the popularity or unpopularity of army service, has been to compare the number of recruits enlisted from year to year. If the number of recruits enlisted shows a steady increase for a few years, recruiting is confidently declared to be growing in popularity. If, on the other hand, the number decreases, the deficiency is explained away, is declared to be merely temporary, or is attributed to various causes, such as the general activity of trade, the brisk demand for labour, &c., &c.

But it must be obvious to any one who has considered the question that this is a very fallacious and defective method of gauging the popularity or unpopularity of army service. The state of the labour market—i.e., the general briskness or slackness of trade—must of course always, on the whole, have a good deal of influence one way or another in recruiting. But there are also one or two other plain facts to be kept in view with which the state of the labour market has nothing whatever to do.

These points are as follows:—

Owing to the large and increasing growth of our population from 1865–1880, there must be a proportionately large and increasing number of young men every year in the country, between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five, who are eligible, as regards their age, for recruits. If this is true—and it is hard to see how, in the face of the Census Returns, it can be gainsaid—there are two inevitable conclusions to be drawn, which may be stated as follows:—

If military service were making any real progress in popular favour, there would necessarily be an increasing percentage of recruits offering themselves for enlistment every year, and this increased number should, in some degree, be proportionate to the increase of the population from which our recruits are drawn.

The second conclusion is this—

If, with a large and annually increasing percentage of men and youths from whom to draw recruits every year, the annual numbers offering themselves for enlistment is stationary, military service is, and must be, waning instead of waxing in popular favour. In other words, a sufficient number of recruits is only maintained by the ever-increasing number of men and youths in the country from whom recruits can be drawn.

If the number of recruits obtainable is diminishing, the state of the case is of course far worse,

inasmuch as the popularity of military service must be waning to a far greater extent than is generally admitted or supposed.

These conclusions are irresistible, and any arguments tending to gainsay them must be taken for what they are worth.

The ever-increasing growth of our population, and the advantage which the army at any rate ought to derive from it, has of course a most important bearing upon this whole question of enlistment and recruiting; and it is worth while to look into it a little further, as far as the somewhat scanty statistics which are available for the purpose will allow.

The following figures from the Census Returns of 1871 and 1881, which were kindly furnished to me some years ago by the Registrars-General of England, Ireland, and Scotland, will serve to throw some light upon this subject:—

Number of males between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five at the Census of

1871.		1881.	
In England,	2,036,630	In England,	2,380,623
In Scotland,	305,770	In Scotland,	356,235
In Ireland,	472,858	In Ireland,	505,787
Total,	2,815,258	Total,	3,242,645

From the above return, it will be seen that the increase in ten years between the above ages was 427,387, or at the rate of more than 43,000 a-year.¹

Taking into account the progressive ratio of increase in the

eight and a-half years from the middle of 1881 to the end of 1889, the actual increase, at the rate of 43,000 a-year, must, at the lowest computation, have been 370,000 men and youths between the ages of fifteen and twenty-

¹ In the Census Returns the ages of the population are arranged in quinquennial periods only. It is not, therefore, possible to ascertain the exact number of males between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five, which are the limits of age for recruits. If at the coming census of this year, and at each succeeding census, the War Office could arrange with the Registrar-General's department to have a table compiled of the number of males between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five in Great Britain and Ireland, the figures and statistics hereby obtained would, in the course of a decade or two, be useful and valuable. It is to be feared, however, that such a return, if obtained this year, would tell too much!

five. Of this number of 370,000 it is fair to assume that about seven-tenths—i.e., in round numbers, 260,000—were between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five, and therefore eligible for enlistment.

From this rough calculation alone, it will be seen how largely the mere growth of our population should, if only military service maintained its *average level of popularity*, contribute to increase the number of men and youths who annually offer themselves for military service. If, for instance, only one per cent of this increased number of men and youths existent in the United Kingdom had been drawn last year into the net of the Inspector-General of Recruiting, it would mean by this time a permanent increase of 2500 recruits, and this increased number would be growing larger and larger year by year. But this increase would have arisen not from any increased popularity of the service (would that it were so!), but merely from the natural increase of our population.

In reply to all this, it will doubtless be answered that the British army has during the last ten years managed, with more or less success, to get through a large amount of hard work in various parts of the world,—such as in Afghanistan, Egypt, the Soudan, the Cape, South Africa, &c., &c.; and that though the supply of recruits is doubtless not so good as it might be, either in quality or quantity, it has sufficed to enable the army to carry out the current work which has fallen to its lot to do; and that so long as this is the case, all other considerations as to how these results have been obtained are of

no very great practical importance. In short, *quocunque modo, rem.* It must, however, be evident to any one who has at all considered the question, that this is a very superficial view of this matter. It is certain that if there was a steadily increasing flow of recruits year by year offering themselves for enlistment, the War Office would have a far wider range of choice, and could afford to be far more particular, than at present, both as to *physique* and also as to the character and antecedents of the men it would consent to enlist. Any one acquainted with our recruiting, and who knows the views and opinions of the working classes regarding army service, will recognise at once that the advantages which would accrue to the general reputation of the army as a career, from an increased range of choice from which recruits could be drawn, would be very great. At present, unfortunately, the army is regarded by the more respectable working classes as a profession to be shunned. If, however, the army was made more difficult to enter, and if some little evidence and knowledge of a man's antecedents and character were required before he was accepted, a very great step towards raising the social status would have been gained.

With regard to age and *physique*, it will here be necessary to make some remarks. That the general average *physique* of our soldiers is deteriorating, there is, unfortunately, ample evidence in the official figures to be found in the General Annual Return of the British Army to prove. As a matter of fact, it appears that the rank and file cannot be kept up to the level of even recent years. The return for 1889 tells a worse tale than ever,

inasmuch as the average height of men of the regular army is lower than it has ever been before. The actual figures, as quoted in the return, are as follows:—

There are no less than 23,255 men in the army under 5 feet 5 inches in height, and another 34,351 (making in all a total of 57,606) under 5 feet 6 inches in height. In other words, 235 out of every 1000 are now under this measurement, whereas, ten years ago, the proportion per 1000 under 5 feet 6 inches was but 190 men. Again, with regard to chest measurement: ten years ago the proportion per 1000 men under 37 inches was 562, and over 37 inches 438. Now, however, it is 657 per 1000 under 37 inches, and 343 per 1000 over that measurement. In the matter of age, likewise, the figures are equally discouraging. Ten years ago the proportion per 1000 men under twenty-five years was 507, and 493 over that age. Now, however, it is 649 under twenty-five years and 351 over that age.

Even if these figures did not reveal so alarming a state of things, it could in any case hardly be maintained, even by the most enthusiastic optimist, that recruits who only measure 33–34 inches round the chest, whose height is 5 feet 3 inches, and whose weight need not be more than 125 lb., are fair average specimens of young Englishmen between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five.

A larger and a wider choice would enable the War Office to increase the standard of height, chest measurement, and weight. As matters stand at present, if any attempt were made to do this, the immediate effect would inevitably at once, as experience has often shown, be a marked diminution in the number of recruits.

There is another point, and that an unfavourable one, to be noticed. Amongst the mass of daily and weekly newspapers, published in London and the provinces, there are a certain number whose *rôle* and *raison d'être* is to represent the interests of the working classes, and which have a wide circulation among them. As the War Office is one of the principal bidders in the market for unskilled labour, if military service were fairly popular, it is only natural to suppose that the advantages and disadvantages of the service would sometimes be discussed in such papers as these, which never fail to discuss any opening or opportunities for labour which may happen to present themselves. As a matter of fact, however, the topic of army service is hardly ever touched upon in these papers, and certainly enlistment is never advocated as being a desirable trade.

There are, indeed, strange contrasts and anomalies in the composition of the British army. Not the least striking of these is the eagerness among the upper classes to obtain a commission in her Majesty's service, compared with the marked reluctance of the working classes to embrace a military career.

Another curious anomaly is, that the British army has everything which goes to the making of a splendid army except the one thing, without which all other things are as naught—viz., an adequate supply of men.

For small campaigns in various parts of the world our voluntary system of enlistment, and our plan at present in vogue of skimming the cream of the army in order to carry them to a successful issue, has doubtless sufficed, and will continue to do so; but a European campaign of six months' duration

would, as every one is well aware, discredit and shatter our system beyond hope of reconstruction.

But there are other and even graver reasons why the present system of voluntary enlistment cannot, in the nature of things, be made to last much longer. Socialism and socialistic principles have certainly made some progress in England during recent years, and there is some reason to fear that the army may have to a certain degree become infected by such principles. Indeed, when one considers the classes from which our recruits are mainly drawn, one sees that it is quite possible that this may be the case. Recent outbreaks of insubordination and grave breaches of discipline have, rightly or wrongly, been asserted to have been in some degree due to such causes as these. But without attributing any great importance to such statements or opinions, it may be remarked that it has not escaped observation or comment, either in our own or in foreign armies,¹ that these offences have been leniently dealt with, and that far less severe punishment has been meted out to the offenders than would have been awarded in any foreign army. The real fact is, that with a voluntary system of enlistment like ours, the military authorities cannot afford to be severe, because in that case the army would cease to attract even the few recruits who can now be induced to enlist.

For similar reasons, in peace time there is a certain amount of work which can be demanded from our soldiers with safety; but as soon as the military authorities, as represented either by a general or commanding officer of a regi-

ment, begins to go much beyond this point, there is always a risk of rendering the service unpopular, or, in the case of a regiment, provoking an outbreak of insubordination. Hence, any commanding officer who is wise and prudent, in his own interest and in that of his regiment, takes care to pay due heed to these considerations, and keeps himself well posted in the amount of work which his men are daily doing, in order to avoid giving cause for discontent, and possibly acts of insubordination. It is needless to say that the men as well as the officers see and know all this, and are perfectly well aware that the military authorities dare not punish mutinous offenders in such a way as would really deter others from following their example. This is the real secret of the frequent relaxations of discipline which have been witnessed during recent years of offences formerly punished by courts-martial being now dealt with by commanding officers, &c., &c. It must be evident to every one that, under such a condition of things, the discipline of an army cannot be efficiently maintained, but must inevitably, as we are forced to fill our ranks with worse and worse material, go from bad to worse.

After a due consideration of all these figures and facts, can any one who honestly wishes to judge the question have any doubts as to the increasing unpopularity of army service throughout the United Kingdom, or fail to see that, if our army is to be maintained at all, some very material changes and reforms will have to be made in order to secure a sufficient number of recruits every year?

¹ The comments of the foreign military press, especially of the German military organs, upon these matters last summer were very strong and outspoken.

It may surely be asked why it is that, in a country like ours, where Government service under the Crown, even in the lowest ranks, is so eagerly coveted and competed for, whether it be in the police, the navy, the customs, or the post-office, the army should be the sole exception? Why is it that service in the ranks is boycotted, banned, and barred by the mass of the people, and is deemed by thousands still to be a mark and a badge of social degradation and downfall? Why is it that, in a country where the population is redundant, where the struggle for a bare livelihood is so intense, remorseless, and fierce, and where thousands of youths have no chance or avenue of employment in the skilled or unskilled labour market—nay, more, where many of them are actually in want of sufficient food from day to day—these destitute youths will, it would appear, do almost anything sooner than don the Queen's uniform, whereby, in addition to other advantages, they would secure for themselves comfortable and regular shelter, clothing, and food?

Surely these things are to the general public a paradox and a puzzle, and betoken plainly that there is something radically wrong in the system at present in vogue. The consideration of the causes and reasons which have brought the

present lamentable state of things to pass, and of the measures which will have to be adopted in the near future to make the service more attractive, are, I need hardly say, wide questions, which would lead me far beyond the limits of this article. This side of the question I must therefore leave for the present, in the hope that I may have a future opportunity of discussing it.

F. CHENEVIX TRENCH.

Note.—The vastly increased immigration into England of thousands of almost destitute foreign labourers, which has been taking place during late years, is, or rather ought to be, a factor in favour of recruiting. These immigrants, by their poorer standard of living, cheaper habits of life, and their willingness to accept starvation wages for all kinds of the cheaper forms of unskilled labour, are constantly ousting and displacing large numbers of unskilled English workmen, and thereby rendering it increasingly difficult for them to obtain work in civil life. These unskilled workmen are, of course, the very class from which our recruits are largely drawn. In 1880, the number of these foreign immigrants was 68,316; in 1889, the number rose to 147,398. *Vide* Emigration and Immigration Returns.

ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE.

MR KINGLAKE could scarcely be called a contributor to 'Blackwood,' for he never wrote in it but once, when a sentence which he had intended to be introductory to the narrative of an incident in the French Revolution grew into a paper highly characteristic of its writer. But for more than thirty years he had been the close friend of the late and then of the present Editor of this Magazine, in which his writings were frequently the subject of discussion; and they have been the publishers of the successive volumes of his well-known history of the War in the Crimea, the first of which appeared in 1863 and the last in 1887; throughout which period their relations of business and of friendship were close and constant. It is fitting, therefore, that these pages should contain some tribute to one who leaves a name so eminent in literature, and who lived on terms so intimate not only with the conductors of this Magazine, but with many of their friends and contributors.

It is affirmed on excellent authority that Kinglake was born, not as commonly stated in 1811, but in 1809. He went to Cambridge in 1828, and was the contemporary there of Tennyson, Thackeray, Monckton Milnes, and others who rose to eminence. Without making himself remarkable there as a student of subjects which lead to honours, or of general literature, he was socially noted as a sayer of that kind of epigram, the force and neatness of which infuses such a special flavour into his writings. And doubtless there was already apparent that

meditative habit of mind which was afterwards so distinctive of him, and which led him in discussing common matters to take views so original and unexpected.

His repute might never have extended beyond the circle of his immediate acquaintance—for he never showed himself competitive or ambitious—but for his famous journey to the East. The interior of Turkey, the Troad, Cyprus, the Desert, Damascus, were comparatively untrodden ground half a century ago, and the notes he took had all the freshness and picturesqueness which come from the endeavour of so original an observer to depict what is at once deeply interesting and little known. But the first casting of these notes into shape was by no means what was finally given to the world. For many years the most fastidious taste was constantly at work upon it, altering, blotting, expanding, and polishing. Nobody who has observed the fatal effects which have often attended this process, or, indeed, who has considered the matter from the common-sense point of view only, would recommend such a concentration of solicitude on a subject demanding, as did Kinglake's, no especial research or exactitude. It might well have been expected that in the long endeavour after perfection the sharpness, the distinctness, and the force of the original impressions would be hopelessly frittered away and lost. But it was the special character of Kinglake's intellect to be able to indulge all this paternal fondness, not only without injury to the subject of it, but with a

constant infusion of interest and spirit. After an interval which would in most minds have dimmed into vagueness the reminiscences of the trip to the East, the record of it came forth so rich in colour, so incisive in form, so finished in literary grace, that it at once made its author famous. Probably no book of travel which does not depend for its interest on exciting adventure or absolute novelty of subject, ever gained more celebrity for its writer. Other notable works relating to travel in the East appeared about the same period—such as Miss Martineau's 'Eastern Life,' and Curzon's admirable 'Monasteries of the Levant'—without attracting a tithe of the attention given to 'Eothen.' The book sparkles with fine points like a brooch set with brilliants. The "Methley" described as his companion was Lord Pollington, afterwards Lord Mexborough; the interpreter Mysseri, kept, at the time of the Crimean war, an hotel at Constantinople, where, perhaps in virtue of the fame derived from the book, in which he is favourably mentioned, he exercised an independence of demeanour not distinguishable from incivility.

For many years Kinglake's reputation as a writer continued to rest, undiminished, on the excellences of this small volume. Notwithstanding that he was always among the most quiet and unobtrusive of men, he was by no means one of those who disappoint expectation. In his deliberative way he would always utter something worthy to catch attention. A lady whose acquaintance with persons of note was extensive, and who has been honoured by pleasant verses from Thackeray, her frequent visitor, once observed to the present writer, in discussing her brilliant

circle, "Kinglake always says the best thing."

It was when he was well on for fifty that the two chief events of his later life occurred. In 1857 he entered Parliament as Liberal member for Bridgewater, not far from which, at Taunton, his family dwelt. That this event had any important effect on his reputation or his success in life cannot be maintained. He never evinced the qualities which command the attention of the House. Matter however excellent could scarcely make effective way through his unemotional manner and subdued utterance. It is probable, too, that his literary repute was of disadvantage to him, as it not uncommonly is in the eyes of those who conduct the affairs of the nation, and frequently conduct them so badly. But the incidents of political life were often intensely interesting to him, and brought him in a wholesome way out of his shell, and into contact with the movements of the world around him. It was not merely the questions of the day that thus occupied him; the system of parliamentary business had also its charm; and up to the close of his life, he would fondly dwell, in all the detail which his singularly accurate memory supplied, not only on a political crisis of his own day, but on the forms of proceeding which attended it. But it cannot be said that, on public grounds, his parliamentary life, which lasted twelve years, need now be dwelt on.

When the armies landed in the Crimea in 1854, Kinglake's quiet but genuine love of adventure had already brought him to the scene. Landed with his pony, he was present at the battle of the Alma. Before the opening of it, when near the headquarter staff, he met with

a slight mishap from the slipping of his saddle, which was not without important results. One of the staff thus records the incident: "Lord Raglan was most kind, riding up with inquiries and offers of help. Mr Kinglake was all thanks. That night, after the battle, Lord Raglan met him wandering about, not knowing where to go, so he asked him to dinner. Of course he came, and delighted every one present with his charming manner and conversation."

Mr Higgins, the well-known "Jacob Omnium" of that time, took occasion afterwards to relate this accident in print, and went on facetiously to remark that Kinglake was "the first man who fell on the British side." It so happened that the whirligig of time before long brought Jacob up for ballot at the Athenæum, of which club Kinglake was an influential member; and the unlucky narrator of the incident, seeing too late the impolicy of his offence, begged Kinglake not to blackball him. "I will not blackball you," was the answer, "but I will not vote for you." It was mainly for other reasons, however, that Jacob, who had for long been sowing similar dragon's teeth broadcast, was all too plentifully blackballed.

Lord Raglan, most amiable and courteous of commanders, followed up this introduction with a considerate kindness which was all that Kinglake could have desired, and far more than he could have expected, and which continued throughout his stay of about four weeks in the Crimea—affording him, of course, many invaluable opportunities for observation. It cannot be doubted that this degree of favour won the sensitive heart of the future historian, who, as he would have been easily chilled

by neglect, was in a proportionate degree gladdened by treatment so cordial; and it is quite conceivable that he may thus have been inspired by gratitude with that view of Lord Raglan's military qualities which became a chief motive of his history. That work has been so largely discussed, and the conclusions come to about it have been so generally in agreement, that its merits and defects need not be entered upon here. It may, however, be observed of what will yet find a multitude of readers, that its matter is of different kinds, and widely various degrees, of historical merit. Of one kind are all those parts which express the prepossessions of the writer, such as the terrible caricature—so clever, yet so grotesque—of the French Emperor; and of St Arnaud, "formerly Le Roy"; and the history of the origin and constitution of the 'Times' newspaper—very piquant, but apparently founded on grounds entirely fanciful. Prepossessions of this unfavourable kind found, however, an ample balance on the side of eulogy. In his 'Crimead,' the part of Achilles is assigned to Lord Raglan, and of Hector quite justly to Todleben; while on the other hand Louis Napoleon continues to figure throughout as one of those ill-disposed and somewhat futile deities who used, from their distant Olympus, to muddle the affairs of the Greeks. These representations are often supported on ingenious and refined surmises—too ingenious and too refined to afford a secure foundation. Of quite a different character are the parts of the history in which he deals with facts. These were collected with astonishing patience, and fitted in his mosaic with an interest always fresh, so that no

chronicle has ever devoted so large a proportion of space to the incidents of conflict and to individual effort and achievement. The result of this unique mixture of fact and fancy, conveyed in a style of extraordinary and sustained animation, has been found, and will continue to be found, highly attractive as the expression of an intellect rare both in its qualities and in the combination of them, and wielding a great and refined literary power.

When, therefore, the family of Lord Raglan invited him to undertake the history of the war, he already possessed a strong and personal interest in the subject, as well as another qualification for the task—namely, an extraordinary ardour for investigating and celebrating all kinds of warlike achievement. His view of his duties was so conscientious, and the pleasure he took in them so incapable of cloying, that they occupied nearly all the remainder of his life. The formidable masses of official papers supplied to him formed probably by no means the chief part of his materials. Upon every incident, all the evidence of the actors in it, or others possessing special information, was brought to bear. All this had to be considered, reconciled, and put in form, with a result that was sometimes happy, sometimes not. The charge of the Heavy Brigade, for example, was an affair of minutes; and when it came to be expanded into seventy pages of the history, the distinctive character of a short cavalry encounter was necessarily lost. On the other hand, the long and confused struggle of Inkerman formed a much more suitable subject for close investigation; and the result was that, for the first time, the phases of that obstinate

and desultory conflict were made intelligible.

A whole generation thus not only grew to manhood, but was approaching middle age, while Kinglake was seated amidst the multitudinous materials of his task. And when he had obtained all the testimony possible respecting a particular feature of the campaign, and had at last composed the narrative of it, the piece of work was still far from ended. For then his fastidious taste stepped in, and the polishing of the manuscript was continued with unwearying zeal on the proofs, till finish could go no further. All this time the collection of evidence for future volumes was going on; and perhaps the most singular witnesses who appeared before his judicial chair were Lord Lucan and Lord Cardigan, each intent on relieving himself of whatever of blame might attach to the famous action of the Light Brigade. Lord Cardigan was especially urgent in his representations, insomuch that Kinglake speaks of "a slight feeling of anger which his persistency gave me." But if either noble lord imagined that he would be able to sway the mind of the judge he was grievously in error, for Rhadamanthus himself could not have come to conclusions more severely impartial.

His one paper in 'Blackwood' is on the "Life of Madame de Lafayette," which appeared in September 1872. Of the Reign of Terror it takes, as was to be expected, a new and unconventional view. The establishment of that horrible domination is ascribed to the supineness of those who should have made head against its leaders. "Everywhere," says Kinglake, "submission, submission, submission,"

sion, more than corresponding to the triple audacity of Danton." Speaking of the rule by guillotine, the writer asks, "What is the meaning of all this? Were people all madly wicked? Not at all. Only a few were wicked; the rest were cowed. . . . That fatal guilt which had been the cause of so much evil in France is the guilt of Resignation." In view of the indulgence accorded, with such shameful apathy, to mischief, of various kinds, to the commonwealth, which is crippling us as a nation, the matter of the paper is well worth pondering, being far more applicable now than when it was written.

Kinglake's later years were passed in that complete repose which wise men have in all times been supposed to covet. They will offer but scant material to a biographer. His walk in the Park, his dinner and evening at the Athenæum, were the chief of his recreations. Much of his time at the club was passed in a singular companionship. Mr Hayward was never satisfied to dine alone—he liked to have one or two friends to rely on, and then to add such others as might fall in his way, and whom he might consider eligible for the purpose, it being indispensable that they should be persons of some note. A minister, Forster for example; an ambassador on furlough, as Sir Henry Bulwer; a traveller like Oliphant: such were invited (if a bidding so peremptory could be called an invitation) to be of Hayward's party. It was in vain to attempt an excuse, such as to say you were engaged to somebody else,—Hayward, like Justice Shallow, would reply, "There is no excuse shall serve—you shall not be excused." People who had once assisted at

these entertainments were sometimes a little shy of coming again, for an absolutism prevailed there, not a republic; the autocrat Hayward seldom brooked contradiction—he was always positive, not to say contentious—and for a guest to maintain his own opinions frequently led to war. But however little inclined to venerate others, the irascible sage had an extraordinary and invincible esteem for Kinglake, who, without the slightest apparent attempt to assert himself, received such a degree of deference as, coming from so peremptory a personage, and being so spontaneous, had something touching in it. Moreover, this regard was of an active kind, and Hayward became in case of need his friend's champion,—formidable both for the ardour with which he would enter on a contest, and the logical power with which he would maintain it, for his faculties were always ready to act with the precision and snap of a well-oiled machine. Both of them had large acquaintance with life and men, copious hoards of recollection, quotation, and anecdote, and remarkable powers of memory. A trio was frequently made up by Mr, now Sir Edward, Bunbury, who, with a wider and deeper knowledge than either, had also a surprising memory to render its stores at once available. Mr Chenery was also welcome as bringing a deep learning, as well as the new and important contributions to discussion which the editor of the 'Times' must command. The alliance continued to prosper up to the time of Hayward's last illness. Kinglake was warm and assiduous to the end in his companionship, which was the consolation that most of all brightened the latter

days of his old friend. After that he still continued to come to the club, and was as good company as ever. Deafness, to which he had long been subject, increased upon him, however, and an eminent frequenter of the Athenæum once observed to the present writer: "I always know when you are dining with Kinglake, for everybody hears everything that you say—except Kinglake!" There was much humorous exaggeration, however, in this: he could hear a companion quite well, and maintained a conversation without difficulty, and always with pleasure to the hearer. He was as precise in memory, as epigrammatic in remark as ever, and his observations continued to be no less quaint and uncommon than those we had long recognised as peculiar to him. The present writer, sitting at table with him one evening when one who long ago was a leading advocate of an important policy entered the room, observed, "I suppose, Kinglake, you knew Mr—— when you were in the House?" "Yes, yes, I knew him—a clever man till he destroyed his intellect." "Good heavens! how? surely not . . ." We were about to venture on a wild surmise, when he continued—"Destroyed his intellect by reading the newspapers." No explanation was vouchsafed of this oracular deliverance; but in these days, when so many derive not only their information but their opinions from an indiscriminate flooding of their minds with light from the press, it may not be deemed unsuggestive.

About his eightieth year he ceased altogether to come to the club, and near the same time he changed his domicile. He had for twenty years inhabited the same rooms, and it was charac-

teristic of him that throughout that period he took this long-established home by the week. He was to be found there in a small double drawing-room—the scene of his labours—the front windows bearing on Hyde Park, those at the back looking into St George's burying-ground, a prospect not the more cheerful for being quite close. When he moved it was farther west, to larger and airier chambers, still looking on the Park. He was now well taken care of, having placed himself in charge of a professional nurse, a lady in whom he was so lucky as to find a companion at once helpful and agreeable. He continued to spend much time in reading, but he probably did not get through many books, for he dealt with the ideas of others as with his own, long brooding over and revolving them. Even novels he treated in this way, and of these he had (for which he is to be highly commended) an unappeasable appetite for Mrs Oliphant's. We knew no surer path to his favour than to place in his hand in the drawing-room a new production of that prolific authoress. He was quite miserly in his jealousy of this treasure; and in discussing her merits, as he was always ready to do, it would presently appear that, though Scott, and Dickens, and Thackeray, and Bulwer were all very well, the novelist *par excellence* was Mrs Oliphant. Only there was one path illuminated by her genius he would never enter on. "I don't like the supernatural," he would say; and hence that extraordinary inspiration, "A Beleaguered City," and her powerful ghost stories, remained unknown to him. A book which was full

of interest for him, rousing once more all his ready ardour for the military fame of the country, was Lord Stanhope's 'Conversations with Wellington.' He would take one of the Duke's opinions as a text, to be cogitated on, viewed in every light, and all possible meanings extracted from it, which sermonising process caused the book to occupy him for an extraordinary length of time. His last year was clouded by a terrible shadow of approaching torment, from which the only hope left to his friends was that a painless death might deliver him; and this sad desire was realised.

Mr Kinglake, short and slight of frame, preserved to the last a neat and always well-dressed figure. His features were very

neatly cut; their calm expression did not often change. Friends might have known him long without seeing him use one hurried gesture or hearing him utter a loud or hasty word. Below this imperturbably placid demeanour were incessantly at work the combative tendencies which lead to strong opinions, the refining processes of an intellect at once very unresting and very acute, and that fire of the spirit which lends animation to the expression of thought. He will be remembered, as he was always spoken of, with an affectionateness undiminished by any suggestion of abatement; for the effect of that remarkable personality was not only interesting and original, but singularly engaging.

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A SUFFOLK PARSON.

THE chief aim of this article is to present to a larger public than the readers of a country newspaper my father's Suffolk stories; but those stories may well be prefaced by a sketch of my father's life. Such a sketch I wrote shortly after his death, for Mr Leslie Stephen's great 'Dictionary of National Biography.' It runs thus:—

"Robert Hindes Groome, Archdeacon of Suffolk, was born at Framlingham in 1810. Of Aldeburgh ancestry, he was the second son of the Rev. John Hindes Groome, ex-fellow of Pembroke College, Cambridge, and rector for twenty-six years of Earl Soham and Monk Soham in Suffolk. From Norwich school he passed to Caius College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1832, M.A. in 1836. In 1833 he was ordained to the Suffolk curacy of Tannington-with-Brundish; in 1835 travelled through Germany as tutor to Rafael Mendizabal, the son of the Spanish ambassador; in 1839 became curate of Corfe Castle, Dorsetshire, of which little borough he was elected mayor; and in 1845 succeeded his

father as rector of Monk Soham. Here in the course of forty-four years he built the rectory-house and school, restored the fine old church, erected an organ, and re-hung the bells. He was Archdeacon of Suffolk from 1869 till 1887, when failing eyesight forced him to resign, and when the clergy of the diocese presented him with his portrait. He died at Monk Soham, 19th March 1889. Archdeacon Groome was a man of wide culture—a man, too, of many friends. Chief among these were Edward Fitzgerald, William Bodham Donne, Dr Thompson of Trinity, and Henry Bradshaw, the Cambridge librarian, who said of him, 'I never see Groome but what I learn something new.' He read much, but published little—a couple of charges, a sermon and lecture or two, some hymns and hymn-tunes, and a good many articles in the 'Christian Advocate and Review,' of which he was editor from 1861 to 1866. His best productions are his Suffolk stories: for humour and tenderness these come near to 'Rab and his Friends.'"

An uneventful life, like that of most country clergymen. But as Gainsborough and Constable took

their subjects from level East Anglia, as Gilbert White's Selborne has little to distinguish it above other parishes in Hampshire,¹ so I believe that the story of that quiet life might, if rightly told, possess no common charm. I have listened to my father's talks with FitzGerald, with Mr Donne, and with one or two others of his oldest friends; such talks were like chapters out of George Eliot's novels. His memory was marvellous. It seems but the other day I told him I had been writing about Clarendon; and "Clarendon," he said, "was born, I know, in 1608, but I forget the name of the Wiltshire parish, his birth-place. Look it up." I looked it up, and the date *was* 1608; the parish (Dinton) was, sure enough, in Wiltshire. Myself I have had again to consult an encyclopædia for both date and place-name, but he remembered the one distinctly and the other vaguely after possibly thirty years. In the same way he could recall the whole plot of a play which he had not seen for half a century. Holcroft's 'Road to Ruin,' thus, was one that he once described to me. He was a master of the art, now wellnigh lost, of "capping verses"; and he had a rare knowledge of the less-known Elizabethan dramatists. In his first Charge occurs a quotation from an "old play"; and one of his hearers, Canon "Grundy," inquired what play it might be. "Ford's," said my father, "'Tis pity she's no better than she should be.'" And the good man was perfectly satisfied. But stronger than his love of Wordsworth and music, of the classics and foreign theology, was his love of Suffolk—its lore, its dia-

lect, its people. As a young man he had driven through it with Mr D. E. Davy, the antiquary; and as archdeacon he visited and revisited its three hundred churches in the Norwich diocese during close on a score of years. I drove with him twice on his rounds, and there was not a place that did not evoke some memory. If he could himself have written those memories down! He did make the attempt, but too late. This was all the result:—

"Oct. 23, 1886.

"I cannot see to read, but as yet I can see to write. That is, I can see the continuous grey line of writing, and can mechanically write one word after another. But if I leave off abruptly, I cannot always remember what was the last word that I wrote, and read it generally I cannot.

"I should be thankful for being able to write at all, and I hope I am; but I am not enough thankful. The failure of my sight has been very gradual, but of late it has been more sudden. Three months ago I could employ myself in reading; now I cannot, save with a book, such as the Prayer-book, with which I am well acquainted, and which is of clear large type. So that as yet I can take my duty.

"I was born at Framlingham on January 18, 1810, so that I am now nearly seventy-seven years old. The house still stands where I was born, little if at all changed. It is the first house on the left-hand side of the Market Hill, after ascending a short flight of steps. My father, at the time of my birth, was curate to his brother-in-law, Mr Wyatt, who was then rector of Framlingham. I was the

¹ I remember once walking from Alton to Petersfield, and passing unconscious through Selborne.

younger of two sons, my brother Hindes being thirteen months older than I was.

"As we left Framlingham in 1813, my recollections of it are very indistinct. I have an impression of being taken out to see a fire; but as I have since been told that the fire happened a year before I was born, I suppose that I have heard it so often spoken of that in the end I came to believe that I myself had seen it. Yet one thing I can surely remember, that, being sent to a dame's school to keep me out of mischief, I used to stand by her side pricking holes in some picture or pattern which had been drawn upon a piece of paper.

"In 1813, after the death of Mr Wyatt, my father took the curacy of Rendlesham, where we lived till the year 1815. The rector of Rendlesham at that time was Dr Henley, who was also principal of the East India College of Haileybury, so that we lived in the rectory, Dr Henley rarely coming to the parish. That house remains unchanged, as I shall have occasion to tell. Lois Dowsing was our cook, and lived nearly forty years in my father's service—one of those faithful servants who said little, but cared dearly for us all.

"Of Rendlesham I have clear recollection, and things that happened in it. It was there I first learnt to read. My mother has told me that I could not be taught to know the letter H, take all the pains she could. My father, thinking that the fault lay in the teacher, undertook to accomplish the task. Accordingly he drew, as he thought, the picture of a hog, and wrote a capital H under it. But whether it was the fault of the drawing—I am inclined to think that it was—or whether it was my obstinacy, but when it was shown me, I per-

sisted in calling it 'papa's grey mare.'

"There was a high sandbank not far from the house, through which the small roots of the bushes growing protruded. My brother and I never touched these. We believed that if we pulled one of them, a bell would ring and the devil would appear. So we never pulled them. In a ploughed field near by was a large piece of ground at one end, with a pond in the middle of it, and with many wild cherry-trees near it. I can remember now how pretty they were with their covering of white blossoms, and the grass below full of flowers—primroses, cowslips, and, above all, orchises. But the pond was no ordinary one. It was always called the 'S pond,' being shaped like that letter. I suspect, too, that it was a pond of ill repute—perhaps connected with heathen worship—for we were warned never to go near its edge, lest the mermaid should come and *crome* us in. *Crome*, as all East Anglians know, means 'crook'; and in later years I remember a Suffolk boy at Norwich school translated a passage from the 'Hecuba' of Euripides, in which the aged queen is described as 'leaning upon a crooked staff,' by 'leaning upon a *crome* stick,' which I still think was a very happy rendering.

"Not far also from the rectory was a cottage, in which lived a family by the name of Catton. Close to the cottage was a well, worked by buckets. When the bucket was not being let down, the well was protected by a cover made of two hurdles, which fell down and met in the middle. These hurdles, be it noted, were old and apparently rotten. One day I was playing near the well, and nothing would, I suppose, satisfy me but I must climb up

and creep over the well. In the act of doing this I was seen by Mrs Catton, who saved me, perhaps, from falling down the well, and carried me home, detailing the great escape. Well do I remember, not so much the whipping, as the being shut up in a dark closet behind the study. So strong was and is the impression, that, on visiting Rendlesham as archdeacon, when I was sixty years old, on going up to the rectory-house I asked especially to see this dark closet. There it was, dark and unchanged since fifty-six years ago; and at the sight of it I had no comfortable recollection, nor have I now.

"In the year 1814 was a great feast on the Green—a rejoicing for the peace. One thing still sticks to my memory, and that is the figure of Mrs Sheming, a farmer's wife. She was a very large woman, and wore a tight-fitting white dress, with a blue ribbon round her waist, on which was printed 'Peace and Plenty.'

"In the year 1815 we spent the summer in London, in a house in Brunswick Square, which overlooked the grounds of the Foundling Hospital. Three events of that year have always remained impressed on my memory. The first was the death of little Mary, our only sister. She must have been a strangely precocious child, since at barely three years old she

could wellnigh read. My mother, who died fifty-two years after in her eighty-third year, on each year when Mary's death came round took out her clothes, kept so long, and, after airing them, put them away in their own drawer. The second event, which I well remember, was being taken out to see the illuminations for the battle of Waterloo. I can perfectly remember the face of Somerset House, all ablaze with coloured lamps. The third event was the funeral of a poor girl named Elizabeth Fenning."¹

And there those childish reminiscences broke off—never to be resumed. But from recollections of my father's talk—and he loved to talk of the past—I will attempt to write what he himself might have written; no set biography, but just the old household tales.

After the visit to London the family lived a while at Wickham Market, where my father saw the long strings of tumbrils, laden with Waterloo wounded, on their way from Yarmouth to London. Then in 1818 they settled at Earl Soham, my grandfather having become rector of that parish and Monk Soham. His father, Robinson Groome, the sea-captain, had purchased the advowson of the two conjoint livings from the Rev. Francis Capper (1735-1818), whose long tenure² of them was cele-

¹ She was hanged on 26th June 1815 for attempting to poison her master's family; and her story, reprinted from 'Maga,' forms a chapter in Paget's 'Paradoxes and Puzzles' (1874). That chapter I read to my father the summer before his death. It disappointed him, for he had always cherished the popular belief in her innocence.

² I am reminded of a case, long afterwards, where a clergyman had obtained a wealthy living on the condition that the retiring rector should, so long as he lived, receive nearly half the tithes. An aged man at the time the bargain was struck, that rector lived on and on for close upon twenty years; and his successor would ever and again come over to see my father, and ask his "advice." "What could I advise?" said my father; "for we live in Suffolk, not Venice, so a bravo is out of the question."

brated by the local epigrammatist :—

“Capper, they say, has bought a horse—
The pleasure of it bating—
That man may surely keep a horse
Who keeps a Groom in waiting.”

It was in the summer-house at Earl Soham that my father, a very small boy, read ‘Gil Blas’ to the cook, Lois Dowsing, and the sweet-heart she never married, a strapping sergeant of the Guards, who had fought at Waterloo. And it was climbing through the window of this summer-house that he tore a big rent in his breeches (he had just been promoted to them), so was packed off to bed. That afternoon my grandfather and grandmother were sitting in the summer-house, and she told him of the mishap and its punishment. “Stupid child!” said my grandfather; “why, I could get through there myself.” He tried, and he too tore his small-clothes, but he was not sent to bed.

With his elder brother my father went to school at Norwich under Dr Valpy. The first time my grandfather drove them, a forty-mile drive; and when they came in sight of the cathedral spire, he pulled up, and they all three fell a-weeping. For my grandfather was a tender-hearted man, moved to tears by the Waverley novels. Of Valpy my father would tell how once he had flogged a day-boy, whose father came the next day to complain of his severity. “Sir,” said Valpy, “I flogged your son because he richly deserved it. If he again deserves it, I shall again flog him. And”—rising—“if you come here, sir, interfering with my duty, sir, I shall flog you.” The parent fled.

Another old Norwich story may come in here, of two middle-aged brothers, Jeremiah and Ozias, the

sons of a dead composer, and themselves performers on the pianoforte. At a party one evening Jeremiah had just played something, when Ozias came up and asked him, “Brother Jerry, what was that *beastly* thing you were playing?” “Ozias, it was our father’s,” was the reproachful answer; and Ozias burst into tears.

When my father went up to Cambridge, his father went with him, and introduced him to divers old dons, one of whom offered him this sage advice, “Stick to your quadratics, young man. I got my fellowship through my quadratics.” Another, the mathematical lecturer at Peterhouse, was a Suffolk man, and spoke broad Suffolk. One day he was lecturing on mechanics, and had arranged from the lecture-room ceiling a system of pulleys, which he proceeded to explain,—“Yeou see, I pull this string; it will turn this small wheel, and then the next wheel, and then the next, and then will raise that heavy weight at the end.” He pulled—nothing happened. He pulled again—still no result. “At least ta should,” he remarked.

Music engrossed, I fancy, a good deal of my father’s time at Cambridge. He saw much of Mrs Frere of Downing, a pupil of a pupil of Handel’s. Of her he has written in the Preface to Fitzgerald’s ‘Letters.’ Whether he was a member of the “Camus,” I cannot be certain; anyhow, it was at Cambridge that he took up the ‘cello; and there was a story how he, the future Master of Trinity, and some brother musicians, were proctorised one night, as they were returning from a festive meeting, each man performing on his several instrument.

Meanwhile, of the Earl Soham life—a life not unlike that of “Raveloe”—my father had much

to tell. There was the Book Club, with its meetings at the "Falcon," where, in the words of a local diarist, "A dozen honest gentlemen dined merrily." There were the heavy dinner-parties at my grandfather's, the regulation allowance of port a bottle per man, but more *ad libitum*. And there was the yearly "Soham Fair," on July 12, when my grandfather kept open house for the parsons or other gentry and their womankind, who flocked in from miles around. On one such occasion my father had to squire a new-comer about the fair. The wife of a retired City alderman, she was enormously stout, and had chosen to appear in a low dress. ("Hillo, bor! what are yeou a-dewn' with the Fat Woman?"—one can imagine the delicate raillery.)

A well-known Earl-Sohamite was old Mr P——, who stuttered and was certainly eccentric. In summer-time he loved to catch small "freshers" (young frogs), and let them hop down his throat, when he would stroke his stomach, observing, "B-b-b-eautifully cool." He was a staunch believer in the claims of the "Princess Olive." She used to stay with him, and he always addressed her as "Your Royal Highness." Then, there was Dr Belman. He was playing whist one evening with a maiden lady for partner. She trumped his best card, and, at the end of the hand, he asked her the reason why. "Oh, Dr Belman" (smilingly), "I judged it judicious." "*Judicious! JUDICIOUS!! JUDICIOUS!!! You old fool!*" She never again touched a card. Was it the same maiden lady who was the strong believer in homœopathy, and who one day took five globules of aconite in mistake for three? Frightened, she sent off for her homœopathic adviser—he was from home.

So, for want of a better, she called in old Dr Belman. He came, looked grave, shook his head, said if people would meddle with dangerous drugs they must take the consequences. "But, madam," he added, "I will die with you;" and, lifting the bottle of the fatal globules, swallowed its whole contents.

To the days of my father's first curacy belongs the story of the old woman at Tannington, who fell ill one winter when the snow was on the ground. She got worse and worse, and sent for Dr Mayhew, who questioned her as to the cause of her illness. Something she said made him think that the fault must lie with either her kettle or her tea-pot, as she seemed, by her account, to get worse every time she drank any tea. So he examined the kettle, turned it upside down, and then, in old Betty's own words, "Out drop a big toad. He tarned the kittle up, and out ta fell flop." Some days before she had "deeced" her kettle into the snow instead of filling it at the pump, and had then got the toad in it, which had thus been slowly simmering into toad-broth. At Tannington also they came to my father to ask him to let them have the church Bible and the church key. The key was to be spun round on the Bible, and if it had pointed at a certain old woman who was suspected of being a witch, they would have certainly ducked her.

A score of old faded letters, close-written and crossed, are lying before me: my father wrote them in 1835 to his father, mother, and brother from Brussels, Mainz, Leipzig, Dresden, Prague, Munich, &c. At Frankfurt he dined with the Rothschilds, and sat next the baroness, "who in face and figure was very like Mrs Cook, and who spoke little English, but that little

much to the purpose. For one dish I must eat because 'dis is Germany,' and another because 'dis is England,' placing at the word a large slice of roast-beef on my plate. The dinner began at half-past two, and lasted three mortal hours, during the first of which I ate because I was hungry, during the second out of politeness, and during the third out of sheer desperation." Then there is a descent into a silver-mine with the present Lord Wemyss (better known as Lord Elcho), a gruesome execution of three murderers, and a good deal besides of some interest,—but the interest is not of Suffolk.

So, passing over the six years in Dorsetshire, where my father married, we will come back to Suffolk, where in 1845 he succeeded his father as rector of Monk Soham.

Monk Soham is a straggling parish of 1600 acres and 400 inhabitants. It lies remote to-day, as it lay remote in pre-Reformation times, when it was a cell of St Edmundsbury, whither refractory monks were sent for rustication. Hence its name (the "south village of the monks"); and hence, too, the fish-ponds for Lenten fare, in the rectory gardens. Three of them enclose the orchard, which is planted quincunx-wise, with yew hedge and grass-walk all round it. The "Archdeacon's Walk" that grass-walk should be named, for my father paced it morning after morning. The pike and roach would plash among the reeds and water-lilies; and "Fish, fish, do your duty," my father would say to them. Whereupon, he maintained, the fish always put out their noses and answered, "If *you* do your duty, *we* do our duty,"—words fully as applicable to parson as to sultan.

The parish has no history, un-

less that a former rector, Thomas Rogerson, was sequestered as a Royalist in 1642, and next year his wife and children were turned out of doors by the Puritans. "After which," Walker tells us, "Mr Rogerson lived with a Country-man in a very mean Cottage upon a Heath for some years, and in a very low and miserable Condition." But if Monk Soham has no history, its church, St Peter's, is striking even among Suffolk churches, for the size of the chancel, the great traceried east window, and the font sculptured with the Seven Sacraments. The churchyard is pretty with trees and shrubs—those four yews by the gates a present from FitzGerald; and the rectory, half a mile off, is almost hidden by oaks, elms, beeches, and limes, all of my father's and grandfather's planting. Else the parish soon will be treeless. It was not so when my father first came to it. Where now there is one huge field, there then would be five or six, not a few of them meadows, and each with pleasant hedgerows. There were two "Greens" then—one has many years since been enclosed; and there was not a "made" road in the entire parish—only grassy lanes, with gates at intervals. "High farming" has wrought great changes, not always to the profit of our farmers, whose moated homesteads hereabouts bear old-world names—Woodcroft Hall, Blood Hall, Flemings Hall, Crows Hall, and suchlike. "High farming," moreover, has swallowed up most of the smaller holdings. Fifty years ago there were ten or a dozen farms in Monk Soham, each farm with its resident tenant; now the number is reduced to less than half. It seems a pity, for a twofold reason: first, because the farm-labourer thus loses all chance

of advancement; and secondly, because the English yeoman will be soon as extinct as the bustard.

Tom Pepper was the last of our Monk Soham yeomen—a man, said my father, of the stuff that furnished Cromwell with his Ironsides. He was a strong Dissenter; but they were none the worse friends for that, not even though Tom, holding forth in his Little Bethel, might sometimes denounce the corruptions of the Establishment. "The clargy," he once declared, "they're here, and they ain't here; they're like pigs in the garden, and yeou can't git 'em out." On which an old woman, a member of the flock, sprang up and cried, "That's right, Brother Pepper, kitch 'em by the fifth buttonhole!"¹ Tom went once to hear Gavazzi lecture at Debenham, and next day my father asked him how he liked it. "Well," he said, "I thowt I should ha' heard that chap they call *Jerry Baldry*, but I din't. Howsomdiver, this one that spöok fare to lăa it into th' owd Pope good tidily." Another time my father said something to him about the Emperor of Russia. "Rooshur," said Tom; "what's that him yeou call Prooshur?" And yet again, when a concrete wall was built on to a neighbouring farm-building, Tom remarked contemptuously that he "din't think much of them consecrated walls." Withal, what an honest, sensible soul it was!

Midway between the rectory and Tom Pepper's is the "Guild-hall," an ancient house, though probably less ancient than its name. It is parish property, and for years has served as an alms-

house for ten or a dozen old people. Their average age must have been much over sixty, and some of them were nearly centenarians—James Burrows, for instance, who died in 1853, and to whom my father once said, "You are an old man, Burrows; what's the earliest thing you can remember to have heard of?" "When I was a big bor," he answered, "I've heard my grand-father sâa he could remember the Dutch king comin' over." And by the register's showing, it was really quite possible. Charity Herring was not much younger; she was always setting fire to her bed with a worn-out warming-pan.

Then there were Tom and Susan Kemp. He came from somewhere in Norfolk, the scene, I remember, of the 'Babes in the Wood,' and he wore the only smock-frock in the parish, where the ruling fashion was "thunder-and-lightning" sleeve-waistcoats. Susan's Sunday dress was a clean lilac print gown, made very short, so as to show white stockings and boots with cloth tops. Over the dress was pinned a little black shawl, and her bonnet was unusually large, of black velvet or silk, with a great white frill inside it. She was troubled at times with a mysterious complaint called "the wind," which she thus described, her finger tracing the course it followed within her: "That fare to go round and round, and then out ta come a-raspin' and a-roarin'." Another of her ailments was swelled ankles. "Oh, Mr Groome!" she would say, "if yeou could but see my poare legs, yeou'd niver forget 'em;" and then, if not stopped, she would proceed to pull up her short gown and show them. If my father

¹ I don't think it was Tom who employed that truly Suffolk simile—"I look upon this here chapel as the biler, yeou together as the dumplings, and I'm the spöon that stars yeou up."

had been out visiting more than to her seemed wise, she would, when he told her where he had been to, say: "Ah! there yeou go a-rattakin' about, and when yeou dew come home yeou've a cowl, I'll be bound," which often enough was the case. Susan's contempt was great for poor folks dressing up their children smartly; and she would say with withering scorn, "What do har child want with all them wandykes?"—*vandykes* being lace trimmings of any sort. Was it of spoilt children that she spoke as "hectorin' and bullockin' about"? certainly it was of one of us, a late riser, that she said, "I'd soon out-of-bed her if I lived there."

Susan's treatment of Harry Collins, a crazy man subject to fits, was wise and kind. Till Harry came to live with the Kemps, he had been kept in bed to save trouble. Susan would have no more of bed for him than for ordinary folks, but sent him on many errands and kept him in excellent order. Her commands to him usually began with, "Co', Henry, be stirrin';" and he stood in wholesome awe of her, and obeyed her like a child. His fits were curious, for "one minute he'd be cussin' and swearin', and the next fall a - prayin'." Once, too, he "leapt out of the winder like a roebuck." Blind James Seaman, the other occupant of Susan's back-room, wore a long blue coat with brass buttons. His favourite seat was the sunny bank near our front gate.

In the room over Susan Kemp's lived Will Ruffles and his wife, a very faithful old couple. The wife failed first. She had hurt herself a good deal with a fall down the rickety stairs. Will saw to her to the last, and watched carefully over her. The school-

mistress then, a Miss Hindmarsh, took a great liking for the old man; and a friend of hers, a widow lady in London, though she had never seen him, made him a regular weekly allowance to the end of his life—two shillings, half-a-crown, and sometimes more. This gave Will many little comforts. Once, when my sister took him his allowance, he told her how, when he was a young man, a Gipsy woman told him he should be better off at the end of his life than at the beginning; and "she spöök truth," he said, "but how she knew it I coon't säa." Will suffered at times from rheumatism, and had great faith in some particular green herb pills, which were to be bought only at one particular shop in Ipswich. My sister was once deputed to buy him a box of these pills, and he told her afterwards, "Them there pills did me a lot of good, and that show what fööks säa about rheumatics bein' in the boones ain't trew, for how could them there pills 'a got into the boones?" He was very fond of my father, whom he liked to joke with him. "Mr Groome," he once said, "would mob him so."

Will, like many other old people in the parish, believed in witchcraft, was himself indeed a "wise man" of a kind. My father once told him about a woman who had fits. "Ah!" old Will said, "she've fallen into bad hands." "What do you mean?" asked my father; and then Will said that years before in Monk Soham there was a woman took bad just like this one, and "there weren't but me and John Abbott in the place could git her right." "What did you do?" said my father. "We two, John and I, sat by a clear fire; and we had to bile some of the clippings of the woman's nails

and some of her hair; and when ta biled"—he paused. "What happened?" asked my father; "did you hear anything?" "Hear anything! I should think we did. When ta biled, we h'ard a loud shriek a-roarin' up the chimney; and yeou may depind upon it, she warn't niver bad no more."

Once my father showed Will a *silhouette* of his father, old Mr Groome of Earl Soham, a portly gentleman, dressed in the old-fashioned style. "Ruffles, who is this?" he asked, knowing that Will had known his father well, and thinking he would recognise it. After looking at it carefully for some time, Will said, "That's yar son, the sailor." My eldest brother at that time might be something over twenty, and bore not the faintest resemblance to our grandfather; still, Will knew that he had been much abroad, and fancied a tropical sun might have blackened him.

By his own accounts, Will's feats of strength as a younger man, in the way of reaping, mowing, &c., were remarkable; and there was one great story, with much in it about "goolden guineas," of the wonderful sale of corn that he effected for one of his masters. At the rectory gatherings on Christmas night Will was one of the principal singers, his *chefs-d'œuvre* "Oh! silver (query *Sylvia*) is a charming thing," and "The Helmingham Wolunteers." That famous corps was raised by Lord Dysart to repel "Bony's" threatened invasion; its drummer was John Noble, afterwards the wheelwright in Monk Soham. Once after drill Lord Dysart said to him: "You played that very well, John Noble;" and "I know't, my lord, I know't," was John's answer—an answer that

has passed into a Suffolk proverb, "I know't, my lord, I know't, as said John Noble."

Mrs Curtis was quite a character—a little woman, with sharp brown eyes that took in everything. Her tongue was smooth, her words were soft, and yet she could say bitter things. She had had a large family, who married and settled in different parts. One son had gone to New Zealand—"a country, Dr Fletcher tell me, dear Miss, as is outside the frame of the earth, and where the sun go round the t'other way." It was for one of her sons, when he was ill, that my mother sent a dose of castor-oil; and next day the boy sent to ask for "some more of Madam Groome's nice gravy." Another boy, Ephraim, once behaved so badly in church that my father had to stop in his sermon and tell Mrs Curtis to take her son out. This she did; and from the pulpit my father saw her driving the unfortunate Ephraim before her with her umbrella, banging him with it first on one side and then on the other. Mrs Curtis it was who prescribed the honey-plaster for a sore throat. "Put on a honey-plaster, neighbour dear, that will draw the misery out of you." And Mrs Curtis it was who, having quarrelled with another neighbour, came to my father to relate her wrongs: "Me a poor lone widow woman, and she ha' got a father to protect her." The said father was old James Burrows, already spoken of, who was over ninety, and had long been bed-ridden.

Mrs Mullinger was a strange old woman. People said she had an evil eye; and if she took a dislike to any one and looked evilly at their pigs, then the pigs would fall ill and die. Also, when she lived next door to another cottage,

with only a wall dividing the two chimneys, if old Mrs Mullinger sat by her chimney in a bad temper, no one on the other side could light a fire, try as they might.

Phœbe Smith and her husband Sam, lived in one of the down-stair rooms. At one time of her life Phœbe kept a little dame's school on the Green. One class of her children, who were reading the Miracles, were called "Little Miracles"; and whenever my father went in, "Little Miracles" were called up by that name to read to him. Old Phœbe had intelligence above the common; she read her Bible much, and thought over it. She was fond, too, of having my sister read hymns to her, and would often lift her hands in admiration at any passage she particularly liked. She commended a cotton dress my sister had on one day when she went to see her—a blue Oxford shirting, trimmed with a darker shade. "It is a nice solemn dress," she said, as she lifted a piece to examine it more closely; "there's nothing flummocky about it."

Among the other Guild Hall people were old Mrs "Ratty" Kemp, widow of the rat-catcher;¹ old one-eyed Mrs Bond, and her deaf son John; old Mrs Wright, a great smoker; and Mrs Burrows, a soldier's widow, our only Irish-woman, from whom Monk Soham conceived no favourable opinion of the Sister Isle. Of people outside the Guild Hall I will mention but one, James Wilding, a splendid type of the Suffolk labourer. He was a big, strong man, whose strength served him one very ill turn. He was out one day after a hare, and a farm-bailiff, meeting

him, tried to take his gun; James resisted, and snapped the man's arm. For this he got a year in Ipswich jail, where, however, he learnt to read, and formed a strong attachment for the chaplain, Mr Daniel. Afterwards, whenever any of us were driving over to Ipswich, and James met us, he would always say, "If yeou see Mr Daniel, dew yeou give him my love." Finally, an emigration agent got hold of James, and induced him to emigrate, with his wife, his large family, and his old one-legged mother, to somewhere near New Orleans. "How are you going, Wilding?" asked my father a few days before they started. "I don't fare to know rightly," was the answer; "but we're goin' to sleep the first night at Debenham" (a village four miles off), "and that'll kinder break the jarney." They went, but the Southern States and the negroes were not at all to their liking, and the last thing heard of them was they had moved to Canada.

So James Wilding is gone, and the others are all of them dead; but some stories still remain to be cleared off. There was the old farmer at the tithe dinner, who, on having some bread-sauce handed to him, extracted a great "dollop" on the top of his knife, tasted it, and said, "Don't chüse none." There was the other who remarked of a particular pudding, that he "could rise in the night-time and eat it"; and there was the third, who, supposing he should get but one plate, shovelled his fish-bones under the table. There was the boy in Monk Soham school who, asked to define an earthquake, said, "It is when the 'arth shug itself, and swallow

¹ Nicknames are very common — "Wedgy," "Shadder," "Stumpy," "Buskins," &c.

up the 'arth"; and there was his schoolmate, who said that "America was discovered by British Columbia." There was old Mullinger of Earl Soham, who thought it "wrong of fooks to go up in a balloon, as that fare¹ so bumptious to the Almighty." There was old X., who, whenever my father visited him, would grumble, talk scandal, and abuse all his neighbours, always, however, winding up piously with "But 'tis well." There was the boy whom my father put in the stocks, but who escaped by unlacing his "high-lows," and so withdrawing his feet. There was the clergyman, preaching in a strange church, who asked to have a glass of water in the pulpit, and who, after the sermon, remarked to the clerk in the vestry, "That might have been gin-and-water, John, for all the people could tell." And, taking the duty again there next Sunday, he found to his horror it *was* gin-and-water: "I took the hint, sir—I took the hint," quoth John from the clerk's desk below. There was the Monk Soham woman who, when she got a letter from her son in Hull, told the curate that "that did give me a tarn at fust, for I thought that come from the hot place." There was the manufacturer of artificial manures who set up a carriage and crest; and a friend asked my father what the motto would be. "Mente et manu res," was the ready answer. There was the concert at Ipswich, where the chairman, a very precise young clergyman, announced that "the Rev. Robert Groome will sing (ahem!) 'Thomas Bowling.'" The song was a failure; my father each time was so sorely tempted to adopt the new version. There was the old woman whom my father heard warn-

ing her daughter, about to travel for the first time by rail, "Wha-iver yeou do, my dear, mind yeou don't sit nigh the biler." There was the old maiden lady, who every morning after breakfast read an Ode of Horace; and the other maiden lady, a kinswoman of my father's, who practised her scales regularly long after she was sixty. She, if you crushed her in an argument, in turn crushed you with, "*Well, there it is.*" There was much besides, but memory fails, and space.

From country clergyman to country archdeacon may seem no startling transition; yet it meant a great change in my father's tranquil life. For one thing it took him twice a-year up to London, to Convocation; and in London he met with many old friends and new. Then there were frequent outings to Norwich, and the annual visitations and the Charge. On the first day of his first visitation, at Eye, there was the usual luncheon, and the usual very small modicum of wine. Lunch over, the Rev. Richard Cobbold, the author of 'Margaret Catchpole,' proposed my father's health in a fervid oration, which wound up thus: "Gentlemen, I call upon you to drink the health of our new archdeacon,—to drink it, gentlemen, in flowing bumpers." It sounded glorious, but the decanters were empty; and my father had to order (and pay for) two dozen of sherry. At an Ipswich visitation there was the customary roll-call of the clergy, among whom was a new-comer, a Scotchman, Mr Colquhoun. "Mr—, Mr—," faltered the apparitor, coming unexpectedly on this uncouth name; suddenly he rose a-tiptoe and to the emergency,—"*Mr Cockahoon.*"

¹ Seemed.

In one of the deaneries my father found a churchyard partly sown with wheat. "Really, Mr Z——," he said to the incumbent, "I must say I don't like to see this." And the old churchwarden chimed in, "That's what I sãa tew, Mr Archdeacon; I sãa to our parson, 'Yeou go whatin' it and whatin' it, why don't yeou tater it?'" This found its way into 'Punch,' with a capital drawing by Mr C. Keene, whom my father met often at FitzGerald's. But there is another unrecorded story of an Irish clergyman, the Rev. "Lucius O'Grady." He had quarrelled with one of his churchwardens, whose name I forget; the other's was Waller. So my father went over to arbitrate between the disputants, and Mr "O'Grady" concluded an impassioned statement of his wrongs with "Voilà tout, Mr Archdeacon, voilà tout." "Waller tew," quoth churchwarden No. 1; "what ha' *he* to dew with it?" And there was the visit to that woful church, damp, rotten, ruinous. The inspection over, the rector said to my father, "Now, Mr Archdeacon, that we've done the old church, you must come and see my new stables." "Sir," said my father, "when your church is in decent order, I shall be happy to see your new stables." And "the next time," he told me, "I really could ask to see them."

Two London reminiscences, and I have done. A former Monk Soham schoolmistress had married the usher of the Marlborough Street police court. My father went to see them, and as he was coming away, an officious Irishman opened the cab-door for him, with "Good luck to your Rivirince, and did they let you off aizy?" And once my father was waiting on one of the many platforms of

Clapham Junction, when suddenly a fashionably dressed lady dropped on her knees before him, exclaiming, "Your blessing, holy Father." "God bless me!" cried my father, —then added quietly, "and you too, my dear lady."

So at last I come to my father's own Suffolk stories. In 1877-78 I made my first venture in letters as editor for the 'Ipswich Journal' of a series of "Suffolk Notes and Queries." I had a goodly list of contributors—all friends of my father's—as Mr FitzGerald, Mr Donne, Captain Brooke of Ufford, Mr Chappell, Mr Aldis Wright, Bishop Ryle, and Professors Earle, Cowell, and Skeat. Of them I was duly proud; still, my father and I wrote, between us, two-thirds of the whole. He was the "Habitans in Alto" (*High* Suffolk, forsooth), *alias* "Rector," *alias* "Philologus," &c.—how we used to laugh at those aliases. Among his contributions were three papers on the rare old library of Helmingham Hall (Lord Tollemache's), four on Samuel Ward, the Puritan preacher of Ipswich, three on Suffolk minstrelsy, and these sketches written in the Suffolk dialect. Of that dialect my father was a past-master; once and once only did I know him nonplussed by a Suffolk phrase. This was in the school at Monk Soham, where a small boy one day had been put in the corner. "What for?" asked my father; and a chorus of voices answered, "He ha' bin tittymatauterin," which meant, it seems, playing at see-saw. I retain, of course, my father's own spelling; but he always himself maintained that to reproduce the dialect phonetically is next to impossible—that, for instance, there if a delicate *nuance* in the Suffolk pronunciation of *dog*, only faintly suggested by *dawg*.

I.

OLD TIMES.

Fooks alluz säa as they git old,
That things look wusser evry day;
They alluz sed so, I consate;
Leastwise I've h'ard my mother säa,

When she was growed up, a big gal,
And went to sarvice at the Hall,
She han't but one stuff gownd to wear,
And not the lissest mite of shawl.

But now yeou caan't tell whue is whue;
Which is the missus, which the maid,
There ain't no tellin'; for a gal,
Arter she's got her wages paid,

Will put 'em all upon her back,
And look as grand as grand can be;
My poor old mother would be stamm'd¹
Her gal should iver look like she.

And 'taint the lissest bit o' use
To tell 'em anything at all;
They'll only läff, or else begin
All manner o' hard names to call.

Praps arter all it 'taint the truth,
That one time's wusser than the
t'other;

Praps I'm a-gittin' old myself,
And fare to talk like my old mother.

I shään't dew nowt by talkin' so,
I'd better try the good old plan,
Of spakin' sparing of most folks,
And dewin' all the good I can.

J. D.

II.

My father used to repeat one stanza
of an old song; I wonder whether
the remainder still exists in any liv-
ing memory. That one stanza ran:—

"The roaring boys of Pakefield,
Oh, how they all do thrive!
They had but one poor parson,
And him they buried alive."

Whether the prosperity of Pake-
field was to be dated or derived from
the fact of their burying their "one
poor parson" is a matter of danger-
ous speculation, and had better be
left in safe obscurity; else other
places might be tempted to make
trial of the successful plan. But can

any one send a copy of the whole
song?

From the same authority I give a
stanza of another song:—

"The cackling old hen she began to
collogue,
Says she unto the fox, 'You're a stink-
ing old rogue;
Your scent it is so strong, I do wish
you'd keep away;'
The cackling old hen she began for to
say."

The tune, as I still remember it, is
as fine as the words—for fine they
certainly are, as an honest expression
of opinion, capable of a large appli-
cation to other than foxes.

I cannot vouch for a like antiquity
for the following sea-verses; but
they are so good that I venture to
append them to their more ancient
brethren:—

"And now we haul to the 'Dog and
Bell,'
Where there's good liquor for to sell;
In come old Archer with a smile,
Saying, 'Drink, my lads, 'tis worth
your while.'

Ah! but when our money's all gone
and spent,
And none to be borrowed nor none to
be lent;
In comes old Archer with a frown,
Saying, 'Get up, Jack, let John sit
down.'"

Alas, poor Jack! and John Country-
man too, when the like result arrives.
J. D.

III.

ONE OF JOHN DUTFEN'S 'QUEERIES.'

I am werry much obligated to yeou,
Mr Editer, for printin' my lines. I
hain't got no more at spresent, so I'll
send yeou a queery instead. I axed
our skulemaster, "What's a queery?"
and he säa, "Suffen² queer," so I
think I can sute yeou here.

When I was a good big chap, I lived
along with Mr Cooper, of Thrianson.³
He was a big man; but, lawk! he
was wonnerful päad over with rheu-
matics, that he was. I lived in the
house, and arter I had done up my

¹ Amazed.² Something.³ Thrandeston.

hosses, and looked arter my stock, I alluz went to bed arly. One night I hard¹ my missus halloin' at the bottom of the stairs. "John," sez she, "yeou must git up di-rectly, and go for the doctor; yar master's took werry bad." So I hulled² on my clothes, put the saddle on owd Boxer, and warn't long gittin to the doctor's, for the owd hoss stromed along stammingly,³ he did. When the doctor come, he sâa to master, "Yeou ha' got the *lump-ague* in yar lines;⁴ yeou must hiv a hot baath." "What's that?" sez master. "Oh!" sez the doctor, "yeou must hiv yar biggest tub full o' hot water, and lâa in it ten minnits." Sune as he was gone, missus sâa, "Dew yeou go and call Sam Driver, and I'll hit⁵ the copper." When we cum back, she sâa, "Dew yeou tew⁶ take the mashin'-tub up-stairs, and when the water biles yeou cum for it." So, byne by we filled the tub, and missus sâa, "John, dew yeou take yar master's hid;⁷ and, Sam, yeou take hisfeet, and drop 'im in." We had a rare job to lift him, I warrant; but we dropt him in, and, O lawk! how he did screech!—yeou might ha' hard 'im a mile off. He splounced out o' the tub flop upon the floor, and dew all we could we coon't 'tice him in agin. "Yeou willans," sez he, "yeou've kilt me." But arter a bit we got him to bed, and he lâa kind o' easy, till the doctor cum next mornin'. Then he towed the doctor how bad he was. The doctor axed me what we'd done. So I towed him, and he sâa, "Was the water warm?" "Warm!" sez I, "'twould onmost ha' scalt a hog." Oh, how he did lăff! "Why, John bor," sez he, "yeou must ha' meant to bile yar master alive." Howsomdiver, master lost the *lump-ague*, and nivver sed nothin' about the tub, 'cept when he sâa to me sometimes kind o' joky, "John bor, dew yeou alluz kip⁸ out o' hot water." JOHN DUTFEN.⁹

This story has a sequel. My father told it once at the dinner-table of one of the canons in Norwich. Every one laughed more or less, all but one, the Rev. "Hervey Du Bois," a rural dean from the Fens. He alone made no sign. But he was staying in the house; and that night the Canoness was aroused from her sleep by a strange gurgling sound proceeding from his room. She listened and listened, till, convinced that their guest must be in a fit, she at last arose, and listened outside his door. A fit he was in—sure enough—of laughter. He was sitting up in bed, rocking backwards and forwards, and ever and again ejaculating, "Why, John bor, yeou must ha' meant to bile yar master alive." And then he went off into another roar.

IV.

THE ONLY DARTER.

*A Suffolk Clergyman's Reminiscence.*¹⁰

Our young parson said to me t'other dâa, "John," sez he, "din't yeou nivver hev a darter?" "Sar," sez I, "I had one once, but she ha' been dead close on thatty years." And then I towed him about my poor mor.¹¹

"I lost my fust wife thatty-three years ago. She left me with six bors and Susan. She was the owdest of them all, tarded sixteen when her mother died. She was a fine jolly gal, with lots of sperit. I coon't be alluz at home, and tho' I'd nivver a wadd¹² to sâa against Susan, yet I thowt I wanted some one to look arter her and the bors. Gals want a mother more than bors. So arter a year I married my second wife, and a rale

¹ Heard. ² Flung. ³ Amazingly. ⁴ Loins. ⁵ Heat. ⁶ Do you two.

⁷ Head. ⁸ Do you always keep.

⁹ Dutfen, bridle in cart harness.

¹⁰ This story is less unknown than its fellows, for in 1878 Mr FitzGerald got some copies of it reprinted at Woodbridge to give to his friends. I may well, however, republish it, for since the appearance of FitzGerald's '*Letters*,' in which it is referred to (pp. 427, 428), I have had many requests for copies,—requests with which I was unable to comply, myself having only one copy.

¹¹ Mawther, girl.

¹² Word.

good wife she ha' bin to me. But Susan coon't git on with her. She'd dew¹ what she was tow'd, but 'twarn't done pleasant, and when she spöök she spöök so short. My wife was werry patient with her; but dew all she could, she nivver could git on with Susan.

"I'd a married sister in London, whue cum down to see us at Whis-suntide. She see how things fared, and she sâa to me, 'John,' sez she, 'dew yeou let Susan go back with me, and I'll git her a good place and see arter her.' So 'twas sattled. Susan was all for goin', and when she went she kiss't me and all the bors, but she nivver sed nawthin' to my wife, 'cept just 'Good-bye.' She fared to git a nice quite² place; but then my sister left London, and Susan's missus died, and so she had to git a place where she could. So she got a place where they took in lodgers, and Susan and her missus did all the cookin' and waitin' between 'em. Susan sed arterwards that 'twarn't what she had to dew, but the runnin' upstairs; that's what killt her. There was one owd gentleman, who lived at the top of the house. He'd ring his bell, and if she din't go di-reckly, he'd ring and ring agen, fit to bring the house down. One dâa he rung three times, but Susan was set fast, and coon't go; and when she did, he spöök so sharp, that it whölly upset her, and she dropt down o' the floor all in a faint. He hollered out at the top o' the stairs; and sum o' the fôoks cum runnin' up to see what was the matter. Arter a bit she cum round, and they got her to bed; but she was so bad that they had to send for the doctor. The owd gentleman was so wexed, he sed he'd pâa for the doctor as long as he could; but when the doctor sed she was breedin' a faver, nawthing would satisfy her missus but to send her to the horspital, while she could go.

"So she went into the horspital, and lâa five weeks and din't know nobody. Last she begun to mend, and she sed that the fôoks there were werry kind. She had a bed to her-

self in a big room with nigh twenty others. Ivry dâa the doctor cum round, and spöök to 'em all in tarn. He was an owdish gentleman, and sum young uns cum round with him. One mornin' he sâa to Susan, 'Well, my dear,' sez he, 'how do yeou feel to-day?' She sâa, 'Kind o' middlin', sir.' She tow'd me that one o' the young gentlemen sort o' laffed when he hard her, and stopped behind and sâa to her, 'Do yeou cum out o' Suffolk?' She sâa, 'Yes; what, do yeou know me?' She was so pleased! He axed her where she cum from, and when she tow'd him, he sâa, 'I know the clargyman of the parish.' He'd a rose in his button-hole, and he took it out and gov it her, and he sâa, 'Yeou'll like to hev it, for that cum up from Suffolk this mornin'.' Poor mor, she was so pleased! Well, arter a bit she got better, and the doctor sâa, 'My dear, yeou must go and git nussed at home. That'll dew more for yeou than all the doctors' stuff here.'

"She han't no money left to pâa for her jarney. But the young gentleman made a gatherin' for her, and when the nuss went with her to the station, he help her into the cab, and gov her the money. Whue he was she din't know, and I don't now, but I alluz sâa, 'God bless him for it.'

"One mornin' the owd parson—he was yar father—sent for me, and he sâa, 'John,' sez he, 'I ha' had a letter to say that Susan ha' been in the horspital, but she is better now, and is cummin' home to-morrow. So yeou must meet her at Halses,³ and yeou may hiv my cart.' Susan coon't write, so we'd nivver hard, sin' her aunt went away. Yeou may s'pose how I felt! Well, I went and met her. O lawk, a lawk! how bad she did look! I got her home about five, and my wife had got a good fire, and ivrything nice for her, but, poor mor! she was whölly beat. She coon't eat nawthin'. Arter a bit, she tuk off her bonnet, and then I see she han't no hair, 'cept a werry little. That whölly beat me, she used to hev such nice hair. Well, we got her to bed, and for a whole week she coon't

¹ Do.² Quiet.³ Halesworth.

howd up at all. Then she fare to git better, and cum down-stairs, and sot by the fire, and begun to pick a little. And so she went on, when the summer cum, sometimes better and sometimes wuss. But she spöök werry little, and didn't seem to git on no better with my wife. Yar father used to cum and see her and read to her. He was werry fond of her, for he had knowed her ivver sin' she was born. But she got waker and waker, and at last she coon't howd up no longer, but took whölly to her bed. How my wife did wait upon her! She'd try and 'tice her to ate suffen,¹ when yar father sent her a bit o' pudden. I once säa to him, 'What do yeou think o' the poor mor?' 'John,' sez he, 'she's werry bad.' 'But,' sez I, 'dew she know it?' 'Yes,' sez he, 'she dew; but she een't one to säa much.' But I alluz noticed, she seem werry glad to see yar father.

"One day I'd cum home arly; I'd made one jarney.² So I went up to see Susan. There I see my wife läad outside the bed close to Susan; Susan was kind o' strokin' her face, and I hard her säa, 'Kiss me, mother dear; yeou're a good mother to me.' They din't see me, so I crep' down-stairs, but it made me werry comfortble.

"Susan's bed läa close to the wall, so that she could alluz make us know at night if she wanted anything by jest knockin'. One night we hard her sing a hymn. She used to sing at charch when she was a little gal, but I nivver hard her sing so sweetsome as she did then. Arter she'd finished, she knockt sharp, and we went di-

reckly. There she läa—I can see her now—as white as the sheets she läa in. 'Father,' sez she, 'am I dyin'?' I coon't spake, but my wife sed, 'Yeou're a-dyin', dear.' 'Well, then,' sez she, 'tis bewtiful.' And she lookt hard at me, hard at both of us; and then lookt up smilin', as if she see Some One.

"She was the only darter I ivver had."

JOHN DUTFEN.

Is it extravagant to believe that this simple story, told by a country parson, is worth whole pages of learned arguments against Dis-establishment? Anyhow, to support such arguments, I will here cite an ancient ditty of my father's. He had got it from "a true East Anglian, of Norfolk lineage and breeding," but the exegesis is wholly my father's own.

v.

Robin Cook's wife³ she had an old mare,⁴

Humpf, humpf, hididdle, humpf!

And if you'd but seen her, Lord! how you'd have stared,⁵

Singing, "Folderol diddledol, hidum humpf."

This old mare she had a sore back,⁶

Humpf, &c.

And on her sore back there was hullt an old sack,⁷

Singing, &c.

¹ Something.

² Fr. *journée*, one day's work without halt, ending about 3 P.M.

³ "Robin Cook's wife" evidently refers to some well-known character, and is doubtless intended to personify "England."

⁴ The "old mare" is some old institution, and probably embodies the "Established Church."

⁵ The mare was not perfect. What institution is, that has its alloy of humanity? Lookers-on see *these* failings and stare.

⁶ But the "sore back"! It evidently alludes to some special ailment, one which would make it difficult for any one to ride her.

⁷ So an "old sack" was thrown over her. Some such measures have from earliest times been found necessary to enable each occupant of the different *sees* to keep his seat and maintain order. In older times "Canons" were made; of late other measures have been taken—e.g., "An Act for the Regulation of Divine Service." The sack was then "hullt on,"—thrown on,—but roughly, not gently. This is noteworthy.

Give the old mare some corn in the sieve,¹

Humpf, &c.

And 'tis hoping God's husband (*sic*) the old mare may live,
Singing, &c.

This old mare she chanced for to die,²

Humpf, &c.

And dead as a nit in the roadway she lie,³
Singing, &c.

All the dogs in the town *spōok* for a bone,⁴

Humpf, &c.

All but the Parson's dog,⁵ he went wi' none,
Singing, "Folderol diddledol, hidum humpf.

VI.

"MASTER CHARLEY."

A Suffolk Labourer's Story.

The Owd Master at the Hall had two children—Mr James and Miss Mary. Mr James was ivver so much owder than Miss Mary. She come kind o' unexpected like, and she warn't but a little thing when she lost her mother. When she got owd enough, Owd Master sent her to young ladies' skule. She was there a soot o' years, and when she come to stāa at home, she *was* such a pretty young lady, *that* she was. She was werry fond of cumpany, but there warn't the lissest bit wrong about her. There was a young gentleman, from the shēres, who lived at a farm in the next parish, where he was come to larn farmin'. He was werry

fond of her, and though his own folks din't like it, it was all sattled that he was soon to marry her. Then he hear'd sullen about her, which warn't a bit true, and he went awāa, and was persuaded to marry somebody else. Miss Mary took on bad about it, but that warn't the wust of it. She had a baby before long, and he was the father on't.

O lawk, a lawk! how the Owd Master did break out when he hear'd of it! My mother lived close by, and nussed poor Miss Mary, so I've hard all about it. He woun't let the child stop in the house, but sent it awāa to a house three miles off, where the woman had lost her child. But when Miss Mary got about, the woman used to bring the baby—he was "Master Charley"—to my mother's. One dāa, when she went down, my mother tow'd her that he warn't well; so off she went to see him. When she got home she was late, and the owd man was kep' waitin' for his dinner. As soon as he see her, he roared out, "What! hev yeou bin to see yar bastard?" "O father," says she, "yeou shoun't sāa so." "Shoun't sāa so," said he, "shoun't I? I can sāa wuss than that." And then he called her a bad name. She got up, nivver said a wādd, but walked straight out of the front door. They din't take much notiz at fust, but when she din't come back, they got scared, and looked for her all about; and at last they found her in the mōot, at the bottom of the orchard.

O lawk, a lawk!

The Owd Master nivver could howd up arter that. 'Fore that, if he was put out, yeou could hear 'im all over

¹ "Corn in the sieve" evidently refers to some more *palatable* measure than the "old sack." "Give her some oats, do not give her the sack only." Perhaps the Ecclesiastical Commissioners may represent the present givers of corn.

² But all in vain, whether to enable the riders to mount on the "sore back," or for prolonging her life. "She chanced for to die." *The Church disestablished.*

³ And lies in the highroad, a prize for all comers.

⁴ But by "dead as a nit" evidently is meant more than *disestablished*; it means also *disendowed*. Else, what of "all the dogs in the town," each craving and clamouring for his bone? It was so three hundred years ago. Each dog "*spōok* for a bone," and *got it*.

⁵ "All but the Parson's dog." The poor vicars never got back a bit of the impropriate tithes; the seats of learning got comparatively little. The "dogs about town" got most. Then, in the last touching words, "the Parson's dog he went wi' none," yet still singing, "Folderol diddledol, hidum humpf."

the farm, a-cussin' and swearin'. He werry seldom spöök to anybody now, but he was alluz about arly and late; nōthin' seemed to tire him. 'Fore that he nivver went to chārch; now he went reg'ler. But he wud sãa sumtimes, comin' out, "Parson's a fule." But if anybody was ill, he bod 'em go up to the Hall and ax for sullen.¹ There was young Farmer Whoo's wife was werry bad, and the doctor sãa that what she wanted was London poort. So he sent my father to the marchant at Ipswich, to bring back four dozen. Arter dark he was to lave it at the house, but not to knock. They nivver knew where ta come from till arter he died. But he fare to get waker, and to stupe more ivry year.

Yeou ax me about "Master Charley." Well, he growed up such a pretty bor. He lived along with my mother for the most part, and Mr James was so fond of him. He'd come down, and plãa and talk to him the hour together, and Master Charley would foller 'im about like a little dawg.

One dãa they was together, and Owd Master met 'em. "James," said he, "what bor is that alluz follerin' yeou about?" He said, "It's Mary's child." The owd man tãrned round as if he'd bin shot, and went home all himpin' along. Folks heard him sãa, "Mary's child! Lord! Lord!" When he got in, he sot down, and nivver spöök a wãdd, 'cept now and then, "Mary's child! Lord! Lord!" He coun't ate no dinner; but he tow'd 'em to go for my mother; and when she come, he sãa to her, "Missus, yeou must git me to bed." And there he lãa all night, nivver slãpin' a bit, but goin' on sãain, "Mary's child! Lord!

Lord!" quite solemn like. Sumtimes he'd sãa, "I've bin a bad un in my time, I hev."

Next mornin' Mr James sent for the doctor. But when he come, Owd Master said, "Yeou can do nothin' for me; I oun't take none o' yar stuff." No more he would. Then Mr James sãa, "Would yeou like to see the parson?" He din't sãa nōthin' for some time, then he said, "Yeou may send for him." When the parson come—and he was a nice quite² owd gentleman, we were werry fond of him—he went up and stãa'd some time; but he nivver said nōthin' when he come down. Howsomdiver, Owd Master lãa more quiter arter that, and when they axed him to take his med'cin he took it. Then he slep' for some hours, and when he woke up he called out quite clear, "James." And when Mr James come, he sãa to him, "James," sez he, "I ha' left ivrything to yeou; do yeou see that Mary hev her share." You notiz, he din't sãa, "Mary's child," but "Mary hev her share." Arter a little while he said, "James, I should like to see the little chap." He warn't far off, and my mother made him tidy, and brushed his hair and parted it. Then she took him up, and put him close to the bed. Owd Master bod 'em put the curtain back, and he lãa and looked at Master Charley. And then he said, quite slow and tendersome, "Yeou're a'most as pritty as your mother was, my dear."

Them was the last words he ivver spöök.

Mr James nivver married, and when he died he left ivrything to Master Charley.

FRANCIS HINDES GROOME.

¹ Something.

² Quiet.

MADELEINE'S STORY.

CHAPTER V.—THE ADMIRAL.

ONE rainy afternoon, several weeks after the night when we got our first glimpse into the yawning pit of Colwyn (Gladys was from home; she had gone to spend a day or two with the friends at Rhoscolyn, and I, in a fit of shyness, had elected to stay behind), it occurred to me that I might find somewhere amongst the rooms in the higher roof one that would suit me for a snuggery, with a light good for drawing; for I was just then beginning to make studies of flowers and still life, and had found that Gladys disliked an excess of litter in the room we shared as a sitting-room. A heavy door shut off the staircase leading to these rooms—the servants' part of the house lay there, and we had never cared to investigate in its direction. But that day I pushed my way in and up to the top of the house, where I came upon an attic that seemed the very thing I wanted. Then there passed pleasantly away two or three hours of the wet afternoon, during which I made a space in the middle of my garret, shoving litter away into corners (the litter consisted of torn books, broken toys, papers, and boxes). I improvised an easel out of box-lids, and stilts, and garden tools; and when I had done, finding it was too dark to draw, I made a plunge amongst the litter, and began to turn it over. The first book I drew from a heap was an old Latin grammar, dog's-eared, and with half the leaves torn out; inside the cover there was written in a large round hand, "Llewellyn Colwyn,"

and under the name a date. The date was a wrong one, it struck me, for Uncle Llewellyn could not have been born until ten years after the time mentioned. Well, all the same, this book belonged to him. I turned the leaves over with a sad sort of interest, and I think I must have sighed. I am not sure, but I know that I heard two sighs, one close to me, and one behind me in the doorway. Without looking I knew who was there, and I got up to meet my grandmother. She came in running, with her hands stretched out towards me—little thin white hands, almost covered by the ruffles of her black dress. She wore the head-dress and dark band I had seen her in before, and I noticed slippers and white stockings showing under her skirts. She drew a little shawl crookedly over her shoulders, and sitting down on a box, motioned me to do the same. The old Latin grammar lay in my lap as I sat beside her, and she saw it, took it from me, turned to the name in the cover, and then threw it with all her force into a corner of the attic, and looked at me and laughed.

"We mustn't show that to him," she said, "it would remind him of old days, so I throw it quite away, you see, because he is coming back to-morrow."

"Coming back?" I said, not knowing what else to say.

"Yes," she answered; "he sent to tell me. If only our beautiful Antoinette had been at home to welcome him! He won't recognise you, my dear, I am afraid."

"Who, grandmother?" I asked. Then she gave me a long puzzled stare, and it seemed to me as if years of recollections must be wandering through her brain.

"The Admiral," she explained at last; "Admiral Colwyn. Didn't you know that he was made an admiral? So you see," she added, chuckling in her laughter, "it's time to throw the Latin grammar away."

I found that my attic, as I had already begun to call it in my thoughts, was one of grandmother's suite of rooms. She took me into one after another that evening in the twilight. I never saw any of them again, for though grandmother often haunted Gladys and me after that in other parts of the house, she gave us no encouragement to visit her where she lived. The vision of her rooms flickers before me as I try to recall it. I cannot recall it; places only seen once do not form pictures in the mind, and then the strange things she said to me, the puzzle I felt about what was real to her (everything that seemed to be real to her was unreal to me), kept me busy crossing and recrossing the border line between us all the time we were together. The rooms opened one into another, and extended over half the house. Thatched eaves projected a long way, the windows were close under the eaves, little frames to exquisite views of hills in the distance and dark sky; swallows were darting inside the eaves to their nests. I remember these things, the outside setting of the shadows. At the end of our travel we came to a closed door, which grandmother did not attempt to open. I found afterwards that it was the door of Eleanor's room.

I have never been able to understand the world that grand-

mother lives in, but I know a little of the history of it, and how she got there. She was expecting the Admiral when she came to me in my attic. Who was the Admiral? Gladys pointed out to me in the church a small white tablet amongst the family monuments, which bore the following record: "To the memory of Llewellyn, only child of Llewellyn and Gabrielle Colwyn, aged 10 years," and then came the date. I thought of the Latin grammar I had seen in the attic, whose inscription tallied with the time when such a Llewellyn Colwyn might have lived. There had been two Llewellyns then—Gabrielle's and Antoinette's! By degrees I fitted the pieces of the four histories together. Our grandmother was the daughter of a Frenchman and a Welsh lady, both well born (this fact was instilled into me in every conversation I ever held with our grandmother). She had been left an orphan early, and sent to the house of a relation of her mother's to be brought up. This lady kept a school in a town of Montgomeryshire, and there Gabrielle lived. When she was sixteen she had been married to her cousin, our grandfather, Llewellyn Colwyn, a man double her own age. What a curious shut-up life she must have had coming straight from school to this out-of-the-way place, where everything had gone on just the same for generation after generation of Colwyns, an old family wearing itself out by intermarriages and continual lapses into vice! Of course she had never loved her husband—was it likely?—though he had been a handsome enough man in his youth, I could well believe. Perhaps she had never loved any one very much until her little boy was

born, and then what an unfolding must have come to her of the joy that life holds for some people! I can fancy that "the mother of a little baby" was just the whole expression of the young girl Gabrielle. She had no other child for as long as the first Llewellyn lived, and that was ten years.

I wish I had a clearer notion of what the first Llewellyn was like. I have two pictures of him in my mind, drawn from talks with our grandmother. One is of a bright, impetuous little child flashing in and out amongst the trees and flowers of the sweet place—Colwyn had been sweet and orderly in Gabrielle's young days,—a child loving his child-mother with pretty clinging ways. "Mammy's little sweetheart" was his pet name for himself. How often grandmother has told me that in drawing the baby-portraiture! In her most reasonable moods she recurs to him then; she even admits when she speaks thus that the young life may have been taken up higher—that her boy did slip through the seen into the unseen during a storm which wrecked a little vessel off the Isle of Man some forty years ago. The second picture I have is of a delicate-looking lad, a schoolboy, but a mere child still (he had been taken away from her, so young Gabrielle complained, to be sent to school, and he hated leaving her)—a little lad clinging to his mother's knees one miserable afternoon, with his face buried in her lap, sobbing out his story to her; soiled and tired with a journey taken on foot, all alone—taken in fear of perils of many kinds, which he was explaining to her, telling her why he had run away and come to her for refuge—why he was obliged to come, why there was nothing else that he could do

when—they forced him away from her. "Who, grandmother!" I asked, when she drew this picture for me; and I know my face must have shown the indignation that I felt, because for the only time during our intercourse my grandmother kissed me. Little Llewellyn was sent back to school without being allowed to see his mother again. He had not remained there; either in strength or in weakness he took his life into his own hands a second time and ran off, but not again to his home, and it was that which broke his mother's heart and blurred her whole life. Her boy had wanted her and had not come to her. Her grief rose up continually against this fact, which stood out like a rock that waves break upon, and cannot wash away or hide. The child—he was only ten years old when all this happened—managed to get taken on board a little vessel at Carnarvon, which had been wrecked almost immediately after he joined her. The whole story was too sad a one for there to have been any record of it put upon the stone in the parish church—"Sacred to the memory of Llewellyn." The memory must be a dreadful one to the father too, we thought, Gladys and I, whenever we looked at the tablet on Sundays. Hot Sunday afternoons, when the light and heat came in at the open church door whilst the service was being wound up by the singing of the evening hymn, exactly as it used to be, no doubt, when the little drowned Llewellyn sat in his place in the family pew, and afterwards when the second Llewellyn sat there. The Colwyns will come to an end when grandfather dies, I often say to myself, and I am glad of it.

It was during the few months that intervened between the loss

of her little boy and the birth of the twins that grandmother's fancies began to show. She made up odd stories, Eleanor said. Grandmother herself thought that she then began to hear voices, to see visions, to receive messages, and to find out strange facts. I suppose both she and Eleanor were partly right. Then she was made a mother again—most miserable instead of most happy—and could not bear the touch of baby-fingers upon her breasts. This was the crisis of her illness. She came out of it into a different life—into two lives, I should say—which crossed one another.

The little white flag floating from grandmother's window-sill was a sign of the tipmost point of her madness. It seemed as if some fiend caught her up then and put her upon a pinnacle, just for the pleasure of throwing her down. It was her happiest, freest, most reckless mood, when she believed that her little drowned boy had never been drowned at all, but had grown up and won his way in the world, and was coming home to his mother. She heard the wind in the sails of his ship, a messenger had come to tell her of the day and hour of his arrival. She could almost persuade me of the truth of her story sometimes, it seemed so clear and sure to her. But the hour and the day passed, and grandmother climbed up to her attic rooms, and at night I used to fancy I heard the storm at sea, and the gurgling sound that water makes when it closes over something it takes for itself.

"You seem much better than you are, my dear," grandmother said to me once. I was drawing the outline of a yellow lily in the summer-house, and grandmother

had sauntered in. Gladys was entertaining friends indoors that afternoon, and I had been listening vaguely to the sound of their talk, undecided whether I would join them or stay at my work. Gladys was too fond of having people about, I thought. It interrupted everything—why should I go? Besides, nobody wanted me; I should not be missed. When next I looked up at the lily, after grandmother's speech, I saw that a large beetle had crept from the inside of the flower on to one of the petals. In my disgust and haste to get rid of the creature, I threw over the flower-vase and soaked my drawing. Grandmother was delighted at the little misadventure, and laughed the hard false laugh that always irritated Gladys. It had never jarred upon me so much as it did just then.

"Now perhaps you will go and pour out tea for your sister," my grandmother said. "I saw a picture of your heart this morning, Madeleine, and there was a black devil inside it." Was it true? Yes, it was true. I had been envying Gladys's beauty, not that morning only, alas!—but that grandmother should have known about it! How could she know?

It was good for grandmother having us at Colwyn, I soon found out. Her thoughts were occupied with us, she could talk freely to us, which relieved her so that her bad fits were less frequent; to me I should say she talked, for though grandmother worshipped Gladys, Gladys could not bear her presence.

There was an old-fashioned cottage barometer in the entrance hall, with a quaint figure of a woman that went in or came out with change for rain and fair weather. I found our grand-

mother studying it one day; the little figure had just gone into the house and the door was shut. "So we may expect rain," I said, as I joined her. Then she looked up at me with the wistful helpless look that I had got to know as a sort of bridge between her moods. "Shut up alone," she said, "in a little house," and then she clenched

her hands, and wandered away from me.

"My life is like a faded leaf,
My harvest dwindled to a husk;
Truly my life is void and brief,
And tedious in the barren dusk.

My life is like a broken bowl,
A broken bowl that cannot hold
One drop of water for my soul,
Or cordial in the searching cold."

CHAPTER VI.—BEAUTIFUL GLADYS.

In thought I draw a circle round Gladys's most beautiful day. It was the day on which we were told that we were to leave our old home. Looking at her that morning, I saw drawn together in her the beauty of her childhood, the charm she inherited from mother, and the breaking open of her own ripeness—a full-blown June rose, with morning dew upon the petals. It was her birthday, and she had been in the garden before I came down to breakfast, standing at the gate, my favourite dreaming place, which led from the garden into the meadow; some one had met her there, she told me afterwards.

When we were quite little things, all three of us together, there was one household in our neighbourhood which gave us a good deal of food for gossip.

Mr Treherne was an invalided master from one of the Yorkshire grammar schools, who had established himself in a farmhouse about a mile from our village, near one of the highroads along which we oftenest took our walks. There was a Mrs Treherne, and a grown-up Miss Treherne; but these members of the family did not excite our curiosity. Mr Treherne had pupils, young men and boys. Why anybody should

have sent their sons to such an out-of-the-way place to be taught, I don't know. Perhaps Mr Treherne was a very learned man, or perhaps he charged little for teaching. His household attended our church on Sundays. Mr and Mrs and Miss Treherne sat in a pew by themselves, four or five slim boys in the next behind. Certainly we missed these last very much at holiday times. I recall the flat look the church had to me when, after kneeling before the service, I raised my eyes and saw the pew empty behind Mr and Mrs Treherne. Gladys was never taken aback as I used to be, having calculated beforehand when the first Sunday of the holidays would occur. "You silly," she used to whisper when she noticed my blank face. "Why, of course."

The ages of Mr Treherne's pupils ranged from twelve to fifteen. When I was about eleven years old—how funny it is to look back upon this!—I came out of church one Sunday a quite different person from the one I had been when we went in. "I say, Madeleine," Gladys began saying to me on our way through the churchyard, "hasn't the new boy got a beautiful face? Don't you wonder what his name is?" At first her voice came to me like some one talking in a dream; but when I

understood what she said, I felt my face become covered with blushes, and I didn't know which way to look. For some time after, in talking to one another, we called Mr Treherne's new pupil "the boy with a beautiful face;" but Gladys never rested until she found out his name. We both thought a great deal about him. I was in love with him; Gladys said she had taken a fancy to him. That was a poor sort of feeling for any one to have for my hero, it seemed to me. I never wanted to find out his name.

"'God make thee good as thou art beautiful,'
Said Arthur when he dubbed him knight, and none
In so young youth was ever made a knight
Till Galahad."

That was how I spoke of him to myself.

"O Galahad! and O Galahad!" "the bright boy-knight!"—and one day I felt myself changed into the wan sweet maiden who wove her wealth of hair into a sword-belt, and bound it on him, and said that one should crown him king far in the Spiritual City, for I had been reading Tennyson's "Holy Grail," and fancied I understood snatches of it here and there. The Spiritual City was no doubt what we read of in the Revelation, only *this* Galahad's kingdom would not be a religious place, but a city of knights and ladies, and tournaments and love. For a whole term, I think, Sir Galahad was never out of my mind for a minute; but before the summer holidays we got to know him at a tennis-party. The tennis-party was at our own place—mother gave two or three parties in July every year.

"And one there was among us ever moved in white,"

I murmured to myself, and then I looked out on the lawn from our bedroom window on the afternoon of our party day just before Gladys and I ran down to take our places beside mother. I saw Mrs and Miss Treherne in the garden and three pupils. They *all* wore white flannels, all three boys, it wasn't only Sir Galahad who was in white.

"Gladys," I said, stooping to tie a shoe-string, and hide my red cheeks, "can you believe that we shall really speak to Sir Galahad this very afternoon?"

"Trelawny's his name, Jim Trelawny, if you mean *him*," Gladys answered crossly.

We were really too young then to take part in the tennis; but visitors generally made a great deal of us to please our mother. So it happened that Gladys played in one game; Trelawny was her partner. As for me, I never once spoke to Sir Galahad, but I was near him many times, and I heard some of his talk with Gladys and with Miss Treherne, and with the other boys. I don't even now quite know how it was that I began to feel so cold in my heart. Thoughts are things I found out then from the way that little cupid of my brain shivered in dying through the hours of our tennis-party. He was dead before all our guests had left us, his little limbs stretched out, lying quite still, beautiful even then to look at, but too sad, so I covered him over, and my mind was left a blank calm. Did I create that joy and sorrow for myself, or had I been nourishing through the summer months one of the living love seeds that make the world, changing from form to form? Any way, Trelawny belonged to Gladys, and there wasn't any Sir Galahad.

We saw a good deal of Trelawny

after that for about a year, and then he went away, only coming now and then for short visits to the Trehermes, who were relations of his.

"Oh! I say, Madeleine," Gladys called out, stretching and turning herself from side to side on one of the bed-like sofas in the drawing-room at Colwyn—"weren't we two sillies! Do you remember what we used to call him? 'The boy with a beautiful face.' Oh dear, he is *such* a boy, so *silly*!"

"Are you talking about Mr Tre-lawny, Gladys?" I asked, going on with a sketch I was trying to get by looking out of the window on a wet October afternoon. Gladys kicked with impatience. "You always were mad, you child!" she screamed at me. "Can't you put down that thing for a minute and listen? He's so *silly*, and I don't know what to say. Oh!" I came from the window then, and sat down by Gladys on a footstool, facing her. I saw that she had an open letter in her hand, which she was flapping up and down. "May I look, dear?" I asked. Could that letter contain Gladys's first offer of marriage? The suggestion made my heart leap, and the colour came into my face, but Gladys was only just as rosy as usual, and she looked more annoyed than anything else.

"Yes, you may read it, but you won't understand that by itself," she said, and then she pulled a letter out of her pocket in a torn envelope, and gave me that as well. "Read that one first," Gladys said. Then she drew a cushion from under her head, and crushed it over her face, and didn't turn about or kick any more until I had finished reading letter No. 1.

"But oh, Gladys dear!" I exclaimed when I came to the con-

cluding words—"Whatever answer you may send me, I shall never be able to give up loving you"—Gladys, why did you never tell me before? What a lovely letter!"

"Lovely!" Gladys cried out, pulling the cushion down from her face. "Well, that one doesn't matter so much—read the other;" and so saying, she pulled the cushion up again over her face. From letter No. 2 I saw what Gladys's answer to No. 1 had been. I cried over letter No. 2, actually came to a little sob at the end. "Madeleine, what a flat you are!" Gladys was staring at me. "What is there to cry about? He's a donkey, that's all."

"Then what are you going to do now? You won't let him come at Christmas, if you mean to go on saying No?" I asked.

"It was all very well when we were kids," Gladys said. "He was quite grown up to us. But, oh dear me! he's such a boy to me now."

"I think he writes just like a man," I answered, "and he does not expect you to marry him yet."

"Marry—why, he's at College, child! Now, Madeleine, it's just this," said Gladys, sitting up on the sofa, "I can't love a boy."

"He loves you tremendously, Gladys."

"No, he doesn't; bless you, child, they all talk like that!" Gladys was an old hand at this sort of thing then, and there wasn't any romantic history going on; no first love-dream suddenly becoming real, nothing startling and beautiful and new.

This was the second autumn of our stay at Colwyn, and Gladys had been away on visits. She had paid visits at intervals more or less during all the time since we left our old home,—some to friends of our early days, and

some to the new friends she had made in Montgomeryshire. For the whole of July, August, and September, of this our second year, she had been away. I remembered suddenly, during the little silence that followed Gladys's remark, that I had said to myself on her return from the last visit, "Gladys is not exactly the June rose now, not the rose opened in the morning with dew upon it." Best days do not stay with us longer than any others. Every February we have our day of spring *promise*, and by-and-by the day of spring *come*, and after that beauty strides over the year. It is so with the beauty of women; yet it was during the talk we had that afternoon of the letter that I began to realise what the beauty of a woman really means. I had always envied Gladys on account of her great beauty, and had often thought, in a dreamy sort of way, about its being a key that would open all hearts to her. That day I understood that for a woman the possession of beauty is the key to life itself. However many years may roll over my head, I shall never know man-nature as Gladys knew it before she was seventeen. That sounds as if I thought that to know men was the whole of life. Well, if one goes through the world knowing only one half of human nature, one cannot be said to have lived fully. Most women, married and unmarried, know one or two men perfectly of course; but unless a woman is beautiful, she cannot have the chance of knowing many or various kinds. Only those who are attracted to her by affinity of mind or character come very near, into her sphere; whereas, Gladys had the opportunity of

knowing all sorts of men—stupid and clever, young and old, idle or busy. No traveller through life passing her way was unwilling to stop before the sign of a beautiful face, and once there, at the Maiden's Hostel, the frank spirit of the girl made all feel themselves welcome; then encumbering conventionalities were soon thrown off, and rest and refreshment gained through easy comradeship.

"Oh, he was *awfully* nice, Madeleine! you can't think how kind he was. He always knows exactly what to say, just the sort of thing to do you good. Look here, I'll show you a letter I got from So-and-so. Isn't it a jolly one? I'm certain he's good. You should hear how he talks about his mother; says he'll never marry till he finds a girl like her. He meant *I* was like her, you know."

Gladys talked away of one and another to me when I began to question her. She had lived half-a-dozen lives whilst I had been sticking at Colwyn.

Trelawny was not the first of her friends who had offered his love to Gladys. I took it into my head that he was the best of them, and loved her best; but Gladys wouldn't allow that. After we had talked for a long time, I began to unravel the threads that had become wound round Gladys's life; but it was only during the last five minutes of the time that a ray shot through the web, and showed me the single pale clue that reached from the circumference to her heart. The last of the letters she let me read—she gave it to me rather as an afterthought—had a different ring about it from the rest. It wasn't the letter of a lover, I fancied, and it wasn't the letter of a boy.

It was less intimate than any of the other letters I had seen: I should have said there wasn't a scrap of feeling in it. It was written to acknowledge the return of some books Gladys had sent back, and it ended with a short leave-taking.

"What did you keep that letter for, Gladys?" I asked; "there's nothing particular in it. Who is Gilbert Rennie?"

"Mad! I told you lots about him the summer before last. He comes down every year with men from Cambridge—reading-parties, you know. He's frightfully clever and learned, and he knows the Rhoscolyn people. *You* would like him, Madeleine; he would just suit you. He writes poetry and that sort of thing."

"Do *you* like him, Gladys?"

"Oh! it's no good my liking him. I'm not clever enough or good enough for him, dear."

I had never heard Gladys's voice soft and gentle like that before. I didn't know what to say, and when I had thought of something it didn't matter. It was only a thin pale clue that Gladys had laid hold of, and the light showed it for a moment only.

"What *am* I to say to Tre-lawny, *silly* boy?" Gladys cried out, stretching and turning herself round in the sofa again; and I couldn't think of anything to say about that either.

October was a wet month to the end, and as dull as dull could be. One talks about leaden hours: it really seemed as if each hour had swallowed a lump of lead before it came to us. Day after day there was no change. Every night Gladys said she should die if something didn't happen during the next twenty-four hours. November came in differently. It began

with a biting frost. Gladys always had chilblains in a frost, and chilblains made her cross. Mr Colwyn had an attack of gout; his hours of drinking were obliged to be curtailed; he was more irritable than ever, and his tyranny overspread the house. He and Gladys fought pretty well all day. It was tiresome, and I had to stay up-stairs to get out of the way. I sat in our cold bedroom, or wandered about the passages. Grandmother didn't care to have me with her. It was unsettled and wretched. I found out that money was one bone of contention between our grandfather and Gladys. During the time we stayed at our old home, after mother's death, there always seemed to be money enough to pay for our clothes. Mother had been used to dress us well, and Gladys carried on her plans for both of us, chose all our things, and the bills, I suppose, got paid somehow. But since we had come to our grandfather's, there was never enough money to pay for dresses for us both. That was one reason why I stayed at home so much, and why Gladys went out. Gladys had the new clothes and I wore her old ones.

I shall never forget the cold of one of those November days. It had snowed the night before. The country all round us was white, and the sky was covered with clouds; the house was full of a death-like coldness. We had only one fire in the morning, and that was in the dining-room; there was stinginess about coals that winter at Colwyn, stinginess about everything. Mr Colwyn and I had the dining-room to ourselves from breakfast till luncheon-time, for Gladys hadn't been able to make up her mind to get out of bed. It was rather a good thing, I

thought; the house was quiet, at any rate. Ah! it *was* quiet. Mr Colwyn fell asleep in his arm-chair by the fire. He was wrapped in a large plaid, I remember. It was pulled up all round his head and reached down to his feet. I wanted a book that I had been reading, but could not make up my mind to open the door and go to fetch it. It would have been such a pity to wake him up. How odd it was to have those two foes, Gladys and grandfather, quiet a whole morning, kept still and away from each other by the powerful giant, cold, like two brawling streams frozen into silence.

I sat by the fire on the side opposite Mr Colwyn, thinking, with my feet on the fender, putting on a coal or two now and then stealthily. Even the footsteps of the clumsy servant-girl bringing in the luncheon did not waken grandfather. I would not let her quite shut the door when she had finished for fear of disturbing him; everything on the table was cold, so it did not matter how long the meal was left. Mr Colwyn slept on. At last I crept on tiptoe to the table and helped myself to what I wanted. I sat with my back to the door. When I had done eating, I slipped my chair back, and was just going to re-settle myself by the fire, when I bethought me that Gladys would be hungry, and I began to look about for something I could take up easily to her. If I had already touched anything on the table, I should have thought I had clashed some utensils and made a sudden noise; but it wasn't a noise that awoke Mr Colwyn, who sprang up suddenly from his chair, looking straight at the door behind me. The door had been closed but not shut. It was wide open then, and

Gladys stood in the doorway. She had come so quietly down-stairs that I had never heard her; she had no shoes on, it being a fancy of Gladys's that she could not wear shoes when her chilblains were particularly bad.

As I had finished my luncheon and foresaw that the charmed silence was about to be broken, I took the opportunity of going up-stairs to fetch my book.

Somehow I felt as if the house and all of us in it were in a kind of imprisonment that day. Silence and icy chilliness were in every room, and beyond, through the windows, a landscape of untrodden snow. Going about, partly to look for my book and partly in an aimless way, yet absorbing the actuality of the time, I came to the foot of the attic staircase, and as I lingered a moment there I heard from above a thin sharp sound. It was a voice high-pitched, grandmother's voice uttering a miserable complaint. The door of the staircase stood open and there was no one about, so I went up, following the sound to the door of grandmother's bedroom; even there I could not hear what she said. I don't think she was saying anything, she was just fretting and giving out sharp little cries. Whilst I hesitated whether to knock or open the door, Eleanor came up the stairs carrying something on a tray, and pushing by me, she went into the room. The door remained open for a moment whilst she set her tray on the table, and I saw inside. There was a figure in bed, lying under an untidy heap of shawls and scrappy coverings. There was no fire in the grate, the blinds were down. Eleanor faced me as she came forward to shut the door. "Grandmother hasn't got any fire," I said. "Isn't she cold? is

she ill?" "She's warm enough in bed," Eleanor answered, "without a fire, and she's best where she is." Then she shut the door in my face. It seemed to grow suddenly dark after that and the wind rose.

Snow began to fall, or rather it was swept round the house in slanting sheets; the day's silence was over, and now it was a howling tempest that shut us in. I thought about Sintram raising the storm at sea that kept Folko and Gabrielle prisoners in the wicked castle of Bjorn. Grandfather might have been old Bjorn. I made up my mind at last that I would go and see how the storm was affecting him and Gladys. Before I got down-stairs I heard the dining-room door open and shut, and grandfather go into his den at the other side of the house. Gladys was kneeling in front of one of the window-seats when I went into the dining-room; she was writing, using the last ray of daylight that could be got. She did not hear me, or at least she made no sign, so I took my seat of the morning at the fireside. The grate was strewn with cinders and dust. I could tell by the way Gladys sat, and the motions she made in writing, that she was very angry; the storm-spirit had been stirring inside the house before it went out into the world; the day was worse at the end than it had been at the beginning. I couldn't think how Gladys saw to finish her letter; she brought it with her when she came and stood opposite to me, and she placed it on the chimney-piece, fastened and directed.

Her back was to the window; she cast her eyes down after her last look at the letter, her hands were clasped, hanging low in front of her.

"Gladys, where's grandfather

gone?" I asked; "what is he doing?"

"Drinking, the beast!" Gladys burst out, throwing back her head. "Madeleine, he's a drunken beast, he's a devil, and he's a cheat,—and that's why we're so poor now."

"But, Gladys," I said, "he hasn't got any money of ours. What do you call him a cheat for? he can't cheat us."

"You never know about anything, Madeleine. Don't you suppose it's our own money he gives us for our clothes and things? Well, look here. I *must* have something decent to wear—now, directly. I want furs this winter, *now*."

"Your jacket's wadded and trimmed with fur; isn't that warm enough?"

"Warm enough! *that* thing; why, it's two years old. Do you think I'm going to stay at Rhoscolyn looking such a guy as that!"

"You said you weren't going to Rhoscolyn again before Christmas."

"Well, I shan't go now, that's certain. I can't go out at all. He may drive himself next time he wants to go to the Junction. I shan't go to church any more."

"Why not?"

"Why? How can I go without any clothes to wear!"

It wasn't any use arguing. We sat one on each side of the fireplace for a long time, silent.

"Why don't we get something to do?" I said at last, and reached my hand up for the match-box. When I had struck a light I saw that Gladys was crying.

For three days we were really almost prisoners. The snow lay round us in deep drifts. No post came, neither could we send any letters away. Gladys's letter remained on the chimney-piece, showing conspicuously where she

had placed it. It was directed to Mrs Richards, a young married woman in Welshpool. Mrs Richards was an American—go-ahead, and extremely pretty. The husband was English, a banker, and rich. Gladys said they were jolly people to stay with. She used to call Mrs Richards “Birdie Richards,” and they were very intimate.

On the fourth morning after the storm a thaw came, a sudden and complete thaw; sparkling sunshine, trees dripping, the sound of running water everywhere. I felt quite exhilarated with happiness. Gladys ran out after breakfast to see if the postman was coming, and to give him her letter. I was standing in the hall at the foot of the stairs watching her in the doorway, thinking how pretty she looked going out bare-headed, when something fell over the banisters from an upper landing at my feet,—a bit of folded note-paper or an envelope. I stooped and picked it up. It was an envelope, and there was written on it in pencil, “To Madeleine.” I opened the note, and found inside a scrap of paper. “Antoinette in danger, save her,” was scrawled over the paper in large letters. Of course I knew where the message came from, and who was meant by Antoinette; but where the danger lay, or how I was to save Gladys, I could not imagine. It vexed me; it was so *very* silly of grandmother, I said to myself.

Nothing happened between that morning and the day after Christmas day. It hadn't seemed at all like Christmas day that year. Gladys kept her resolution about not going to church; she wouldn't go even on Christmas morning, and I had not liked to think what day it was. I found Bulwer Lytton's ‘Strange Story,’ and read all day between meal-times. Gladys

trimmed hats and furbished up some evening dresses. The next day—Saturday—I ran down-stairs rather late to breakfast, feeling particularly glad that Christmas was over. Gladys met me just outside the breakfast-room, and drew me round and took me upstairs again with her—because, she said, she wanted to be alone with me whilst she told me something. But she hadn't anything particular to say when we were alone in our room; only that Mrs Richards had written begging her to go at once to Welshpool for her visit of ten days which had been promised some time since. The Richards's carriage was coming over all the way from Welshpool to make the journey easy for her, and to spare her the railway. It was the kind of thing that was always happening to Gladys. I said I was very glad she was going to have the pleasure, and I helped her to pack until the time came when the carriage was due. We kissed each other on the doorstep as we said good-bye. Then Gladys drove off nestled in the corner of the carriage, covered up with rugs and a hot-water bottle at her feet. I knew she was going to be happy, well cared for, and gay for ten days at any rate, with friends she was fond of, and who enjoyed making much of her.

We were having a lovely season for winter,—light frosts at night, and in the day there were bright drops over all the branches of the trees—little worlds of light and gladness. I determined that I would take some long walks, and spend my ten days in communing with nature. In the evenings I thought I would make studies of the pretty things I should collect out of doors. There was a pleasant little programme before us

both. I clasped my hands above my head with an impulse of hope as I went back into the house, and made up my mind that grandfather should not trouble me, and that I would not think about anything disagreeable. There must have been four or five days during which I floated on this elastic sea, and then a change came. When I was getting into bed one night I found a scrap of paper doubled under my pillow, and "Antoinette in danger, save her," scrawled just as before. There was another note on my dressing-table the next morning, the same thing amongst my clothes in the drawers—on shelves and along window-seats down-stairs, between the leaves of books. There was a rain of the missives; I could not get away from them for three days. Grandmother, it appeared, would not be shut out from my ideal world. Well, she knew the way into the upper strata as well as I did—could trim her dream-ship, dress it with rag flags and pennons, and scud about amongst the clouds in her own fashion; grandmother was up there dreaming hard. "Antoinette in danger!"—what could it mean? Nothing—absolutely nothing. I squashed the silly little notes, tore them, and twisted them, and burned them. All the same I couldn't sail in my dream ship any longer. And one day I got a letter by the hand of a messenger—a real sane letter; no, a more unreal, a more insane letter than any of grandmother's.

It came from the Junction, our nearest railway station, and was written by Gladys to me.

"Oh, Madeleine!" it began, "try not to hate me. You mustn't think badly of me. Don't give up loving me, Madeleine dear;

I've been a beast to you. I tried to tell you before I came away, but I wasn't quite sure then about anything, and now it's too late. I've got married. You know I can't live at grandfather's any longer, it's so horrid,—so Birdie planned it. She's been awfully good to me. Mr Richards funk'd it all, so Birdie managed it; and he's awfully nice. I'm sure it's a good thing. But I can't go away without saying good-bye to you. I *won't* see grandfather, and I won't come to Colwyn. You must come on now at once to the Junction. I'm sending Birdie's carriage for you; it will bring you here now, and you needn't tell anybody. He's writing to grandfather, — Lorry, Lawrence Mellor. You know what kind letters he used to write to me from Chicago. Oh! he is good, Madeleine. Come quick, child. Ever so much love from your affectionate sister, GLADYS.

"You remember all about him. He's a cousin of Birdie's,—a sort of cousin. He's simply awfully good-looking."

Then I was whirled away—I this time in Birdie's carriage—about mid-day on an early day of January. I've got a vision now of the way the birds were popping in and out of the hedges by the sides of the roads I seemed to fly along. There was a light sprinkling of snow on the ground. The richly coloured breasts of one or two bullfinches contrasted with the whiteness. Yellow-hammers, robins, and tomtits were about; sparkling holly-berries and russet haws were in the hedgerows. I was too excited to be miserable. Gladys was in the waiting-room of the little roadside station when I got there. She was alone, I was glad to see. We had a long

time together; Birdie and Gladys had planned it so. Mr Mellor did not appear or disturb us. We were left so long that we had said all we had to say, and had become silent before the little bustle began that preceded the arrival of the train in which Gladys was to go away. We had actually nothing left to say to one another by the time it steamed leisurely alongside of the platform. Only one sentence more Gladys said hurriedly to me as we left the waiting-room,—“I could never have been good at Colwyn, Madeleine, but now I shall be. You know our mother used to say her children couldn't be good when they were unhappy. I never could.” Mr Mellor was taking off his hat to me, and giving directions to the porters about a heap of boxes, immense new boxes, with a name in white letters upon the covers. I wondered how Gladys could have got new things enough to fill so many trunks. He was handsome certainly, but I felt as if I should never get to know Mr Mellor if I were to see him every day; he didn't look the sort of man I could ever know. He was very nice to Gladys though, and made everything comfortable for her in the seat she chose, with her back to the engine, facing me as the train moved off. That was the last time I saw her. She had grey furs on; her little travelling hat even was trimmed with chin-chilla. She had a bunch of Christmas roses in the opening of her jacket. She held up her muff so as partly to hide her face just at first, but before the train had left the Junction station, she was leaning out of the window, and all her face was clear to me.

I don't know how I got back to Colwyn. There was nothing

to look at on the way home, and it was almost dark in the hall as I came in. Eleanor met me at once, and said a gentleman was waiting to speak to me in the drawing-room. Grandmother was waiting too, peeping over the banisters, beckoning to me, but I took no notice of her. It had come into my head all in a moment who was waiting for me, and I was not mistaken. Gladys never had written to tell him not to come.

“Oh, Mr Trelawny,” I said, though the room was too dark for me to see him, “I *am* sorry you are here.”

“No, Madeleine; don't say that,” Jem answered. “Don't be sorry that I came. I know already the worst you can tell me, that Gladys isn't here, and that her not being here means she doesn't wish to see me.”

“No, no,” I began, “that's not the worst—”

But he silenced me quietly, as if nothing could ruffle him. “I'm not altogether selfish, Madeleine,” he went on; “I've got to know that it isn't possible to love very much and be selfish. I don't want to trouble Gladys—I can wait. I came more to tell her—but I would rather tell you—about a change in my prospects” (and as he said that word there was a tone of self-congratulation in his voice), “than to trouble her about caring for me now. I know that nothing can change me; and,” he added, “I have faith in good fortune, almost as much faith in my luck as in my love. I look on a long way—Gladys is so very young—I look on a long way, and—”

“Oh, but, Mr Trelawny,” I burst in at last, “there isn't any way on to look; indeed, indeed there isn't. Gladys was married

yesterday, and she's gone to America."

Just after I said that the door opened, and the servant brought a lamp in, and began to draw down the blinds and close the curtains, and do things that took an immense time to get done. When at last she went away, I looked across at Jem. Then I got up and walked over to the sofa where he was, and sat down beside him so that I couldn't see his face. I wished that the servant hadn't come in with the lamp just then, and that I had never seen any one look so unhappy as he looked. Everything was changed about him all in a minute. I don't know in the least what he said, or remember anything that I said. His voice trembled, and his face was white, and his hand trembled when he took hold of my hand for a moment before he left me. I got a letter from him the next day, a beautiful letter worthy of my old hero, the Sir Galahad I used to think about so much. It seemed odd to me though, because there wasn't anything about his own unhappiness in it—it was all about Gladys, asking questions about her life—but it was very very nice. When Jem was gone that evening I sat on the sofa by myself for a long time. I put the lamp out, and began thinking how dreadful it was to care so very much for anybody; and for the first time in my life, the only time, I felt glad that I wasn't beautiful, and that I could never make any man's face show such suffering as I had seen upon Trelawny's face when he knew about Gladys. I think it must have been grandmother's will or something that got me out of the room and up-stairs at last without any intention of my own, because she came knocking at my bedroom door directly I had shut myself

in. Her frail white face looked quite shocking to me, it was all lighted up with anger from the inside, that glared out of her eyes as if she would have liked to burn me up.

"What have you done with your sister?" she began. "No, you needn't tell me; you've got the mark of Cain upon you now. You said to yourself, 'Am I her keeper?' and God was sending you messages all the time, before the robber got her—stop, I will tell you what else he is besides a robber"—and she came close to me and whispered in a loud whisper, "a murderer. He belongs to the Initiation—he is one of the murderers of beautiful women. Antoinette will die; you will see." Then she flung herself into a chair and began to cry violently and wring her hands, and suddenly she exclaimed again, "I know who you have been talking with downstairs. Jesus Christ Himself has been here; He sat waiting in the drawing-room till you came in to ask for Antoinette—and you sent Him away with a wound in His heart—Him, your Redeemer! . . . No, not yours," she broke off laughing, and after that her talk became quite incoherent, excepting that she said as Eleanor took her away, "Another message will come to-morrow through the angels—too late to save Antoinette."

But Gladys did not die. I got a good many letters from her during her first married year. She described their life to me. They lived in hotels at first; and there was a great deal of excitement going on always. Gladys had as gay a time as any girl could wish for. She said, too, that her husband was very fond of her; and I really think she got to love him a little, or, at least, she was grate-



ful to him. But as the second year passed on I noticed a change beginning. Gladys had been ill; she got some sort of fever, she told me, and she couldn't get her strength up after it; she grew very nervous about herself, and all her spirit left her. She wrote me a very sad letter once. "You know, Madeleine," she said, "I never had anything to make people like me but just my good looks, and now I'm yellow instead of pink and white, so Lorry doesn't care about me so much as he used to do. I get uglier every day. Oh dear! I don't know what to do, I don't know how to get well. Lorry says he's tired of paying doctors' bills. And oh! Madeleine dear, I can't get well, I don't know what to do. I wish sometimes I could get unmarried and be anywhere in England as jolly as I used to be. But then it was horrid being poor. Everything's horrid in the world, I think, and I'm horrid. Your forlorn GLADYS."

The worst of it is, Gladys is poor now. I suppose there are always ups and downs with business men, and perhaps they will be rich again some day, but it's more than a year now since Mr Mellor was made a bankrupt. Birdie was at Chicago when the smash came, and she told me a little about it. Gladys must have had a great deal to bear just then. Mr Mellor wasn't nice to her at all when she felt the change in everything so much; he actually threw it in her face one day that she was a beggar when she married him. How Gladys would have flared up if she had been the Gladys she used to be! but she isn't. I think she has altered a good deal. "I never had any-

thing but my beauty," she often says in her letters, "and now I haven't even that for my husband to make a fuss about. There isn't one of them would love me now, Madeleine, if they could see my sallow cheeks." But I don't believe Gladys has lost her beauty. I don't mean to believe it; why, she isn't one-and-twenty yet. At any rate, if she could only get happy it would all come back. If Gladys could have a child now; perhaps she will some day, people generally have. I sent her photograph to grandmother the other day, but Eleanor wrote to me she threw the carte into the fire, and said it wasn't a picture of Antoinette at all, that the real Antoinette was dead, and this was only an impression, and that it couldn't deceive her. The *real* Antoinette, the *real* Gladys! What have our past selves to do with our present ones? I don't know. What I do know is that Gladys will always be to me the rose that I admire above all flowers.

"La rose est des fleurs tout l'honneur,
Qui en grace et divine odeur
Toutes les belles fleurs surpasse,
Et qui ne doit au soir flétrir,
Comme une autre fleur qui se passe,
Mais en honneur toujours fleurir:
J'aime sur toute fleur décroître,
À chanter l'honneur de la rose."¹

I stayed on at Colwyn for a year after Gladys went away. Grandmother hated me from that day, grandfather was furious. I don't know what Mr Mellor wrote to him—something about money that ought to come to Gladys, I think.

My own allowance from Mr Colwyn dwindled and dwindled; I was very wretched and uncomfortable. At last I took a resolution and went over to see Mrs Wal-

¹ Le Blason de la Rose.

lingford once when she was visiting at Rhoscolyn, and my talk with her got me the half-teacher's situation at Wemyss, and gave me lodging and board and work for two very happy years.

On the afternoon when I was packing up to leave Wales, I took all the relics out of my desk and burnt my treasures, every little scrap of a thing that belonged to my old life—an old diary of Theodora's, a book-marker Gladys had made for me on one of my child birthdays, a letter of mother's that she wrote to us one Christmas when she was away; then Gladys's letters to me written since her marriage, then Mr Trelawny's letter about Gladys. I had thought for a moment of sending that to Gladys, but I burnt it instead; and as I watched its ashes curl and quiver and fly up the chimney, I remembered that Gladys had stood, on one of her last nights at Colwyn, just where I stood then, burning old letters, and that I had seen two of Jem's fly up the chimney just in the same way, and noticed that Gladys was smiling all the time. Why should I care if she didn't? Then I found another letter that I had put away in my desk without thinking. It had come for Gladys soon after her marriage. It was directed in Gilbert Rennie's handwriting. I sat a long time considering whether I should send it to Gladys or not,

and at last I determined that I would; it couldn't matter to her then, and very likely I thought there wasn't anything particular in it; besides, I had no right to keep it from her.

I have often told you that February is my favourite month of the year, the month of promise, when we feel the first throb of life after winter. The throb of hope I felt on the February day when I said good-bye to dreary, wicked Colwyn, did not deceive me. Oh, Joyce, I had not the faintest idea then what happiness means! I had not seen *you* and loved *you*.

Life is quite a different thing to me now from what it ever was before. I don't think there can be anything like friendship. I can hardly believe that our life together is going to begin. What times we shall have — from tomorrow! Yes, I shut up here. This has been a long night's writing. Actually it is getting light, so I don't think I shall go to bed at all, but begin the preparations we planned.

I'm so happy. I suppose I scarcely ought to be when so many people I know had such unhappy lives, and when Gladys is not happy even now. But I simply can't help it.

I am so happy, Joyce. I am so very happy.

E. KEARY.

A MEMOIR OF SIR EDGAR BOEHM.

"I AM in the most delightful difficulties with a life-size equestrian group, and long to get at it in the mornings (and such mornings as we often have), and cannot get away again all day, and then I am so tired that I go night after night to sleep with reproaches at having left all else undone."

So wrote Sir Edgar Boehm four days before November of last year closed. On the 12th of the following month we heard of his death, and have too much reason to believe that it was, in part at least, caused by his devotion to the art for which he lived.

In him we lose the first and greatest of our sculptors, one to whom it has been thought well to confide the execution of most of the monuments by which the nation has honoured her great men during the last thirty years, and whom we almost look on as a countryman of our own, so entirely has he identified himself with us from the time he first landed on our shores during the Hungarian troubles in 1848.

Some of the great workmen of our day have the power of weaving around themselves a golden halo of glorious achievement; but when one comes to inquire for the man apart from his labour, one frequently finds he is practically non-existent. A brilliant exception to these, in his widely felt power of awakening interest and sympathy, is the sculptor who, nearly two score years ago, took his stand by a mountain of marble, from which he has evolved one by one the forms of men, many of whom are veritable kings, each in his own world of war and letters, science and statesmanship.

The rarest of Sir Edgar's great gifts was his power of looking through the mask of the man before him, to where he could see his "sein" beyond, and of finding that again in the stone beneath his hand. Most artists mistakenly content themselves with reproducing features only. This one must know his subject, study his characteristics almost as would a caricaturist, lead him on to talk till his inner being shows itself, and then, if the search has ended in success, the chisel may be left to perform its task for itself. Had we had even one interpreter who could and did go to work thus in each generation throughout our history, half of its vague and antagonistic pages might have remained unwritten. But such must aim at blending a faithful copy of the original with what is to a certain extent a distinct creation, and the number of those whose powers extend thus far, has at all times been rare.

As with others who live with eyes fixed on the work in their hands, Sir Edgar seems to have been almost distressed when he wonderingly found himself within the gates of the Temple of Fame.

"It humbles me to hear them praise my work, when by looking round they can see what men can do and have done," said he one day when his attention was directed to certain well-merited praise on productions of his own; and then he told the tale of the old painter of Sienna, who, with his hands crossed meekly on his breast and head bent reverently low, turned away from his canvas, before which he had stood long in silent meditation, saying, "May God forgive me that I did not do it better."

"I told them that when I gave them my first lecture at the Academy," he went on. "I dare say there was a good deal that they did not listen to that day, but I hope they heard that;" then he in his turn bent his head, unconsciously assuming the attitude of the old father of art, and remained thus for a moment, thinking of those imperfect developments of his own for which he believed absolution was needed.

In connection with Sir Edgar's lectures, it may not be out of place to mention that it was he who first initiated the School of Sculpture in the Royal Academy, thus generously repaying the warm hospitality which our island had extended to him. He frequently urged the injustice of the then conditions of that branch of art on the young men of the day during the presidency of Sir Francis Grant; but the latter listened with apathy, pleading his advancing years as a reason for not making any new departure, especially one to which there was little prospect of sympathy being accorded by the English public whose æsthetic education has at all times advanced so lingeringly.

When Sir Frederick Leighton, earnest, enthusiastic, and generous as the original promoter of the scheme himself, was made President, a move in the desired direction was effected, and among other things the travelling scholarships—those noble rewards of the honourable ambition of young sculptors—were instituted.

It will be news to some to learn how much in the way of encouragement to the neophytes of art has to be done by those who, mindful of their own struggle, unaided, and protracted in some cases almost to the point of despair, determine to evolve leisure out of their occupied

lives, in order that talent and determination may receive meet recognition. Art enjoys no Government grant or protection in England, and the large income of the Royal Academy is derived entirely from the shillings of visitors to the Summer Exhibition. The French Government, on the contrary, is lavish in the aid it gives to aspirants to fame, and is rewarded by the increasing number of young artists who yearly rise from the ranks. These will, with Gallic fervour, deprive themselves almost of daily bread that they may obtain clay or stone in which to embody their conceptions, and win the rich prize with its attendant fame held up to keep hope glowing in their breast.

"They have such natural talent too, the French," Sir Edgar said in discussing the point; "they can do more with their left hand than any of us are able to do with both ours together."

Of Sir Frederick Leighton's own powers as a sculptor Sir Edgar spoke in affectionate admiration, mingled with generous regret that his friend had not so exclusively dedicated himself to this branch of art that he might have disputed with him on his own ground.

"But then he is so great all round," he added, with that enthusiastic loyalty which he always bestowed on those to whom he inclined. "He was born to be our President, and if he had not cared to go in for art, we should have heard of him as the most eloquent debater in the House of Commons."

Sir Edgar himself was a most interesting companion, his subjects of conversation extending over a far longer period of years than his personal appearance suggested. What to most of us, however, constitute the topics of the

day were to him points of almost amusing indifference. "I never read the newspapers," he would explain with apologetic frankness, if called on to give his views on the Eastern or kindred questions. "If anything special takes place, I trust to hearing some one mention it by chance;" and with a feeling of envy of the man who ventured to make the admission, one turned to hear of some conversation with Wagner or anecdote of Whistler: how the "Rienzi" came to be molten into the "Rhein Gold," and "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies" came to be conceived.

Sir Edgar could tell his stories in many tongues. His English was particularly good, the chief distinction between it and that of an entire native, being that his words were more aptly chosen,—his proficiency in this probably being due to the fact that the use of Latin and English was compulsory in the school he attended as a boy, any departure from this rule being punished by a liberal flourish of the cane, he added, smiling. He strongly advocated the use of Latin, "that dead tongue which is destined to survive the living," on the base of his statues, and would not even admit that Tennyson's splendid lines on "the third great Caning," in Westminster Abbey, might not have been more fittingly replaced by a roll of classic hexameters.

Among the most interesting of his recollections are those concerning the Elchi Bey of the Crimea, whose statue will be considered by many among Sir Edgar's finest works. He described the fascinating effect of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe's personal appearance, his stern iron-bound jaw, sparkling blue eye, *clear-cut features, overhanging*

brows, and the haughty carriage of his head.

"Any one who ever saw him under any circumstances," he said, "must have guessed at once how great a man he was." Then he went on to tell stories of the Elchi's passionate temper and good heart, and how he was lord of the Turk and the Russian, and of the Government at home, by right equally of his commanding intellect and his fiery unbridled moods.

"I thought I should have had him down on me once," said Sir Edgar, humorously. "He did not like the bust I had made of him, and, knitting his great brows on me, he shouted out, 'Why, you have made me look like a bad-tempered man!'"

Another story, as being specially characteristic of the sculptor himself, must be given. He was dining with a score of friends, each with a score of years of success upon his shoulders, when the old question was raised as to who would care to go through the pains and pleasures of life a second time. "I would, that I might build up my bird once more," cried that staunch old naturalist Owen.

"And I," said Sir Edgar; "then I would take all my statues off their pedestals and do them over again."

The rest thought with Thackeray—whose bust has likewise come to life under Sir Edgar's hands—"that they would not wish to travel over the ground again, even though the same pleasant days and dear companions attended to lighten the labour."

Sir Edgar occasionally indulged in the pet grumble of the successful man, that the "prohibitive prices" by which he tried to fence himself in from urgent sitters proved no defence. "People crowd

to me now because my prices *are* prohibitive," he declared; and he found it more difficult than ever as time went on, he said some few months ago, to gain time for modelling faces whose only claim was that they interested him.

"And I am not so young now but that I must get what enjoyment out of life I can," he said on the same occasion, and then went on to try to give some little idea of what his profession was to him. "Art is certainly the most selfish of pursuits," he writes still later, "particularly if one has no great chance to give pleasure to future generations with the products; but it is the most engrossing pleasure for one's self." With him the acme of self-indulgence was to call up some great scientist or thinker—a Huxley or a Spencer—and work at a representation of him from love of the sitter's powerful brain alone.

"I never like to part with my toys when I have made them," he used to say. "If I had my own choice, I would never exhibit any of the works of which I am the perpetrator, but keep them all at home."

Carlyle, for whom he owned a special weakness, and whom he placed gloriously on the Thames Embankment, sending him also to Lord Rosebery at Dalmeny, showed his usually strong originality in Sir Edgar's atelier.

"I'll give you twenty-two minutes to make what you can of me," said the man of Heroes one day, storming in at the door in the guise of one of his own northern gales; and he stood there, watch in hand, while that rugged rock, his own massive brow, was carved out.

Hardly had the tiny arrows *shot their last second* to the rear *than Sir Edgar*, who had also

spared a glance for his time-keeper while he drew on his sitter to talk and to forget, pushed his clay aside, and the amused Scotchman give him his two-and-twenty minutes over again, and returned later to be studied to the core, and prove himself the delightful companion he knew how to be when the spirit moved him.

Lord Napier of Magdala was another who needed to be seen and known before he could be placed, field-glass in hand, as a colossal equestrian figure in Waterloo Place. Sir Edgar purloined his first sitting from a portrait, and represented him as a fierce slashing hero, such as seemed meet to storm the grim rock-fortress of Abyssinia and to frown fiery Sikhs into submission; but when the small spare man, with quiet eyes and gentle voice, who continued to do such good service to his Queen until his death two years ago, came into the room, the clay already manipulated was hurled into a corner, and the real Lord Napier called into being instead.

Lord Lawrence is another Eastern hero whom Sir Edgar placed above Pall Mall. This effigy was thought by the public to be out of character with its surroundings; so a ship was chartered, and the statue launched on that sea which so many noble sculptured blocks from Sir Edgar's hands have crossed in turn. "I liked the first one best; but I daresay I am no judge," said the artist, simply, as he described the new one he set up in its place.

In 1877, Sir Edgar sent a fine equestrian statue of the Prince of Wales to Bombay; and it was followed last year by a colossal representation of the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, the late Viceroy of India, who was a personal

friend of his own. The model of this won universal approval when exhibited in London, and the sculptor has also been successful in a marble bust he executed of the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, which, in commemoration of her work in the East, is to be placed in the Zenana Hospital in Calcutta. Lord Dufferin's statue has found an excellent site on the Maidan, near Government House.

Sir Edgar's contributions to our great ecclesiastical sculpture-gallery of St Paul's are a statue of Lord Mayo and a beautiful monument in bronze which was raised in honour of the Hero of Khar-toum at the request of his brother. Memory, when unfettered by her pen, could say much of the touching representation of the gallant soldier who sank out of sight amidst the sands of the African deserts, but fails in the attempt to convey to another the impression produced by that noble face and recumbent form taking at last its rest. A fine position has been secured for it close to the great bronze doors, with their sweet-featured guardians of marble, which lead to Lord Melbourne's vault.

Another popular and brilliantly successful work from Sir Edgar's hand is a lifelike statue of Lord Beaconsfield, the peer's robes failing to conceal the Disraeli of old, who, with full eyelids drooped and head thrown back in his favourite attitude, seems about to step down from his pedestal in the silent Abbey and walk over to the Halls of Speech, to take part in a fiery debate on the other side of the yard.

The great groined roof, retreating into the twilight of its thousand years, was to have given kindly shelter to another sculptured form also chiselled by Sir Edgar Boehm, that of the young

Prince Imperial of France; but it was thought well to reserve this, the National mausoleum, for men more closely connected with us, and the statue accordingly went to Windsor.

In 1846 a long line of twenty-nine dray-horses drew Wyatt's equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington from the foundry to Hyde Park Corner, under the windows of Apsley House. There it remained for forty years, while criticism and defence fought hotly round its base. Ultimately the Noes had it. The Iron Duke galloped away to Aldershot, and Sir Edgar was requested to put up a more worthy representation of the nation's hero in its place.

Sir Edgar has for many years occupied the position of Sculptor-Royal to the English Court. A colossal statue and a bust of our Queen; a magnificent effigy of the Prince Consort, placed in the Park at Windsor, and unveiled by her Majesty's own hand some few months ago; a bust of the late Emperor Frederick; a recumbent statue of the Princess Alice and her little daughter; one of the Duke of Albany in Highland costume; and one of the eldest son of the heir to the throne; with many busts of her faithful friends and servants,—are among the works which our sovereign has graciously commissioned him to execute for her.

To this long list must be added, among others, statues or busts of Sir Francis Drake, William Tyn-dale, Dean Stanley, Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Northbrook, Sir John Burgoyne, Lord Wolseley, Lord Lansdowne, Sir Herbert Stewart, Lord John Russell, General Pitt-Rivers, Mr Froude, Mr Ruskin, Sir John Millais, Mr Gladstone, and Mr John Bright. Sir Edgar mentioned more than once the

pleasure he had had in reproducing the features of the fine old Saxon orator, and spoke with interest of a statue of the same statesman, which was to be placed in the House of Commons, by his gifted and attached friend and pupil, Mr Gilbert, A.R.A. The latter occupied the adjoining studio to that of Sir Edgar in Fulham Road, and the elder sculptor was never more happy than when speaking confidently and with his usual generous warmth of the future awaiting his brother artist.

Sir Edgar Boehm was fortunate in having been brought up in an art-charged atmosphere. His father, who was director of the mint in Vienna, was the possessor of a celebrated collection of works of art; and as this grew, it brought him into touch with most of the connoisseurs of the day. These early learnt to notice the slender bright-faced boy, whose shapely supple hand was already eagerly playing with brush and modelling-tools.

The aim of the elder Mr Boehm was to represent the progress of art from the earliest historical date down to the present day, proposing ultimately to present it to his native city of Pesth. It was, however, unfortunately scattered on his death; and one of the interests of his son has been to trace the household gods of his youth into the great galleries of Europe which have since acquired them. As an example of their value, it may be mentioned that the collection included Albert Dürer's "Crucifixion," now in the Holbein Cabinet at Dresden.

The Boehm family suffered, as *did most Hungarians*, in the 1848 rebellion. One of the brothers

being implicated in it, took refuge in England with Kossuth and other patriots; and partly for that reason, partly on account of the interest and admiration which Mr Boehm, in common with many of his countrymen, felt for our institutions and customs, the future sculptor was sent to finish his education among us.

The next three years he spent in Paris, receiving there a medal for a group of rearing cart-horses. After that he went to Italy, where he obtained the "Prix de Rome," an imperial gift. This success was important, as it freed him from military conscription, the country looking on the recipient of the distinction as worthy of a better fate than being made a billet for some stray bullet.

Honours were from the first cast freely to the popular young sculptor by different cities; but England remaining the land of his choice, he was naturalised here in 1862, though he continued to look on his birthplace with affectionate interest.

He became Associate of the Royal Academy, and full Academician in turn, and in 1889 her Majesty was pleased to bestow on him the title of baronet, an act, it may be presumed, which gave some pleasure to herself, as she had for long condescended to look on the sculptor with special favour.

A public magazine is a place in which matters of domestic interest may only be lightly touched; but this sketch cannot be concluded without an allusion to the bereavement which Sir Edgar sustained in the death of his wife, a death which was only by four short months to precede his own. In a touching letter, written early in September of last year, he alludes to his irreparable loss, and the

thirty years of happy married life he enjoyed with her, the best of wives and mothers. Lady Boehm's last days were clouded by terrible physical suffering; but this never seems to have prevented her from sympathising with her husband's successes, and proving herself his best and most far-sighted critic. Her knowledge of art was not exceptionally great, but her judgment was sound, and she had a wonderful power of gauging the popularity any work was likely to enjoy.

"If my wife approve, the public will," remarked Sir Edgar on one occasion; "but if she condemn, I may as well give the thing up."

No memoir of Sir Edgar Boehm would be complete without mention of his great affection for and power of delineation of animal life. An equestrian statue was with him a labour of love, for the sake of the noble animal to be placed on the pedestal; and some of the earliest, and therefore, doubtless, the dearest of his triumphs, were won in this field. His Wellington war-horse has heard great praise. The Duke of Westminster has at Eaton a splendid equine group from his hand. The Duke of Portland, Lord Rosebery, and Lord Rothschild are the fortunate possessors of others. A colossal lion and lioness are to be seen at Holkham; and a fountain with a sea-lion in black marble has been placed by Sir Edgar on the staircase of the beautiful house of his friend, Sir John Millais. A life-size group of a bull and herdsman, and one of St George and the Dragon, have carried his fame to

the other side of the world, and now adorn the National Gallery of Melbourne.

These and many another noble work by which the list might be swelled, remain with us to bear testimony to the power and the versatility of the genius of Sir Edgar Boehm; and such as believe in the transmission of hereditary characteristics will consider that those Hungarian ancestors of his, who spent their existence in sweeping over the plains beyond the Danube, have not been without their influence in determining the career of the Landseer of marble.

The last of his completed works was one with which it was well he should bid farewell to this world for the increase of whose beauty he has added his mite: the statue of Frederick of Germany, which has been placed within the chapel at Windsor by our Queen, and was unveiled by her three days after the sculptor's death.

And now nothing remains but, in our turn, to say farewell to one who endeared himself to all who knew him by the gentleness and loveliness of his nature, who lived with a hand outstretched to help and encourage strugglers in his own profession, who spoke ill of none, and who rated his own powers low and those of others high; one to whom art was a religion, and who died happy, in that age had not yet curbed the flight of his idealism, or marred the subtlety of his touch, and that as yet he had taken no step from the full meridian of his glory towards his setting.

CONSTANCE EAGLESTONE.

"ZÉ POVINHO," THE PORTUGUESE PEASANT.

It is scarcely possible to look through a Portuguese comic paper without making acquaintance with "Zé Povinho," and the portrait, however unflattering, varies as little as that of our own John Bull. A short, square-shouldered, poverty-stricken figure, a face in which stupidity and cunning are skilfully blended; "the one who pays for all,"—that is, for all the mistakes and peculations of his superiors, but without getting any advantages himself,—such is the typical "José," the Paddy of Portugal, the representative of the people. As in all caricatures, some characteristics have been exaggerated, and many have been entirely omitted. Any one who knew the Irish as they were twenty years ago, before the present agitation had gathered way, will require but little personal description of the Portuguese peasant of to-day, as the similarity is most striking. One sees the same delight in makeshifts, the same ingenuity in applying objects to any and every use but that for which they were intended, the same kindness of heart, civility, readiness to tell a lie "to plaze yer honor," or any other reason, and also the same want of cleanliness; but where Paddy would be in rags, José's working suit is patched with divers materials until it resembles his namesake's coat of many colours. A marked difference also at once appears when the too common drunkenness of the one nation is contrasted with the sobriety of the other; but on this subject I shall have more to say further on.

A fine day in spring or summer

is the time to see the rising generation, as represented by urchins of all ages up to six or eight, who are generally busily engaged in making "mud," or more probably "dust pies," by the roadside. Few of them have on more than a short shirt, which at this time of the year is considered sufficient clothing, and on rare occasions the younger ones have not even that. At eight or ten they begin to work, sometimes trotting along ahead of the oxen if their father is a carter, or they fetch and carry and hold the hod for masons, or assist in the fields. One way or another, they begin very young to add something to the family earnings. This, be it remarked, is in direct opposition to the education laws, a study of which would lead to a belief that Portugal was, in this respect, one of the most advanced countries in Europe, whereas actual experience shows that few countries are so backward. By the system of education which became law in 1878, attendance at a Government school is obligatory on all children from six to twelve years of age living within a radius of a mile from the school, and not receiving instruction at home or elsewhere. The school hours are to be regulated so as to interfere as little as possible with the daily work of the children, and those of nine years old and upwards, employed in agriculture or manufactures, may, by special leave, attend only half the regular school hours. A noteworthy clause is that which authorises parochial authorities to furnish to those who are extremely poor wearing apparel, books, or other ab-

solute necessities, to enable them to attend school. Teachers are obliged to show certificates of qualification received at examinations held under Government supervision. They are paid a fixed salary, minimum £22, and grants regulated by the attendance and the number of pupils who pass the final examination. The total amount is generally very small, and the payment by Government constantly in arrears. One of the favourite subjects of satire in the comic papers is the Prime Minister, or other high Government official, grown fat and rich, while the unfortunate schoolmaster, reduced to a skeleton by want, approaches and begs for payment of his hard-earned salary to keep him from actual starvation. In the daily papers one constantly sees indignant notices that in some country district the salaries are months overdue, and drawing attention to the hardship thereby inflicted on the teachers. The subjects of instruction are "reading, writing, arithmetic to fractions, elements of Portuguese grammar, principles of the metric and decimal systems, elements of drawing, and the doctrines of morality and Christianity." For girls needlework is added to the above.

So much for the law, which appears to be a well-organised, practical plan for the education of the lower classes, and one which, allowing sufficient time for a new generation to grow up, should make it difficult to find a boy who had not some knowledge of the subjects included in the elementary curriculum. It is of course difficult to form a correct judgment on the subject, but when one sees children aged eight and nine years employed in daily work from sunrise to sunset, without yet knowing the

alphabet, it is but natural to conclude that, for many years to come, the Education Act will have but comparatively slight effect on the general ignorance. The fact is that this law, like most others in Portugal, is only partially enforced, so that probably half the children within the limits of age, especially in the rural districts, never see the inside of a schoolhouse. There are no recent education statistics; but from personal experience of many hundreds of working men, I should say that at present not above ten per cent can read a newspaper, or write a note or memorandum of any kind. I constantly have my attention drawn to the fact, that if a man shows more than average ability he is almost certain to know how to read and write, and I cannot help concluding that even the limited instruction he received has developed his general intelligence, and raised him above his more ignorant companions. The English clodhopper is generally depicted as one of the most stupid of mankind, and he is probably worse than the Portuguese, who has a great deal of natural shrewdness which serves him on all subjects of which he has personal experience. It does not, however, help him to the most simple notions of cause and effect, so that if given work out of his usual routine, only constant supervision will prevent him from making the most stupid blunders. Amongst Portuguese workmen—and I now allude to those who have learnt a handicraft—there is what I may style, without exaggeration, a national want of the perception of accuracy. There is an unfortunate expression "a little more or less," and this is in constant use, verbally and practically. A door may gape at the top or bot-

tom, windows almost invariably rattle in their sashes, but you will never persuade the carpenter that his work is badly done: he will acknowledge the existence of what are pointed out as defects, and answer, "That's no harm—what does it matter?" From the same cause, straight or parallel lines and right angles, the careful carrying out of which makes all the difference in the finished look of work, are also "a little more or less"; and the vagaries of a furrow in any ploughed field must be seen to be appreciated. The actual supply of first-rate workmen is practically *nil*, and the artisan is not only unequal to the production of excellence in his special line, but, what is worse, does not possess the moral faculty of judging and enjoying the sight of perfect specimens of workmanship. Stone-cutting seems to have been for centuries an art in which the Portuguese have excelled; this and silversmith's work are the two crafts which may be exempt from the sweeping condemnation passed on the artisan of the present day.

The amusements of the peasant are very limited, the principal one being the *festas*, which take place at intervals all over the country. The traveller will often see tiny chapels perched on the summits of hills, or studded promiscuously in the lowlands. At each of these, as well as at the parish church, the day of the patron saint is celebrated by a *fête*, and the whole country-side collects and passes the time in a curious mixture of religion and worldliness. Some of these *festas*—as Nossa Senhora d'Agonia at Vianna, Matthosinhos near Porto, and S. Torquato between Guimarães and Fafe—last several days, and are attended by people from all parts of the

country. There is little or no variation in the play-bill: rockets in the blazing sunlight, sometimes a religious procession, and this is a spectacle which José loves, and of which he never tires. Mass is celebrated at intervals, and one or more amateur brass bands delight the crowd with music more noisy than artistic. At the small gatherings the people are acquainted with one another, and pass most of the time in discussing the gossip of the neighbourhood: this is an unfailing resource, for the Portuguese is as naturally loquacious as the Englishman is silent, and expresses himself with ease and fluency. A friend of mine lately met a Brazilian on board one of the large mail-packets, and in the course of conversation the latter remarked: "I have heard your best speakers at Westminster, I have been to the French Chamber, I have attended debates in my own country, but none of them can compare with the Portuguese. In your Parliament you have a few men who can speak; in the Cortes they all can." Though José often takes his own provisions, yet there is a great demand for refreshments, such as cakes, water-melons, and light wines, which are consumed in quantities. Perhaps some one speculates in a cock, which is hung from a rope so that its head may dangle about eight feet from the ground; a rusty sword is produced, and each person provided with a ticket has a right to a stroke. Owing to the bluntness of the sword, success is more due to luck than skill, as a great deal of hacking has to be done before the head is severed, and the body becomes the property of the lucky swordsman. Nowadays the cock is killed before being hung up, but cruelty is a word not un-

derstood as a rule. Some of the holiday-makers bring a guitar, and here and there a group may be seen going through the figures of a national dance with ludicrous solemnity, the musician joining in with the rest. Dancing is often kept up on the way home, the girls singing, and the whole party snapping their fingers in time to the music. It is then that a foreigner cannot fail to be astonished at the sobriety of the people, and one thinks with shame of the scenes after a similar meeting in Great Britain or Ireland.

The *Esfolhada*, or husking maize, is another occasion for meeting and merry-making. When the corn-cobs have been gathered into the barn, the farmer chooses an evening and invites all his friends to a kind of "Bee." He provides wine and any inexpensive refreshments he may think fit, and when the day's work and supper are finished the guests drop in fast. The corn is piled on the threshing-floor, and a circle is formed round it. Many willing hands soon begin to show results, and the great heap is gradually reduced. One of the unwritten rules is that any one finding a red cob may kiss all the girls present; and of course the expedient of bringing the necessary "mistletoe bough" is often resorted to by the festive spirits of the party. There is sure to be at least one guitar, which is in constant requisition, and as surely will be found one or more persons of either sex ready to sing, or, more accurately, to yell at the top of their voices. The national songs or *fados* have generally silly words but pretty airs, with a distinct tendency to sadness, especially if the time is slow. Most likely, however, the words are improvised to a monotonous

strumming on the guitar, the rhyme being generally limited to putting on a strongly accented final "e" at the end of each line. In the latter case the words are full of personal allusions to those present, and occasional shouts of laughter show how the hits are appreciated. There is a constant hum of conversation and plenty of rough chaff; while an occasional dance, for which the young people are quite ready, makes a welcome break in the evening's work.

Of sports, as we understand the word, there is practically nothing. The *Jogo do Pau*, or quarter-staff play, is practised to a certain extent, but no more actually learnt than is boxing by the same class in England, though each is no doubt the national mode of defence. Some country wine-shops have a bowling court attached, and on Sunday and holiday afternoons it is generally in use, but cards inside the shop are found much more attractive. Some time before the beginning of Lent there breaks out an epidemic of masquerading, which increases in intensity as Shrove Tuesday approaches, and reaches its climax on that day. Not only in the towns, but also in the country, is this amusement in favour. The costumes are composed of any outlandish garments that come to hand; but a paper mask and a voice disguised in a shrill falsetto are imperative. A favourite character is what looks like a Christy Minstrel without the banjo or bones, but which is really a caricature of an obsolete country dress. Bands of these maskers promenade the streets and roads, to the delight of all the children they meet; people stand at the doors and windows looking out for them, and provoke a good-

tempered war of words, and occasionally pelt them with small packets of starch, which burst like shells, and cover them with flour. If the masqueraders are supplied with like ammunition, a smart skirmish ensues. Quiet passers-by who show they do not wish to take part in the fun are very rarely molested. Lastly, there is the bull-ring, and this, though apparently in the same class as the theatre, which I do not include, draws largely from the surrounding country districts, probably on account of being a daylight amusement, thus giving the spectators time to reach their homes before night. The love of a bull-fight, though continuing in the southern provinces, had of late years very much died out to the north of the Mondego; and Porto had been for years without a bull-ring; but lately some speculators revived the sport, and the large attendances show that its attraction for the general public is again increasing.

Portugal is essentially an agricultural country, and manufactures, though fast increasing, do not yet employ any appreciable number of the population. In proof of this may be mentioned the heavy duty, and other prohibitions on imported bread-stuffs, by which the farmer is benefited at the expense of the public. On the death of a proprietor, the law here, as in France, obliges the division of property into three equal parts: one of these goes to the widow, one is divided amongst the children, and the third can be left as desired. There is no limit to the subdivision of land except that imposed by the lord of the manor, when the property, *as in most cases*, is liable to ground-

rent, and the result is that most of the farms are ridiculously small. Many of them include a strip of pinewood or waste land, perhaps at a considerable distance from the house, and thence is obtained a cartload or more of furze, heather, &c., which is thrown down in the farmyard or near the entrance, and when well trodden by the cattle, and rotted by the winter rains, forms, as a rule, the only manure used on the farm—at all events, in country and inland districts. In the neighbourhood of towns the culture of the land is often left to the women and children, and, if necessary, one or more farm-servants are kept—the owner in some cases obtaining employment in the town, and returning home at night; in others, only taking or sending his bullocks to work for hire when not required at home. When circumstances render it impossible to supplement the product of the farm by wages, the subdivision of the land soon approaches the utmost limit which will support a family, and the younger members know they must earn their livelihood elsewhere. This is in most points a parallel case to that much debated one of the Irish peasant and the Scotch crofter, but I have never heard of any trouble in this country on that account. The Portuguese, instead of insisting on starving under the paternal roof, cheerfully accepts the inevitable, and as soon as he is old enough to leave home, either hires himself to a farmer or is apprenticed to some trade. When grown up, and feeling confidence in himself, the possibility of emigrating is considered, and is carried into practice with far more pluck and energy than is shown by our own countrymen under

similar circumstances. The chief practical difficulty is the compulsory military service, but there are ways of evading even that; and though one often sees accounts in the papers of men having been arrested for attempting to leave the country while still liable to conscription, yet I have no doubt that these are exceptions, and that either their plans were badly arranged, or they were unable to spend sufficient money in the proper quarters. Brazil is to the Portuguese what America is to the Irish: there they have relations and friends who can generally put them in the way of getting employment, and, until lately, often gave or advanced money to pay their expenses. Now, however, the Brazilian Government gives free passages to emigrants, and almost all go by large steamers. It is scarcely possible, therefore, to see, as one did formerly, a sailing vessel go over the Oporto bar accompanied to the end of the pier by a crowd of women who, between their sobs, screamed last adieus to their relatives on board.

Wages are very low, especially when the crushing duties are taken into account. Ordinary labourers get thirteen or fourteen pence a day; carpenters, stone-masons, coopers, &c., from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d.; the latter amount is given only to head-men. Children are set to work as soon as any one will give them employment, and earn a few pence; but in most cases the peasant is miserably poor in spite of the most rigid economy. When illness comes the struggle is hard indeed; for though friends and relatives are most kind-hearted, yet they have but little to spare, and can render comparatively little assistance. The payment of

a fixed sum to certain religious orders gives a right to free medical advice, the use of their infirmaries in case of illness, a home in the asylum in extreme old age or infirmity, and a decent burial; but in the latter case all the property belonging to the deceased is claimed by the order. There are also benefit societies which, for a weekly subscription of a few pence, give advice and medicine free, while some of them add an allowance for each day that the member is certified by the medical officer as being unable to work. Licences to beg are issued by the municipal authorities on documentary evidence from a medical man and the parish priest that the petitioner is incapacitated by injury or illness from earning a living.

The real *bête noir* of the young peasant is the conscription, and for years beforehand he and his relatives plan and calculate how it may be avoided. Up to 1887 a substitute or a payment of about £40 was accepted, and a common arrangement was for several young fellows, who would become liable for service in the same year, to club together and provide the sum necessary to free the one on whom the lot might fall. Now, however, the law is that "military service is obligatory and personal, remissions and substitutes being prohibited." The Government issues a notice of the number of recruits to be furnished by each district, and these are again subdivided by local authorities until the quota of each parish is fixed. Exemption from service may be claimed by those who are under the regulation height of five feet and three-quarters of an inch, by the eldest or only son of a widow, the eldest brother amongst orphans, those who have completed a course of study at

Coimbra University and certain academies and medical schools, or who have taken priests' orders. Various other circumstances may be pleaded, but these are the most common. Every lad on attaining the age of twenty, and not included in any of the above-mentioned classes, is obliged to present himself for medical inspection, and is then passed as (1) fit for service; (2), under medical surveillance; or (3), unfit for service. Those included in class 2 are liable to annual inspection for three years, and if still rejected are then free. This is the occasion when all possible influence is brought to bear on the authorities with a view to deferring the evil day, and by luck or favour escaping altogether. Out of 5729 men called up from one district for the annual inspection in 1888, only 3230 were declared fit for service. The final choice is fixed by lot, those drawing from No. 1 up to the full number required having to serve, and the others are passed to the second reserve, which practically means being free. The nominal time in the ranks is three years; in the first reserve, which is composed of time-expired soldiers, five years; in the second reserve four years, but after six months' actual service a certain number of men may be allowed to return to their homes, "if it be considered desirable in the interest of the industries and agriculture of the country." This permission is largely taken advantage of by the Government to reduce the army expenditure, and "skeleton regiments" are very common. I remember reading a speech of Lord Wolseley's in which he strongly upheld the advantages of a handsome uniform by the argument that it caused admiration for the wearer, and that this

knowledge, by giving him a good opinion of himself, gave also a higher moral status. The opposite case is daily exemplified by the Portuguese soldier. It is rare to see a man well set-up, or looking as if he had any pride in his profession. The dingy uniform attracts neither attention nor admiration, and the wearer slouches along with his hands in his pockets or round the neck of a comrade. Great allowance must of course be made for a service which is obligatory and distasteful, but in other Continental countries the drill-sergeant shows a better result for his time and trouble.

One of the most striking and universal of Zé's characteristics is his utter distrust of all persons placed in authority over him, from the Prime Minister down to the last man who can order him about. They one and all are suspected of looking to their own interests, and making the most of their chances, regardless of the duties and obligations of their positions. That such should be the case he takes as a matter of course, and, no doubt, would be quite ready to do the same should the opportunity present itself. In this country accepting a *quid pro quo*, or even exacting it for service rendered, is considered no more immoral than paying for goods bought at a shop. The length to which this may be carried varies with each man; but let the principle once be established, and it is easy to see that in a position of authority, poorly remunerated, the temptation to make the most of what are considered the perquisites of office is very great.

Bad as this is in any position, it becomes infamous when applied to legal decisions, and the perquisite

takes the form of a bribe. The mode of bestowing the same is of course judiciously chosen and delicately executed. The power of postponing trials on frivolous pretexts is a ready means of tiring out the patience and resources of a poor litigant, and is also useful in *causes célèbres* for allowing public indignation and interest to subside. How much correctness there may be in Zé's belief in the general employment of bribery and corruption it is impossible to say, but it is certain that his expectation of final success depends less on the justice of his cause than on being able to employ money or influence in the proper quarters. If the case be lost the result is attributed to the superiority of the other side, in the exercise of the usual means of obtaining a favourable verdict. I do not think Zé can be called litigious; it is too expensive and uncertain a luxury for him to venture on were he so minded, and he is not. The political and legal morality of the country being such, it is not surprising that certain social relations are in much the same state. A peasant woman suffers little or no loss of reputation by having an illegitimate child, and the official report for the Porto district gives 3684 legitimate and 1262, or 25 per cent, illegitimate children, as born in 1888. This looseness of morals is a source of considerable trouble amongst domestic servants, and is the more to be deplored as these still retain many of the qualities with which the English of a past generation are credited. They are respectful, hard-working—in a plodding style—very early risers, honest, and affectionate.

José, as might be expected, is very superstitious, but it is his gudewife Maria who goes to the

extreme in this respect. Even from her it is difficult to get any information, and only at long intervals will some chance occurrence lead her to speak on the subject. The white-robed, churchyard-haunting ghost does not seem to visit this country, though there exists a belief in good and evil spirits apart from that taught by the Church. The prevalent superstitions take more the form of incantations as a cure for disease, the consulting of fortune-tellers, and a belief in luck. Indeed José is a thorough fatalist, and this frees him to a surprising extent from the fear of infectious diseases, at the same time that it makes him more liable to them from his conviction that no precautions of his can be of any avail.

Such is "Zé Povinho" as I have known him for a number of years. But the difficulty of acquiring a thorough knowledge of the home life and ideas of one class by a member of another is well known; and when to this is added a difference of nationality, the difficulty is immensely increased. I can only express my firm conviction that the Portuguese peasants are worthy of being both liked and esteemed, and, on the whole, will not suffer by comparison with those of any other country. I should mention that my remarks only refer to the inhabitants of the northern provinces, those to the south differing in many respects, and in disposition approaching more to the Spaniards.

The events following the celebrated "Ultimatum" of last January in no way changed my opinion of José. He took no part in the petty annoyances which the English residents had to endure, and which proceeded almost entirely from the middle

and lower-middle classes and a certain section of the press. The sudden prominence given to the Republican party since that event has had a marked influence on him. He has been flattered, appealed to, and in every way has had the idea of his own importance continually crammed down his throat, in spite of the apathy with which he received these attentions. The political agitator has appeared on the scene, and holds out a republic as the only cure for the numberless ills from which the country suffers. Factory hands, artisans, &c., are always the first to embrace republican ideas, and the present case is no exception to the rule. Trades-unions have been formed, and employers of labour are already beginning to feel their

power; and it is certain that in a short time the working man will make, and possibly obtain, demands which would have been considered outrageous a couple of years ago. I believe, however, that the actual peasant neither understands the ills of his country nor cares what the form of government may be. He suffers from a very heavy indirect taxation, from want of justice, and from want of power of making his grievances heard and getting redress; but he has not reached that depth of misery which manifests itself in an overthrow of existing institutions. Should such an event take place, it will be due to the efforts of another class; and though José may accept the change, he will take no active part in bringing it about.

A SONG IN WINTER.

You turn the gloom to gold!
 The skies are grey, and the sea;
 And the old year's fingers cold
 Have left not a leaf on the tree;
 And the landward winds still moan and scold,—
 Yet nothing reck to me,
 Whose gloom is turned to gold!

But in greenest growth of the spring
 So but we two be apart,
 And what's the song the birds sing
 To my sick, sore, weary heart,—
 Though in anthems high the glad woods ring,
 And when cuckoo is gone the nightingale's king,—
 If we, sweet *Briar*, are apart, apart,
 In the flush o' the fairest spring!

C. W. B.

GEORGE MACDONALD AS A POET.

"When the Eve has its last streak,
The Night has its first star."

AMONG the happiest tributes ever paid by one son of song to another was that bestowed on Wordsworth by Matthew Arnold, in the memorable lines where he says of him—

"He was a Priest to us all
Of the wonder and bloom of the world,
Which we saw with his eyes and were
glad."

And truly this is not only happy as an ascription of homage to the individual poet, but, as a description, it is the most felicitous we know, of what constitutes, in the true sense, the poet by pre-eminence. It is a crystallising in words of the supreme quality distinguishing the "Dii Majores" of the lyre—that quality, without which other endowments, such as wealth of fresh imagery, music of expression, and power to seize and portray characters and feelings, although most precious as auxiliaries, will yet fail, apart from a diviner gift, to reach the true aureole of the Muse.

In the case of the great Pan of the Lakes, it was this power, frequently yet only fitfully manifested even by him, of what we are inclined to call "Orphic Song," that has made the name of Wordsworth the greatest in English literature since Milton, and one of the Three Mighties in the field of English as distinguished from Scottish poetry.

In conversation on one occasion with H. Crabb Robinson, Wordsworth came nearest to a revelation of the secret of this mystic power—the occasion, namely, when he let fall the observation as to how

common things can be glorified, in the words, "The imagination must irradiate an object *with that infinity without which there is no poetry.*" This, when interpreted, must mean that only when an object is linked on to, and lit up in the light of, the infinite and the eternal, is there any radiance on the horizon, or any vista of hope or joy encircling it beyond this visible diurnal sphere.

It is this "Orphic" element, characterising the great Hierophant of Nature in his higher moods, that has been transfused, as is now well known, from him and his twin-brother Coleridge, through Keats and Shelley and Tennyson, into the main stream of our English verse during the present century; and wherever this element cannot be found, there we may feel sure there is no true title to the supreme dignity of poetry, and we look in vain for the inspiration and the poet's dream—

"The light that never was on sea or
land."

Through the might of this mystic power Wordsworth was enabled to irradiate the common sights and sounds of nature so largely with the light of eternal beauty, and to reveal to us, as none ever did before him with such potency, the glory of the visible world as the symbol of a divine and invisible omnipresence. Hence to him the radiance of mystery surrounding the meanest flower that blows, and the inscrutable depths of feeling in the human heart, which is dowered

to be the interpreter of that mystery. All this vision, as Arnold expresses it, of "the wonder and bloom of the world," he taught us to see with his eyes as a fresh revelation, for the world was through this new Orpheus touched with a new emotion, the most fruitful and potential¹ in the domain of Poesy known to this latter age and time. Perhaps the most notable trophy of this Orphic spell as exerted by Wordsworth is the Titanic Muse of Lord Byron. That proud and strong spirit long resisted, but in the end succumbed, while snorting scorn and indignation, to drink deep finally of the love of nature as distilled from Wordsworth, and imbibed through the medium of Shelley, so that in the later cantos of "Childe Harold" he too has learned the mystic mood, and, as he elsewhere expresses it, can find it joy,

"To bend upon the mountains high
The quiet of a loving eye."

Thus Byron, the Titanic, has grown Orphic, and become a priest of "the wonder and bloom of the world."

Have we still among us, apart from Tennyson, any of this bright succession, full of light and light-giving—any of this "priestly" race still surviving? Can we point to any living poet who can claim to fulfil the high ideal, one to whom this definition of an "Orphic" seer can be applied? The question is one of deepest interest, affecting as it does the present honour and the future hopes of our literature, and to this question the following paper is intended to be a reply.

After the fullest and fairest appraisal of most of the English poets now living, many of them, doubtless, brilliant artists in rhyme, clever at dashing off nice *vers de société*, and one or two possessing music and force, with only a sounding vacuum devoid of thought, justice compels the conclusion that, apart from the Laureate, there is one, and we fear only one, whose claim stands out pre-eminent for this Orphic crown: one in whom the Laureate might recognise a younger brother carrying on the true succession. This conclusion was forced home upon us when we observed that the poet to whom we refer has made bold to describe his poetic function under parallel imagery to that used by Matthew Arnold, but with a richness and freedom marking that imagery as unborrowed and his own. The parallel words are these:—

"Thy Holy Ephod bound on me,
I am a gifted seer:
For still in things Thou mak'st me see,
The unseen grows more clear:
Still their indwelling Deity
Speaks plainer in mine ear."

Accordingly, in this priestly function he claims to become a revealer of mysteries, and apostrophising the Heart, as God's vicegerent and high interpreter within this universe, he bids it

"Unroll
The stars, the world, the seas,
A mighty wonder-painted scroll
Of Patmos mysteries:
Then Meditate *on* my soul
And better things than these."

It would be difficult to find a more just and apt expression than these lines present of what is meant

¹ The depth of Wordsworth's influence can best be measured by judging the intensity of emotion which Shelley expresses in his Sonnet to Wordsworth, and Browning in his "Lost Leader." Their abjuration of him politically only deepens and intensifies the poetic homage they were constrained yet felt proud to yield.

by the priestly function, as Arnold calls it, of the highest poets, or of the Orphic element, as we are inclined to style it, in the supreme region of the Muse.

The author of these lines is George MacDonald; and although he has written many that might seem more felicitous as a frontispiece, they may be accepted as an appropriate starting-point, since they show clearly, to those qualified to judge, the true and potential quality of his muse. We propose to open the casket of his poetry, with a view to let the lovers of high song know the treasures lying there, as in a mine, for their exploration, and in the course of our investigations we hope to indicate how far he can claim to have answered his own lofty ideal.

It may be a surprise to many who know him only in another capacity to hear of him in such relation, and we think we hear some one exclaim: "What! George MacDonald a Poet! We know him and the world knows him as a Novelist, and a writer of Prose Fictions many and various, and of as various quality; but a Poet?—as such we know him not."

And yet a poet he is by nature and the grace of God; he is a prose-writer and novelist only in the second resort, by what we deem an evil fate, the compulsion of "the Row" and the yoke of the publishers, who have too long bound him in shackles as their slave. Moreover, it is always to be remembered that his first homage was given to the Muse; that it was as a poet that George MacDonald first made his mark; by the poems of his early days he gained the ear of a select but admiring few, and the four volumes of verse out of the ten composing his collected 'Works of Fancy and Imagination,' as far back as

1871, constitute a noble evidence, as well as enduring monument, of his poetic power. Not that he is at all times equally felicitous either in treatment or in theme—Wordsworth himself, as we could show, had his weaker times, and fell not seldom below his own ideal—not that he has always the sustained strength of Tennyson—that calm and equable poise which remind us so often of the Virgilian Muse; not that he can be exempted from the charge of having tossed out his poems sometimes without the final touches, and with signs of haste and immaturity. All these deductions fall now and again to be made; but notwithstanding, and in spite of all weaker elements, it will be found that there is in his poems a large proportion of the purest gold, without inferior alloy, and we even make bold to say that in native gift of poetic insight he was born with a richer dower than has fallen to any of our age now living since Alfred Tennyson saw the light of day.

This sounds an ample, if not ambitious, proposition. It can, however, be made good to the full measure of its import; for, in spite of the servitude which it has been his fate to endure to what in a Prospero so gifted we must deem the Caliban of prose fiction, MacDonald has left hostages sufficient to acquit him of neglecting the Ariel-like faculty with which he was endowed; and while we may regret that under other and happier auspices he might have enriched the world with poems more numerous and of larger—perhaps epic—scope, he could not have excelled *in quality* many of the gems which he has given us, some of which are of a ray serene that will make them, in our belief, sparkle on the forefinger of Time for ever. And here

we may remark apologetically : George MacDonald is not the first poet hailing from benorth the Tweed, who has allowed himself in his literary course to be whirled off into the region of Fiction out of the empyrean of the Muse. The great Sir Walter immediately occurs to us as a typical example of the same phenomenon. Each of these Northern Lights begins with poetry, and each, when midway, or nearly so, in his course, descends from the poetic car and mounts the omnibus of prose, reaping pecuniarily a larger harvest, and multiplying the area of distinction, but not enhancing or deepening the *lustre* of his renown. It deserves to be noted also that the author of 'Waverley' made the transition with a sort of misgiving, as if he felt he was falling away from his original loyalty to the Muse, to which cause we may partly ascribe the long *incognito* he maintained. The advent of the stronger eagle of the Byronic Muse hastened, as we know, the migration ; and to the 'Giaour' we owe indirectly those prose romances of Sir Walter which are the delight of humanity, and which have added a larger increment than ever came from any single literary work that can be named to the enjoyment and happiness of mankind.

What may have been the propelling causes in the case of George MacDonald, leading him to a similar withdrawal from his first allegiance, it would be hazardous, in the absence of proper evidence, to conjecture. It is possible, although we do not affirm it as more than probable, that one disturbing element has been the desire to influence opinion theologically as a preacher rather than as a poet, and hence may have suggested itself, as a vehicle for theo-

logical views, the prose fiction, to which he has given so much of his strength and power. Be this as it may—and we must not be held as passing any opinion on his theology—we fear, as a matter of fact, that the result has been unfavourable to the full-orbed brightness of his fame, and that just like Burns, whose dabbings in theology have not helped but retarded his full fame, and who is great not because of but in spite of his sallies into such regions, so MacDonald has lost as much as he gained by the tempting diversion from his primal walk into the wilderness of prose fiction.

There is one region in which the muse of MacDonald may be said to walk alone—the domain, namely, of Faery Fancy and Eerie Imagination. Into this realm he has penetrated further than any of our poets since the bard of "Bonnie Kilmeny" passed away. Here we refer not merely to his noble handling in general of the supernatural, as witness his deft treatment of a vision of Hallowe'en in his weird Scotch ballad of "All Souls' Eve," nor can we do more than simply cite his "Somnium Mystici," an attempt to tread with Dante the regions of the unseen ; we appeal, at present, rather to the felicity with which, even on the soil of this common world, he unclasps the Book of Fairyland, and, scattering airy fancies, wiles from Queen Mab the most fantastic improvisations of her power. Among his poems for children, take, for example, his picture of the sun, given under the title, "What makes Summer?" Every word is level to the infant comprehension ; and yet the iridescence shed from the urn of fancy over the sights and sounds of nature, makes the picture glorious, even

to the mature and philosophic mind. To the question, "What makes Summer?" the reply is supposed to be addressed to a group of open-eyed children, and here is the reply:—

" 'Tis the Sun that rises early,
Shining, shining all day rarely;
Drawing up the larks to meet him,
Earth's bird-angels, wild to greet him;
Drawing up the clouds, to pour
Down again a shining shower;
Drawing out the grass and clover—
Blossoms breaking out all over;
Drawing out the flowers to stare
At their father in the air—
He all light, they, how much duller,
Yet son-suns of every colour;
Drawing out the flying things—
Out of eggs, fast-flapping wings;
Out of lumps like frozen snails,
Butterflies with splendid sails;
Drawing buds from all the trees;
From their hives the buzzy bees;
Living gold from earthy cracks—
Beetles with their burnished backs;
Drawing laughter out of water,
Smiling small suns as he taught her;
Sending winds to every nook,
That no creature be forsook;
Drawing children out of doors,
On two legs or on all-fours;
Drawing out of gloom and sadness
Hope and blessing, peace and gladness;
Making man's heart sing and shine
With his brilliancy divine."

—(Vol. iii. p. 228.)

Even more exquisite is the continuation of the vision: with the Sun going down, with Twilight and its new series of wonders coming on, ending with the Moon climbing to her throne, the whole still conceived on the plane of the infant imagination, with delicious touches drawn from children's frolics, as they go unwillingly to bed, and seek to postpone the hour of *their* vanishing to repose. The little cherubs below are made to enter, as by kindred emotion, into the soul of those movements which are enacted by the "other celestial bodies" all *blinking and winking*,

seeming to play at hide-and-seek in the higher sphere, and thus the whole world is made kin through those touches of nature diffusing "one sympathy divine."

" Slow at length, adown the west,
Lingering, he goes to rest;
Like a child who, blissful yet,
Is unwilling to forget,
And, though sleepy, heels and head,
Thinks he cannot go to bed.
Even when down behind the hill,
Back his bright look shineth still,
Whose keen glory with the night
Makes the lovely gray twilight,
Drawing out the downy owl,
With his musical bird-howl;
Drawing out the leathery bats—
Mice they are, turned airy cats—
Noiseless, sly, and slippery things,
Swimming through the air on wings;
Drawing out the feathery moth,
Lazy, drowsy, very loath;
She by daylight never flits—
Sleeps and nurses her five wits;
Drawing light from glowworms' tails,
Glimmering green in grassy dales;
Drawing children to the door,
For one good-night frolic more.

Then the Moon comes up the hill,
Wide awake, but dreaming still;
Soft and slow as if in fear
Lest her path should not be clear,
Like a timid lady she
Looks around her daintily,
Begs the clouds to come about her,
Tells the stars to shine without her;
But when we are lying like dead,
Sleeping in soft summer-bed,
She unveiled and bolder grown
Climbs the steps of her blue throne,
Stately in a calm delight,
Mistress of a whole fair night,
Drawing dreams, lovely and wild,
Out of father, mother, child.

But what fun is all about
When the humans are shut out!
Night is then a dream opaque,
Full of creatures wide awake!
Noiseless then on feet or wings
Out they come, all moon-eyed things!
Mice creep out of cracks in holes;
I don't know—but mayn't the moles
Come up-stairs to open their eyes?
Stars peep from their holes in the
skies;—

There they sparkle, pop, and play—
Have it all their own wild way;
Fly and frolic, scamper, glow—
Treat the moon, for all her show,
State and opal diadem,
Like a nursemaid watching them."

—(Vol. iii. p. 231.)

And here we take occasion to observe that such 'Poems for Children' mark not any inferior or commonplace power, but a very high order of genius. The aerial fancy they display and demand is akin to that of the "Comus" of Milton and the "Midsummer Night's Dream" of Shakespeare; and it is one of the best proofs of MacDonald's power that he has dwelt so long in the faery vestibule of young imagination, and has drawn more visions of beauty from its scenes than any other poet except his great prototype Wordsworth, of whom, as in much else, he is in this regard the true successor. The happiest, and at the same time the subtlest and truest, expression ever given of the differentia of "genius" was that coined by Coleridge when defending the famous paradox of Wordsworth, which proclaimed "the child to be the father of the man." Genius, said the poet sage, consists in the carrying forward into the conceptions of youth and manhood the freshness and vividness and simplicity of the impressions of the child. To have the dew of one's youth retained under the browner shades of life or beneath the snows of age, to be one of those whose heart has kept pure the holy forms of young imagination, is the prerogative of genius; and to none has this special phase of that prerogative been given in our age more largely than to George MacDonald. Further, to those who remember *what a large proportion of Wordsworth's poetry deals with child-*

hood and the early visions of life, no apology is needed for the introduction of another poem of MacDonald's, in which is attempted a flight backward into the unseen at a period of thought earlier than even Wordsworth has ventured to explore. It is the *jeu d'esprit* known as "The Baby," perhaps the best known of his productions; for the words of it have gone out and floated round the world, no one, or very few, knowing whence the fine essence has been distilled. It professes to be little more than the pretty prattle of a mother and her babe, but when you study it, these lisps are found to touch questions that echo wide and far, even into infinity.

"Where did you come from, Baby
dear?

Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get those eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle
and spin?
Some of the starry sparks left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth
and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm
white rose?
I saw something better than any one
knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of
bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get this pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and
hands?
Love made itself into bonds and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling
things?
From the same box as the cherubs'
wings.

How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about *me*, and so I grew.

And how did you come to us, you
dear?

God thought about *you*, and so I am
here." —(Vol. iii. p. 246.)

Delicious "crozings" these—
gurgling forth like the "bonny
havers," as he calls them, of a
purling, trotting burn. Light
they are, and airy as the gossamer
film of the autumn, but with an
iridescence drawn from a supra-
mundane sphere—at once touch-
ing and profound. In the first
reply of the Baby, there is flashed
upon us a glimpse of the origin of
the soul as from the bosom of God,
"who is our Home," and the words
are the childlike expression for the
old conception of Deity, mathemat-
ically defined, as "that circle of
Being whose centre is everywhere,
and circumference is nowhere." Then, again, in the Baby's fourth
answer, as to how the pearly tear
came in, we find ourselves brush-
ing the edge of the great abyss
whence came sin and misery, the
heritage of woe to which man is
born. The little theologian dis-
claims responsibility, and, safe in
his own innocence, reminds us
pathetically of his environment,
the inheritance of humanity. The
whole is rounded off with a de-
lightful pair of rejoinders on the
part of the child, the last of them
depositing us safe on the soil of
this living world, and so ends this
"fine frenzy," which, out of the
humble nursery, has sent glances
from earth to heaven and heaven
to earth of a kind at once to
enlighten, to harmonise, and to
reconcile.

As a typical specimen of his
power to invest objects, even
inanimate objects, with the halo
of a nobler lustre, we may dip
into one of his poems, presenting

no higher title or inviting theme
than "My Room," but which
turns out to be a walk and a
talk round his chamber, a "Voy-
age autour de ma Chambre,"
wherein few would not be charmed
to accompany him. Into this
"Room" he conjures the spirits
of the past, for is not his library
around him? and by the adjust-
ment of his window-blinds, he can
pour upon the walls the infinite
prismatic play of light and colour,
in which he, like every true poet,
revels; while, as for the voices
of nature, the songs of birds, the
whispers of the breeze, the roar of
streams, he has them all enchanted
within his call in that square box
against the wall, which box, in the
language of men, is known as a
piano, but in the tongue of the
angels is—what MacDonald will
portray.

After preamble, and starting at
conversation-pitch, he proceeds:—

"This poor-seeming room in fact
Is of marvels all compact:
So disguised by common daylight
By its disenchanting gray light,
Only spirit eyes, mesmeric
See its beauty esoteric.
Loftiest observatory
Ne'er unveiled such hidden glory;
Never sage's furnace-kitchen
Magic wonders was so rich in;
Never book of wizard old
Clasped such in its iron hold.

See that case against the wall,
Glowingly purpureal!
A piano to the prosy,
But to us in twilight rosy
What?—A cave where Nereids lie,
Naiads, Dryads, Oreads sigh,
Dreaming of the time when they
Danced in forest and in bay.
In that chest before your eyes
Nature self-enchanted lies;—
Awful hills and midnight woods,
Sunny rains in solitudes;
Babbling streams in forests hoar;
Seven-hued icebergs; oceans froro—
See them? No—I said enchanted,
That is—hid away till wanted.

Do you hear a voice of singing?
That is Nature's priestess flinging
Spells around her baby's riot
Binding it in moveless quiet;—
She at will can disenchant them
And to prayer believing grant them."

So soars with strong pinion the muse of MacDonald, starting from the humblest footstool on the floor of earth, and springing from crystal step to crystal step into the region of aerial fancy. Not in Herrick himself have we a more graceful harlequin, turning somersaults in rhyme, but with profounder meanings than even Herrick was able to infuse. The glorification of the Sofa by the poet Cowper, which naturally occurs for comparison, is tame and poor compared with this glorification of the Piano by MacDonald, and the whole picture, even to us who are by no means musically given, sounds as the transfiguration of music, such as only a Haydn or an Abt Vogler in his seraphic moments can attain.

"Very beautiful," some one may say—and this "some one" need not be necessarily a downright Gradgrind of the hopeless Utilitarians—"very beautiful all this, and pretty enough withal; but, after all, these are only gew-gaws of the fancy. In this world of hard realities we need stronger stuff to feed our souls upon. Has your poet any such at his command?"

Yes, much and precious he can supply of sustenance; only you must, as with Wordsworth or with Shakspeare, first have an appetite awakened for such sustenance, and then you must go a-searching for it with braced-up energies, as for hidden treasure, and you will not lose your due reward. It is true—and we are free to confess it—that MacDonald *has not* given us all he might *under other auspices* have given,

and was dowered to give us: he has yet given us enough to enable us to rejoice over him as one of the subtlest and finest spirits of our time. In illustrating this point, we might dip anywhere into what we think his most finished work, the story of student days, called "The Hidden Life," but for brevity we must refrain, and shall take, as an example of his strength as well as variety of handling, his imaginative portrayal of that loftiest but most hazardous of themes—the character and work and influence of the Redeemer of Mankind. The subject is one recurring in our poet often and under most varied light; but three of the pictures stand out pre-eminent, any one of which might have sufficed as witness of power in a writer of less opulence of thought. It is with these companion pictures, though loath to leave uncultured many flowers as fair, we must now conclude our critique on MacDonald at the present time.

The first vision of the Man of Sorrows is contained in his earliest work, "Within and Without," and it will be found when studied to rise gradually into a great apostrophe expressing homage to Christ out of the bosom of the sin-laden world. There are signs of juvenility in the verse, and still more in the thought: neither of these is as yet firm or mature with the crispness of his after-time; but what a glow has already begun to breathe in these youthful lines!

"I came to Him: I gazed upon His
Face;
And lo! from out His eyes, God
looked on me.
Yea, let them laugh! I will sit at
His feet,
As a child sits upon the ground, and
looks

Up in his mother's face. One smile
 from Him,
 One look from those sad eyes, is more
 to me
 Than to be lord myself of hearts and
 thoughts.
 O perfect made through the reacting
 pain
 In which Thy making force recoiled on
 Thee !
 Whom no less glory could make visible
 Than the utter giving of Thyself away,
 Without a thought of grandeur in the
 deed,
 More than a child embracing from full
 heart !
 Lord of Thyself and me through the
 sore grief,
 Which Thou didst bear to bring us
 back to God,
 Or rather, bear in being unto us
 Thy own pure shining self of love and
 truth !
 When I have learned to think Thy
 radiant thoughts,
 To love the truth beyond the power to
 know it,
 To bear my light, as Thou Thy heavy,
 cross,
 Nor ever feel a martyr for Thy sake,
 But an unprofitable servant still,—
 My highest sacrifice my simplest duty
 Imperative and unavoidable,
 Less than which *All*, were nothingness
 and waste ;
 When I have lost myself in other men,
 And found myself in Thee—the Father
 then
 Will come with Thee, and will abide
 with me." —(Vol. i. p. 159.)

The second of these pictures is found in one of MacDonald's sonnets, the greatest as appears to us among his many fine sonnets. It is the most complete—we had almost said the most marvellous—epitome that we know of the greatest and divinest of lives, and all within the compass of the fourteen-lined sonnet. And although we cannot aver that MacDonald's sonnets strike us as by any means his best poems, it is well that he has shown what he could do in that domain ; for it is a domain in which the "*Dii Majores*"

of English poetry have elected to put forth their greatest strength—as witness Shakspeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats ; and so MacDonald has fittingly shown that here too he could take rank with the true Orphic band.

" For three-and-thirty years, a living
 seed,
 A lonely germ, dropt on our waste
 world's side,
 Thy death and rising Thou didst
 calmly bide ;
 Sore compassed by many a clinging
 weed
 Sprung from the fallow soil of evil and
 need ;
 Hither and thither tossed, by friends
 denied ;
 Pitied of goodness dull and scorned of
 pride ;
 Until at length was done the awful
 deed,
 And Thou didst lie outworn in stony
 bower
 Three days asleep—oh, slumber, god-
 like, brief,
 For Man of Sorrows and acquaint with
 grief !
 Heaven's seed Thou diedst, that out of
 thee might tower
 Aloft with rooted stem and shadowy
 leaf,
 Of all Humanity the crimson flower."
 —(Vol. ii. p. 180.)

We glean one other poem which, strangely, has no title, but leads up to, and closes with, the same high theme : a poem which is more unique and characteristic still, which none but MacDonald could have written, unless perhaps Tennyson, whose "*In Memoriam*" quatrain it reproduces in perfect poise and felicity, with its noble gradation of fancy flowing on from point to point, from stage to stage, of ascending beauty, and the whole uttering itself with most melodious sweetness. A hymn of praise it may be said to be, to Him in whom he finds the apex of all beauty, who is fairer "*than the children of men.*"

" I know what beauty is, for Thou
Hast set the world within my heart ;
Of me Thou madest it a part ;
I never loved it more than now.

I know the Sabbath afternoons ;
The light asleep upon the graves ;
Against the sky the poplar waves ;
The river murmurs organ tunes.

I know the spring with bud and bell ;
The hush in summer woods at night ;
Autumn, when leaves let in more
light ;
Fantastic winter's lovely spell.

I know the rapture music gives,
The power that dwells in ordered
tones ;
Dream-muffled voice, it loves and moans,
And, half-alive, comes in and lives.

The charm of verse, where love-allied,
Music and thought, in concord high,
Shew many a glory sailing by,
Borne on the Godhead's living tide ;

And Beauty's regnant All I know ;
The imperial head, the starry eye ;
The fettered fount of harmony,
That makes the woman radiant go.

But I leave all, thou Man of Woe !
Put off my shoes and come to Thee,
Most beautiful of all I see,
Most wonderful of all I know.

As child forsakes his favourite toy,
His sister's sport, his wild bird's nest ;
And, climbing to his mother's breast,
Enjoys yet more his former joy—

I lose to find. On white-robed bride
Fair jewels fairest light afford ;
So, gathered round Thy glory, Lord,
All glory else is glorified."

—(Vol. ii. p. 232.)

After reading and studying such a poem, in which there is hardly the shadow of a flaw, one feels moved to envy the authorship of it as a priceless possession ; for we can almost appropriate the exclamation of Scaliger over the "Quem tu Melpomene" of Horace, "I had rather be the author of that ode than be king of Arragon."

These are some of the notes breathed to us from his fine shepherd's flute, and they reveal a power largely equal to all the intellectual modulation of the human soul. It is pleasing to think that, judging from his latest long poem, 'The Diary of an Old Soul,' this fine modulation still remains with him ; but we must content ourselves meantime with the older evidences above given, and on these we are disposed to rest our article of poetic creed, that we have in George MacDonald a poet in the high sense—"a priest of the wonder and bloom of the world."

W. D. GEDDES.

THE MUQADDAM OF SPINS.

"A mote dancing in a sunbeam—the sun has set—the mote is gone—whither?—into a brother's eye, perchance. Well, if he be a true brother, it is safer there than in the sun."—Dark Sayings, by an Utterer.

WE all belong, consciously or unconsciously, to the Society for "Protection against the Unknown." Dogs sniff at new-comers. We shrink from death, from unfamiliar names, from new authors. With crafty, half-averted eye we scan the titles of books, of magazine articles, and, repelled by a new combination of letters, we elect to pass by on the other side. Now, before the wary reader has had time to withdraw that cautious, suspicious eye from this page, let me hasten to fix and perchance soften it by explaining that "The Muqaddam of Spins," in Anglo-Indian parlance, only means "The Chief of Spinsters"—*Boss*, more in virtue of years, and "far-off, old, unhappy things, and battles long ago," than in virtue of social position.

She, whose story is here told, was endowed at birth with gifts and graces not a few: beauty, wit, good-nature; a charming voice and a *grand talent pour la société*; a moral nature, the texture of which was not perhaps as tough as cocoa-nut fibre, but which might wear well, if no great strain were put upon it; and a heart as true as steel. But, alas! who must needs step in at her christening, but the invisible, uninvited, malicious fairy godmother!—her decree being that saddest of all mortal decrees—"Of love that never found its earthly close." "To love and to ride away" was to be the rule of the road for all the girl's suitors.

"Call the child Pipette, and take that bottle of *Fer Bravais*

out of the room, and never let me see it again. As for the doctor, he's the image of a duck-billed platypus." So spoke Mrs Trenchard to her attendant, while the little French doctor, in coat lined with otter-skin, stood grimacing on the hearth-rug. Mrs Trenchard was lying in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, her four-months-old infant was lying in the Valley of the Shadow of Life—I know not which the darkest, know not I. "Mais, madame l'affaiblissement extrême," and the little doctor advanced murmuring "*fer bravais et la pipette*;" but Mrs Trenchard turned her face wearily to the wall. A week later, a mound in a French cemetery hid *les beaux restes* de Madame Trenchard, whose play of humour and handsome face had made her a striking personality in the world in which she lived, and Pipette was handed over to the care of an easy-going, scheming married cousin, Mrs Candy, who allowed the child to grow up in her own nursery, sent her at the age of ten to a second-rate school in Brussels, and at eighteen fetched her home to Weedington to enjoy the social amenities of a garrison town. Here Pipette danced, flirted, picnicked, rode to hounds when friends gave her a mount, and got herself well, or rather ill, talked about. Poor little Pipette! Mirth-loving, mirth-provoking, she was an attractive mark for men's admiration and women's envy. Something of her history, as years went on, may be gathered from the desultory remarks of friends (*sic*).

"Oh yes," Mrs A. would say; "Pipette Trenchard was engaged years and years ago to Frank Somers, but he broke off owing to some fracas about marriage settlements. Her solicitors, Mum & Budget, thought him grasping; but I forget the outs and ins."

"I knew her first when Charlie Bessborough, now Lord Aldine, was paying her great attention," said Mrs B. "He was on the verge of declaring himself when Mrs Candy spoilt all. She locked them into the conservatory the night of the Pelhams' dance, and lost the key. Charlie lost his temper—didn't propose. Mrs Candy had out-manœuvred herself, and Pipette suffered."

"But Mrs Candy's most unscientific stroke was played in the Ferrers affair," added Mrs Z.

Marmaduke Ferrers had in truth loved the girl, and Pipette had given him her heart. No word had yet been spoken, but Captain Ferrers's whole being was centring round the thought of Pipette as a wife. She was *not* his ideal woman: her surroundings offended his taste. Many things in her manner, in her character, jarred upon his finer sense. But he loved her, and saw her adaptability and chameleon-like capacity for taking on the colour of her environment. He also believed in his own inherent power to raise her to and keep her at a higher level of culture and refinement than she had yet reached.

"We must go to town soon for the day, Pipette," said Mrs Candy; "I've got to be fitted by Mrs Bracegirdle. I shall drop you out at Marmaduke Ferrers's rooms, and be back in twenty minutes to lunch there. I'll send him a line to say we're coming."

The line was forgotten, but the two ladies started for town next

day. Pipette was set down at 9 Jermyn Street, while her cousin went on to Mrs Bracegirdle's. Captain Marmaduke Ferrers was at home, having just breakfasted. He saw Pipette enter with astonishment, deepening into annoyance. She attempted to explain, then grew defiant before his frigid manner. And when Mrs Candy entered breathless from the hands of her dressmaker an hour late, she found Marmaduke coldly supercilious and the girl half frightened, half indignant.

"I see you continue to worship at the shrine of the great god Hugger Mugger," he said, as he handed the ladies into their hansom.

"Oh! what have I done?" whispered Pipette, with sad beseeching eyes.

"It's not what you have done—it is what you are," and he bowed with a chilling, sarcastic air.

Pipette saw no more of Marmaduke. His regiment was ordered to Canada, and Pipette herself went out to India to live with her half-brother, Richard Trenchard, fifteen years her senior. Mr Trenchard belonged to the uncovenanted Civil Service, and was full of the grievances of that long-suffering body. He was entirely departmental, and entwined from top to toe in *blue* tape (I think I am right in saying that the uncovenanted C. S. are not allowed to use *red* tape). He was a tall, pale, stiff man, without the faintest sense of humour, with an aggrieved tone in his voice as of one who had been sinned against past forgiveness. He had a way of turning his head and shoulders when addressed, as if he were carved out of one solid block of wood and had no pivot on which his neck could revolve.

Pipette became very popular at

Kalijigaum, which is a large civil and military station in the Deccan. She was invited everywhere, and often seemed on the verge of marriage, when suddenly her gourd would wither in a night—the desire of *her* eyes become the desire of *other* eyes. The blight of the fairy godmother came to blast all her buds of hope. Pipette was ever ready to flirt with the commander-in-chief; to drive with the collector's lonely wife—he *had* only *one*, but a great many people in India have more, it's only a question of pigment; and she was equally ready to sit up at night with the American missionary's sick baby, while the worn-out mother and *ayah* slept.

Pipette came very near marrying Major Fazakerly of the artillery—very, very near. But he happened to overhear her mimicking his bad Hindustani to Captain Duftar, the Persian interpreter, and his vanity being greater than his love, swamped it, and Pipette was left lamenting.

Years rolled on, and her hair, which was of that wavy silver-gold not often seen, showed more of the silver and less of the gold, and the slender figure was growing set and plump. But still Pipette looked young and *débonnaire*.

"The Muqaddam of Spins has gone, like Jephthah's daughter, to bewail her spinsterhood upon the mountains," wrote Mr Hoskins the judge to his wife at home. Pipette and her brother had gone up to the charming hill-station of Tundarāt to spend the hot weather.

"Richard, when I die you are to be sure to put 'Pipette, Muqaddam of Spins,' on my tombstone, and nothing else, mind," said Pipette one morning at breakfast.

"A woman of your age shouldn't talk nonsense," replied Mr Trench-

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ard testily, turning his head and shoulders *en masse* towards Pipette, and looking out through her at the distant view. It was a way he had. He never looked *at* anybody, but always through or beyond. It was very aggravating, and made people long to pull his nose or his hair, or to strike him across the mouth with the back of the hand, or offer some other atrocious indignity. "A woman come to your years, I repeat, should not talk foolishly. I hope you and I have other and more useful things to think of than our tombstones." Then rising, he walked with his deliberate step and air of protest towards his office, which was at the end of the verandah, in a small detached bungalow.

"If my age is so prodigious, what must your own be, my good man!" laughed Pipette. Poor Pipette! she was feeling very sore at heart that day—for she had just heard that Marmaduke Ferrers was in Tundarāt on a month's leave. His regiment was in the Deccan, and he had come up to share The Hermitage with his friends the Oakleys. Rumour said he admired Kate Oakley—a handsome gipsy-dark girl just fresh from home. Colonel Ferrers was now fifty, and his hyacinthine locks were beginning to thin on the temples and turn grey.

"It must be Panorama Point to-day," cried Kate. She was mounted on Hyder, a Cabul pony, and was waiting the escort of Colonel Ferrers for an afternoon ride. "Old Silver is game for the dizzy steep, isn't he?"

The colonel assented, not quite certain that old Silver's master was equally "game." Marmaduke was feeling the effects of climate.

"We shall have to go in Indian file most of the way, which is a position I shall find distinctly tantalising, with Miss Oakley for my companion," said he.

"Well, you must be content to follow the leader to-day;" and Kate set off at a smart pace on her sturdy cob, followed by the white charger.

Pipette, in riding gear, had caught from her verandah, which overlooked The Hermitage, the words "Panorama Point." Her heart was hot within her as she saw (herself unseen) the riders wind up the avenue, Colonel Ferrers's handsome face bent down over the saddle-bow towards the bright face of Kate Oakley. "I too will ride to Panorama Point," thought Pipette. "Kate shall learn from me how cold-blooded and cruel Marmaduke can be." Revenge is sweet even to a sweet-natured woman. Untrue; but said as a concession to Diogenes and other tubbers. And so Pipette rode forward on her little grey Arab, which was dear to her as a daughter.

The path to Panorama Point turns off abruptly from the main road at a corner where a clump of trees, overarching, form a kind of bower known as the "Chota Tope." The riders had passed this, just as Pipette came up, and saw to her dismay that Kate was heading the line of march, the colonel following. She had hoped to get directly behind the girl, and on some pretext or other to cause her to lag behind, thereby securing time and occasion to pour "the leprous distilment" into her ear. But her plan was balked. To follow and chance an opportunity for mischief, was all that remained to her, and so a third figure on horseback was seen rounding the corner that led on

to the perilous path. Panorama Point is only to be reached after an hour's riding at a very slow pace along what at first sight looks like the bare face of a precipice, but which nearer inspection shows to be a very narrow path. On one side there is a descent more or less abrupt of 1200 or 1500 feet into the gorge below; on the other a sloping acclivity dotted with Karinda bushes and a few trees: a road requiring a quiet hill-pony, strong nerves, and a steady head. Panorama Point is a huge spur of the mountain, and affords standing room for a goodly cavalcade when reached; but the access to it is not easy, and a ride to Panorama Point is regarded in the light of an adventure.

Kate, with her *ghorawallah* or groom at Hyder's head, was making her way at a rapid pace along the mountain-side, old Silver picking his steps gingerly behind, distrustful in some measure of the strait and narrow way; and a good many yards behind the colonel Pipette, her heart beating fast, and her little Arab stepping along in proud emulation of the charger's stride. On rode the three, and no word broke the stillness. Colonel Ferrers never turned his head, and Pipette did not know if he heard the sound of her horse's feet, for the wind was blowing in her face. Kate was now far ahead, and had disappeared from sight round a curve. Pipette looked across the long valley. Range after range of weird flat-topped masses of hill stretched away to a golden sea. A huge square mass of purple mountain, with a fantastic rock pepper-pot jutting out from its side, dominated the foreground. There was beauty, the beauty of "a land that is very far off," and it touched Pipette with a feeling of awe for "the incomparable

pomp of eve." Turning her dazzled eyes once more ahead, she saw the charger stop. With a stifled groan his rider slid from the saddle and fell heavily on the side nearest the upland slope. In an instant Pipette was on the ground beside him, her arm passed through the bridle of her horse. Silver had moved on a few paces. Pipette knelt down and raised Marmaduke's head, moistening his brow with *eau-de-Cologne*. He was in a dead faint. Presently he came to himself, and staggered to his feet.

"I never had a good head—shouldn't have risked playing the fool, but—er, I beg your pardon. I—ah, see I—ah, owe my recovery to a—a stranger." Here giddiness again overcame him, and he would have fallen had not Pipette caught him, and let him down gently on to the bank. He was pale and trembling all over. "This is pretty humiliating," he muttered.

"Shut your eyes," said Pipette, who was a woman of action. "I will lead you home."

He leant back, half unconscious, while Pipette stood by full of anxious fears, with a tide of awakened early love flooding her heart. Her reverie was broken in upon by the sound of hoofs, and round the curve came Kate on her Cabulee. Pipette went to meet her.

"Miss Trenchard!—you here! What is the matter? Has Colonel Ferrers been thrown?" and the girl looked from one to the other with strained expression and parted lips.

"Colonel Ferrers turned giddy and faint. Will you ride home and send the *tonga* to wait at the 'Chota Tope'? Your man can take Silver and my horse. I will guide Colonel Ferrers to the main road when he is able to move."

"As you please," answered Kate, with a shrug. She hated to see a man at a disadvantage. The animal instinct which induces flocks and herds to close round and trample upon a sick member of their kind was strongly latent within her. (Concessions to Diogenes, sops to Cerberus, always on hand, you see.) She had no sympathy with the sick or sorry, and she relegated Colonel Ferrers then and there to the limbo of the aged and incurable—to "the portion of weeds and out-worn faces." She was not sorry *for* him—only angry *with* him; and underlying the hot rebellion of her spirit there was a subtle sense of a past shared by these two—an intuition of a claim on Pipette's part to succour, which gave her a distinct yet indefinable shock.

A little later Marmaduke, leaning on Pipette's arm, was slowly moving homewards. At one point, where the road widened for a few paces, she bade him rest on a moss-clad rock, while she stood gazing at the view. As she half turned again, the glory of the sunset fell full on her face and shining hair.

"Pipette! is it you? We meet at last," he cried.

The *tonga* waited for two mortal hours at the "Chota Tope."

"Sahib must be plenty sick," said the coachman. But the sahib was smiling all over his face when he helped the lady into the *tonga*, and next day all Tundarāt and Kalijigaum knew that Colonel Ferrers and Pipette Trenchard were to be married after the rains.

Pipette and Marmaduke were very happy in these first days—our "revival meetings," as Pipette called the courtship. The torch of love had never gone out in all

the long years, and the "ashen grey delight" burst into clear flame once more. Marmaduke is not a name that lends itself readily to endearing abbreviations. "Marmee" is suggestive of an old woman, "Duke" too cold. Of course he had been "Marmalade" at Eton and in the regiment; but no romantic woman could call her adorer "Marmalade"—at least not in that early Victorian era to which Pipette belonged, when furniture and fashions were hideous, and women were pretty and sentimental. I don't know what Pipette did with his name, I only know she was a moving embodiment of bliss tempered by experience. And now the fairy godmother put on the wings of Azrael and came down to visit poor little Pipette for the last time.

"You should never have brought your sister back to Kalijigaum

when the cholera was raging, Mr Trenchard," said Dr M'Anodyne. "I don't think she'll pull through." . . . And she did not pull through! . . . "Showed pluck to the very end, man; we'll never see the like of Pipette on this side of time," said the doctor, creeping away in the early dawn.

Safe at last from "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," safe among the rank grass of the English burying-ground at Kalijigaum, sleeps Pipette. And she had her wish. On a white tombstone, in black letters, are the words—

PIPETTE,
MUQADDAM OF SPINS.
BORN 18—. DIED 18—.

Nothing else. But I for one often add, with tears and in invisible ink, the letters *R.I.P.*

O. J.,
Author of "Doves and Ravens."

ARCHÆOLOGICAL NOMADS IN RUGGED CILICIA.

WE started with three months of nomad life before us from Mersina, a port of Asia Minor,—real genuine nomad life in a hitherto unexplored district, without a village or a town to speak of, up in the lofty mountains of “rugged Cilicia,” where for this period we should meet none save wanderers like ourselves: pastoral wanderers, who go from pasture to pasture as necessity compels; whilst we professed to be archæological nomads, who went from one set of ruins to another in search of fresh material concerning a long ago defunct race of mankind.

A word or two concerning this country, its present and its past, before we dive into its gorges and lose ourselves in its maze of rock and brushwood. This district, known to the ancients as “Cilicia Aspera,” from its rugged appearance, lies on the southern slopes of the Taurus mountains, where they push their spurs right down to the sea, and has for centuries been only inhabited by wandering tribes, offering as it does no attractions to the sedentary inhabitants of Asia Minor. For the centuries immediately preceding our era, it was inhabited by a race known to the Romans as the “Cilician Pirates,” who appear from time to time on the pages of history, and whose misfortune it has been to have

that history written by their enemies. They were then practically masters of the Mediterranean, and carried their predatory expeditions as far as Italy. Pompey reduced them in a big sea-fight in the year 67 B.C., and planted the remainder of them in a town by the sea, and henceforward we only hear of them as peaceably acquiescing to the yoke of Rome. Our researches led us to respect these pirates, and rather to regret their name, for they built for themselves great temples to Jove and Hermes, and mighty fortress towns with polygonal masonry in the heart of the Taurus. They buried their dead in rock-cut tombs, embellished with fine figures in relief on the rocks. In short, they gave evidence of possessing a civilisation inferior to none existing in Asia Minor. Their origin is lost in uncertainty and myth—a wild mountainous race, who gained for themselves independence after the power of the Seleucidæ began to wane, and who originally came under Greek influence four centuries before the Christian era.¹ Their kingdom, as Strabo, who is almost our only authority, tells us, was called Olba.² They were ruled over by priest-kings—priests of Jove, and dynasts of Olba; and from the coasts of the

¹ Isocrates Panegyricus (Or. 4, § 161).

² Strabo, xiv. ch. 5, 10. “And then higher up than this place (Anchiale, mod. Mersina) and Soli is a mountainous district, in which is the city of Olba, and a temple of Jove, the foundation of Ajax the son of Teucer, and the priest became dynast of Rugged Cilicia: then many tyrants succeeded in the government and formed piratical companies, and after the destruction of these, in our days even it is called the Teucrid dynasty and the priesthood of Teucer.” See also Head, ‘Historia Nummorum,’ on Olba.

Mediterranean up to a height of 4000 feet in the recesses of the Taurus, this district was studded with prosperous towns and villages, now entirely abandoned to the Yourouks, as the Turks call this nomad race, from a word in their language, *youroumek*, to wander. There is a glamour about these mountain slopes, their deep gorges and craggy heights, in their present state of utter abandonment, when one tries to people it with a hardy and independent race of freebooters who refused to acknowledge the conquering arm of Rome, like the Highlanders of Scotland or the Mahrattas of the Deccan, who fought a hopeless contest against the overwhelming power of civilisation.

We drove for thirty miles along a wretched Turkish road which skirts the coast, in a rickety carriage, to a spot called Lamas, where the mountains come right down to the sea, and where we met the horses which were to convey us into those mountains. These horses had three owners, one Maronite and two Armenians. We had a servant to administer to our personal comforts, and a curious individual who called himself Captain Achmed, who was to act as guide and mediator between us and the wandering tribes. A man of no definite race, who dressed himself in a fine Albanian dress though he was no Albanian, bristling with quaint and useless arms, he was one of those mongrel products of the East who had, once upon a time, indulged in brigandage himself, and passed many years in prison, but who in his old age had found a certain degree of honesty the best policy. He had been handsome, and still was vain; and though carrying but little luggage, in it was a

bottle of hair-dye, which would stream down his forbidding face in black currents when it rained. His great recommendation was that he knew how to impose his authority on the pastoral nomads, and he would have done the same on the archæological ones had they not at once reduced him to order by the threat of reduction in wages—a never-failing weapon when wielded against an oriental.

Strabo, the geographer, was our only guide-book, and oddly enough one of our horses was called Strabo by his Greek-speaking master, because it was blind of one eye,—one of those miserable quadrupeds of the East, totally unfitted for a mountaineering expedition such as we were about to undertake, which fell on every possible occasion, once nearly drowning itself in a stream, and sending our chattels floating away; and again falling with our jar of wine against a rock, and thereby reducing us to a condition of enforced abstinence. The other five horses of our cavalcade were moderate specimens of their kind, and carried us safely over many an awkward spot.

We took everything with us—beds, tables, chairs, tent, and groceries—trusting only to find a sufficiency of meat and milk amongst the nomad tribes. But in the former case we were doomed to disappointment, owing to two somewhat different causes. In the first place, they would not part with their lambs and kids, because the flocks had run down during the recent years of famine; and secondly, the fowls were scarce, because they had last year found an excellent market for them at Mersina, where the French steamer touches, and all the poultry had been conveyed to France for consumption during the exhibition

time. Consequently, though milk and butter were plentiful we had to content ourselves with the flesh of goats well stricken in years, and every one knows that this is by no means palatable.

On the first plateau above the sea-level we visited three curious depressions in the ground, averaging 200 feet in depth: one was 800 feet long, another was a quarter of a mile round, and the third three-quarters. The walls of these holes were of calcareous formation, and had in places been decorated by the pirates of old with quaint bas-reliefs and inscriptions. At the bottom of these holes flourished the wild verdure of the mountains, — a dense jungle of carobs, pomegranates, myrtle, and prickly thorns; and Strabo told us how in his time flourished here excellent saffron, and I doubt not that he was right, for though we found none there, we saw abundance of it on the mountains around.

The largest of these depressions had a cave at its southern extremity, eating its way for a couple of hundred feet into the rock. This was the anciently famed Corycian Cave, about three miles behind the old town of Corycos, which Strabo tells us was celebrated in ancient cult as the prison where Jove kept bound the giant Typhon,¹ and where in those olden days frenzied oracles were uttered by its priests. Here we found several inscriptions identifying it, and accidentally by pulling down an outer wall in the temple of Jove which stood at the lip of the cave, we came across a list of the priest-kings of this district, 162 in all, the rulers of the race of pirates down to the very last name

before they were formed into a Roman province. This last name was that of King Archelaus, about whom Josephus has a good deal to tell us, whose daughter, Glaphyra, married the son of Herod the Great, and whose advice was much sought after by that monarch in settling his family disputes.

This is quite one of the most awe-inspiring spots I have ever seen, and from the nomads who dwell on its edge we inquired if they were not afraid of it, and if they never saw dread sights therein. "No," said the oldest man amongst them; "I and my father before me have spent the winter months here all our lives, and we have never seen anything. In fact, we call this hole Paradise, for we can tether our camels and stable our flocks in it. But there is another hole hard by, which we call Purgatory, into which no one can descend." So under his guidance we visited this place. It is separated from the Corycian Cave by a sea of pointed calcareous rocks, and it is a round hole a quarter of a mile round, with sides sloping inwards to the depth of two hundred feet, all hung with stalactites, amongst which countless pigeons build their nests. Without a good strong rope no one could possibly descend into it, and as we had not this wherewithal we were reluctantly obliged to forego the pleasure. "Only once to my knowledge has any one been down," said the old Yourouk. "About thirty years ago, a nomad shot a Turk, and dragged him still living to the hole. The Turk clung to the roots which hung around, but the nomad cut the stalks, and the unfortunate man was hurled into the abyss. A

¹ Strabo, p. 670; Æschylus, *Prom.* 351; and Pindar, *Pyth.* i. 31.

friend of his got a ship's rope, and went down to collect the scattered bones and gave them burial."

The old man also told us that the smoke of fires lighted in the Corycian Cave comes out here, and it is doubtless true; for these depressions have been made by one of those subterranean streams common in Asia Minor, and known by the name of *dudens*, making its way to the surface, so that there is probably an underground communication between the two.

Five miles from this spot there is a third depression similar in every respect to the Corycian Cave, with an old polygonal fortress of the pirates built at its lip, and anciently entered by a sloping road made of polygonal masonry. All this older masonry belongs to the pirate period, whereas the fine buildings by the coast and the magnificent tombs and sarcophagi were constructed after the Romans subdued the district. The pirates were naturally great devotees of Hermes, the god of illicit gain, and in our wanderings through this district we found three cave-temples walled up with polygonal masonry and dedicated to the god of plunder. From inscriptions we learnt that this third depression was dedicated to the Olbian Jove, of whom classic lore is silent, though I doubt not in those dark ages he was quite as well known a god as the Corycian Jove, whose cave and temple we have just visited. Around this hole also dwelt many nomads in their tents and hovels, constructed out of the *débris* of the surrounding ruins. The approach to this ancient town and its depression is by a valley, the sides of which are honeycombed with rock-cut tombs, with quaint bas-reliefs over them, and inscriptions threatening dire penalties on

the riflers thereof. "Let him who opens it eat the liver of his own child," ran one of the most awful of these threats. In these ready-made houses many of the nomads have taken up their abode, and it is curious to hear in these *quondam* homes of the departed the thud of the cotton-beater, the grinding of grain, and the gay chattering of the nomad women. We ourselves were not sorry during wet weather, when tents were anything but agreeable, to house ourselves in a rock-cut tomb. The stone benches on which the sarcophagi once stood formed excellent receptacles for our mattresses. On the flat space in the middle we set up our table and chairs, we hung a curtain before the aperture, and lit a fire outside the curtain to warm the air as it came in. In point of fact, archæological nomads could wish for no better abode than a clean, dry, rock-cut tomb, and never again shall we look upon those as necessarily mad who dwell in tombs. The large stone mausolea of the departed Greeks, with which this district is plentifully supplied, are used by the pastoral nomads for many purposes besides houses. In them they store their grain, in them they shut up their kids when their mothers are out at pasture, and they are entirely without ghost stories—a fact which would be at once highly discouraging to any one intent on psychological research.

We got very much interested in these wandering Yourouks during our stay amongst them. Sometimes we dwelt in their stone hovels, horrible holes with mud floors and dripping roofs approached by an aperture without a door, and occasionally lighted by an aperture without a window. In these many of the nomads of a

sedentary tendency dwell for the three winter months—a period they look upon with natural horror, and speak of as “the ninety days,” subdividing it again into three periods. The first of these they call *Kampsin*, which lasts for fifty days; then comes *Karadès*, or “black winter,” a period of only ten days; and then one month called *Zembrai*, or the opening, a period naturally hailed with delight by a people whose whole life is spent in the open air. In the district we traversed, now nameless, but which once was Olba, there are some twenty of these collections of scattered hovels. On a threatening evening when our tents would have been out of the question, we reached one of these called *Vei Selli*, and found no one at home: the doors were locked, and all the inhabitants had gone off to their tents. Disconsolately we sat down on our baggage, and lit a fire to boil our kettle, whilst a messenger was despatched to the owner of the best of the hovels for his wooden key,—for luckily the tribe had not as yet migrated very far. Towards sunset it came, and we inspected our tenement. The stable opened out of the dwelling-room, and sent forth fetid odours; the floor was sticky with mud; and there was no window, but a little light struggled down a chimney, up which no smoke would go, and we sighed for the comforts of our tomb.

The country we traversed was very similar—always the same grey rocks to the right and left of us, peeping out of the everlasting and almost impenetrable brushwood. At one time our rugged path led us up a deep gorge; at another time we were on an undulating plateau; and ever and anon we had to dismount, bag and baggage,

whilst our horses and our chattels were literally dragged up and down places which were never intended for quadrupeds. No wonder the ancients called it “rugged Cilicia”; and in these fastnesses behind this rugged approach the pirates felt secure. Then, again, those wretched pirates had a fancy for placing their most interesting relics in all but inaccessible places. A fine series of thirteen bas-reliefs, with two inscriptions, were carved on a ledge in the rock half-way down an almost sheer precipice. We got there, and with exceeding difficulty got back, but we never contemplate a second visit to so dangerous a place.

On the undulating plateau grow amongst the brushwood wild olives and wild carobs, which told of former cultivation; and at every ruined village or town were wine-presses and wine-reservoirs, which told of vineyards in abundance which have long since disappeared, and that the Cilician pirates were not strangers to the festive bowl. Occasionally we came across little flat spaces in the mountains, clear of the grey rocks, and full of rich red marl. On this the nomads grow their grain, and the contrast of the red soil with its skirting of grey rocks, and the dark green foliage of the brushwood, the holly-oak, the liquorice, the arbutus, and that awful thorn which the Greeks call “the devil with the many nails,” is very striking. This rough undulating country, gradually sloping upwards to the mighty snow-capped peaks of the Karamanian mountains, is rent by numerous gorges, formed by tiny streams which have eaten their way through the calcareous rocks.

Of these streams, the so-called Lamas river is the most considerable, and in our wanderings we

went up almost the whole of its course to its source in the Kar-amanian mountains. For this course, only about fifty miles with all its windings, the Lamas eats its way through a gorge which resembles somewhat forked lightning. In the heart of the Taurus, at eventide from our quarters on the plateau above, we watched the curious effect of clouds rising out of the gorge, and showing the zigzag course of the stream almost to its mouth. The Lamas gorge is never more than half a mile across, and the stupendous walls on either side of it, of sheer precipice, reach an elevation in some places of 2000 feet. In one part the passage is so narrow that it does not even afford a foothold for the acrobatic nomad; and the pathway is therefore on the mountain above, and not unfrequently you have to go for miles along the edge of the cliff before finding a means for descent. In certain places the nomads have paths descending to the stream known only to themselves, and practicable only for a people of goatlike mode of life.

All along the Lamas gorge the Cilician pirates had their eyries. Every three or four miles we came across the ruins of their towns with their polygonal masonry, and walls of massive pre-Roman structure always perched on the cliffs, which go down sheer into the stream. Some of these had evidences of high civilisation, —public buildings, theatres, and temples; and yet, such has been the oblivion in which this wild district has been shrouded, both ancient and modern geographers are silent as to their existence. On most of the fortresses

we found heraldic devices, or local marks carved on the edge,¹ showing that the pirates had made some advance in the study of heraldry. Perhaps the most curious of them all is the castle now called Pireneh, built on a peak, jutting out like a promontory into the gorge, and protected on two sides by it, whilst the third is only approachable by a narrow ledge, but in the days of the pirates a flight of many steps cut in the rock led down from the castle to the stream, which is fifteen hundred feet below. This staircase is not practicable now, as many of the steps have been eaten away in the lapse of years.

The castle of Pireneh is now the haunt only of the ibex or wild goat, and the bear. During the summer months these wild animals come down to the Lamas stream to drink when the mountain ponds are dry, and are shot by the nomads, who hide behind the rocks on the paths they are known to frequent. These mountains are full of big game, and it is a quaint idea of the nomads that if a civilised individual drinks of the rain-water which lodges in the crevices of the rocks, he will become wild as they are, and in this way they account for their love of roving. In these same clear pools their diviners profess to see the future, and tell the events which are to come. The Lamas river fed the aqueducts of two big towns in the days of the pirates, and it is still a useful river, turning water-mills, and providing splendid fish. Woodcutters send down trees by it to the shore, and the nomads use it to irrigate the tiny little fields in which they sow their grain on its

¹ Eighteen of these I published in the 'Classical Review,' July 1890.

banks. The sheer cliffs are full of tombs, and in these at one period anchorites used to dwell, who have painted in red letters on the walls pious texts and other relics of their occupation. In truth it is one of the most exquisite spots nature could ever have invented, with its rich verdure below, plane-trees overhanging the rapid streams, and fig-trees clinging to the rocks, which climb to such a height on either side.

The natural abode of the nomad Yourouk is his black goat's-hair tent with open sides, against which, for protection, he places his camel pack-saddles in a row, forming a sort of wall. In the centre are spread the family mattresses by night, which are rolled up by day and placed on the saddles to be out of the way. His life is occupied in looking after his flocks, and according to the season he moves from one pasture to another. Into such a form of camp life we plunged, when engaged in studying a ruined town of the pirates, at a spot now known as Maidan. On a little green plateau were collected half-a-dozen tents: in the brushwood for miles around were other tents belonging to the same tribe. It took but little time for Captain Achmed to persuade them to evacuate two of their tents for our benefit, and we gave up our own to the use of our servant. The one allotted to us was exceedingly open, one side being formed by a rock, and the bottom of the others being merely closed by branches of brushwood. But as it was fine weather and warm, we were very comfortable. Here we remained for several days, and the story of our life whilst there was the story of

a Yourouk, be he pastoral or archæological.

Each tent has its spinning-wheel and its loom, a hole for working the pedals of which is dug in the ground, and all the women of the tribe were engaged in making the far-famed Karamanian carpets. There is the wooden mortar for grinding the roast coffee-berries in, the decorated wooden platter in which they cool the same, the wooden water-jars made out of the hollowed stems of pine-trees. Everything almost they use is of wood, and gaily decorated with rude patterns, according to their fancy. When reaping, a Yourouk uses wooden gloves to protect his left hand from the sickle. When tending his flock, the Yourouk shepherd has a long wooden flute, encased in a carved wooden case made of two bits of wood glued together, and strung with ribbons and coloured beads across his shoulder, looking for all the world like the African assegai, or some other primitive weapon of war. In it he always keeps a long stick with goat's hair at one end to clean it, and really the weird music that he produces with this instrument, known as the *Nai*, is very striking, and suitable to the surroundings.

In one corner of the tent are the beehives—long trunks of trees hollowed out, and the ends stopped with dung-cakes. The bees travel with them, wherever they go, on the backs of camels, and their honey resembles cakes of soap, for they boil it, wax and all, before eating it. The Yourouks have not the remotest idea of letters, and carry on their transactions with the outer world by means of wooden tallies,—four-sided bits of wood, sometimes gaily carved,

sometimes plain. Notches are cut first down one angle and then down the other when payments are made, and a fully notched tally is equivalent to a receipt. They are by nature very honest, and the Turks call them "the policemen of the mountains," for they are ever ready to give useful information to the authorities concerning Circassian and Kourdish robbers who haunt these mountains. One night a horse of ours (not Strabo) was stolen. Its owner was in great tribulation, and Captain Achmed used dire imprecations, whilst I felt confident we should never see it again, and much walking for the future would be my portion. As luck would have it, a set of Yourouks identified the horse and the thief, as he was on his way with it to the mountains. They fired on him, and he fled into the brushwood, leaving our horse behind him, which was duly restored to its overjoyed master. On one occasion we suffered ourselves from this honesty of theirs, for certain officious Yourouks gave information to the governor of the neighbouring town of Selefké that suspicious travellers in search of treasure were in their midst. He accordingly sent a small army to capture us, and, much against our will, we had to go to prove in his august presence our innocence and our identity, and when we had done this, to abuse him soundly for daring to take free-born Englishmen prisoners without a cause. The Yourouks have great ideas of their own about treasure-hunting. They believe that the builders of the ruins amongst which we were searching were their ancestors, and that they put up inscriptions on rock and ruin to guide their descendants to the spot where treasure

lies concealed. With our own eyes we have seen them digging a hole beneath a Greek inscription, and chiselling into an inscribed column, in perfect faith that gold will be found inside; so no wonder they looked with suspicion on us, and could not see what we could be doing with the inscriptions, unless it was to find the locality of hidden treasure.

It was interesting every evening to watch the home-coming of the flocks, the rushing to and fro of frantic bare-legged women, with bags of salt in one hand and bowls in the other—for salt is the bribe which they offer to the refractory goat to induce it to stand still,—and their language is anything but feminine on these occasions. Then the kids, which are usually in charge of the children of the tribe, and do not go far from the camp, are let loose, bleating and leaping over one another, all eager for their evening meal, and many were the kicks and rebuffs these little things got when in their eagerness they selected a wrong mother. When all was quiet again, and the goats had retired to their enclosure for the night, the women proceeded to prepare the evening meal at the tent-door before darkness set in. Fires of sticks were lighted, and on wooden platters they rolled up dough. Into this they put green herbs, and cooked the cakes over the fire on iron platters. When ready, the family was summoned, and all ate in silence. With the darkness all retire to rest, for lights other than turpentine torches are unknown amongst them.

Their flocks consist of goats and sheep. The goats are of several descriptions and various colours—some with long twisted horns, some without; some with the long, flowing, silken hair of the Angora,

others with short stubbly growth ; but the sheep are all of that quaint oriental description which one sees depicted on the bas-relief of Persepolis, with such enormous tails of fat that cases are on record of shepherds providing tiny wooden carts for the sheep to carry its appendage on. I have frequently seen sheep quite weighed down by them, but I have only heard of and never actually set eyes on the cart. These sheep are mentioned by Moses in Leviticus, and by Herodotus, who tells us that the tails were "one cubit in width." This weighty "bustle" is usually about the size of an ordinary football, and consists of a mass of fat on each side of the sheep's spinal cord, and forms, as we discovered, a most excellent substitute for dripping, and far preferable for cooking purposes to the rancid butter the nomads provided us with.

Most tribes of Yourouks on the southern slopes of the Taurus go in largely for camel-breeding. The stunted brushwood amongst which they live is excellent pasturage for them. They produce here that sort of mule camel known in Asia Minor as the Toulou camel, — a cross between the Syrian and the Bactrian, excellent for standing heat and cold, mountain or plain. Every encampment we visited had a number of camels,—tiny foals a few hours old, and broken-down old camels which had carried for many seasons the Yourouk tents up into the mountains. A camel, we learnt, has a great fancy for tobacco, and will often stretch its long neck round to receive a whiff from its owner's cigarette or pipe.

As for the Yourouks themselves, they will do anything for tobacco

and coffee, smoking the dried leaves of certain mountain herbs they know of when they cannot get the genuine article; and for coffee, too, they have an excellent substitute, slightly medicinal, and more aromatic in flavour, which they produce from the seed of a sort of thistle which grows abundantly on their mountains (*Gundelia Tournefortia*). Coffee and tobacco are often more serviceable to the traveller to have with him than money when amongst the nomads, for everything is done over coffee. Whenever we wanted to ascertain the whereabouts of ruins or inscriptions, Captain Achmed would summon the men of the tribe to a solemn cup of coffee and a conclave. Then he would offer either tobacco or fractions of a penny, known as metallics, to those who professed to be able to guide us to such things. They generally chose the tobacco, and terrible walks they would take me at times: their hour generally grew into two or three, or sometimes four. Now and again my labours were rewarded with success, and a further item was added to the history of the pirates; but as often as not their expeditions ended in some miserable fiasco, fatigue, and loss of temper. A rock with natural marks upon it was supposed to be an inscription. A cave, supported by a natural pillar, was in their idea a ruin of exceeding importance. Tombs of a recent date were the frequent cause of acute disappointment. But notwithstanding the many failures, each walk had a charm of its own amongst the gorges, the rocks, and the brushwood of rugged Cilicia; and each walk increased my admiration for the instinct for locality possessed by these nomads, who could thread

their way with unerring steps through this mazy labyrinth.

In their home life the Yourouks have their peculiarities. They are the least religious people I ever came across, though professing to be followers of Mohammed. They have no mosques, nor did I see them saying the prayers or performing the ablutions inculcated by the Koran more than once or twice during the months we spent amongst them. They have their children circumcised, for the fact was forcibly brought before our notice one day during our stay at Maidan, when the travelling operator appeared to initiate the young Yourouks into the first mysteries of their religion, and the green-sward before the tent of the Aga, or chief man, was chosen for the ceremony, and the children from all the neighbouring tents were here assembled for treatment. Beyond this outward symbol there appears to be but little of the religious zeal common in Mohammedan communities, and the Turkish officials are constantly urging them to have mosques in certain spots, and to employ *hodjas* to instruct their children. But they will have none of these things. In one settlement we visited, high up in the mountains, a pious Mussulman had built them a mosque, but its roof was off, and I should think no service had been performed there for many years.

Nevertheless, it is perhaps too sweeping an accusation to say that there is no religion amongst them. A Yourouk of the mountain has his sacred tree, specimens of which we frequently came across in wild remote spots. Rags are hung to them, and wooden spoons as votive offerings. Little piles of stones are heaped up by passers-by in the

vicinity, and when a person dies they bring the corpse to one of these trees, read a few verses of the Koran over it, and take a handful of the small stones to put upon the grave; and furthermore, the idea is current amongst them that a corpse should be buried near a pathway, that the passers-by may pray for its welfare. Religion in a modified form is present with them, and the religion of honesty and the respect for the goods of others is far more present with them than it is amongst the orientals who inhabit the towns and haunts of men. A verbal contract made over a cup of coffee is as binding to them as a written one, and the biggest rogues in the Levant are those to whom this primitive verbal contract has lost its value—those who are, so to speak, in the transition stage between patriarchal simplicity and the laws of civilisation.

One of the most intelligent Yourouks we came across was called Osman. He knew something of letters, and could distinguish them from marks on the rocks, so that he never took me wild-goose chases whilst we were in his district. He had a pleasing round face, like all his race, but far more intelligent. His long white petticoats, blue jacket, and red fez made him decidedly picturesque, though perhaps not so strikingly so as some of his fellows who indulged in yellow cotton and red girdles. He gave me a good deal of information on the religious question, and spoke of the desire the Government had to centralise the nomads, and induce those with families to reside, for some months of the year at any rate, where some instruction could be got for their young. "But," said he, "the spirit of roving free-

dom is innate in us; we could never conform to any other mode of life." And I could fancy that the nomad races of Asia Minor, like the Indians of America, if brought into immediate and forcible contact with the sedentary habits of the civilised, would dwindle away and become extinct.

For the present, however, there is no fear of such a contingency, for a more polygamous race can scarcely exist than the Yourouks of the Taurus. Every wife has a large family, and if it were not for the high rate of infant mortality, they would increase and multiply alarmingly. A well-to-do Yourouk would think himself disgraced had he less than six or seven wives, or, more properly speaking, six or seven slaves. These good ladies do not all occupy the same tent, nor even the same encampment, but are scattered hither and thither with varied occupations. One wife minds the camels, two or three look after the flocks in different pasturages; a wife to spin and a wife to weave, a wife to cook and a wife to hew wood and draw water, completes the probable sum total of a Yourouk's harem: and as hired labour is unknown amongst them, the multiplication of family ties is absolutely necessary for advance in life. A poorly clad Yourouk was very glad to earn a few coppers by acting as our guide when we were encamped at a spot called Jambeslii, amid the ruined fortresses of a pirate town built on the edge of a gorge. He was said to be very low indeed in the scale of humanity; and on inquiring, I found that he was only able to keep three wives, and I could see that the Yourouks estimate the social position of their neighbours, much as we do in England,

by the number of servants they are able to keep.

Womanhood is, as a natural result of this system, sunk very low amongst them. A woman in her red petticoats, open jacket, and untidy head, is condemned to rush bare-legged after the goats, amid stones and brambles. Her only ornaments are cowrie-beads and brass bracelets; and the surprise evinced at seeing their wrinkled faces in the looking-glass proved that the sin of vanity is unknown amongst them. When at the well fetching water, or at the stream thumping their clothes between stones to get them clean, they appear to have hardly anything on, and they are not ashamed; poor hounded things, they have no cause for shame. Anything like immorality is unknown amongst them.

We saw one or two betrothals and marriages whilst among them. At the betrothal the husband-elect generally agrees on the sum which he can pay for his future bride. In fact, the betrothal is the purchase of a slave pure and simple. When all arrangements are made, some one plays a tambourine or a flute, guns are let off, and the engaged couple exchange handkerchiefs. The marriage ceremony is a trifle gayer. Men go round with the bridegroom on horse or camel back to the tents in the neighbourhood three or four times before the day of the wedding, and feasting and dancing are indulged in in the evenings. Generally on the fourth day the bride is brought to her husband's tent, he entertains his guests with coffee and food, and the ceremony is concluded. But these oft-repeated weddings lose their zest, and a man with a prospect of so much matrimony before him can-

not afford the time and money generally devoted to such occasions by a European monogamist.

Wife-stealing is common amongst the nomad tribes: though in excess of the male population, the supply of females is not equal to the demand, and constant skirmishes occur with neighbouring tribes when a girl, or not unfrequently a matron, is snatched from her home.

It is fortunate that infant mortality is not even greater, considering the little attention that Yourouk mothers pay to their offspring when they get beyond the age of swaddling; and even then, to our minds, the treatment of infant life is odd. The mother heats some fine earth with a hot stone from her fire; this she binds with the swaddling-bands tightly round the child, and it is dressed for the day. Either it hangs from its mother's back or it swings in a goat-skin attached to a rope from the tent-pole, or as often as not is left to roll in the mud. If the babe survives this stage and the next, when it runs about barefoot in the mud and cold, it grows up strong and healthy, and every Yourouk may be said to be an example of the survival of the fittest. They are a fine, hardy race, capable of the most wonderful feats of endurance. In times of famine they can subsist on bread made of acorns—bitter, and with next to no nutriment in it. In times of plenty they eat little else but their flabby oat-cake, washed down with butter-milk. Sometimes, as a great luxury, the housewife boils in a huge caldron the cones of a species of juniper (*Juniperus drupacea*), which, with a little flour in it, produces a brown sweet, not unlike chocolate-cream in taste and consistency,

and exceedingly satisfying. They also consume a great deal of a coarse pungent cheese, and they are cunning in selecting food amongst the herbs on their mountains. But meat they seldom touch, nor wine, nor any of those many things which spoil our sedentary digestions.

During our stay in their tents and hovels we were able to form a fair idea of what their intercourse is with the outer world. A well-to-do man, usually a Greek from one of the neighbouring towns, will provide a tribe of Yourouks with a flock by what is called an "immortal contract"—that is to say, the Greek engages to keep up the number of animals in case famine or disease diminish them. The Yourouk on his side agrees to produce for his patron so much butter, cheese, and milk. The contract is always a verbal one, and instances of cheating, I am told, are very rare; and if the seasons are prosperous, the tribe often succeeds in paying off the lender, and the flocks become their own.

Periodically a travelling tinker comes amongst them, the great newsmonger of the mountain. He chooses a central spot to pitch his tent, and the most wonderful collection of decrepit copper utensils is soon brought from the neighbouring tents and piled around. He usually brings with him a young assistant to look after the mule and blow the bellows; and with nitre heated at his fire he mends the damaged articles, gossiping the while, and filling the minds of the simple Yourouks who stand around with wonderful tales, not always within the bounds of veracity. When his work is done he removes to another central point, and after he has amassed as

many fees as his mule can carry, for they usually pay in cheese and butter, he returns to his town and realises a handsome profit.

Cattle merchants also come, generally rascally Kourds, and over endless cups of coffee effect the purchase of the surplus flock which the nomads do not wish to take with them up to the mountains. They are always spring visitors, and their tents are the centre of great excitement for days together. Around them sit the chiefs of the tribes in solemn silence, smoking their long pipes and sipping coffee, whilst the women come up outside with the goats and sheep to be offered for sale, screaming and yelling as is their wont. When the merchants have collected as many animals as they can manage, they set off with them to the towns where they can effect a profitable sale.

Camel dealers, wool merchants, skin merchants, and tax-collectors all make their periodical rounds amongst the nomads, and as each tribe visits the same pastures every year at stated times, there is no difficulty for those accustomed to their habits to know where to find their clients.

Besides their pastoral vocations the nomads have a few other sources of livelihood. The Yourouks with whom we dwelt at Maidan occupy themselves in making pitch. Two circular holes are dug in the ground; into one of these they cast fir branches, which they burn, and the turpentine flows out of it, as from a wine-press, into the other hole. Their tents were redolent with pitch collected like rancid butter in skins, and pressed down, and not a whit more agreeable. Other tribes devote some of their time to charcoal-burning, and one and

all they are frightfully destructive to the forests among which they wander. Acres of fine straight fir-trees, such as ship merchants would give good prices for for masts, are burnt annually by their fires; acres are cut down ruthlessly to secure pasturage for the flocks; and hundreds of trees are annually destroyed by tapping them just above the roots for turpentine.

Before aniline dyes were invented the Yourouks drove a good trade in colour-making from the herbs which grow on their mountain-sides; but now, alas! even for the purpose of dyeing their own wools for carpet-making, they purchase atrocious colours from Europe, with the result that their trade is gone, and with it the harmony in colours for which their carpets were once celebrated. Why they should have developed a taste for magenta, grass-green, and kindred colours, which are so different from their own, is a mystery, but such is the melancholy fact.

Every household commodity is made at home. The women spin their husbands' clothes, and it is not an uncommon thing to see an old Yourouk man, whose days of active work are over, plying the distaff like his wife, or standing at his tent door with a spindle in his hands. Their shoes are made out of raw untanned hide, cut in a circle, and fastened round the instep by a thong. These are most excellent things for adhering to their rocky paths—far better than my boots when those rocks were slippery. They put their shoes into water every night to prevent their getting hard, and a pair will last about a fortnight.

They sow for themselves only just enough grain for domestic

use, in the mountain valleys and in every tiny level space where there is an absence of rock, and they are few and far between in rugged Cilicia. Their threshing-floors are round flat spaces constructed at the edge of their fields, round which they are accustomed to drive over the grain on pieces of wood with bits of flint set in below—most probably bearing a striking resemblance to the “new sharp threshing instrument having teeth” mentioned by Isaiah (xli. 15). For grinding grain the wealthier have the regular grind-stones with two handles, common in the East; but the poorer are content to grind their grain in holes or natural mortars in the rocks, with a rounded stone for pestle.

High up in the Taurus range, shortly before the passes into Karamania are reached, we archæological nomads came across the object of our search—namely, the capital of the district of Olba, where the priest-kings of the Cilician pirates held their court. Still we were always amongst Yourouks, who have converted the ruins of this ancient capital on the hill of the castle of Djebel Hissar, as they call it, into the nearest approach to a village that the district contains. The inhabitants of this spot are perhaps the most sedentary of their race, inasmuch as the spot is 3800 feet above the level of the sea. They can here remain all the year round, though how they pass the winter months in those miserable hovels amid ice and snow was a mystery to us. Even in April the snow had not long disappeared, and the cold biting winds made us pile on logs to our fire, despite the blinding smoke which poured from it into *our den*.

The capital of the pirate district, even in its ruins, is very fine. It consists of two distinct parts—one on the hill, where are the principal buildings, and one in the valley below, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile distant: these towns were joined by a fine paved road, lined on both sides with rock-cut tombs and ruined buildings. It was on an aqueduct which supplied the lower town with water that we found an inscription which settled the question as to the discovery of the object of our search: “The city of the Olbian Castles erected this water-course.” It was a late inscription of the Roman period, but for this we did not care—the site of the capital of the pirates was found. Up in the higher town the two chief buildings were a fort and the temple of Jove. On the fort we found an inscription which told us that it was erected “under the priesthood of Teucer, the son of Tarkyarios, and under the direction of Tberemos, the son of Orbalaseta of Olba.” Such a formula as this we found on the fortress at the lip of the Olbian cave, nearer the sea, and the statements of Strabo as to the dynasty and priesthood of Teucer were substantially confirmed. The great temple was about half a mile from the fort. It owes its preservation to the fact that it was subsequently converted into a Christian church: the columns are all there, thirty-two in all, of the Corinthian order, and most of the wall enclosing the sacred precincts is still standing. This was the shrine where the priest-kings of the Teucid dynasty held their sacerdotal court. A few hundred yards from the temple of Jove were five elegant columns standing, with monolithic granite shafts and Corinthian capitals—all

that is left of a temple of Tyche, which, from an inscription, we were able to name. There stood, too, a Roman triumphal arch, the remains of a long colonnade, a theatre, and many other buildings on this hill of ruins, and as we contemplated them we were full of admiration for the pirates who had erected them. In the district of Olba we found something like seventy inscriptions, giving us true glimpses of the history of the pirates.

In the world's history it has been the fate of many men and many races who have not written their own history, to suffer, like

authors who cannot review their own books, from the adverse criticism of the opposite side. Luckily for the Cilician pirates they have left ruins behind them, and decrees, inscriptions, and bas-reliefs on their rocks, which prove to us that they were no ruffian bandits, like those which now haunt Asia Minor, but a race of wealthy, civilised, and independent men, whose marauding was doubtless carried on in self-defence, and in resistance to that gigantic power which eventually crushed them in its iron grasp.

J. THEODORE BENT.

EARLY ROMAN INSCRIPTION ON THE BASE OF A STATUE
IN THE MUSEUM OF THE CAPITOL.¹

(On one side of the base:—)

ATIMETUS.

Si pensare animas sinerent crudelia fata,
Et posset redimi morte aliena salus,
Quantulacunque meæ debentur tempora vitæ,
Pensassem pro te, cara Homonœa, libens.
At nunc, quod possum, fugiam lucemque Deosque,
Ut te matura per Styga morte sequar.

HOMONŒA.

Parce tuam, conjux, fletu quassare juventam,
Fataque mærendo sollicitare mea.
Nil prosunt lacrymæ, nec possunt fata moveri:
Viximus—hic omnes exitus unus habet.
Parce ita—non unquam similem experiare dolorem,
Et faveant votis numina cuncta tuis.
Quodque mihi eripuit mors immatura juventæ,
Id tibi victuro proroget ulterius.

(On the other side of the base:—)

HOMONŒA.

Tu, qui secura procedis mente, parumper
Siste gradum, quæso, verbaque pauca lege.
Illa ego, quæ claris fueram prælata puellis,
Hoc Homonœa brevi condita sum tumulo,
Cui formam Paphie, Charites tribuere decorem,
Quam Pallas cunctis artibus erudiit.
Nondum bis denos ætas mea viderat annos,
Injecere manus invida fata mihi.
Nec pro me queror hoc, morte est mihi tristior ipsa
Maror Atimeti conjugis ille mei.

VIATOR.

Sit tibi terra levis, mulier dignissima vita.
Quæque tuis olim perfruerere bonis.

¹ Given in the Rev. Dr Edward Burton's 'Description of the Antiquities and other Curiosities of Rome' (second edition, 1828), vol. i. pp. 146, 147; where Dr Burton says that he considered it worth copying, from the beauty of some of the sentiments.

TRANSLATION.

(On one side of the base:—)

ATIMETUS.

Would cruel Fates permit vicarious death,
 And Death restore a soul from Hades free,
 With all the remnant of my vital breath
 Would I, dear Homonœa! ransom thee.
 But I'll not live, this light, those heavens beneath:
 By a swift death, o'er Styx to thee I'll flee.

HOMONÆA.

Cease, spouse! in weeping to destroy thy youth
 And in thy grief my doom to emulate.
 No tears avail: the Grave admits not ruth:
 We lived: all living must endure this fate.
 Desist: like anguish mayst thou never know:
 May all the Powers thy dearest wishes bless:
 May all my early death has lost, in woe,
 Be spared to thee in length of happiness!

(On the other side of the base:—)

HOMONÆA.

Stay, heedless pilgrim! stay a little space
 Thy steps, and read brief record of my doom.
 I am that fair one, erst supreme in grace,—
 Now, Homonœa, laid in narrow tomb.
 Venus my form, my charms the Graces gave,
 With all her lore Pallas my spirit taught:
 Not twice ten years my age had passed: the Grave
 With envious grasp my youthful beauty sought.
 My fate I mourn not:—worse than death to me
 Is thy grief, Atimetus, husband mine!

VIATOR.

Lady, of life most worthy! may on thee
 The earth lie light! Bliss rest with thee and thine!

J. P. M.

THE GOLD-SUPPLY OF ENGLAND AND INDIA.

WERE all classes of men who trade together agreed never to ask each other for payment in coin, the theory that credit rather than money is the foundation of our commerce would be more widely accepted than it is likely to be, with the recollection of the condition of the money-market during the first two weeks of last November fresh in our minds. About the middle of that month the financial system which has its centre in London was nearer collapse than it has been for four-and-twenty years. A dearth of metallic money was the cause of the disturbance in the value of securities, as well as in men's minds. So nicely is the apex of the commercial pyramid poised on our slender stock of gold, that the withdrawal of half a million of sovereigns can set it rocking, and a contribution from France, Russia, or elsewhere of a similar amount, is sufficient for the moment to assure the City that it will not topple over.

It is not the business of the practical man to look far ahead. He thinks he is more likely to lose money by making and acting on a forecast of the results of given economic conditions, than by operating from day to day in accordance with the immediate interests of the speculating public. But *haute finance*—that which makes the market, fixes the price, and sends one kind of stocks up and another down—cannot exist from hand to mouth. Time is as necessary as opportunity for the evolution of successful results, and it is time which establishes the *truth* of economic doctrines, and *proves that similar causes in the*

long-run always involve similar results. This is a fundamental axiom which opportunist finance ignores.

Our last object-lesson has been given in Argentina. From it we learn that a country having no gold-mines, and no commerce sufficiently important to secure to it a supply of gold, cannot for long together pay in gold the gold which it borrows abroad. There were those who, in the heyday of Argentine finance, saw clearly enough that the gold which Englishmen were sinking in the River Plate would stay there. At present (whatever may be the case a generation hence) the industrial condition of the country is such that it is incapable of sending a current of gold on to the English money-market in response to that which sets out from here. When we call in our foreign debts we expect them to be paid in gold—we expect the interest always to be paid in gold; but a country which has little or no gold revenue or gold resource has to buy the commodity with its domestic money at scarcity prices. It is a lighter tax, or at least a less immediately pressing tax, to borrow more gold to pay the interest on the capital of the debt, than to raise the means of paying it from the proceeds of the labour of the people; hence loan after loan is procured from abroad with a constantly diminishing chance of repayment either of principal or interest. If the gold-supply of England, which is beyond all dispute indispensable to her commerce—and the more not the less indispensable as her credit system expands—is to be main-

tained, we must lend gold only to those countries which can repay us in gold.

Another country which we allow to deplete us of gold is India. India does not send us an ounce of gold which she has not taken from our own sources of supply. A considerable part of all the gold which goes to India never returns. Having been obtained in the West by the sale of exported productions, it is retained in the East as realised profits, wealth stored up, and to a moderate extent for use in the arts, for the rest as a representative of value on the credit of which traders buy and sell with the bills of exchange they issue and the book credits they open, and settle up the differences with the silver money of the country. But the vast stock of gold accumulated there undergoes no diminution; there is no ebb and flow under the reciprocal action which commerce enforces in the case of countries trading together on a common metallic basis. The three millions sterling (or thereabouts) of gold bullion which India annually adds to her store are, under the monetary law of that country, just as much lost to the nations of the West, by being withdrawn from the general commerce of the world, as if the money had been lent to a South American republic. Between the years 1835 and 1889 (April) this depletion amounted in value to £130,292,758 sterling; between that date and the month of September of this year, a further accumulation, to the value of £5,069,272 sterling, has taken place, bringing this portion of the gold treasure of India up to a value exceeding 135½ millions sterling. India, like Argentina, has to buy gold at fancy prices with her domestic money—silver—in order to pay the interest on her

gold debt; but she is the more respectable creditor in that she has a precious metal instead of paper to offer in the purchase, and her credit abroad is maintained by a valuable commerce, the balance of which is always in her favour, by a firm and liberal administration and a secure revenue. But the drain of gold to India still goes on, and although the country pays England £15,000,000 a-year and-over, she provides none of the gold used in the payment: it is bought in England and paid for with silver by bills drawn on India; it is a transfer of gold money already in this country from one set of owners to another, from the merchants who buy the Council bills to the Indian stockholders and others who have claims for gold payments on the Indian Government. Were it not that the currency law of India forbids the circulation of gold legal-tender money, this drain of gold would not only be arrested, but existing accumulations would, as fast as the processes of commerce might permit, become to some extent and to a considerable value incorporated in the gold-supply available for the inter-territorial trade of the empire, and therefore for the purposes of the London money-market.

This gold treasure is part of the accumulated savings of the people. What is there which ensures the progressive prosperity of a country more certainly than facilities for investing savings in sound enterprises? But the first step in that direction is to legalise the conversion of these savings from money-metal into money. Banking and the facilities which banks afford for economising the use of money, and for placing it in quarters where it can be most profitably employed, were understood in India long before Lombard Street

existed; and as a reserve of wealth in support of credit, this stock of bullion forms part of the capital fund of the country. What can be said for the financial system of a great empire in this age of the world which forbids the use of gold legal-tender money, and prevents savings realised in gold bullion becoming reproductive in a liquid form? "*Quantulâ sapientiâ regitur mundus*"!

Putting aside for the moment the interests of the people of India, the circumstances of the London money-market in November prove how very important it is to this country that the gold stock of India should, so far as the commerce of the two countries allows, become incorporated with that of England. In the beginning of November the rate for day-to-day money stood at from 4 per cent to $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent at the Bank of England, and at 5 per cent at the private banks; while in Calcutta and Bombay the rate of interest for similar accommodation was at the same time nominally 3 per cent, but money at 2 per cent was readily obtainable. This is the result of the money of one country being bullion in the other, of the want of a monetary unit common to the currencies of both. If so little as 30 or 50 millions sterling of this gold store were in circulation in India as legal-tender money, a few millions would be available for the relief of London at such a time of distress as that which has lately prevailed. Were the trade of England and India conducted on the basis of an identical monetary unit—the £1 sterling of the Realm and of the Empire of India—the potential limits of the supply of gold money to the London money-market would be greatly enlarged; *for the drain of gold to India*

would be arrested, and a large portion of the metal which now disappears there would be retained in Europe and America, while another large portion of the stock of gold now in India would be set free for use in the trade of the world, of which London would take her share. With a currency of gold and a greatly increased circulation of money in India, the rate of discount would not be twice as high here as that prevailing there; in both countries it would vary but little from a common mean, traders on both sides would be benefited, and steadiness of the exchanges enormously increased. It is also obvious that at a time of pressure mercantile men in London could obtain gold from Europe in exchange for gold bills drawn on India, which is not possible now.

An important declaration on the part of the Bimetallic League appeared in the 'Times' of November 4th, signed by its principal officers, two of whom are directors of the Bank of England. As the object of this document is to show that if the system of the fixed ratio had been that of the currency of England, the bank reserve would have been fully adequate to the demands made upon it, and the recent crisis need never have occurred, it is not irrelevant to examine the arguments upon which the League recommends bimetallism to the English public as a means of replenishing the bank reserves and the capital fund of the country. The cardinal defect of the case for the bimetallicists is, that it fails to show how a *consensus of all nations which trade together* can be obtained to the exchange of gold and silver money at a constant rate. If this could be secured there would be a prospect

of success; without it bimetallicism would prove as hopeless a failure in the future as it has in the past. Such a universal agreement is necessary in order to secure the Bimetallic Convention from the competition of countries offering a better rate of exchange for either gold or silver money into the other than that of the fixed ratio. Where the coinage and exchange of both kinds of money are free and unrestricted, the price of one in the other is fixed by their relative efficiency for the purchase of the same commodity in the same market. Where, for instance, an ounce of gold money and sixteen or seventeen ounces of silver money will buy the same commodity, gold would be taken into the currencies of those countries and used for purchasing goods on more favourable terms than those of the fixed ratio at $15\frac{1}{2}$ to 1, and those countries would therefore divert part of the gold-supply into their own, on its way to the bimetallic currencies. It is a pure assumption that India, China, Japan, and other Asiatic nations, Australia, South Africa, and the inhabitants of the Turkish dominions in three continents, will come into any such agreement. The efficacy of the plan is a question of detail, and this particular detail has never been worked out in a manner which in the least degree supports the view that these countries must follow the lead of the principal commercial States of the European world or give up trading altogether, for that alternative is the logical conclusion of the theory that a partial convention of the leading States, as contrasted with a universal convention of *all* States, will suffice to enforce the fixed-ratio principle of exchange throughout the commercial world. Whatever may be expected of nations of European descent, Asiatics will most certainly refuse their consent to a system which is in conflict with their usage for the exchange of money of different metals—usage sanctioned by a prescription of 3000 years. It is also matter of experience that as the demand for silver rises in one quarter above the ordinary level, that for gold will increase in another, where the former may have generally been most in demand. This has been the case in the recent movement of gold to India since American legislation has attracted an unusual amount of silver into the United States. An increase in the imports of gold into India began about March 1888, but in only six out of the succeeding twelve months was it very marked, rising above 4 millions of rupees in the month. However, between March 1889 and April 1890 the *net* importations of gold into India were (at 10 rupees to the £1 sterling) 46 millions of rupees in value, as compared with 29 millions and 28 millions in the years 1887-88, and 1888-89 respectively. Moreover, during the following five months—*i.e.*, from April to August 1890 inclusive—24 millions of rupees' worth of gold have gone to India, in excess of the exportations of gold from India in the same time. Thus the influx of silver into America and the absorption by India of nearly twice as much gold as she ordinarily takes, are incidents in the movement of the precious metals which make it impossible to ignore the influence on the bimetallic currencies which Asiatic nations will at all times exercise. It is therefore only by including these nations in the bimetallic arrangement that competition of this kind

can be averted. I have shown in another place¹ that legislation in India directed to enforcing any other rate of exchange for gold and silver money than that ordained by the market, would carry dismay into every bazaar in India, and lead to a withdrawal of money from circulation, to an enhancement in the rate of interest, a fall in prices, disturbance of values, dislocation of contracts, a diminished revenue, and other perils, financial, administrative, and commercial, that always result from a want of confidence in the wisdom and integrity of the Government. If, however, India and other countries in Asia are neglected and remain outside the convention, the system will be worked under precisely the same conditions which involved its failure fifteen years ago. Except by the maintenance of a universal convention, that "parity between the two metals, and consequently a par of exchange between all commercial communities," to secure which is the object of the League, cannot possibly come into existence, and any expectation of including India and other Asiatic countries and nations in such an arrangement is wholly visionary.

Although no progress can be made in establishing bimetallism as the currency of this country until this difficulty, and some ten others, each of them equally insurmountable, which the investigations of the Gold and Silver Commission disclosed, are disposed of, there are some passages in the letter which deserve examination. Incidentally, its authors say that it is not the object of the League "merely to raise the price of silver, and consequently

the price of the rupee;" and they go on to say: "It cannot be too clearly understood that a rapid rise in the price of silver, if it be not founded on a permanent basis, as advocated by the League, must inevitably unsettle and dislocate trade quite as much as a rapid fall. . . . Bimetallism aims at the prevention of such dislocations," &c. What is the "permanent basis advocated by the League," except the fixed ratio of exchange? Is there any other? If not, how can there be any rise, to say nothing of a "rapid rise," in the price of silver, if its price is, under the influence of the "permanent basis," to remain constant? How can there be a rapid rise in the price of silver, when silver and gold are exchanging into one another at an invariable point of value? Yet a rise in the price of silver in this case is contemplated as possible by bimetallists. The term "rise in the price of silver" undoubtedly refers to its gold price, not its price in commodities, since it is said in the same letter that the avowed object of the League is to secure an unrestricted coinage of silver and gold at a fixed ratio, which would have the effect of lowering, not raising, the price of silver in goods.

On the prevention of monetary panics the manifesto contains the following passage:—

"Whenever the London money-market is distressed and perplexed by the withdrawal of even small quantities of gold, and by apprehensions as to further demands, coupled with serious doubts as to the sufficiency of future supplies of that metal, the necessity of fixing an international ratio between gold and silver so as to make both metals available for bank reserves becomes

¹ *Industrial Competition of Asia*, p. 193. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.: London, 1890.

strikingly apparent. It cannot be denied that this would provide an adequate supply of money available for international purposes and for the internal transactions of the kingdom. Grave dangers would thus be averted. The comparative monetary ease at present enjoyed by France from her double reserves of gold and silver illustrates the relief we might expect from such a course."

We have shown that this "adequate supply of money . . . available for the internal transactions of the kingdom," depends upon a general, not upon a partial, acceptance of the fixed-ratio system. On one occasion, in past times of "partial acceptance," the French were so apprehensive that they would not have this adequate supply of money, except in the form of silver, that they hastily abandoned the fixed-ratio system. The comparative monetary ease at present enjoyed by France from her double reserves of gold and silver is not the result of an unrestricted coinage of gold and silver money at a fixed ratio, but of a silver token-money system analogous to our own. The exchange rate of silver with gold money in France has for many years been maintained by a limitation on the supply of coin. The large stock of gold which the Bank of France holds is the result of the discretion which it possesses of refusing to make payments in gold. If under an English bimetallism the directors of the Bank of England and private banks generally could legally refuse to pay gold, and could substitute for gold payments silver payments, what would become of the financial business of which London is the centre, or of the "international purposes" which an unrestricted supply of both kinds of money is intended to serve? Nor is this all. The

fixed-ratio system could only be worked in the same manner that it has been in the past. As the currency, therefore, would be alternately drained of gold and silver, the bank reserves would always more largely consist of the kind of money least in demand, instead of that which might be most in demand; and with an excessive supply of silver money in circulation, the London money-market would be just as liable as it is now to distress and perplexity, occasioned by a dearth of gold money. As long as our foreign trade and our foreign loan business are conducted on the basis of gold, we have the advantage of our rivals who use silver. By buying with gold, and by paying our debts in gold, we secure to our customers abroad their returns in the most valuable form; by lending gold abroad, and by selling produce abroad by the gold standard, we secure an influx of gold into this country. Were the national gold income to become converted into a silver income, England might continue thoroughly solvent and maintain a valuable commerce, but as a commercial country would take rank with India and Mexico.

The bimetallist, in asserting that his monetary law secures an indefinite expansion to the circulation of metallic money and a proportionate enlargement of the bank reserves, in effect contends that it creates a demand for the precious metals which induces the required supply of both kinds of money; but if, as has always happened, one metal were more favoured by the fixed legal rate of exchange than the other, it is obvious that the supply of the undervalued money—that is to say, of the money most efficient for trade purposes—would cease partially or

altogether; and in this case there could be no maintenance of an unrestricted supply of both kinds of money to the currency, unrestricted as *the coinage* of both might be. A limit would be set to the supply of both kinds of money for actual exchange into one another by the amount of the more valuable of the two in circulation. If it were gold that became undervalued, then the limitation on its supply would be fixed by the point of value at which it might become unprofitable for those countries outside the convention to exchange their gold for the bimetallic silver at the rate fixed by the bimetallic law. No matter where the remainder of the gold-supply might go to, it would not run into the fixed-ratio currency, and the silver constituent would be proportionately increased, and the supply of silver would go forward continuously, while that of the gold money would remain stationary, if a supply came in at all. In this event prices might rise while the values would stand still, the efficiency of the currency as a medium of exchange would be lowered, and as a reserve in support of credit its value would be discounted by its abundance. Although the capital fund of the country might be larger in bulk, it would be no larger in value and of no more assistance to trade than the smaller but more valuable supply was before. Gold money, although partially or altogether out of circulation, would remain the standard of value, the gold price of commodities would remain the same, credits would be accorded to traders on the gold basis, and the premium on gold in silver money would rise in correspondence with the scarcity of the former in actual circulation. It is a mistake to suppose

that an abundance of the cheaper money brings about the same results as the employment, to the same value, of the dearer money; that silver may be substituted for gold, and trade go on with the same assistance from the currency as if the latter were in circulation in unrestricted quantities. Every merchant tries to get more value in the exchange than he gives. If he gets gold, and gold is rising in value, he succeeds; if he gets silver, and silver is falling, he fails. He will, therefore, only deal by the gold standard; and gold money being—on the hypothesis—more limited in supply than ever, no real enlargement of the standard of value will be effected, and the supply of money available for international purposes and for the internal transactions of the kingdom will be no more adequate to those purposes than that provided by gold monometallism. The system of the Latin Union cannot from the nature of the case *secure the utmost quantity of either kind of money* which commerce may demand; and silver monometallism is not what we want. Except under a fixed-ratio system which is commercially—not to say geographically—absolutely universal, both money-metals cannot become available for bank reserves in an adequate supply of each: with less than this the country will not be satisfied, and bank reserves constituted on any other footing than this will not avail to prevent monetary panics.

In different ways our own currency system and that of the Latin Union act in restraint of the supply of both kinds of money to trade; but throughout the East it has been for thirty centuries, and still is, the practice to exchange gold and silver money at market values. Where this sys-

tem prevails, it is not possible that any limit, except such as the requirements of commerce may prescribe, can be placed on the supply of both kinds of money, for each kind comes into use exactly to the extent to which it can be profitably employed—that is to say, in complete correspondence with the commercial demand for it. However greatly such a system may differ from and be unsuitable to European methods of exchanging money, it can, from the antiquity of its use in India, be revived in the Queen-Empress's dominions without difficulty, without prejudice to the interests of any class, and with general and unqualified advantage to the people. Indirectly, by incorporating India in our monetary system, we should obtain the means of widening the metallic basis of our commerce, in whatever part of the world it may be pursued. Were the use of legal-tender gold money revived in British India, exchanging with silver money according to the immemorial custom of the country, at its intrinsic or market value, and a sovereign identical in weight and fineness with the £1 sterling of the realm coined, and established as the standard and unit of value, the supply of gold available for bank reserves in London would in two ways be enlarged—that is to say, by a check being put upon the annual increase which is now made to the accumulations of gold bullion in India, and by bringing into use in commerce a portion of the gold already held there. It has already been stated that the stock of gold which during fifty-five years has been imported into, and never been re-exported from, India, is in value £135½ millions sterling; and this is not more than half of all that the people of the country possess. The flow

of gold to the East is matter of historic record from a remote antiquity. It is noticed by Pliny, and there is good reason for believing that it prevailed during a thousand years preceding the Christian era. If even a small part of so immense a treasure were in use as money in India, it would immediately come under the influence of commerce, and be drawn into the currents of trade, and become available, when it could so be employed with profit, for the purposes of the London money-market.

Mr Goschen in his recent speech at Leeds expressed, not for the first time, his sense of the perilously narrow basis of metallic money upon which the superstructure of our commerce rests; and while in search of a means for broadening it, he is careful to safeguard himself against appearing to encourage inflation. Taking inflation to mean a rise in prices, unaccompanied by a corresponding rise in values, inflation can never be brought about by a mere increase in the volume of gold employed in commerce. Credits may be granted in excess—that is to say, accorded to men who possess neither goods nor gold in proportion. Paper money may be issued without the State making itself liable to take it in exchange for gold at its face value. A currency of silver money may be authorised as legal tender in payment of debts and taxes, in quantities which prohibit its exchange into gold at the legal-tender rate. In all these cases inflation follows. Prices rise, but values, when brought to the test of gold, remain the same. On the other hand, where gold is itself the subject of exchange with commodities, prices and values must always go together; and necessarily, as

long as gold continues to be the superior metal, and therefore the true standard of value, no increase to the supply can be attended with the evils of inflation. Any plan for increasing the bank reserves by taking metallic money out of circulation in order to hold it in reserve against an occasion when documentary substitutes for money become discredited, would have failed to meet the trade and agricultural depression of recent years, so far as that condition of things was attributable to a scarcity of the supply of metallic money; and for the purposes of international finance 20 millions of paper circulating in the place of 20 millions of gold would be of little or no use at all. Both the internal circulation of the country and its foreign business (so far as they may depend upon a conveniently abundant supply of gold) are, on the other hand, directly and immediately served by utilising in India, as legal-tender money, and thereby bringing within reach of England, a portion of the vast treasure of gold which India now holds. As a means towards securing in future the financial supremacy of London against a recurrence of the danger which it has lately escaped, we beg leave with some confidence to invite the attention of the mercantile public to the remonetising of gold in India, whereby no diminution in the capital capable of employment in commerce need occur; and at the same time the reserves of the London banks might, as Mr Goschen designs, be very much strengthened.

It is no answer to this proposal to assert that a demand for gold for an Indian currency would place an additional burden on the gold-supply of London. Such an objection is an entire mistake. The

demand would arise in India, and on the store accumulated in that country. It would be unprofitable—under an exchange of gold and silver money at market values—to import gold for coinage when the country is full of it. For a similar reason importations of gold into India would be reduced, because, exchanging as money at its market value with silver, it would cease to have an increasingly great command over the latter, as the balance of value which would be ascertained by the exchanges of goods for gold and silver money indifferently in a free market became less and less liable to variation.

Nor is another objection of greater weight—viz., that as gold is imported into India for consumption, it would not be available for money. The amount consumed in ornaments and in the arts is in comparison with the whole stock quite insignificant. Gold has been from the most ancient times largely used as money in India; but having been under interdict in British territories for more than half a century, Englishmen never see it in circulation, and consequently rush to the conclusion that a treasure of 270 millions sterling in value is all used up in nose-rings and bangles for the adornment of native ladies. In fact, throughout British India, wherein by far the larger proportion of the stock of gold is held, its principal use is that of a representative of value, a reserve against which a vast amount of documentary money is launched on the numerous centres of trade scattered throughout the country. Upon this the domestic or inter-provincial trade of the peninsula, the commerce of 300 millions of men, is mainly carried on. One ceases to wonder that so much gold should have been for cen-

turies, notably for the last fifty-five years, absorbed by India, when one reflects on the advantage which merchants, bankers, and many classes of producers derive from being able to hold in small bulk fifteen or twenty times the value that they could hold in silver money, as well as from the possession of a reserve which only varies in value by becoming more instead of less valuable, and from the issue against it of bills of exchange and promissory notes, by means of which the productions of distant parts of the empire are exchanged for one another without the expense of moving about the weighty silver money of the country being incurred. Were it not that gold bullion in this way took the place of silver money, the trade of India could never have undergone the marvellous expansion which the present generation has witnessed, for the currency of British India is not much more than £1 per head of the population in value, and is therefore insufficient even for the retail business of the markets. All that our Government need do is to legalise the use of gold full-value money in the form of sovereigns, to let the people exchange it with silver money at its market value, and leave the rest to them. They are sufficiently shrewd and capable as traders, and too well versed in the application of money to trade, to withhold from coinage at the mints any portion of the store of gold in their possession which they can profitably use as money.

It is also alleged that the propensity of the natives of India to hoard gold is so inveterate that, whether the gold stock of India were coined or uncoined, it would still be hoarded. Yet when gold was used as money in British India, the practice of hoarding

certainly did not interfere with its circulation. Gold was current freely enough until the Government fixed a legal rate for its exchange with silver, when it all disappeared. Half the revenue of Bengal in Warren Hastings' time was paid in gold: the troops received their pay, officials their salaries, goods were bought and sold, partly in gold partly in silver. Of the money coined in the mints of the East India Company one-seventeenth part was gold, and the circulation of gold was doubtless in a larger proportion, as a great deal of money coined by the native Powers was in use in the Company's territories. The people of India, in fact, have just as great a necessity for the use of gold money as any other trading nation. The immense value of this treasure is a reason for conceding, not for withholding, a gold currency. Such an accumulation as has taken place is a necessary preliminary to the use of gold as legal-tender money. Primitive peoples prefer silver money, as the low value of their trade dealings makes it the more convenient metal, and the legalising of gold money in India would not in the least interfere with the general and popular use of the rupee currency; but as a nation grows in wealth, its stock of gold grows also, until in response to a national requirement the gold bullion held by individuals is coined into the money of the people. In times now passing away silver was commonly hoarded, but the profit to be made by using it as money has reduced the practice to insignificant dimensions. A similar cause will produce a similar result. Gold bullion will be converted into money as soon as the law which forbids this being done gives place to wiser

legislation; and however much of the gold in the country may be put into circulation as money, the proportion which it would bear to the whole mass would for many years to come be but small, and still leave some £200,000,000 available for jewellery and hoarding. But it is objected, "All this may be true, but times are changed; it does not follow that traders would use gold money in these days because their grandfathers did so." Times are indeed changed, but they are changed for the better. The facilities for making larger profits in trade with gold than in trade with silver, whatever they may have been at the end of the last century, are now a hundredfold as great; while under the conditions which regulate the supply and use of money in India, not a single impediment to the employment of gold money arises which did not exist in past years in greater force, and of those which did exist the most material have disappeared.

But to turn from a *priori* argument to the evidence of facts. The replenishment of the bank reserves in London from the Indian source of supply must depend upon the people of that country recognising it to be their interest to use gold money concurrently with silver; and as it will not be possible within the limits of this article to notice more than cursorily the inducements they would be under to do so, the reader is referred to the work already mentioned, wherein he will find a great deal of evidence showing that from time immemorial gold has been in India the standard of value for public payments, and that commerce has been much inconvenienced by its disappearance from circulation; that there exists a *predilection* among the natives of India for gold money, and that

they have never acquiesced in its exclusion from their currency; that investigations made by a Currency Commission under the orders of the Government of India in 1866 showed that the demand for a gold currency was unanimous throughout the country, that the opinion was general that the currency should consist of gold, silver, and paper. It will be seen that in the Bengal and Madras, and more largely in the Bombay, Presidencies, bar gold circulates freely; that the country is full of gold coins of various descriptions; that sovereigns abound; that they are sold daily at prices quoted in the newspapers in the stock and share lists; and that, on the occasion of a stringency in the money market in 1865, as many as 70,000 sovereigns were offered by one bank alone to the Treasury in Bombay for the purchase of notes, this being the only way in which they could be put into use as money—but the currency law forbade their acceptance. Such objections as have been made to the proposed reform are therein considered and disposed of, and its manifest advantages to all classes set forth and finally summarised under about twenty distinct heads.

As an illustration of the popularity which gold enjoys over silver as money—not a sentimental popularity, but resting on well-ascertained conditions of profit and loss—the following comparison of the relative acceptability of gold and silver stock is not irrelevant to the argument. Taking the price of 4½ per cent rupee paper at £83 for every 1000 rupees, and the exchange at 1s. 6½d. (the prices of November 5th), the value in gold of 45 rupees—that is, of the interest on 1000 rupees—would be £3, 9s. 4½d.; this, applied to £83, gives £4, 4s. 3d. per cent. The Indian sterling debt (3 per cent.)

was quoted on the same day at £95, 10s.; the interest on it would therefore amount to £3, 3s. 6d. per cent. The difference between the gold dividend on the silver debt and the gold dividend on the gold debt is therefore over 1 per cent. This is one of many instances which prove how very much more desirable is gold than silver money: the uncertain value of silver makes men ask 4 per cent for lending it, when they only ask 3 per cent for lending gold, and thereby discount any diminution which may occur in the value of their returns to their investment. The same apprehension involves an enhancement in all kinds of prices paid in silver, whether for credit accommodation, for services, for commodities, or for any other purpose, the profits of which are ultimately realisable in gold. The tax-payer, moreover, has been compelled to pay hundreds of millions of rupees for the purchase of gold spent on his account in England; and a brief calculation would bring out the fact that the public (rupee) debt of the Government of India, upon which $4\frac{1}{2}$ and 4 per cent are the rates of interest now paid, could, with a gold revenue at the command of the Government, be converted into a gold debt, and a saving of considerably over half a million sterling per annum for ever, be effected. This consideration touches every branch of the financial administration of the country, and serves to illustrate the increased political security which would ensue from the use of gold money in India; for sound finance is a great aid to secure rule. On the other hand, there is no particular in which either the native of India or the European settler is better off with silver money than he would be with gold money in addition; but whenever either makes

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use of money, his personal convenience, his business, his savings, or his profits are affected for the worse. The retail shopkeeper; the wholesale trader, whether engaged in the internal or in the foreign commerce of the country; the banker; the merchant, whether trading from England or from India; every class of taxpayer, the professional man, the official,—all alike are prejudiced by the continued proscription on gold money which the law of India enforces.

If a gold currency were in circulation in India, say, of from 30 to 50 millions of sovereigns, and a gold revenue yielding 20 or 30 millions sterling were levied in the place of a portion of the silver revenue—not by conversion of silver into gold payments, but by the direct imposition of taxation in gold—gold money would be kept in constant circulation not only by the daily traffic of the market, but by the levy of taxes and their immediate disbursement on State payments for services, interest on the public debt, *matériel*, and so forth. This circulation would necessarily pass through the banks, and become involved in the mechanism of the external commerce of the country, and consequently in that of the foreign exchanges, and thus there would be opened to the city of London a source of supply larger, more certain, and less variable in its amount, than can be obtained by any other means or from any other quarter. In this way the distress to which the financial business of England is liable from a short supply of gold money, which the increasing drain of gold bullion to India intensifies, would be much relieved, even if it were not definitely and effectually extinguished.

CLARMONT DANIELL.

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ANCIENT LIGHTS IN THE GUELPH EXHIBITION.

I HAD been spending one of the most delightful and exciting afternoons I ever remember. Fond as I am of pictures, and unwilling to miss visiting any of the annual exhibitions, yet I find a gallery a most trying place. My frame is generally bowed with fatigue, my legs ache wofully—long before my eyes are satisfied with the feast. Apart from the physical strain of standing about for hours, there is something in the motionless, warm air of most picture-shows that takes it out of you; then it is cold outside—you carry in with you a thick overcoat that soon weighs like lead, there is nowhere to deposit it, you must carry it about till you are half-cooked; and in addition to all this, there is the too plentiful presence of your fellow-creatures. A knot of people have gathered just in front of a small picture you are especially anxious to examine: they have got into interminable conversation about the parochial affairs of Sludgebury, or the County Council of Potatoshire; they could carry it on just as well anywhere else, but there they stand—bulky, vociferous, abominably good-tempered: the conference seems likely to last half the afternoon. You pass on in despair, and presently become absorbed in contemplation of another work, till you are reminded by an *aura* of impatience behind you that you are yourself obstructing the view of others equally anxious, perhaps, to get a fair view of the piece. All this and a thousand other little inconveniences combine to make your recreation a test of physical endurance.

But here—to-day—in the New

Gallery, among the enchanting objects which compose the Guelph Exhibition, all had been different. In the first place, it had so happened that there were comparatively few visitors; and these had seemed as much attracted by the miniatures, letters, jewellery, &c., shown in cases in the centres of the rooms, as in the pictures on the walls. But in the next place, there was the peculiar nature of the exhibition itself. Viewed merely as a collection of pictures, it must be frankly owned that the standard is not high. "Pot-boilers" abound—too few of them that would bear comparison with the noble pot-boilers of Franz Hals, now on exhibition in Burlington House, in which every stroke of the brush tells of the confident freedom and knowledge which came as the fruits of thorough training and hard work; too many of them betraying conventional treatment, faulty materials, or hurried execution, as if the painter had been impatient to get to the coffee-house.

Yet it would be difficult to find a more satisfying expanse of colour than that presented on the wall on the visitor's right hand as he enters the North Gallery. A few marble busts at long intervals are relieved on a background of mellowed canvas, and the eye is not cloyed with the profusion of new gilding that detracts so painfully from the charm of an exhibition of modern pictures. The feeling of gold is there, but the metal is tarnished, and worn to a low harmony.

But it is for the mind rather than the senses that this treat has been prepared; here Mnemosyne, the muse of Memory, presides.

Of all the centuries of English history, none lays hold more powerfully on the imagination than the eighteenth. It is remote enough to be romantic—not so long past as to be indistinct. None of the previous centuries have been brought so thoroughly within our understanding by literature; the influences which actuate us, the aspirations which inspire us, the customs we observe, seem to have taken their birth among the men and women with whom Chesterfield, Walpole, Selwyn, and Boswell have made us so intimate. Admit that this is a superficial view of our civilisation, but admit also that the gulf which separates us from mediæval feeling lies on the far side of the seventeen hundreds, and that nothing divides us from the people of last century but the accident of—death. Even this separation is hard to realise as you encounter the gaze of one after another of the well-known personages, whose eyes follow you somewhat wistfully as you pass along.

So, as I have said, the afternoon had been to me one long delight. The excitement of meeting—in the flesh, I had nearly said—at all events, of being in the visible presence of illustrious men and beautiful women, who had all borne a part in the making of England, had prevented my feeling the exhaustion I had surely earned. I drew a long sigh of gratitude on coming to the end of the gallery up-stairs, and finding a bench in a retired corner, I sat down to rest and meditate for a few minutes in the growing dusk. But the bodily part of me had its revenge for the long innings of the intellectual, and lulled by the tinkle of the fountain in the central court, I fell fast asleep.

When I awoke, all was dark

and silent. I shall never forget the bewilderment—the utter impossibility of recollecting where I was. I had actually to retrace mentally every action of the previous day, from the time I had left my house till I visited the pictures, and then—it was all clear. I had slept so long and so sound that I had been overlooked when the gallery was closed for the night, and—I WAS LOCKED IN.

I had not even a lucifer-match to enable me to see my watch. I was in total darkness, and scarcely dared to move, lest I should fall down some stairs, or run against a glass case. It was not cold—that was something to be thankful for, and, after all, the morning must come, and I had spent nights in far worse quarters than this. I was hungry, not ravenously so, for, with advancing years, I have grown to rely more on luncheon and less on dinner than of yore,—still, visions of *consommé aux œufs pochés* floated tantalisingly before me, and I thought tenderly of *côtelettes purée de marrons*. I rose and stretched myself: my slumbers on an oaken bench had been soft, but still—oak is oak and flesh is flesh. A clock within the building struck twelve, and suddenly, as the last sound of the bell died away, I became aware of a soft light spreading itself through the rooms. It grew steadily, till at last every object was plainly visible—as plainly as in broad daylight, but with a difference. I cannot describe the strange nature of this light: it was very pure, very soft, yet penetrating, but it took me some minutes to realise its peculiarity—*it cast no shadows*. It was indeed the “light that never was on sea or land.” The effect produced was one of interminable space: the walls of the building and the picture-frames

seemed to recede or become intangible, though the pictures themselves remained as clear as before. Nay, more so; for presently they appeared to disengage themselves, and I could hardly persuade myself that they were not living, though motionless, men and women. Their outlines rounded themselves or became more distinct, the discoloration of age or varnish slipped aside like a film, fresh hues revived in faded cheeks and tarnished dresses. And presently they began to move. I left my place and wandered about like one in a trance. With the darkness silence had ceased: the air was full of sound, but sound as unfamiliar and unearthly as the light. I could not at first distinguish its origin or nature, but as my ears became accustomed to it, I recognised it as the articulate speech of a crowd. I could catch words and sentences as one does in the babble of a large assembly; but, though it was human and English speech, it had the indescribably *small* yet startlingly *near* character of a voice sounding through a telephone. *The voices were those of the spirits of the pictures.*

I was still in the balcony; but no sooner did I realise that the spirits were speaking than I conceived a strong desire to go to the South Gallery, where the portraits of those distinguished in Arts, Letters, and Science are collected. The narrow staircase happened to be occupied by two persons, one in military uniform, the other a slightly framed, middle-aged man, fantastically draped in a dark-red furred mantle, and wearing long white lace cravat. I paused behind them, unwilling to interrupt their conversation by attempting to pass.

"I am positively getting tired of this, Harry," said he of the furred cloak. "I own I was delighted with it all at first; but a month among these people has driven me back upon the conviction I formed a hundred and fifty years ago, that hardly one in a hundred of the people we know are worthy of acquaintance, and were it not for you and Mason and two or three others, I should shrink from jumping out of the shades—like old Mrs Nugent out of her po'chaise—into an assembly."

"Don't be more misanthrope than of yore, dear Horace," returned the soldier, turning so as to show me his handsome and intelligent countenance. "I shall return presently to look for you as soon as I have made my obeisance to the king; and I know I shall find you closely hedged in by the petticoats of all the pretty women in the place. How long have I known you? Who will be more chagrined than you when the time comes that we all have to separate once more? How well I remember your saying that, like a member of Parliament's wife, you revived directly you came to London."

"Yes; but recollect I was then imprisoned in a wretchedly constructed carcass. My life, for the last thirty years of it, was but one long stratagem to escape the gout, but my heart ever lay at Strawberry."

Fortune, who scatters her gifts out of season,
Though unkind to my limbs, had yet left me my reason.

I lived much apart. You, who have ever moved in the great world, have been lured into believing in it. I, from my groves—from my philosopher's tub, if you will—obtained a clearer, less prejudiced view, and could distinguish

scarcely one who was not either scamp or dullard."

"Horace, Horace!" said the soldier quietly, smiling but shaking his head.

"Harry, you know there are exceptions," returned the other; "none knows better than yourself how grateful I am for them. Never suppose that I hold myself to be one of these exceptions. I have not, like Pope,

'Made every vice and private folly known
In friend or foe, a stranger to his own.'

Nay, I have lived selfishly, peevishly, with shallow joys and narrow aim, but, thank heaven! I have never been found dull. I may have often been hated, but I never was dreaded as a bore. I have seldom been loved, but many have coveted my society. Gods! what is the cruel law of moral chemistry that makes dulness an inevitable ingredient of temperance and chastity? Now begone! do your devoir and return. I shall wait about for you."

Left alone, he paced restlessly up and down the landing muttering to himself, and smiling with a peculiar, calm, though penetrating look in his dark eyes. They, and a sensitive mouth, redeemed the harshness of his features, which were of bloodless pallor, though suffused with the fire of intelligence. I grew impatient to descend to the lower rooms, now crowded with company, whence rose an ever-increasing murmur of voices, and, while attempting to pass the cloaked figure of the unknown, he turned so quickly that I had to draw back with an apology, lest I should have run up against him.

"Beseech you, sir! do not apologise," he exclaimed with a courtly bow.

"I was afraid I startled you, sir," I said.

"Nay, sir, I have no nerves now, yet I pray you will not put yourself to the exertion of shouting" (I was aware that my too earthly voice was in loud contrast to the delicate, metallic tones in which I was addressed), "I am not deaf. But stay—I do not know—I have not the honour of recognising your features: your dress too—pardon me—but have I the good fortune to address a living gentleman?"

I owned to the substantial fact.

"I am indeed fortunate: it is what I have longed for for years. Oh, you were afraid of running up against me! My dear sir, you may run *through* me if you please, I should never feel it. I am a have-been—a phantom—a mere *simulacrum*. And you—you are still *really* solid."

"I am indeed," I answered, excitedly, "and I'm so glad to meet you, for I'm tremendously interested in spooks—I beg your pardon—in spirits. I never saw one before."

"Well, I am infinitely at your service, sir," he rejoined; "and I think I can sympathise with you. Let me make myself known to you—I am the 'uncle of the late Earl of Orford': it is possible you may have heard of me as Horace Walpole." (I bowed.) "Well, as you know, I became Lord Orford later. You look perplexed—permit me to explain. We have been brought here by our great-grandchildren to illustrate the history of our century—that is to say, our portraits have been brought here, and we—that is, our disembodied spirits—are permitted—nay, directed—to associate ourselves with our pictures each night from twelve to three.

This, as you probably are aware, is a standing order in the Shades, wherever our pictures happen to be; the only choice allowed us is as to which of our portraits we shall attach ourselves for the night. Now it so happens that every existing portrait of me hangs in a country-house where it is the rarest thing possible for anything of more consideration than a mouse to be stirring after midnight. Hence the peculiar pleasure which I experienced when I realised that you are still in the flesh."

Then in the politest manner, but with an eagerness which he tried unsuccessfully to disguise, my new acquaintance pressed me with questions about what was going on in the great world—politics, art, the theatres, the law courts, society of rank, the construction and prospects of the Cabinet—on each and all of these he found me totally unable to inform him. For literature and science, the only fields with which I can claim any familiarity, he manifested a deplorable contempt.

"My dear sir," he said, "I am a Fellow of the Royal Society; but I have very rarely attended their meetings. Each time I have done so I have conceived a deeper distaste for the task of Sisyphus; each succeeding generation is engaged in dispelling the fallacies of that which preceded it. As for literature, it is to the realities of life merely what the steam is to the punch-bowl—a pleasantly scented vapour, only a whet to the thirst of one who has learnt deep drinking."

"Yet you were yourself a successful author," I hazarded. "Lord Byron has affirmed that in the 'Castle of Otranto' and the 'Mysterious Mother' you proved your-

self the 'father of the first romance and the last tragedy in our language,' and therefore deserving of higher renown than any of his lordship's contemporaries."

"High praise indeed," said Mr Walpole, "though its value, like water, cannot rise above the level of its source; and I must say I never suspected his lordship of literary proclivities."

"Literary proclivities!" I exclaimed; "that is surely a mild expression for the capacity of the author of 'Childe Harold.'"

"Ah, I see how it is," he replied; "we must be talking of different men. The only Lord Byron whom I knew was he who killed poor Mr Chaworth in a duel."

Whereupon I pointed out to him the poet Byron (213), whom I happened to recognise at the moment, lounging in a doorway, and explained to him that praise from a poet of such high order was praise indeed.

"I see you wonder that I know nothing of your great men. Sir, in the Shades we mingle only with those whom we knew on earth. We see countless—myriad forms; but we have no means of knowing them. Our only chance of becoming acquainted with what is going on in our old homes exists in the exceedingly rare occasions when we encounter and converse with one still living. You told me that you had never before seen a spirit; only thrice since I breathed my last have I met with living human beings. One was a wretched housemaid, who dropped her candlestick and fled screaming; another was the owner of one of my portraits, who had lingered long over his port in the dining-room where that portrait hung, was seized with apoplexy, and expired in my presence a few

minutes after midnight, just as my spirit disengaged itself from the canvas; on the third occasion, a couple of housebreakers, seeing me standing on the carpet, took to their heels. So you must be indulgent to the curiosity I showed just now in questioning you about the affairs of the world. But to return to the subject we were discussing—literature. 'Tis very true, 'tis a pretty pastime for middle and old age—no pleasanter incident than the post bringing the proof-sheets; but it is not work to fill a young, strong life. If a man has learnt to put his mettle into real work before he is thirty, depend upon it he will not be content to spend the rest of his life gathering the leaves of Parnassus."

He spoke scornfully, and being something of a quill-driver myself, I had an uncomfortable feeling of inferiority to the spectre.

"I feel that I am detaining you from the society of your friends below, sir," I said, preparing to move on.

"Friends!" he sighed, with a slight shrug of the shoulders, "alas! most of these are absent—Mr Chute, Sir Horace Mann, Madame de Deffand—they are not here, though I should not complain, having General Conway, who left us just now, and Mr Mason. Pray, do not leave me; you do not conceive what keen pleasure it gives me to converse with one in warm flesh and blood—sure, there never was one who so loved the world as I, or who understood it so well. Yet I flatter myself I parted with it with some philosophy."

The charm of his manner emboldened me to express the wish that he would point out to me some of the people he knew: he agreed to do so, and as we descended the

stairs, he explained how he came to be so fantastically dressed.

"It was a sudden freak. Since we came to town, I have each night attached myself to Hogarth's portrait of me (253) (you see we are all numbered like convicts)—"

"And are out on ticket-of-leave," I interrupted, coarsely enough, though luckily the allusion was lost on Mr Walpole.

"But to-night," he continued, the fancy seized me to lodge in a wretched *sopra portas* (314), that I had done for Mrs Kitty Clive, *dimidium animæ meæ*."

"Ah! that accounts, sir, for my not recognising you at once," I exclaimed.

"What!" he replied, "you know my old olive velvet suit. Lord! I had grown sick of it; it clung to me like a cerecloth, and I had no alternative but to don this masquerade."

The sound of my footfall, the only one in that great assembly, caused every one to look round, though I trod as lightly as possible. People looked at me with a well-bred stare; most of them recognised my companion, and began to crowd round him, so that for some time we got no further than the foot of the staircase.

"You know that lady in the laylock dress?" Mr Walpole whispered to me, as he bowed in return to a gracious smile from a handsome lady, leading a round-faced little boy. "That is Lady Pembroke (137); verily an earthly paragon, and without doubt she is now a heavenly saint, for her husband inflicted martyrdom upon her. Yonder is he (132), in a scarlet uniform and a big red face. He left her, you know, and eloped with the pretty Scotch Miss Hunter, and was afterwards brute enough to insult the wife of whom

he was unworthy, because she hesitated to divorce him. Of all the ladies I have known, she most fulfils the ideal of *grande dame*."

I remembered the painful story, and as I looked from one to the other of this ill-matched pair, I could not but reflect that the lady, whose face, with all its beauty, told of a cold and formal nature, was scarcely one to hold in thrall a man of violent passions and impulsive disposition.

"La! Mr Walpole, I vow I was dying to meet with you. Come, give me your arm and take me for a saunter. My good-for-nothing husband has gone off with Mrs Garrick — Lord knows where! Won't you avenge me?"

This was one of the loveliest creatures I had ever seen: she had eyes of wonderful softness and brilliancy, and a charm of gesture and manner, of movement of head and hands, that was altogether bewitching. No wonder that Mr Walpole, forgetful of my existence, turned to offer his arm, saying, "With all the pleasure in life, Mrs Sheridan" (55), but at that moment the hand of another lady was laid on his sleeve, and he bowed low to Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire (155), a charming phantom in clouds of laces, little bows of pink ribbon, light-blue sash, and powdered hair. Oh, what an apparition of beauty! Rest assured that I, in the unmitigated broadcloth of the nineteenth century, carrying a shocking umbrella in one hand and a shabby chimney-pot hat in the other, felt sufficiently abject in her presence.

Mrs Sheridan's eyes flashed wickedly, and her lips formed a decided pout as she drew her hand away from Mr Walpole's arm, and exclaiming, "Nay; but I am not to be put off with the decimal part

of a man! 'tis a pity that I never can find you except in vulgar fractions, sir," tossed her pretty head, floated off, and was lost in the crowd.

"What a pretty creature she is!" said the Duchess, as her dark eyes followed the petulant beauty; "I don't wonder Mr Sheridan eloped with her."

"I could condone duelling," answered Mr Walpole, "if the cause was always as worthy as that for which he fought two."

"Poor little thing!" observed the Duchess of Gordon (131), who, looking charming in her white muslin dress, had joined our group, and had witnessed what had passed, "you should devote yourself to her to-night, Mr Walpole; if she finds her husband she will make him a scene: she has a sharp tongue, and cannot bear to see our friend Sherry as he is to-night."

She made a significant motion of her hand to her lips.

"Ah, is it so again?" sighed Mr Walpole, shaking his head sadly; "the pity of it, the pity of it! that such a matchless wit should be so recklessly blunted. Yet he, of all men, might surely echo Ben Jonson—

'Leave but one kiss within the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.'

"Pah! I'd never spend a kiss upon a sot," said the Duchess, tossing her chin.

"Yet they say of you, Duchess, that you spent many kisses in the service of a country that holds more sots than any in the world."

"Fie! Mr Walpole," returned the Duchess, who spoke with a strong Scottish accent, "I cannot have my character traduced before this gentleman" (pointing to me). "Mr Walpole refers," she continued, addressing herself to me; and as she spoke, her manner,

which had been languid and as of one weary, brightened into animation,—“Mr Walpole refers, you must know, to my recruiting service. My duke received the king’s commission to raise a regiment of Gordon Highlanders: the fellows showed no disposition to enlist in the Hanoverian army, even at the bidding of the Cock o’ the North, so I came to the rescue. I allowed every man who would take the shilling to take it with his lips from between mine. I vow I was vastly sorry when the battalion was at its full strength of a thousand.”

“Jane, Jane, you are incorrigible!” said the other Duchess; “you always made yourself out worse than you are.”

“Better to be a saint, my dear, and act the sinner, than be a sinner and act the saint.”

“And how would your Grace judge a poor mime,” asked a gentleman (329) in brown coat and lace ruffles, who overheard the last remark, “who both *is* and *acts* the sinner?”

“By a new decalogue, specially framed to embrace every case from Macbeth’s to Abel Drugger’s,” was the reply, “and even that will require a codicil to deal with Mr Garrick, who has shown so little regard for the old law.”

It was not a grimace—it was a transformation—that came over the great actor’s features; never had I seen a human countenance so completely altered by momentary contortion of the muscles. “Ah!” he exclaimed, his face resuming its natural intelligent beauty, and his black eyes sparkling merrily, “what can be more appropriate?—here comes the third Grace. Your Grace,” he said to the beautiful Elizabeth Gunning, Duchess of Hamilton and of Argyll (130), as she joined

our group, “we will, if you please, reverse the procedure in the judgment of Paris: I claim to be tried by the three goddesses.”

“You must first allot us our parts,” answered the third Duchess (in whose beauty, I may remark parenthetically, I was sadly disappointed, though that may have been the fault of the painter), as she took a delicate pinch of snuff from the jewelled box handed to her by the Duchess of Devonshire.

“Unless,” replied Garrick, “I am allowed the same facilities as Paris enjoyed, I can only allot the parts according to the make-up; and your Grace, in that magnificent robe of crimson velvet and ermine, can fill no other part but that of Juno. But you must remember that the milliner’s art was not allowed to interfere with Paris’s impartiality.”

“For shame, sir!” cried the Duchess of Gordon; “how dare you make such a suggestion to the mothers of three families?”

All fell a-laughing—though I confess to having felt a little shocked at the freedom with which an actor spoke in the presence of these great ladies.

“Well, well, ladies,” observed Garrick, “have it as you will; I throw myself on the mercy of the court, but I beg that in trying my case you will bear in mind the appeal made by an Irish counsel, who, in defending a prisoner, besought the jury to remember the Scriptural doctrine, that there is more joy in heaven over one guilty person who is acquitted, than over ninety and nine innocent ones who are convicted!”

Suddenly all was hushed, and with a look of comical terror they separated, leaving Mr Walpole and me in the presence of a lady of middle age and extraordinary appearance, fantastically arrayed

in oriental dress. I observed that Mr Walpole shuddered slightly, though he was too well-bred to exhibit any expression except one of courteous deference to the new-comer.

"Well, I declare," she exclaimed in a high key, "that is too bad. I heard you all laughing; and I am dying to hear some fun, and they have all run away as if I had the plague. Why did you let them go, Mr Walpole?"

"I never aspired to have the slightest control over persons of your sex, madam," replied he, in tones of mock solemnity. "I can, however, easily divine that their Graces have gone in search of more diverting company than mine."

She gave a discontented little laugh, reminding me for all the world of a wicked fairy.

"Well, sir, and isn't it cruelly cold here to-night! La! how I could ever be fool enough to come back to this odious climate, only fit for seals and wild-geese! And then everything is penetrated with the horrid *odeur anglaise*—the smell of coal-smoke. I declare I have never been clear of the catarrh since I landed."

"Your ladyship's toilet is certainly better adapted for the latitude of the Golden Horn than an island in the North Sea," observed Mr Walpole, with a malicious glitter in his eye, as he glanced at her open vest, wide silken trousers, and girdle which Lady Mary Wortley Montagu (251) chose to wear.

"*You seem on your way to a bal masqué, Mr Walpole,*" retorted the lady, pointing to the white domino which he carried aside; "the time was, you used to rail at such frivolities. I am glad to see

'Senior et melius fis accedente senecta.'"

I was surprised to hear a lady quote Horace so glibly and with such a correct accent; but Mr Walpole only smiled and said—

"In common with snakes and some other of the lower animals, I possess that of occasionally casting my slough, whereas your ladyship, dove-like, seems to have but one suit of feathers."

"You must at least admit that they are fine ones. But you men are all the same: you would have us all dressed alike, laced and powdered" ("And washed," I heard Mr Walpole mutter), "no matter what our figures and faces are like. Now I hold that the woman who *can* do without stays is a fool to wear them. Ah, I remember what the dear King, when he was Prince of Wales, used to say about me—but you and I, Mr Walpole, have been long enough about the Court to know that the motto on all palace gates is 'Hush.'"

"Heaven forbid, madam!" ejaculated Mr Walpole, impatiently. "I never was about the Court a moment longer than I could help, and never will be." Then, as if to change the subject, "Pray, don't I see his Grace, your father, yonder? I have not remarked his Grace before in our assembly."

"Nay, it is not possible, for by some strange omission his portrait is not hung." (I fancied I heard Mr Walpole mutter under his breath, "It was a greater omission not to hang the original," but perhaps my ears deceived me.) "We poor shades, you know, can only go where are our pictures. But, indeed, I scarcely regret his absence; the duke has been little of a father to me since his unfortunate second marriage. Monstrous! that a man should be allowed to marry a child of a girl younger than his three married daughters. Did you ever

hear the smart epigram written about my young stepmother?—

'Her beauty, like the Scripture feast,
To which the invited never came,
Deprived of the *intended* guest,
Was given to the blind and lame.'

"Ha, ha! yes, I fancy I *have* heard them before.¹ But, indeed, I never fail to wonder at the blindness of the man who, once delivered from matrimony, chooses to surrender his liberty a second time. *Chi perde moglie e un quattrino, ha gran perdita del quattrino.*"

"In the present instance," said Lady Mary, bridling, "Mr Walpole speaks with *less* than his usual courtesy; he surely forgets that the *moglie* in question was my mother."

My companion bit his lip.

"True," he said, "few persons can vie with your ladyship in the happy use of polyglot quotation. Good evening, Mr Pope" (204), he exclaimed, stopping an ugly little man in a bright green cloak and scarlet cap who was hobbling by; "active as ever, I see, and with an eye upon everybody."

"Mr Walpole, your very humble servant," replied the poet stiffly, rolling his protruding watery eyes.

As soon as Lady Mary caught sight of him she was off, her Turkish draperies flying behind her.

"As for humility—that we know is your constant failing, my dear sir," said Mr Walpole, watching her retreating figure, "and there is no doubt that on this occasion you have done me valuable service. I believe no one but yourself could put a stop to that woman's tongue. Few people

can tempt me to rudeness; but there is something in her restlessness, her vanity, her continual innuendo about the Prince of Wales's passion for her, her scraps of Latin, and her ridiculous affectation, that makes me forget all breeding."

"The lady seems at least to have this singular gift," sneered Mr Pope, "that she can make Mr Walpole speak with absolute sincerity."

So saying the poet passed on, leaving Mr Walpole somewhat disconcerted. He turned to me with a shade of confusion, and remarked—

"The aid of a common libeller to rid one of a malicious blue-stocking is like encouraging the gout because it keeps other ailments away. Of all the persons of my acquaintance, I think I have just parted with the two I dislike most."

"Yet Lady Mary has left behind her the reputation of a wit," I remarked.

"Oh, I am not surprised," replied Mr Walpole; "she amuses some people. When they cannot laugh at her sallies they can always laugh at *her*. But Lady Mary is well informed—far better than nine hundred and ninety-nine hundredths of her sex (or, for that matter, ours either)—what makes her ridiculous is that she is always straining for admiration. In a young woman, ostentation of learning is endurable, because youth and grace atone for almost anything; but an old woman brandishing her accomplishments in your face only intensifies the unloveliness of age. Then she is for ever imposing her company upon people far younger than

¹ Written on Miss Pelham's marriage to Lord Lincoln, these lines occur in a letter of Walpole's to Sir Horace Mann.

herself, which is a common, but deplorable, weakness. I suppose no one ever carried with him into old age a stronger disposition towards the society of young people than I did; but I had enough sagacity to perceive that the presence of an aged person is to them as a draught of cold air in a parlour—they are never at ease till it is shut out."

"At least you must give Lady Mary the credit of one service to her fellow-creatures," I persisted, feeling a little displeased at my companion's ill-natured speech; "she introduced inoculation for smallpox, did she not?"

"Ah, my dear sir, you have indeed reminded me of what I should be the last to forget, for no one could understand better the value of that invention. Yes; odious as I must ever regard Lady Mary's character, conduct, and conversation, let it be inscribed to her undying fame that she brought this blessing among our people. When I was young, what a state of society there was. Every man of position drenched his intellect with strong drink, every woman's beauty must run the gauntlet of the most loathsome of all diseases. Thank God! I lived to see a great change in both respects, and half the improvement we owed to Lady Mary's importation. Yes, yes; give the devil his due and Lady Mary hers."

We had been moving during this conversation towards the South Room, where there was a dense throng of figures. I followed Mr Walpole to where half-a-dozen men were standing in earnest conversation. They opened out to welcome him, and here I felt indeed that I was with the immortals. A stoutish man (276) with a plain calm face, and dressed in a russet cloak, first addressed my companion.

"Pray let us have the advantage of your opinion, Mr Walpole: there is, I am sure, no one better able to give a sound decision on a question of literary taste."

Walpole. "Nay, Sir Joshua; but you are paying me a compliment that I have done nothing to deserve."

Reynolds. "Ay, ay; but we have long ago made up our minds on that point. Have we not, gentlemen?"

All expressed ready assent except one man of remarkable appearance (205). He was very stout, his brow and jaws were peculiarly heavy, and the flesh was rolled round his deep-set, twinkling eyes, so as almost to give him the look of blindness.

"Sir," he said, "I am always slow to make up my mind, and equally slow to change it."

Rey. "Well, the discussion arose thus: Mr Boswell (313) expressed admiration for the poetry of Allan Ramsay, in which Dr Johnson could not agree. Now Mr Boswell very happily quoted some lines which seemed to me greatly to the credit of the poet."

Johnson. "Yes, sir, because he was a Scotchman; but they would not do credit to any one else."

Boswell. "I am sure, sir, you would not so often speak harshly of my country if you could realise how much I love it."

Joh. "Sir, if your country is so worthy of your love, none of us will interfere to prevent you returning to it—and staying there."

Dr Johnson shook with immoderate laughter at his own joke, screwing up his rugged face and knocking the end of his cane on the floor.

Bos. (seeming to relish, rather than to resent, the rebuff). "Sir, we recognise in you such unerring

judgment and discrimination that it will be the happiest day of my life when I shall convince you that the Scots are a noble race."

Wal. "Pray, sir, is there any difference between judgment and discrimination?"

Bos. "Perhaps as much, sir, as between common-sense and wisdom."

Wal. "Then I take it there is not much, for common-sense seems to me to be but the retail quantity of the stock-in-trade wisdom."

Bos. "Possibly, sir; but we are rash to interpret terms in the presence of the great lexicographer. Pray, sir, what is your opinion?"

Joh. "Why, this, sir; that I have lost all idea equally of your judgment or discrimination, wisdom or common-sense, since you chose to publish one of my letters without my leave."

Bos. "Pray, sir, consider how strong was the temptation."

Joh. "Sir, some characters are so weak that they find every temptation too strong."

I felt quite sorry for poor Mr Boswell, who persevered with singular ill success to restore his learned friend to good humour, and cut a very sorry figure in the attempt. Yet he seemed actually to enjoy it, looking round for our approbation at each new sally of Johnson's, and I observed that from time to time he made pencil notes in a small book he carried.

Bos. "I am sorry we cannot conclude our discussion on Allan Ramsay's poetry, for here, I see, comes his son and namesake (260), the painter. Permit me to recall you to the subject of our conversation last night,—the advantage of country over town life."

Joh. "Sir, I will waste none of my time in discussing paradox. Let's have no more on't; it is

neither entertaining nor instructive."

Bos. "Relatively, perhaps, rural life is not so satisfying as life in the city; but abstractedly, I am convinced that it is preferable."

Joh. "Sir, I once knew a man who always wore a night-cap instead of a wig: abstractedly, the night-cap was the better head-gear, but relatively it was the worse; for when he would go abroad, the boys ran after him and hooted him."

Bos. "Well, sir, many a time I was in the humour to spend my life in the desert."

Joh. "Sir, none of your friends would have hindered your spending it in your native land, and there, an it pleased you, you might have laid aside both wig and night-cap and donned a fool's cap."

Key. "I see you cannot forgive the Scotch, sir. At least they have one merit, they produce good gardeners."

Joh. "Yes, sir, because in that wretched climate nothing grows spontaneously. Even barley must be sown in a greenhouse. Come, sir [to Boswell], let us be gone; I see one coming in whose company I am in no mind to be, still less to be exhibited by him as a laughing-stock on the stage."

I followed his glance and beheld one approaching dressed in a white coat and yellow waistcoat (235). Mr Walpole explained to me that this was Mr Foote, the actor, "the only man for whom that bear is terrified."

"Nay, sir," remarked one who had hitherto been silent, whom I recognised as Mr Oliver Goldsmith (211), "you do him injustice; that man has nothing of the bear but his hide."

Key. "Well said, old friend! I would rather leave my character

in your kindly keeping than with any one else of my acquaintance."

Wal. "I am not so amiable, gentlemen; I recognise the manners and the voice of the charming animal as well as the hide."

Goldsmith. "Surely, Mr Walpole, you cannot be blind to his excellent sense and charitable disposition."

Wal. "I admit them freely, sir; but that is no reason that his brutalities should be hailed as *bons mots*, or that one who has all the bigotry of a washerwoman should be hailed as a philosopher."

Gold. "It is a good sign of his nature that his friends are infinitely attached to him."

Wal. "'Tis to be regretted he does not make a better choice of them. That unhappy Scotchman fawns like a spaniel the more he is belaboured, and absolutely revels in the ill-nature of his patron."

"Ah," Horace, my boy! rang out a cheery voice behind us, "you keep excellent company, I am happy to see."

Turning round, we saw a gentleman (33) in dark blue, with the ribbon and star of the Bath, with a pleasant jovial expression on his face, and leaning on the arm of one (32) wearing a grey wig and a crimson coat, with ribbon and star of the Garter.

"Sir, I am delighted to see you are in good health," said Mr Walpole, with a respectful bow to the first; then, with another bow to him in crimson, "my Lord Chesterfield, your most obedient servant."

"Ha, Horace! I notice you cannot forget the conventionalities of our old world," replied he whom I recognised as Sir Robert Walpole, the father of my cicerone. "Health—egad! I am tempted

to wish sometimes for a twinge of gout, to delude me into the idea that I still possessed flesh and bones. Look you, you dog! there are half a score of fine ladies hunting for you in the other room; your niece, the Duchess of Gloucester, especially commands your presence."

"I will wait upon her Royal Highness without delay, sir," replied Mr Walpole.

Lord Chesterfield turned his somewhat harsh face full upon the last speaker, with a kind of wistful look in his dark eyes, and, after gazing in silence for a moment, said—

"Young sir, forgive what might be impertinence in one nearer your own age. You possess that charm of manner which, it seems to me, the new generation disdain to cultivate."

"I can only account for it," Mr Walpole answered, with a frank smile, "by the fact that I have studied to acquire the good breeding of my father and his friends."

Lord Chesterfield sighed; Sir Robert gave us a careless nod, and as they moved on Mr Walpole led me swiftly towards the West Gallery, wherein the Royal personages were holding court. Was it possible, thought I to myself, that this rubicund, burly country gentleman was really the father of the sallow, dark-eyed, slightly limbed creature by my side.¹ Never was there such a slight cast on the doctrine of heredity. Mr Walpole seemed to divine my thoughts, for, bending a penetrating glance upon me, he said—

"My father's exterior and mine are not very similar, are they? We resemble each other in this, at least, that I have carried into

¹ It was currently believed that Horace Walpole really owed his existence to Carr, Lord Hervey.

practice in private life the motto which continually ensured the success of his long administration—*quieta non movere*."

"Who is that gentleman in blue coat and gold buttons, just entering the West Gallery?" I asked.

"What! you do not recognise him? My dear sir, he would be but ill pleased if he thought that possible. Fame (and port wine) are his daily—his only diet: that is Mr William Pitt (117). It would be folly to deny the ability of one who became Prime Minister at twenty-four; but, Lord! what a crop of discontent and disaster has been sown by his inexperience, vanity, and insolence. Saw you ever such a haughty countenance, such audacious disdain of his fellows?"

'Pert without fire, without experience
sage,
Young with more art than Shelburne
drew from age,
With studied dignity and solemn state
This young Octavius rises to debate,
Nor county members think his speech
too long,
While words, like treacle, trickle from
his tongue.'

Ah! but look you, sir, who comes behind him. That gentleman, I mean, in the murrey coat, unpowdered hair, and with those dark strangely arched brows."

"Who is that?" I asked.

"The greatest that ever thumped the Treasury box; Charles James Fox (122), whose genius soars above the capacity of his rival as you may see the towers of Westminster Abbey overshadow the puny pile of St Margaret's Church. Look on him, my dear sir, for it is he that redeemed our Parliament from the humdrum of the Butes, the Norths, the Chathams, who, since my father's day, had grown round it as fungus collects on an aged oak. At his voice

Liberty raised her drooping head—but I must beware of rhapsodising like Mr Boswell, or fulminating like Junius. By the by, I suppose no one ever reads the 'Letters of Junius' nowadays."

"Indeed they do, sir," I answered warmly; "they must ever remain splendid specimens of style."

"In our days," said Mr Walpole, "half their piquancy lay in the fact that no one knew who wrote them. It was really vastly diverting—every one in the Opposition with a grain of literary ability was in turn suspected; indeed, when I left the earth, five-and-twenty years after the appearance of the last of the letters, the controversy about their orthodoxy was still proceeding."

"It is not ended yet," I remarked.

"*Not ended yet!*" he exclaimed; "you don't mean to tell me the secret has never come out? Oh! this is an amazing piece of fun."

He was evidently very much tickled, rubbing his hands together, and chuckling gently.

"Then you know who was the real author?" I inquired eagerly.

"Know? of course I know; I thought all the world had either forgotten the letters or knew all about them by this time. Really, if you feel any curiosity about it, I do not see why I should not gratify it, for I fancy you are the only person within these walls to whom it is still a secret. Pardon me one moment, sir; I will return immediately and tell you all about the hoax, but I see her Royal Highness, my niece, expecting me."

Leaving me on the rack of impatience, he went up to a tall lady in white, with a scarlet mantle (68), standing near the door of the Presence Chamber. They spoke together earnestly for some minutes, and then, even as I watched

them, a shadow seemed to fill the space around me, the light dwindled, the figures melted away, the walls closed in once more, and I stood alone in the hall. Just then a clock struck three, and all became pitch-dark. I groped my way cautiously to a seat, and sat down to wait for morning.

It was maddening to think how near I had been to solve the riddle which has perplexed generations. Fool that I had been not to think of mentioning it sooner! Well, well, it could not be helped now: I had undergone a wonderful experience. I had been in the very presence of the departed; their voices still rang in my ears, the faint perfume of the ladies' dresses still floated in the air. Yet, must I confess it? the uppermost thought in my mind was one of delight that I was soon to return to the society of my living friends. My books—some, the works of those I had been with just now, others,

that told me of their lives—would be dearer to me than ever; but I had seen nothing in the men and women of the past to make me think them better than their descendants. History preserves what is memorable, excellent, or notorious in the departed; authors are always on their best behaviour; if they record what is commonplace, despicable, or dull, they are not read—that is all. The dust gathers undisturbed on volumes that contain nothing that is grand, witty, wicked, or romantic: we devour those that make the past seem nobler and more gay than the present. But I had been a witness that human nature with periwigs, swords, and lace ruffles differs not at all from the same with chimney-pot hats and silk umbrellas, and I found myself muttering old Villon's line—

“Mieux vaut goujat debout qu'empereur enterré.”

HERBERT MAXWELL.

CROFTER MIGRATION.

IT has struck us, no doubt also many of our readers, as remarkable how little notice, favourable or the reverse, has been taken of the recent Report of the West Highland Commission by the recognised organs of crofter opinion. If there had been adverse comment, based on some show of reason and backed by some pretence of argument, we could have understood the situation even while we might have denied the reason or contested the argument. As it is, but one inference is possible—viz., that the Report cannot easily be assailed. But then, this being so, why do the Radical newspapers hold their peace? A large expenditure is proposed, and measures are recommended which, at the worst, can do no harm—which under favourable circumstances may conceivably do a great deal of good. Yet hardly a voice is raised in their favour from the ranks of those who have hitherto posed as the crofter's friends—indeed his only friends! We do not know what may be the deduction of our readers from this remarkable unanimity of silence; ours is simple, and may be stated in a few words: we think it plain, then, that the very last thing in the world desired by the party, whether it be called Land League, Land Restoration League, Land Law Reform League, or anything else, which professes so loudly its interest in the crofter, is that he should become contented and prosperous. We further think that

this party has been stricken with a great fear lest Government, by adopting the advice of the Commission, should succeed in bringing peace to the Highlands on one hand, or, on the other, in demonstrating to the country at large the hopelessly impossible character of the West Highlander as long as he remains here. To this fear we attribute the revival in some directions of the folly called Migration, so glibly advocated by persons who obviously have none but the crudest notion of the practical difficulties. Migration is, no doubt, possible for a few families, and, for those few, therefore eminently desirable; but to suppose that migration on a scale large enough, or nearly large enough, to produce any appreciable effect on the congestion in some parts of the country is practicable, is a delusion, as we shall now proceed to show.

Probably the most suitable example may be derived from the property of the Lews, towards which so much attention has lately been directed that the conditions can be ascertained with more or less approach to accuracy. Thus, we know the area of the four parishes, the extent of water and foreshore, the proportion of the remainder occupied by clergy, proprietor, tacksmen, deer-forests, and crofters respectively, and generally the state of the population. Let us place our information, then, in tabular form:—

	Acres.
Total area of the Lews,	437,553
Deduct water and foreshore,	33,076
Carry forward,	404,477

	Acres.	
Brought forward,	.	404,477
Occupied by clergy in 1883,	2,573	
" proprietor in 1883,	1,559	
" deer-forests in 1883,	34,747	
Since added (withdrawn from farmers),	42,000	
	76,747	
Occupied by farmers in 1883,	124,763	
Deduct since added to deer-forests,	42,000	
	82,763	
	163,642	
Deduct since given to crofters,	14,000	
	149,642	
Total in hands of crofters,	254,835	

The glebes must be assumed to be inalienable, not so the rest, and we have thus 147,069 acres to deal with for purposes of migration, though this of course involves the departure of the whole of the capitalist class; and we have—or rather we had in 1883, there are now a good many more—804 landless families to provide for.

In 1883, of the 240,000 and odd acres held by crofters, 14,758 acres were within the cultivated area. The chamberlain at that time estimated that about 3000 acres should be "deducted for uncultivated land, or land unfit for cultivation, within the boundaries of the crofts." And giving effect to this estimate, which is certainly moderate, we have roughly 12,000 acres, or one-twentieth of the crofting area, which can be called arable land. When we apply this proportion to the 147,000 acres with which we have to deal, it appears that we ought to find about 7400 acres of cultivable land at command. The calculation, however, is misleading, for, with hardly an exception, the deer-forest area of 76,747 acres is absolutely unfit for tillage. But if we let that pass, and accept the proportion throughout, we have about 9 acres for each of the 800 families, and 180 acres of pasture.

Let us compare holdings of the size indicated above,—and it may be well to repeat that we have confiscated for our purpose every available acre of the property,—with those to which the crofters themselves aspire: we shall afterwards consider the adequacy of their estimate. It appears, then, from the Report of Lord Napier's Commission (p. 100), that the demand of the Lews crofter, when reduced to terms of sheep, and allowing 3 acres to each sheep, is for grazing to the extent of from 210 to 300 acres for each family: the chamberlain's estimate of his needs, after thirty-five years' experience in the estate office, is however much higher. He thinks (App. A., p. 163) that "a Lews crofter would require from 6 to 10 acres of arable land, and from 400 to 700 acres of pasture lands,"—in other words, at the present valuation of 7d. an acre, and discarding fractions, a holding rented at from £12 to £21. The estimate is moderate, for trustworthy authorities who have spent their lives among the crofters place their aspirations higher still—viz., at £25, £50, and £100. The last-mentioned sum may seem extravagant, but it is thus defended by the authority from whom it is derived: "I think a farm of £100 is small enough to support any

family, and even then the rent must be moderate. I have from time to time seen men paying £30 to £40 of rent go to the wall, and their shares taken by one of their own number in the same township who was more energetic than the others." Here we have the testimony of experience, which is always more valuable than mere theory; and if the estimate be correct which fixes the present family expenditure of crofting households at £50 a-year, we have an additional test, which can readily be applied, in the old maxim that a farm should produce three rents,—for the proprietor, the tenant, and the land respectively. The £50-farmer would be no better off than are the crofters to-day, and as their condition is admittedly unsatisfactory, there is something to be said for the larger holding. The result as regards the Lews may be thrown into tabular form as follows:—

The division of that portion of the Lews now held by others than crofters permits for each landless family a holding of	£5, 8s.
Crofters' estimate of their necessities, as stated to Lord Napier's Commission, involves a rent of from	£6 to £9.
The chamberlain's estimate is a holding of	£12 to £21.
Estimate by another authority is a holding of	£25.
Do. do.	£50.
Do. do.	£100.

We may safely leave the decision to our readers, to whom we need only point out that we could not possibly give to each family even the small holding which the crofter himself thinks sufficient, much less the holding which persons more intelligent than he think absolutely essential to his success as a farmer.

Hitherto, as has been observed, we have dealt only with the comparatively few landless families on this property: if we proceed, in addition, to enlarge to a reasonable extent the holdings already occupied, which numbered 2948 in 1883, it will be seen at a glance how hopeless is the task before us; for we should require in all, even on the lowest computation—that of the crofters themselves—no less than from 787,920 to 1,125,600 acres of pasture, and, at only 5 acres to the family, 18,760 acres of arable ground.

But all this is merely "flogging a dead horse," for we must do the advocates of migration the justice to assume that they have not so entirely parted with their senses as to project the occupation of the Lews by none but crofters, and the exile of the whole wage-paying and moneyed population. What they probably desire is to leave the partition of the property, of which the crofters already hold far the larger part, as it is, and, after enlarging the existing crofts by consolidation, to transfer the surplus population to new holdings of adequate size elsewhere. It will be interesting to ascertain, *first*, how many families must be so transferred; and, *second*, the probable cost of settling them in their new homes.

It seems then that, excluding fractions, the Lews crofters hold only 86 acres per family, and, taking the mean of their own estimate, that these holdings should be trebled in order to meet their views—in other words, to admit of the consolidation which in 1883 they thought adequate; it would thus be necessary to remove, voluntarily or otherwise, two-thirds of their number, or 1964 families of crofters, together with 804 families of cotters,—in all, 2768 families, or 13,840 persons: a considerable en-

terprise, especially if some were averse to the change. We need hardly say that, in our judgment, even the consolidation thus attained would be wholly inadequate to establish the remaining holders of the consolidated crofts as a self-supporting population in the climate and on the soil of the Lews, and it will be observed above that others are of our opinion; but we prefer to adopt the estimate put forward by the people themselves, from which, being on record, there is no escape. We shall now attempt a rough estimate of the cost of settling the migrants; but first it is necessary to decide on the nature of the holdings on which we propose to place them.

A recent writer in the crofter interest has set forth his views on the question of the size of the new holdings as follows: "Small farms with a standard of, say, 30 acres of arable and 100 acres of pasture land,"—and while we dissent entirely from the proportion of 30:100 as between arable and pasture, we may provisionally accept his view for the purpose of our argument. Our 2768 families would, then, require for their settlement 83,040 acres of arable land and 276,800 acres of pasture—in all, 359,840 acres. Where is such a territory to be found? and, when found, what shall we have to pay for it? A rough-and-ready answer to the latter question may be found by calculating the price at twenty years' purchase on the Lews rate of 7d. an acre: this shows a purchase price of £209,900.

The above is our first investment, but it is by no means our last, for at least two-thirds of our arable land must be reclaimed from the wild state, at a cost, according to the best authorities, of not less than £15 an acre: the

operation demands, therefore, an expenditure of £830,400. Next, we have to house our migrants—the crofter's friends condemn the houses which the people build for themselves, so we must build for them,—and a low estimate of the cost of their dwellings and offices is £150 a family, or £415,200. We have now reached the point when we must consider the question of stocking the land, for, unless fully stocked with animals of fair class, the land will not maintain the population—some would say, not even then. But before going into this matter, it may be well to bring together the heads of our expenditure so far:—

359,840 acres @ 7d. an acre,	
20 years' purchase, . . .	£209,900
Reclamation of 55,360 acres	
@ £15 an acre, . . .	830,400
2768 homesteads @ £150, .	415,200
	£1,455,500

The present crofting-stock in the Lews is utterly inadmissible as the "stock-in-trade" of a community intended to live by the proceeds of farming, and the value is not more than sufficient (if so much) to pay the rent-arrears, shop-debts, and travelling expenses of the migrants. It must therefore be excluded from the account and we must find money for a better and more complete equipment—at least 10 cows and 100 ewes for each family. Stocking will therefore cost as follows:—

27,680 cows @ say £10, . .	£276,800
276,800 ewes @ say £1, . .	276,800
	£553,600

Various implements will also be required, and, for these, a very moderate estimate reaches £20 a family: 30 acres, too, will fully employ a horse at £25, and we must thus expend:—

Implements for 2768 farms	
@ £20,	£55,360
Horses for 2768 farms @ £25,	69,200
	£124,560

We have presented above a very low estimate of the absolutely necessary heads of expenditure, and these may be summarised as follows:—

Purchase, reclamation, and building,	£1,455,500
Cattle and sheep stock,	553,600
Implements and horses,	124,560
	£2,133,660

It will naturally occur to those of our readers who are familiar with stock-farming in the West Highlands that the doubt above expressed as to adequacy of pasture standing in the ratio of only 100 : 30 to the arable is fully justified, and that 300, or even more, must be substituted—of course, at a corresponding increase of cost. But, as we said before, we prefer to criticise the picture exactly as it has been presented to us, rather than to

paint a more accurate canvas for ourselves. And now, is “the game worth the candle”? If there were a reasonable chance of success, or indeed any chance at all, we ought not to scruple to incur the expense. What, then, are the chances? It is unfortunate that we are obliged to answer the question mostly by inference; but still there are two recent examples of migration on a small scale, more or less in point, to which we can appeal for guidance.

In the years 1884 and 1885—in each case at the May term—there were transferred to crofters, from the occupation of single tenants, two farms, described as “first-rate Cheviot-sheep ground,” which we shall call A and B. Both were handed over at greatly reduced rents—viz., £197 and £70 respectively, and on both, as usual, the sheep-stock was taken at valuation by the proprietor, and afterwards by the new tenants. Some information is on record as to the cost of the new departure, which seems to have been as follows:—

FARM A.	Total Cost.	Cost to each Tenant.
Price of sheep-stock, as per valuation,	£2628	...
One-fifth ¹ of the above taken by each of five shareholders,		£525 12 0
Five houses ¹ @ £150 to £200 (say £150), built by tenants,	750	150 0 0
Rent of farm £197, representing @ 5 per cent a capital sum of	3900	...
Or for each tenant, represented by a rent of £39, 8s.,	...	780 0 0
	£7278	£1455 12 0

In this case considerable reductions in the valuation of the stock have since been made by the proprietor, but it is understood that a large portion remains unpaid.

There have also been repeated abatements of rent, but we regret to learn that the stock tends to deteriorate and the indebtedness to increase.

¹ As a matter of fact, one tenant took two shares, and there are thus four occupants; but the argument is not affected.

FARM B.	Total Cost.	Cost to each Tenant.
Price of sheep-stock as per valuation, . . .	£592	...
One-eighth of the above taken by each of eight shareholders, . . .	...	£74
Eight houses of ordinary crofter type, say @ £5, . . .	40	5
Rent of farm £70, representing @ 5 per cent a capital sum of . . .	1400	...
Or for each tenant, represented by a rent of £8, 15s., . . .	...	175
	<u>£2032</u>	<u>£254</u>

In this case also considerable indebtedness exists, and, owing to the small size of the holdings, the occupants are not fully employed, but are compelled to resort to fishing and other forms of labour. It does not appear to us that the above examples encourage the hope that large numbers of people in the Highlands can be transferred to new holdings of adequate size, either at a reasonable cost, or, at whatever cost, with much chance of success.¹ It may be objected that we have placed too high a value on the land, but we are assured that our error, if there be error, is rather in the opposite direction, as we have assumed somewhat less than twenty years' purchase; and even if our estimate be reduced by one-half, we cannot regard the enterprise as hopeful for either party to the bargain.

We presume we need not point out that nowadays no proprietor will voluntarily establish a single new croft or re-let an old one, and we are hardly yet ripe for a measure so advanced as the compulsory settlement of crofters against the wishes of the legal owner of the soil. There is thus no alternative but to acquire the necessary land, either by voluntary purchase or statutory expropriation. With

regard to the former method, we may remind our readers that, in the case of all articles of limited supply, an increased demand means an enhanced price, and that the demand for such a huge area as we should require would certainly tend to an extravagant expenditure. Radical politicians would no doubt advocate compulsory sale, and the Legislature might be induced to consent, but hardly to unfair terms. It must be remembered that in many cases—probably in a majority—neither the present proprietors nor their progenitors had any hand in the depopulation of former crofting areas. Highland properties have changed ownership by purchase over and over again since clearances took place, and he must indeed be an advanced politician who should venture to contend that because A is alleged, at some remote period, to have removed his crofters (for reasons which he is not here to explain), therefore B, C, or D, to whom the estate has subsequently passed by purchase, perhaps successively, shall be robbed of their investments in the interest of people who can rarely be shown to be the descendants of those originally evicted.

It follows then, if our argument be just, that even under a

¹ The most recent information, brought down to Whitsunday 1890, shows some trifling variations, but does not improve the aspect of the picture.

system of legal expropriation a fair price must be paid for our land, and it becomes of interest to ascertain whether the "twenty years' purchase at 7d. an acre," which, for the sake of argument, we have above assumed, will go far towards attaining our object. Omitting deer-forests, which, whatever may be said to the contrary, are generally unsuitable for settlement, the greater part of the Highlands produces, as our readers are aware, two rents—the pastoral and the sporting—and on these the local rates are paid. They also form the basis on which the purchase price is adjusted in the case of sale. Their sum, in short, means the true annual value of the property. The sales of Highland estates which have lately changed hands in the market lend no countenance to the impression that we can hope for anything like so good a bargain as 11s. 8d. an acre, or even double that sum.¹

From the above considerations it seems to us plain that, unless the Legislature can be induced to consent to downright robbery in the supposed interest of the crofters, which we decline to believe possible, the migration of a large body will be a greatly more costly undertaking in practice than the estimate indicates which we have framed. According even to that estimate—

Each family costs	£770
While the highest cost of emigration is but	180

And therefore the total sum which our estimate reaches would provide for the emigration of at least 11,000 families or 55,000 persons, while ensuring to them a future full of promise—a prospect which, in our judgment, migration does not afford.

The Lews is not the only part of the Highlands which would benefit by a reduction of population—on the contrary, there are parts of the Long Island, of Skye, of other islands, and even of the mainland coast, where an exodus would tend to the increased prosperity both of those who removed and of those who remained behind; but if our experiment in the Lews is so costly, shall we be able to afford equal liberality elsewhere?

It is no wonder that the Highlander, however tattered may be his coat, commends himself to the inquirer from Lowland Scotland. In the first place, his manners, his courtesy, gentleness, and natural refinement, of which we could quote many an example, are not represented in the character of his Southern neighbour. Education, no doubt, does something for the Lowland Scot; contact with more refined races does something; and perhaps some day there may be appreciable result: meantime, one need not meet him often to become disagreeably sensible of his innate vulgarity ("rugged independence," he loves to call it);—notice his demeanour towards those whom he thinks his in-

¹ The following are the acreages and prices of some West Highland properties recently sold:—

2,000 acres,	£2,500
6,000 "	14,000
2,900 "	9,500
7,000 "	30,000
15,000 "	16,000

None of the above contain any considerable area suitable for tillage.—I.

feriors, and contrast it with his ever-ready toadyism; observe him as a traveller resisting needful ventilation, whether in apartment or railway-carriage, filthily expectorating everywhere without the faintest regard to the comfort of his fellow-travellers, and generally conducting himself as if he had been reared in a kennel—not a high-class kennel either. But then, “is he not a man and a brother?” “A man?” Yes—though the manly instincts are often in abeyance; “a brother?” No—not a remote cousin of nature’s gentleman in the North, even when many degrees higher in the social scale. It is no wonder, then, as we have said, that the Lowland stranger attributes impossible virtues to his instructor in the rudiments of a gentleman-like bearing which, when it does not spring from regard for the feelings of others, is a mere perishable veneer. It was our fortune for many months, in a remote colony, to share a hut with an entire family of West Highland cotters. We worked, fed, and lived absolutely in common, using none but the common language. It may surprise our Southern readers to learn that no ladies and gentlemen of our acquaintance possess more refined manners than

were exhibited by these simple worthy people, while many of our friends might with advantage imitate their perfect filial and fraternal courtesy. These are excellences which the “carpet-bagger” has rarely encountered, and only imperfectly understands. It is therefore perhaps natural that a race—in some respects only partially civilised—yet so far above his level in the qualities which he has often envied at a distance elsewhere, should seem to him to deserve his highest reverence.

But if the West Highlander is courteous, he is also wary, observant, and astute; he quickly notes the effect produced on his Southern interviewer by the natural bearing which costs him no effort, and hastens to extract from the situation any advantage that may be attainable. He has, at the bottom of his heart, a deep hereditary contempt for the Lowland stranger whom in bygone days it was his pride to plunder by force or stratagem, as it is now to cajole by well-chosen words; the main point is to “take somewhat of him,” and his recent successes in that direction must be admitted to bear favourable comparison with those achieved by his perhaps more honest, if less polished, forefathers.

AN ISLESMAN.

AN IRISH LANDLORD.

To say of the subject of this memoir that he was one of the most extraordinary men of his own generation, is to say little. We should doubt if the history of the world has many such to show : many, that is, whose strength of will has achieved so complete a triumph over equally grave physical defects, and who have excelled in all bodily exercises requiring force, dexterity, and agility, without those members of the human frame in which these qualities principally reside. That ships should fly over the water without sails, or chariots over the land without horses, could hardly have seemed more incredible to our ancestors than that a man should be an indefatigable sportsman who had neither arms nor legs, and should ride to hounds, pursue and kill game, and land a thirty-pound salmon as well as those who had both. Yet such, and a great deal more besides, was Arthur MacMurrough Kavanagh, one of the best specimens of the old race of Irish landlords which survived down to our own time, with all their many virtues, and none of their numerous vices ; who ruled his willing tenants with a mixture of feudal and patriarchal authority ; and afterwards when evil times and evil tongues had come between them, showed himself one of the wisest counsellors, and most liberal and disinterested reformers to whom either his distracted countrymen or their equally distracted rulers could have had recourse for assistance and advice.

Kavanagh was born on the 25th March 1831, at Borris House, in

the county Carlow, of a family which, according to his present biographer, could trace their origin to a line of kings, and "if grey-haired eld is in aught to be believed," to Nimrod himself. However this may be, we are justified in believing that the direct ancestor of the Kavanaghs of Borris was Dermot MacMurrough, King of Leinster in the middle of the twelfth century. One of his intermediate progenitors was that Art MacMurrough who, on his famous black horse the "tree-leaper," defied the whole power of Richard II. The old crown and charter horn were preserved at Borris down to the year '98, when they were removed for safety to Dublin Castle. When the rebellion was over and the Kavanagh of the day claimed them, the horn, "a large fluted cornucopia of ivory, mounted in brass, and resting on a brass eagle, was restored, and is still an heirloom at Borris House." But the diadem was nowhere to be found. Had the Kavanaghs been Home Rulers, they would doubtless have declared that this relic of Irish independence had been stolen by the myrmidons of Pitt. Some similar accident was vulgarly supposed to have befallen the Scottish regalia after the Act of Union, which, however, was ultimately discovered in its proper place in the year 1818. Rumours reached Ireland of the lost crown having been seen by somebody at Toulouse, but no more has since been heard of it. The head of the family, who took the king's side in the civil war, and successfully defended Borris House

against the rebels, was Brian Kavanagh, who was lucky enough to save his estate notwithstanding. His lineal male descendant, Thomas Kavanagh, sat for the city of Kilkenny in the last Irish Parliament, and for the County Carlow after the Union. He, too, stood a siege in '98, and was equally successful in raising it. He married for his second wife Lady Harriet Margaret Le Poer Trench, daughter of Richard, second Earl of Clancarty, and left three sons, of whom the youngest, Arthur, ultimately succeeded, in the year 1854, to the family estates.

Mrs Steele, who has now given his journals and correspondence to the world, was his first cousin, and she has executed her task with all that success which her knowledge of the man and her close connection with his family were calculated to ensure. Something more might have been wished for of rather fuller detail as to the means whereby Kavanagh enabled himself to set organic imperfections at defiance which would have consigned the majority of mankind to their arm-chairs for life. In following him through a series of exploits both as a traveller and a sportsman, which would have done credit to men of the most perfect physical conformation, we are puzzled at every step to understand how they were performed. That Mrs Steele should not have supplied this information ought not perhaps to surprise us, as the full interest of such particulars may only be apparent to those who themselves hunt, shoot, and fish. But, for the benefit of that large class of readers who would only be tantalised by Kavanagh's descriptions unless in possession of the key to them, we shall in due course supplement the narrative of our authoress with such explanations as are necessary.

In every other respect the book is most interesting, written in an agreeable style, and full of picturesque effects: altogether a worthy tribute to one of Ireland's best gentlemen. We have also, we presume, to congratulate Dr Steele, her husband, on the wealth of classical scholarship displayed in the headings of the chapters. His mottoes and allusions are always welcome and often felicitous.

Arthur, as we have seen, was born in 1831, and all that we hear about his bodily condition is told in a letter from Mrs Bruen to Mrs Steele, describing him as she remembers him in her childhood, when she first made his acquaintance in 1839. He was sent to school in that year to the Rev. Samuel Greer, curate of Celbridge, in Kildare,

"Partly in order to be within reach of the great Dublin surgeon, Sir Philip Crampton, whose rare professional skill it was hoped might devise some mechanism to make up for what had been denied him in physical development. This must have been a most trying ordeal to his fine unselfish nature, so light-hearted as he was, so grandly submissive in his sense of privation. Much pain, great discomfort, and continual disappointment were all that came of it, borne, however, so uncomplainingly that one must feel they were not the only result; while the sympathy from us his child-friends, so gladly and lovingly received by him, drew him nearer to us than aught else could have done."

As he could not go to a public school or university, travelling became his education, and thoroughly well the work was done. Accordingly in October 1846, the whole party, consisting of Arthur, his mother Lady Harriet, his sister Harriet, his brother Tom, and their tutor, the Rev. David Wood, set out for Egypt, intending to follow the track of the Israelites to the

Holy Land. Arthur was now only in his sixteenth year. But his letters show that, as is often the case with boys labouring under physical disabilities, he was older in mind than his contemporaries.

Riding was necessarily a part of his education as a child, and he was taught it, we believe, by the local doctor. But he had now also learned to shoot. "Lord Morton has lent Arthur a gun," his brother Tom writes home from Rhoda, "with which he has shot a great many wild geese, ducks, and snipe. He shoots much better than Mr Wood, who began about the same time he did, and can hit a bird flying quite well. His shooting is quite as wonderful as his riding. He is also the only one of the party who can speak Arabic, which he does perfectly."

Kavanagh was always extremely fond of animals, which showed itself in various ways. On the return journey they rode across the desert from Jerusalem to Cairo, and bought their horses at Beyrout. Kavanagh bought one for himself for seventeen hundred piastres, and thus describes him :

"He has a true Arab mark on his ear, and every one that I have shown him to says that, if not entirely, he is very nearly, pure Arab breed. He stands about fifteen hands, has a beautiful head and fine ear, long nose, almost a milk-white coat shining like glass, his limbs are fine without a puff, his eye and the expression of his countenance fiery, yet sweet—an odd phrase to use about a horse ; but I do not know any other which expresses what I want so well. He is the admiration of everybody here. Mamma even thinks he will be worth taking home."

This, however, was not to be ; and he sold him at Cairo.

"Poor beast !" he exclaims, "I cried the day I left him. He knew

me so well ! He used to lick my face when I came out of the tent in the morning to see him ; and at the luncheon-time, in the heat of the day, when I used to sit under him for shade, he would put his head between his front legs to take a bit of bread, without moving, for fear of hurting me."

His habit of riding alone strapped to the saddle was not without its danger, as once on a runaway horse his girth gave way, and the saddle turned round with Kavanagh attached to it. Of course he could not disengage himself, and was found afterwards lying insensible by the side of the horse, which had providentially stopped. During the rebellion of 1848, when he was not quite eighteen, he used to ride out at night by himself and reconnoitre the rebel outposts. Once he was discovered, and only escaped from the enemy's cavalry by going straight across country at a speed which would soon have distanced his pursuers, even could they have jumped the fences which Kavanagh's hunter "Bunny" cleared like a bird. It was the same with hounds. He rode as hard as any man out, and once led the field over a fence at which they all craned.

But it is time we returned to his travels. He had hardly been at home twelve months when he and his brother Tom, who had just attained his majority, started off again, this time intending to travel in a south-easterly direction through Scandinavia and Russia *via* St Petersburg, down the Volga, and across the Caspian to Persia, and so by Kurdistan, the Tigris, and the Persian Gulf to Bombay. It is the journal kept by Kavanagh during this expedition which forms the most interesting part of Mrs Steele's volume, as it illustrates in the most graphic manner those

moral qualities and those acquired physical powers which are sure to excite the liveliest public curiosity.

They sailed from Astrakhan in a Government steamer on the 27th of September, and landed at the village of Gazaw, on the south shore of the Caspian, on the 9th of October. After a perilous journey across the mountains, they descended into the plains again, and Kavanagh, taking a prow with his gun, found some grouse, of which he got one. On the 22d they rode into Teheran, and were hospitably entertained at the British Embassy, where they stayed for about three weeks. The discomforts they seem to have undergone on their journey—from dirt, scarcity of provisions, bad lodgings, and the hostility of the natives—must have been severe; and soon after their arrival at Teheran Kavanagh was attacked with fever, which he did not quite get rid of for more than a month. He got as far as Tabriz, about half-way on his road to Tiflis, and there was obliged to stop, being taken care of by a Persian prince, "A very nice fellow, quite civilised in all his ways and ideas, and a great sportsman." The first day he was well enough to go out hunting with him; but a capital European dinner, at which the champagne flowed like water, caused a relapse, and as the patient evidently required careful nursing, he was lodged in the harem under the care of an old black slave, who became very much attached to him, and introduced him to the ladies.

They seem to have been pleased with their young guest, whose society was perhaps an agreeable change for them; and they told him many stories of their early lives which he found deeply interesting. They described to him how they had been carried off;

and one—"a beautiful fair-haired Armenian"—awoke in him that pity, which might soon have become more than pity, by the picture which she drew of her own home, and her longing to return to it. By the third week in January, however, he was well enough to leave his Capua, and started with his brother for Urumiah *en route* for Bagdad. Crossing the lake of Urumiah, they stopped at an island for a day's shooting, being told that it swarmed with game. Why is it that this particular falsehood has such a fascination for liars in every part of the known world? Tom and his brother started in the snow, each taking different directions, and returning, half frozen, with empty bags. Arthur found a few coveys of red-legged partridges, but could not get near them. Quitting Urumiah, the travellers were now in Kurdistan, and at Vasje Bulah were entertained by the Khan, whom he describes as one of the handsomest men he ever saw. He was much struck, indeed, with the fine persons and picturesque costumes of the men in general; but among the lower orders he found that plunder was the ruling motive. In fact they are a nation of freebooters, though standing in wholesome awe, says Kavanagh, of "a copper cap." While staying here he tried one of the tributaries of the Tigris for wild duck. After a long trot and a good freezing, he succeeded in bagging a couple.

On the 19th they set off again, through bitterly wintry weather, up and down steep hills, and every now and then tumbling into deep ravines hidden by the snow-drifts. Once they were obliged to pass the night in such a place, consoling themselves with a roast fowl and two bottles of port. The next day Tom and

Arthur take another tramp with their guns, and bring in a leash of snipe.

In this fashion they gradually made their way to the town or village of Riaz, where they found quarters at the inn. But the next morning when they were ready to set out they found the gate of the courtyard locked against them, the landlord refusing to open it till they had paid a large sum of money. The only reply of the two Irishmen was to draw their pistols and inform the gentleman that if he did not open the gate in five seconds they would blow his brains out. He then said he would take half. A pistol was levelled at his head, and the gate flew open at once. The glitter of those copper caps was too much for him. But they were not out of the wood, *alias* the village, yet. The armed villagers were now about to shut them in, when Kavanagh himself, suddenly pushing his horse into the open gateway, held it, rifle in hand, till the whole party had passed through.

On the road towards Mosul or Mosoul, the two brothers made a detour of eighteen miles to visit the ruins of Nineveh. They coursed and killed two hares on the plains once trodden by Semiramis, and Tom shot a brace of partridges near the bridge of Nimrod.

"Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris."

At Mosul the party dined with Mr Layard, and then dropped down the Tigris on a raft to Bagdad. While at Bagdad Kavanagh made an excursion to Babylon (Hillah), and then to the Tower of Babel, the seat of his ancestors. They cantered back to dine at their hotel in the city of Nebuchadnezzar, and reached Bagdad the next morning.

We need not follow the travellers step by step in their journey southward. They had at first intended to penetrate as far as Cashmere; but ultimately contented themselves with a sporting expedition in the neighbourhood of Aurangabad. They found plenty of smaller game, and made good bags of partridge, quail, hare, and peacock. In deer-stalking they were not very successful; but they had unusually good luck with the tigers. Kavanagh killed two. But as he was mounted on an elephant, there is less to wonder at in this than in his expeditions after smaller game.

Thomas Kavanagh, the "Tom" of the journal, died in 1852, and his next brother, Charles, in 1854, when Arthur, at the age of twenty-three, succeeded to the family estate. In the following year he married his cousin, Miss Mary Leathley, daughter of the Rev. Joseph Inde Leathley, rector of Termonfeckin, County Louth, and took up his position as a country gentleman at Borris. Before, however, we enter upon a new phase of his career, it may be well to finish what we have already begun—the record, namely, of his life as a sportsman. After his marriage he paid more than one visit to the Mediterranean in his yacht for the sake of the shooting in Albania, and while there met with an accident which illustrates the strength of his nerves more powerfully than anything in the book. The story is told by his wife.

"At Avalona only one horse could be procured for him, and that a mere bag of bones. Starting on this wretched beast to a covert where pig were reported to be, he was accompanied by the Greek beater and the sailors, while I walked close behind him. It was most unusual for him to ride near the rest of the party, for generally he preferred to keep quite away from them, as by doing so he had a better

chance of shots. We had not gone far up a very steep mountain path, where every now and then the horse, ever responsive to his call, had to spring up rocky steps fit only for goats, when just as he reached a spot with a precipice at one side many hundred feet down to the sea, the horse attempted one of these jumps, failed, and rolled over the brink. A small cactus bush, about ten feet below, checked his farther fall, and Arthur quite calmly called to the sailors to unstrap him from the saddle. This they did, being able to climb down where few others could have ventured, and hoisted him up the path, while the poor horse rolled down and was instantaneously killed. This did not shake Arthur's nerve in the least, for next day he rode over a still more impracticable mountain, and distanced all his party, till at last I overtook him, though in doing so the sharp rocks had cut through the soles of my boots, and I was almost barefoot."

We have quoted this passage in order to show the extraordinary coolness and self-possession of the man; but his fishing and shooting are more remarkable than his riding. Thrashing a Norway river with a heavy salmon-rod for hours together must have taxed his powers most severely. But as the same delicate play of the wrist which is necessary to hook a trout is not required for a salmon, who will usually impale himself, Kavanagh's success on the Borris brook and the Westmeath lakes is even more strange than his achievements on the Pasvig. On this river he one day killed eight salmon to his own rod, averaging more than twenty pounds apiece. His largest was a thirty-six-pounder.

It is time, however, that we satisfied the reader's curiosity with regard to the mode in which Kavanagh executed these and other sporting feats. He could not only shoot: he was a very good and very quick shot—in cover as well as in the open. He was not

only an angler, but an expert one, as well able to strike a trout as any fisherman on the Kennet or the Test. The secret of it was, that by constant practice he had trained limbs, which extended only a few inches from the shoulder, to do almost all the work of full-grown arms and hands. Though a square-built man, he could make them meet across his chest, and so tightly that it was impossible to take a sixpence from between them. He had no hooks or other appliances whatever. In shooting he carried a gun without any trigger-guard, a most dangerous practice, it must be owned, though Kavanagh never had an accident. When he wanted to fire, he threw his gun across the left stump, and supported the stock and touched the trigger with his right. It must have taken him a long time to acquire the knack of swinging himself round so as to get in line with a bird or a hare going straight from him. But his indomitable perseverance overcame this as it did all other difficulties. In the accounts which he himself gives of his shooting in Persia and Mesopotamia, we must always understand that he is shooting from horseback; and as this is the almost invariable custom of the natives, he would have had no difficulty in procuring a shooting pony. When fishing from the banks of a stream, he always rode, and the reader will now be able to comprehend how he managed to communicate that motion to his rod which is technically called striking, and is generally done with the wrist.

In riding and hunting, his saddle was a kind of basket in which he was properly secured, the bridle-reins being lashed round what we may as well call his arms, and his hunting-whip thrust under the straps, close to his side; and such

was the suppleness and strength of the limb at this point, that by an energetic side movement he could punish a horse as heavily as any ordinary rider. "Magpie" knew this. Magpie was a hunter with a temper; and an eyewitness has described to us what a "leathering," as he termed it, he once saw administered by his master to this fractious quadruped. The unconquerable will, the iron nerve, the dauntless courage exhibited by Kavanagh, first in acquiring, and afterwards in exercising, these faculties, which, from the circumstances of his birth, would have seemed to be absolutely denied to him, as they cannot fail to excite the respect and admiration of the world, must be a source of pride to his own family, who will recognise hereafter in the bold sportsman and adventurous traveller, victorious over such formidable odds, the addition of another hero to the race which has produced so many.

Kavanagh was likewise a capital seaman, and even after he had given up all other outdoor pleasures still clung to his yacht. He had studied navigation scientifically, and the description of a yacht-race, quoted by Mrs Steele from the 'Cruise of the Eva,' which Kavanagh published about five-and-twenty years ago, shows what an enthusiast he was:—

"The G., fair reader, is, I think, as pretty a yacht as I would wish to see; and I would not deserve the name of even half a sailor if I did not love and admire my own. It now came on to blow harder. 'Up main tack, ease down the throat and peak halyards a foot or so!' This manœuvre eased her considerably, and we began to draw ahead, but had arranged before we started that at eight o'clock we were to show a light each to determine our relative positions then. Accordingly, as eight bells went, we showed our light, and had

the satisfaction of being answered by our adversary—well astern!"

This was in November 1862 on his way to Albania for the woodcocks, and he stayed in the Mediterranean till the following March. Returning to Ireland in April, he first began to think seriously of public life, though it was not till three years afterwards that a vacancy occurring in the representation of Wexford enabled him to enter the field. In the meantime we may take a look at him at Borris, in the discharge of his duties as a landlord, a country gentleman, and a local ruler and administrator.

Mrs Kavanagh entered most warmly into all his projects for the good of his tenants and labourers, and the improvement of his property; and the first object of their care was the village of Borris itself. Always highly picturesque, the little hamlet now became neat and comfortable as well. Cabins were turned into cottages. The walls were covered with creepers, and employment found for the women and children incompatible with the fixity of tenure hitherto enjoyed by the pig. Lady Harriet Kavanagh, when she accompanied her son to the Mediterranean, had been much struck with the specimens of old Greek lace which she found at Corfu. She brought some home with her, and having altered it to suit the fashion of the day, taught the mothers and daughters of the village to copy it. Under the superintendence of Mrs Kavanagh they attained a high degree of skill, and "Borris lace" soon became well known for its beautiful designs and delicate workmanship, not surpassed in its own style by any of the "cottage industries of Ireland."

But even in the improvement of this little community, which

lay at his very gates, he was encountered by the same obstacles which on a much larger scale exist throughout two-thirds of Ireland—the long leases held by peasant farmers, who resented interference and despised comfort. It is little known to the declaimers against English landlords to how great an extent the improvement of English cottages has been hindered by similar impediments. The traveller or tourist, as he rides, drives, or walks through many parts of rural England, comes across mud-hovels, with the windows tumbling out of their casements, the doors off their hinges, the chimneys in ruins, and the whole building infinitely inferior to the cow-house of a well-to-do farmer; and he forthwith launches out into diatribes against the squirearchy, and very likely writes to the newspapers to denounce their wickedness. A little inquiry on the spot would have taught him that the squirearchy had no more to do with these tenements than he had himself; that the people who lived in them owned them, and would not allow them to be touched. Kavanagh, however, succeeded in time both at Borris and also on his Kilkenny property at Ballyragget, where, in a feudal castle embosomed in groves of beech, lime, and ilex, and watered by the winding Nore, is said to have been passed the “careless childhood” of Ann Boleyn.

But Kavanagh's conception of his duties did not stop here. In the true spirit of the feudal proprietor who built wharves, bridges, mills, market-places, &c., for the use of his vassals, he brought a railway from Bagnalstown to Borris, at a cost of £5000 to himself, besides the fourteen miles of land which were a free gift. In 1862 he saw what might be done by utilising the water-power of the *Borris* brook. He accordingly

built a sawmill, to which he afterwards added turning-lathes, and enabled his people to accept contracts from English cotton factories for supplies of bobbins, the materials for which he furnished from his own woods. Well might Sir Charles Russell describe him as a landlord of landlords. He took a great interest in the question of replanting Ireland, but was prevented by still more urgent calls upon him from bringing any scheme before the public. Had he done so, it would probably have been much misrepresented—who can gauge the mingled credulity and suspiciousness of democracies? When suggested in parts of Wales, the plan was at once denounced a game-preserver's dodge in disguise.

In 1862 Kavanagh was appointed chairman of the New Ross Board of Guardians, and one of his first acts was proof of that liberality of sentiment which he afterwards displayed upon the land question. At this time in the Union work-house there were three or four hundred Roman Catholics to only five or six of other denominations. But the former had no chapel, and Mass was celebrated in the dining-hall, sometimes before the meals were cleared away. When a chapel was proposed the guardians objected to the expense, but were at once overruled by Kavanagh, and the chapel was built, being “the first of its kind in Ireland.”

We have heard that Kavanagh was rather respected than beloved by his tenantry, an assertion we should doubt. But be this as it may, they looked up to him and trusted him like a father; and down even to 1880 he had no reason to suppose that their feelings towards him were materially changed. In earlier and better days he lived among them and governed them after the fashion of Sir Roger de Coverley. He

not only hunted with the Carlow and Kilkenny hounds, but kept also a pack of harriers of his own, and these on non-hunting days he always exercised before breakfast. With his after-breakfast cigar he was to be found every morning in the courtyard of the house, where, beneath an ancient oak standing in the middle of it, he sat to administer justice and judgment to all comers. Here came the farmers and the peasantry to ask advice in their difficulties, or to invoke arbitration in their quarrels. And he who has had any opportunity of studying the kind of grievances which the Irish peasantry are or were accustomed to bring before their landlords, can easily picture to himself the scene. The court was for the trial of civil as well as criminal cases, and his decision was accepted in disputes about property with as much readiness as in feuds arising out of broken heads or "splighted" ears.

This primitive tribunal was also a court of Hymen:—

"There came to him many a maiden
Whose eyes had forgot to shine;
And widows with grief o'erladen,
But *not* for his coal-black wine."

The maiden's eyes regained their lustre, and the widow put off her weeds under the old oak-tree. Here, we may suppose, lovers' quarrels were adjusted, faithless swains admonished, and the *dulces Amaryl-lidis iræ* restrained within proper bounds. Existing engagements were considered, and fresh ones planned, in consultation with the matrons of the village under the oaken canopy, and Tim's prospects on the land, or Nora's capacity for the dairy, duly examined and appraised by this experienced match-maker. We may call in the aid of a little imagination on such

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occasions. Yet if that old tree had been Tennyson's talking oak, such, or something very like them, are, we may reasonably suppose, the tales he would have had to tell us. "Old oak, I love thee well," must have been the burden of the song in many a rural mouth in the happy days before the flood.

We know not whether Kavanagh's system was unique or not, but we have never met with anything like Mrs Steele's description of it. Of course wherever there is a territorial aristocracy there will be plenty of good landlords living and dying among their own people, advising them to the best of their ability in all the affairs of life, adjusting their differences, helping them in time of trouble, and taking a lively and sympathetic interest in their social arrangements. It is Kavanagh's patriarchal court that is so interesting—his sitting in the gate, so to speak, like an Eastern caliph in his long black robe, and deciding the multifarious questions brought before him off-hand with autocratic authority. The courtyard of the old grey mansion, the venerable oak, which had witnessed two sieges, had seen Coote's Saxon pikemen break the ranks of the besiegers in 1641, and Kavanagh's yeomanry scattering the rebels like chaff in 1798; the peasant groups, male and female, assembled in its shadow, pleading their respective causes with all the humour and eloquence of their nation: all these accessories, which our fancy may embellish at will, add to the romance and picturesqueness of the scene; but they can add nothing to the historical and practical significance of the work done there—a work which, had it always been performed in a similar spirit by the great body of Irish landlords, would have left England no Irish ques-

tion to deal with. Kavanagh's devotion to the interests of his tenantry was rewarded by the consciousness that he possessed their entire confidence. Many of them on their deathbeds appointed him the guardian of their daughters, convinced that in his wisdom, integrity, and kindness lay the best possible securities for their future welfare.

But it was not only over serious business that the old oak stretched his hospitable arms. Here were distributed the Christmas beef and blankets; and when the poor for whom they were intended lived too far off to come to the trysting-tree themselves, Kavanagh used to carry out the doles himself, and was never happier than when, hoisted on to "Miss Nolan," a favourite brown mare, with innumerable packages strapped all round his saddle, he rode out of the courtyard, and set his face towards the mountains. In the summer-time it saw another sight. Every Sunday after luncheon, the whole party staying in the house adjourned to the oak-tree, when Kavanagh, on Miss Nolan's back, and with his favourite terrier by his side, led them a long round by the junction of the brook with the river, through the woods and deer park, across the lawns, and so back in time for evening service in the chapel. At other times he would take the lead of a water party down the river to a fishing lodge which had been built upon its banks, "half hidden by trees and half covered with roses," steering the boat himself, and the life and soul of the picnic which was part of the day's entertainment.

Kavanagh was fond of society; and such, we have been told, was the intense individuality and power of the man, and the interest he inspired in all who came across him, that no one was five minutes

in his company without forgetting all his peculiarities. When visitors came, he used to be brought into the room on the shoulders of his special body-servant. But if he desired a chat with any one at a distance, and the servant did not happen to be at hand, he would descend from his chair and cross the room unaided, by a succession of springs or jumps, keeping all the time an upright position. In the house he always wore a long black robe, which was exchanged for a white one in the saddle; and he used to be fond of representing his want of legs as a great advantage to him out hunting, because, if his horse came down, he had no limbs to be crushed under him. Thus he carried off all his defects with a good grace and a high spirit, and was bent upon demonstrating how little they prevented him from doing what other people did. At luncheon, for instance, there was always soup, and Kavanagh insisted on sitting at the bottom of the table and helping it himself, which we are assured he did most dexterously. He wrote a capital hand (if one may say so), and was an admirable amateur artist both with pencil and paint-brush.

There were many parts of Ireland in which the famine of 1846 and the rebellion of 1848 had not materially affected the relations between landlord and tenant. During the twelve or fifteen years immediately following these calamities, Ireland was steadily advancing in prosperity and contentment; and it was not till 1862, when Kavanagh had been in possession of the property for eight years, that the spirit which had been arrested but not eradicated fourteen years before began to show itself again, and the low-muttered growl of Fenianism was borne upon the wind from America. It was

longer still, however, before the effects of it were felt at Borris; and when Mr Kavanagh decided in 1866 to come forward for the county of Wexford, he was supported at the poll by as loyal a body of tenantry as could be found in England. His opponent on this occasion was Mr, now Sir, J. Pope Hennessey, who found it vain to contend against the superior resources and local influence of his adversary. In 1868 he was returned for Carlow unopposed, and held his seat till, in the general shipwreck which terminated Lord Beaconsfield's Ministry, his vessel went down with many another gallant ship.

Kavanagh entered Parliament, as we have seen, in 1866. In the winter of that year the Fenian insurrection broke out, and Kavanagh victualled and fortified Borris against another siege. He resumed the solitary nocturnal rides which he had practised in 1848, and made himself well acquainted with the movements of the insurgents in his own neighbourhood. Of course the Fenians in turn were equally on the watch for Kavanagh, and his approach was signalled by the scouts from hill-top to hill-top. In spite of these precautions, however, Kavanagh, by his knowledge of the country, and the jumping powers of his Irish hunter, succeeded in getting inside their outposts, and taking his own observations without being caught, though the breakneck gallops to which he was frequently driven would have startled some of the best goers in the Quorn or Pytchley. It must have been grand fun for a daring rider like Kavanagh on a fine moonlight night,—over the stone walls, down the mountain-side, making the stones fly at every stride, across the brook, and *through the swamp*, till he had

fairly baffled all pursuit, and could sit still and laugh at his ease.

When Kavanagh took his seat, we were on the eve of the political deluge which Lord Palmerston had predicted, and of that immortal fight between the two great leaders of debate which will never be forgotten while parliamentary government survives. He took no part in the debates of 1867 and 1868, but he distinguished himself by one achievement,—he regained for members of the House of Commons the right of having their yachts moored in the river alongside the Houses of Parliament. He continued to be a silent member till April 1869, when he spoke against a bill for extending the principle of Union chargeability to the Irish poor-law. Here he was on his own ground, probably knowing more about the subject than any other man in that House. At all events his speech was felt to be unanswerable, and the bill was rejected. He took no part, however, in the Irish Church debates of that year, though after the bill had become law he became the inspiring spirit of the Irish Church Committee, on which his business talents and knowledge of finance were found invaluable. On other Irish questions he was less retiring, and sometimes stood alone among Irish Conservatives in advocating changes then considered the exclusive note of Liberalism or Radicalism. He supported the famous compensation clause in Mr Gladstone's Land Act, on the ground that it did no more than legalise the Ulster custom which had existed for centuries, without affecting the relations between landlord and tenant. In 1875 he supported the Sunday Closing Bill for Ireland, in the conviction that drunkenness and agitation were the two chief causes of the conflict.

tion of Ireland, and that it was equally the duty of the Government to repress both. There is, however, but little to record of Kavanagh's parliamentary career. Considering how rarely he spoke, and that he never spoke at all on any question of first-rate importance, it is surprising what an impression he left behind him. It is the impression created by such men as Mr Henley and Mr Bouverie—men whose integrity, sagacity, and common-sense raise them as much above the level of the rank-and-file as the leaders of parties are above themselves; who are in reality statesmen of the second rank, and practical administrators of the first.

In 1877 his eldest son came of age, and this was the last occasion in which he and his tenantry met together in the old spirit. Ten years sufficed to ripen the crop which was sown in 1870. Agitation, soon to culminate in such terrible disorders, was already practically triumphant. And the bond between landlord and tenant, who had once been so proud of each other, was dissolved for ever. At the general election of 1880, the two Conservative candidates were at the bottom of the poll—Kavanagh, who fourteen years before had polled upwards of 4000 votes, obtaining only 710. His own tenants, who had promised to support him, all turned against him, and lighted bonfires to celebrate his defeat. Yet these were the men whom he had loaded with benefits; on whose farms he had spent thousands of pounds without asking or expecting interest; to whose families, in sickness or in health, in prosperity or adversity, he had shown the most unwearied kindness; with whom he had lived and worked for a quarter of a century on terms of the *greatest confidence and cordiality!*

When Kavanagh told the House of Commons, in 1875, that the Irish people, with all their faults, were "not wanting in gratitude," he never thought he should live to see the day when all his good deeds at Borris would be forgotten, and all his confidence in Irish sincerity and loyalty annihilated.

For Ireland, however, Kavanagh was able to do pretty nearly as much out of doors as he could have done in the House of Commons. Mr Gladstone's Land Act of 1881 created a new sphere for his activity. He had supported such parts of the first Land Act as he thought, under existing circumstances, might be the lesser of two evils, thus showing himself no enemy to exceptional legislation when necessary. But the second he denounced in terms which carried conviction to every impartial mind. If we quote one passage from a speech made at the Rotunda on a phase of the question which has long since become ancient history, it is only because a disposition has been manifested to apply the same principle to the Tithe question.

"It has been announced," he said, "that the rent is to be fixed, not according to the value of the land itself, but according to the capability of the occupying tenant to get value out of it. The extravagance of such a principle is too glaring to require comment. A holding may be of the best description, the land of the richest quality, with every facility for realising its productiveness. It may be that these very facilities were conferred by the landlord's expenditure. But according to this new theory, if it be held by a drunkard, a thriftless, idle, or slovenly tenant, who fails to work the holding to profit, the landlord is to get nothing out of it. A direct premium is held out to all kinds of extravagance, by which it would not be difficult for the tenant to arrive at the stage of not paying any rent at all. . . .

"We have another announcement not a whit less extraordinary in the case of a tenant holding a rich bit of meadow-land in the vicinity, I think, of the city of Limerick. It was proved that the land had been of considerable value from its fertility. But this went for nothing on the landlord's behalf, because it was proved for the tenant that by taking excellent crops off it year by year, without putting a single bit of manure on it, he had completely exhausted it. The rent was reduced to the value, I believe, to which the tenant had by his wanton and, I might almost say, his malicious conduct, deteriorated it."

Kavanagh was a member of the Bessborough Commission appointed in July 1880, and he sent in a separate report which we have at full length in an appendix. It is extremely interesting, and testifies to the firm grasp of the subject which Kavanagh possessed, as well as to the breadth and liberality of his views, and the openness and flexibility of his mind. He thought that the Act of 1870 did not give quite enough security to the tenant; and though he was irreconcilably hostile to fixity of tenure, he thought that the principle of free sale might be further extended wherever it did not interfere with the claims of justice or with the moral authority of the landlord, to which he continued to attach great importance. To this end the landlord was to have "a veto on an objectionable incoming tenant," and in districts

"where enormous sums have been spent by the landlords in improving their properties—on some few properties it has been proved that the English system exists in its purity, the landlords having made all the improvements—and on holdings where tenant right formerly existed and has been bought up by the landlord, instances of which have been proved,—its extension or re-establishment would in my opinion be simple con-

fiscation, and an unwarrantable and arbitrary interference with rights of property which the circumstances could in no sense justify."

His great work at this time, however, was the Land Corporation, of which he gave a full account in a letter to the 'Times' of June 24, 1882. On the 17th of March following, the Company was registered, and the effect was instantaneous. The object of it was to counteract the operations of the League, and this it was proposed to do by the formation of a fund for the cultivation of derelict lands—lands, that is, for which the owner could find no occupier in consequence of League intimidation. The Corporation would either advance him the money wherewith to cultivate it himself, or take it off his hands and farm it for him. If necessary, they would buy it. It might be asked how they could procure labour; but it is to be noted that Kavanagh, in his Bessborough Report, comments on the fact that the genuine agricultural labourer in Ireland had little in common with the farmers either small or great. There was therefore no difficulty on that score. The mere threat of handing over the land to the Corporation was often enough to bring the tenant to his senses; and in a letter to Mr W. H. Smith in September 1888, Kavanagh gives some examples of its working which inspire him with good hopes for the future. Tenants were beginning to come forward on several estates for the evicted farms, even on less favourable terms than were offered them in the beginning of the struggle. In fact, all Kavanagh's belief in the possible regeneration of his country was founded on what he held to be an indisputable fact, namely, that there were two Irelands, of one of which the outside

world knew very little, and two sources of discontent, political and social, entirely distinct from each other. We have no space to quote his statement at any length, but it is of the greatest interest, taken in connection with the objections now raised to the Government Land Purchase Bill. He seems to have believed that if the pressure of intimidation was once taken off, the orderly classes would be found far more numerous than has been supposed, even among the lowest grades of the people; that they would show themselves amenable to reason, and ready to wait while the scheme in hand for creating a large class of yeoman proprietors was gradually working itself out. This is just what the critics of the Bill deny, and what, judging only from past experience, it might seem difficult to believe. Yet Kavanagh had all the qualities required in a first-class witness,—complete knowledge of the subject, perfect honesty of purpose, and the sound judgment and powers of calculation which he had displayed in so eminent a degree in the management of his own estate. A resident Irish proprietor for thirty-five years, with all the sympathies, traditions, and prepossessions of his own order; the lineal descendant of an ancient and warlike race, with all the instincts of an aristocrat,—he was not likely to recommend anything calculated to subvert the system of which himself and his ancestors had been the creators and defenders, which had worked so beneficially in his own hands, and to which he himself was still devotedly attached.

We must suppose, therefore, that the great problem to be solved in connection with the Irish land question did not seem to him insoluble—and that is, how to combine the establishment of

peasant-proprietors on a large scale with the maintenance of an order of landed gentry, which it is perfectly clear that Kavanagh had no thoughts of giving up. From an unpublished paper composed in 1883, from another written at the Carlton just after the election of 1886, and seen only by a few friends, and from the letter addressed to Mr W. H. Smith in September 1888, we may glean his general views, though it is impossible to say whether the particular difficulties foreseen by writers on the Irish question at the present moment had presented themselves to his mind. In England or in any other country where the growth of peasant-proprietorship is left to natural causes, the process is inevitably gradual, and creates no further disturbance in the land system of the country than is necessary to promote a healthy circulation. The class above is constantly recruited from among the fittest of the class below. Such men are very likely to amass money, and to add acre to acre till they accumulate a small estate. Where the owners of land are miscellaneous, and buy it for a variety of reasons, there will always be sellers; and thus the danger of subdivision is counteracted as fast as it arises. But where a class of petty farmers is created by artificial means; where the growth is forced by State assistance; where the occupier is turned into an owner, not because he is fit to be a proprietor, but because he is unwilling to be a tenant; where the owners of the land would all belong to one class, with no other prospects in life than what is afforded by it,—the case is very different indeed. Under the one system the tendency is always towards consolidation, in the other towards subdivision. In the one there is

change, variety, and progress; in the other immobility and stagnation.

Moreover, under the artificial system you do not get a picked class who have raised themselves by their own merits, and whose success nobody grudges. You get men with no claim to such good fortune beyond their fellows,—to which all, therefore, will seem equally entitled, and which all, therefore, will equally demand. Now it is a remarkable fact that while advocating a wide extension of the Land Purchase system, Kavanagh insisted on the necessity of its being gradual. Any sudden or sweeping change would, he thought, be very dangerous. It is plain, therefore, that he must either have overlooked such considerations as the aforesaid, or have thought such apprehensions groundless. No doubt there is this to be remembered, that all his ideas on the subject of land purchase were based on the indispensable condition that the orderly classes should be efficiently, universally, and permanently protected. But by these means he seems to have still thought it possible that the better class of sentiments surviving in the Irish people would have room secured for their expansion and development, till in time they had leavened the whole population, and made the trade of the agitator worthless. He reinforces this argument by referring to the efforts of the Land League to prevent tenants from buying, knowing that the general success of the Land Purchase Act would be fatal to themselves. But nothing could be done—he admitted that—unless the Irish people were convinced that they had got to the bottom of England's concessions. "There is," he writes in 1886, "*a growing belief in the minds of the tenants,*" based upon some

speeches of Mr John Morley, "that the powers of the State will not be much longer used to enforce payments of rent, and that by obtaining money from the State to purchase their holdings, they would be exchanging a liability which they would be forced to meet for one which they would not." Hence he sees the chief impediment to the working of any such scheme, not more in the unwillingness of landlords to sell than in the unwillingness of tenants to buy, and talks of compulsion being applied to these last. Any way, however, we are only landed in this dilemma—namely, that if the tenant did jump at the proposal, there would be an ugly rush, and that if they hung back nothing would be done. But Kavanagh himself declined to be nailed to either of these alternatives. He believed that means might be found of inducing the tenants to purchase, without creating any dangerous discontent among those who were obliged to wait, without necessarily compelling the landlords to part with their estates, and, last but not least, without any financial risk to the State. The tenants must be convinced that they had no further concessions to expect. Subdivision might be guarded against by reserving to the State or the landlord some powers of intervention. The landlords, when they pleased, instead of parting with the fee-simple, might grant long leases or "perpetuities," and the State would have excellent security.

"In the first place, it would have the fee-simple of the land bought. In the second, it would have the value of the tenants' interests, evidence of which is afforded by the enormous prices still paid for 'tenant-right.' People who would lightly forfeit the possession of land would not be so eager to acquire it as the prices they pay for it prove them to be. As each suc-

ceeding instalment was paid to the State by the occupier, his acquired interest in the land would be increased, and he would be the more unwilling to lose it by default. If the occupiers were satisfied that a speedy and irredeemable eviction would follow the non-payment of the yearly instalments, the necessity of the State having recourse to such would, save in very exceptional cases, at once cease. To provide against these, I would suggest a system of mutual responsibility, so that all living within a certain area would become mutually responsible for each other's payments: all sympathy with defaulters would thus be put an end to, and the other occupiers of the area affected would, in their own interests, endeavour to find a solvent substitute or purchaser for a holding rendered vacant by the action of the State in enforcing payment. The most powerful weapon in the Land League policy would thus be made inoperative."

It is much to be assured that, with his knowledge of the Irish people and the condition of Irish agriculture, with his sound judgment, temperate disposition, and great capacity for business, all united with strong conversative and aristocratic instincts, Kavanagh regarded the prospects of such a measure as the present Government have brought forward with a favourable eye. At the same time, he founded his hopes of its success chiefly on the permanence of conditions which cannot be otherwise than precarious, and on a change in our method of administration to which it would take some time for the English people to become accustomed. His demand was for continuity, continuity, continuity—continuity in the administration

of the law, and continuity in the government of the country. He would have substituted for the present Lord Lieutenantancy a permanent Viceroy, independent of all parliamentary changes; and the appointment to such a post of a member of the Royal family would, he thought, have an excellent effect. It may occur perhaps to some people that if we could only have such a system as this, we should want no Land Purchase Acts. With it or without it, however, Kavanagh thought the experiment worth trying—and that is perhaps all that its warmest advocates could say for it.

We should not omit to add that Mrs Steele has given us a most interesting letter, addressed by Mr Kavanagh to Mr Goschen in December 1885, on the cattle trade and cattle breeding of Ireland, showing in the clearest colours the suicidal character of the land agitation. The cattle trade is the main branch of Irish agriculture. If the quality of Irish store cattle had been sustained, the foreign stores would hardly have been looked at. That quality has not been sustained, because the means by which the best sires of all kinds were secured for breeding purposes have been destroyed. These means were the agricultural shows, at which prizes were offered for the best animals, amid keen competition. Now the landlords are impoverished and cannot subscribe to these societies, and the farmers are told that shows are landlord institutions, and that they ought to have nothing to do with them. So down goes the Irish cattle trade.



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CHRONICLES OF WESTERLY: A PROVINCIAL SKETCH.

CHAPTER I.—THE ROUTE.

"No glew like the glew of good fellowship."—BURTON.

"Cool-headed men,
And good at setting battle in array."—W. MORRIS.

THE 201st had been a long time at Westerly-on-Sea, and was looking out for a change, when—suddenly—it came.

There were many worse quarters than Westerly, as the regiment would find, to its cost, before very long; for, although it was not a large place, there was plenty of fun and amusement to be got out of it—fishing, shooting, and courting, dancing and lawn-tennis.

To be sure, it was only a town; but it was within six miles of a city—Wraxeter, where there was a grand cathedral, and some fine old canons and fossil clerics with handsome and agreeable daughters. The bishop's palace was only a mile and a half or so out of the town; and the social and trade advantages to be derived from the presence and patronage of the Right Reverend Dr Quodlibet, in the neighbour-

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hood, were appropriated, almost entirely, by Westerly.

It was a stirring place compared to Wraxeter—had good shops, sea-air, and soldiers; while its rival—if rival it could be called—had nothing but age to recommend it. Westerly went to Wraxeter just as a young relative visits an old one from whom advantages are to be derived, or as a matter of traditional regard and duty—nothing more. Gaiety was not indulged in at the latter place, or frivolity countenanced there. When the soldiers went on Sundays, with invitations for the fair ones of the cathedral precincts, they always put up their drags, dogcarts, and tandems at "The Crown," and attended divine service as a means to an end. Even the railway, which had its terminus at Westerly, passed

Wraxeter by at a respectful distance; and though there was a station called Wraxeter Road, the easiest way to get to Wraxeter was from Westerly—as you generally had to walk from Wraxeter Road, there being no public conveyance to the ancient city. The palace was nearly as old as the cathedral, and was built, in order to command a good view of the sea, long before Westerly existed or was thought of. It served now as a connecting-link between trade and theology—between the shop and the church. The bishop was a friendly and popular man, and gentlemen's seats were numerous round about.

Notwithstanding that the regiment had been made much of by the inhabitants of both places, the declaration of war was a source of the greatest satisfaction to that gallant corps—commonly called the “Do-or-Dies” (*alias*, “D.D.’s,” or “Divinity boys”); for the simple but soldierly reason that it stood first on the roster for foreign service.

Major Tynte was busy writing, looking into official documents, and arranging about the thousand and one things—regimental and other—which an officer on the eve of departure must of necessity have to look to at such a time, when the clanking of a scabbard, and the sound of rapid footsteps coming up the barrack stairs, disturbed him.

The major looked up, his cigar in the corner of his mouth, and the nearest eye closed to keep out the pungent cloud which arose from it.

“Well, Fitz, my boy—how are you?” he said. “Ah! times are changed, and for the worse too, since I was a sub.”

“How so?”

“By Jove! just you think for

a moment! Here’s a young pup not yet even fledged——”

“I was not aware,” retorted Fitz, who knew from experience to whom the flattering noun was meant to apply, “that puppies grew feathers at any stage of their existence, even under the most favourable circumstances.”

“Not even Irish ones?” laughed the major; “well, no. I beg your pardon. Permit me to be more exact.”

“Oh, of course; please yourself about it—I don’t mind.”

“Here’s a young pup,” went on the major, “actually not *haired* yet, though he goes through the form of a regulation shave three times a-week; who has been gazetted a little over twelve months; who thinks nothing of rushing unceremoniously into the sanctum of one of the strictest disciplinarians in his regiment, and—stop—yes, of actually seating himself uninvited—hanged if he doesn’t!—and, I suppose, expects to be offered a cigar into the bargain.”

Suiting the action to the word, the major presented the case, and watched his irrepressible visitor spinning a chair on one leg and finally settling down into it, with both his own long ones stretched well out in front, his arms on the back of it, and his chin on his arms.

There hovered a smile on the good-natured features of the speaker, altogether at variance with the words; but the big sub didn’t trouble himself to note either the one or the other.

“Give us a light now, major, while you are about it. Never do things by halves. Thanks! It’s the nature of the beast, you know; and what can’t be cured must be endured.”

“Well,” responded the major, resuming his own cigar and his

pen, "I suppose you are right. *Il faut hurler avec les loups.*"

Fitz put on a thoughtful expression, going over the quotation in his mind, and ultimately giving it up as a bad job.

"Hang it!" he said, "it is deuced bad form—you must know that, of course—to speak in an unknown tongue to a—guest." Here he withdrew the weed from his lips, and calmly contemplated the end of it, while he waited for a reply.

"I was only giving emphasis to your own sentiment about the nature of the beast. A bad example is catching. However, I might have known that you didn't shine in your French at Sandhurst."

"No, faith! Right there—for once. I always found it hard enough to speak my own language," said Fitz, apologetically.

"Which do you call your own—Irish?"

"Well, no; English, I suppose."

"I thought you had cheek enough to say so."

"I mean by courtesy or adoption, of course; if I could only manage to shake off the brogue, I shouldn't make such a bad fist of it. Grammar is quite a secondary consideration, I find."

"They don't bother about it at Sandhurst."

"You're always dead nuts on Sandhurst."

"Only Sandhurst could produce Fitzmaurice Bateman of ours. I attribute the present state of the army to its confounded levelling-up system, which is the result of pure and unmitigated cram. A young fellow just joined should assume a virtue if he has it not, and show outward respect to his superior officers, even if he doesn't feel it."

"Oh! that be hanged! One

would think you had got your majority in the year One, instead of its only being the same age as my lieutenancy. I like these airs! You shut up, major. Look here"—and he raised his big sledgehammer arm slowly, with the cigar standing straight up between his fingers—"if you were to step tomorrow into the shoes—bunions and corns and all—of the old chief, every sub in the regiment would just come over here and congratulate you on promotion, with a hearty slap on the back."

Here he resumed his smoke.

"Stay where you are—you need not physically illustrate the assertion," said Tynte, observing a sudden movement, which seemed to indicate that he was about to do so; "I can quite imagine the slap on the back—don't mention it."

"Well, you just make the best of it, and don't preach any more. You can't tell how soon the fortune of war may give us the opportunity of testing the truth of my statement."

"I hope the fortune of war will do nothing of the kind, you cold-blooded rascal. The supposition involves disaster to too many gallant fellows, to say nothing of the chief himself, who is a tip-top soldier—not the less so because he keeps a tight hand on a young unkempt Kerry colt let loose upon us from the wilds of Ballybog."

"Oh, I like that!" exclaimed the incorrigible sub, throwing his right leg back again over the chair and changing his position in a way which was indicative of disgust—for somehow there was expression in every movement of this big but not ungainly son of Anak and Hibernia. "You want to be parson as well as major. I'm not supposed to go down on my knees

and worship the old beggar, or pray to him, same as a poor devil of a curate has to do to Bishop Quodlibet."

"Curates don't do anything of the sort. You are getting out of your depth."

"Well, chaplains. I thought that was the orthodox way to make sure of being a rector or a dean or an archdeacon."

"Bosh! You know as little about Church discipline as you do about that of the army, I fear. But, in any case, I can tell you this, that were it not for the Bate-man traditions in the regiment, my boy, and the high regard in which the chief holds your father, he would have called you over the coals seriously before now. Take that to heart."

"Oh, I daresay. I'm grateful to the old cock for his forbearance, certainly, and all the rest of it. I'll fight like a black for him when the time comes, and obey orders and all that, and harbour no petty spite, but magnanimously let bygones be bygones. Meanwhile, he may go to blazes! Hang it all! what more can you or he expect?"

"That's your philosophy, is it?" said the major, laughing outright. "There is nothing to be added to it, except the advice to keep the muzzle on as much as possible while there is no legitimate fighting to be done. Lister likes 'varmint dogs' of war, but he likes them well trained—which you are not. 'Down shot,' 'up to heel,' and all that."

"That's all just because I got fast in the commercial traveller fellow at the hotel, I suppose, the night I joined."

"And very nearly had yourself in hot water for the hundredth time," said Tynte. "I'd have put you under arrest, and have walked

into you pretty smartly if I had been your colonel, my sweet infant."

"Oh, stuff! On the contrary, you'd have walked into the second commercial chap, and have lent me a hand if you had been anywhere within reach at all, instead of leaving me to manage two of them single-handed. No use your sermonising. The cap doesn't fit." And Fitz rose, pushed back his chair, and leisurely walked to the open window.

He was physically a fine sample of the young officer. Tynte, who was really warmly attached to the unruly sub, could not but admire the width of his broad shoulders, and had no misgivings as to how Fitz would acquit himself when hand-to-hand fighting had to be done; he was, in fact, every inch a soldier.

"By Jove, major!" said he, looking out, and then speaking back over his shoulder in a half-whisper, "I say, here's Garth down below, just come out to contemplate the barrack square, sitting on the window-sill in his usual mood, with arms folded and eyes no doubt in a fine frenzy rolling—if we could only see them."

Fitz cast about him at once for some missile. The nearest thing to his hand was a small softly bound regulation drill-book in red, belonging to the major, which lay within easy reach; this he instantly appropriated, and leaning cautiously out, took aim, and dropped it on the unoffending head of Captain Garth, knocking that distinguished officer's cap over his eyes, and a small brown cutty-pipe—which it had taken some time to colour—out of his mouth at one and the same time. A strong expletive from below followed this successful exploit, succeeded in a few seconds by a

"double" up-stairs on the part of the captain, who, from a point of vantage on the landing, hurled back the drill-book through the open door at the head of Fitz, catching him dexterously on the ear, from which the book rebounded, and falling on the table, upset the ink over some of Tynte's papers.

"I'd have sworn it was you, you untamable savage," said Garth, making a rush towards him.

"Pax! Garth, pax!" shouted Fitz, backing into a corner, and presenting the four legs of an uplifted chair to the enemy. "Swear not at all. Here, look here, Tynte, I'm really very sorry. Let me mop it up. I'm afraid you have done no end of mischief, Garth. What a confoundedly unruly and impulsive chap you are! A fellow can't touch you but you must strike fire."

"The sooner you make it up the better for me," put in Tynte, ruefully, endeavouring to educate the spilt ink with a pen to travel in a particular direction, while he held the bottle at the edge of the table ready to receive it. With that perversity peculiar to spilt ink, it took a sudden turn just when it shouldn't, and spurted out on the major's sleeve.

"Deuced provoking," grinned Fitz; "don't laugh at your superior officer, Garth. The major is rather touchy on that point. Hand him over the blotting-paper. That's right; make yourself useful. We were having, before this uncalled-for intrusion, a most interesting discussion on a matter which was growing too deep for the major, and you just broke the continuity of my argument. I've lost the thread completely."

Garth looked up, and so did Tynte, and both laughed.

"What's amusing you?" in-

quired Fitz; "don't keep it all to yourselves."

"It wouldn't require a very abstruse discussion to get you out of your depth, I take it," said Garth.

"Wouldn't it? You say that because, just out of sheer modesty, I have hidden my light under a bushel up to this; but, by Jove! I'll not do it any longer—I mean to come out. You should have heard Tynte and me on the education question—that's all. We got so hot about it, that I had to go to the window for fresh air, and that's how the whole accident came to happen. I was just emphasising an observation, when I let fly the book, and it went the wrong way, just as a crumb of bread does in a fellow's throat sometimes."

"Exactly! How can you, major, explain such a phenomenon as Fitz? Is he the result of race or climate or genealogy, or all three mixed—or what? Why does it exist at all, or to what class or genus does it belong?"

"Oh, I give it up as a hopeless problem. Our knowledge is too limited to get us logically out of such a crux as he. What in the name of goodness is he at now?"

Fitz was doubled up, sitting on his heels, looking into a familiar cupboard in search of the materials for a brandy-and-soda; and having found both, he proceeded coolly to place tumblers for all three, as though he were "at home" in his own quarters. The two looked on not disapprovingly at the proceedings, but insisted on measuring out the spirit to suit their own tastes and constitutions.

"All right! We'll split the soda into three," said Fitz; "I don't like extravagance, even at another man's expense. Talking

about pedigree and ancestry, now that you have started the subject; what is bred in the bone, and all that sort of thing" (here he paused to drink)—"there's a lot in it, don't you know;" and he put down the glass solemnly and decisively—"a lot in it."

"There was," said Garth; "you're just a little mixed as to tense, that's all; we won't fall out about trifles."

"What an aggravating 'cuss' you are! I didn't refer to the glass, you know that well enough. I was going to enlighten you about the influence of heredity on character. Oh, fellows may laugh, of course; but I'll give you an instance, and you can make what you like out of it. Hodman, of the 210th—you knew Hodman, Tynte. He was deuced fond of preserves."

"Yes, I remember. We used to chaff him unmercifully about it."

"We used. Well, his favourite preserve was plum jam, and he always spelt it *plumb jamb*."

"I don't see the point—quite," said Garth.

"Nor I either," put in the major. "If it comes to spelling, three fourths of us can't have had grandfathers. Your theory won't hold water, Fitz."

"Won't it? There you go as usual, off at a tangent, generalising before you have data to go upon. Can't you let me finish first? Hodman's great-grandfather was a stone-mason, his grandfather became a builder, and his father rose to be an architect. Now, how the deuce can you account for Hodman's use of technical terms to convey the idea of a potted preserve, except through his pedigree? You may laugh."

"That opens up quite a new field of research," said Tynte, ex-

ploding with laughter, in which Garth joined; "but without in the slightest degree doubting your word, my dear Fitz, I must say that I should like some slight confirmation of the facts, such as they are, because I don't believe one word of the story."

"I'm sorry for you, then—that's all. I am convinced myself that investigation would reveal the additional fact of the stone-mason's wife, or the builder's wife, or Hodman's own mother, having been a pastry-cook. This would account for the jam. Oh, you may laugh, of course—so may Garth; but take his own case. He never gets sea-sick. Why? Clearly because his grandfather, or great-grandfather (I forget which), was an admiral! There you go guffawing again! Why, I could easily give you much more convincing facts—yes, facts," said Fitz, bobbing his head to avoid a fizzing fusee; "hard facts. Dr Barnes told me, in confidence, that when Tiptop gets——"

The entrance of a fourth person at this stage of the conversation created a break, and gave the major a pretext for turning the subject of discussion into another channel, in which he hoped to find a rock ahead sufficiently formidable to check the flux of words on the part of the lieutenant.

"How about Sparks?" said the major; "just look at him! The biggest scamp in the regiment, next to yourself. He's had a bishop for a father; that cuts against your theory."

"Does it?—not necessarily. The paternal Sparks might not have been—strictly—well—orthodox—don't you know; eh, Sparks?"

The young man addressed was not one of many words. He put on a broad grin, winked, and wagged his head. "I told you so,"

said Fitz, triumphantly. "If the Right Rev. Dr Sparks had been strictly evangelical, Sparks of ours would have been a parson."

The bare idea seemed so comical to the individual alluded to, that he crowed rather than laughed, and ejaculated "By Jove!"

"The fact of it is," said the major, "you must really, Fitz, at times be off your head."

"And you'll probably find on investigation," said the suddenly inspired Sparks, "that he had an Irish ancestor who lost his."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, shut up!" pleaded Tynte, convulsed in spite of himself.

"Of course the majority of you are of a sceptical turn of mind," went on Fitzmaurice Bateman; "that's your misfortune, not my fault. I can tell you one more curious fact about this same Hodman: make the most of it. When Dawkins came in for his family title, by the deaths of two uncles and a nephew, or something of that sort, Hodman wrote a letter—I saw it—congratulating him on being raised to the *peerage*! Now, there is the mason ancestor again—*plumb, jamb, pier*," and he ticked them off on his fingers. "Some people won't be convinced, like our old chief, who never will take a fellow's statement off-hand."

"Why do you say that of the colonel?" asked Garth. "That's too bad: it's unjust. The very last—what shall we call it?—bouncer or anecdote you gave us at mess about that fellow who put his head out of one train and had it cut off by another, he implicitly believed. The major will bear me out in this."

"I do, fully."

"He just turned to me and said, 'I'm quite sure it is a literal fact, and it must have been Bateman to whom the accident happened, just before he joined.' What greater

indication of large-hearted and child-like credulity could you expect than that? and still you are not happy, nor grateful!"

"I confess, after that, I feel small," said Fitz, "though I suppose I don't look it. The old beggar always sets everything down as a yarn. He is the most credulous old boss I ever came across, on some points; while on others, Old Nick himself would not convince him."

"You seem to be the biggest puzzle he has ever had to encounter, in his military experience, up to this at all event," said Sparks.

"Allow me to remark that life is full of puzzles, big and little. If I don't greatly mistake, somebody or other, probably Shakespeare—he has anticipated all the profound thoughts that occur to me from time to time—has discovered that life itself is a puzzle. I find puzzles everywhere. There you are, for instance, a grey-headed man at, say, thirty-five (if I understate the age don't correct me), while the major, bless him! appears to be permitted by an over-indulgent providence to wear his hair of its original hue at the advanced age of, say,—what age shall we say, major?"

"Never mind rushing into these disagreeable personal matters. Confound your impudence!" said Sparks.

"If I had thought a little more," said the major, "perhaps I might by this time have been able to understand why big boys, as boys, should be so cheeky, unmanageable, and troublesome—why they should be, at the intermediate stage, so utterly different from what we become as men."

"Come! I like that," said Fitz; "there's humility in it, and such a confounded lot of self-depreciation about it."

"You might be able to throw some light on this point, Garth," continued the major, ignoring the big lieutenant.

"Who? I—I give it up," said the captain. "I couldn't tell you any more than I could say why it is that veal—even the best fed veal—is so much more indigestible than, and different in flavour from, beef. But never mind, we'll have our revenge on Fitz, and take it out of him when we get him on board the 'trooper.' We'll put him on duty every time he gets sick, and have him as limp, respectful, and obedient as you please before he returns."

"If he does return," added Fitz, helping himself to some more brandy. "Here's to the girls we leave behind us." And he winked at Garth. "I like red hair, major. On my word of honour, I do; no humbug. Don't blush, any of you. Here's to our foxy fair ones!"

"I haven't the most remote notion of what you are driving at, any more than I have of blushing."

"I say, look here, Fitz," put in Garth, coming to the rescue; "draw the line somewhere. Woman is our fate; and you don't know how soon your own turn may come. Have some outward respect for that sex to which one's mother and sisters belong, to say nothing of one's maiden aunts from whom there are expectations."

"I merely remarked that I liked red hair—so does the major. This is a free country (or is erroneously supposed to be), and if I follow his lead—at a respectful distance—I suppose it is all right."

"What is he driving at?" asked Tynte.

"I suppose he saw you walking with Miss Harman to-day, and he means to be witty in his personal and usually mild sort of way," said Sparks.

"Well, his wit is about equal to his judgment. Beyond the shadow of a doubt, Fitz, you are colour-blind, if that is any satisfaction to you."

"Oh, I should have said golden hair, of course—or auburn; anything but red." Here he went off at a tangent, and flourishing the empty tumbler, broke out into song:—

"Oh, Biddy Magee
Is devoted to me!
And I'm partial to her, I'll allow.
She owns an estate,
And a family sate,
With a pig, and a goose, and a cow.
My luck, which was great
When I met her,
Can only be bate
When I get her—
For I'm partial to her, I'll allow—
Sweet Colleen Macree!
Ballybog is the country for me;
With Biddy Magee
On my knee,
And her pig, and the goose, and the
cow."

CHAPTER II.—FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

"Verborum tanta cadit vis."—JUVENAL.

The well-known voice of Fitzmaurice Bateman soon attracted kindred spirits, and all who happened to be within earshot made for Tynte's quarters; consequently,

before many minutes the room was filled to inconvenience. There was no resisting the attraction. Even the laziest junior threw away his unfinished cigar, and shaking him-

self together joined the throng. Once the game was started, a noisy, obstreperous, overwhelming mob insisted on keeping it up. "Bravo, Fitz! Give us another." "Bravo!" again. "One more! Hang it, yes!"—and so on, till at last the victim's patience reached its limit and culminated in a stentorian "NO! Hanged if I do! I call on Spinner for a song!"

Enter the bland and beaming Spinner, amid general laughter; for he had never been known even to hum.

There was considerable trouble in the matter of sitting accommodation, but no more than was quite common, and, under the circumstances, usual; but the commotion served to create a diversion in Spinner's favour, which, coupled with his well-known inability even to croak, served to get him out of a difficulty. He immediately cast about for a seat, seeing others following the same line of action.

Tiptop settled himself down on Tynte's tin uniform-case, and would have done very well there had not another warrior sat down in his lap, which resulted in the bulging in of the case. The window-sill afforded sittings for two more, while another had to content himself as best he could with a helmet-case—no easy matter on account of its peculiar conical shape.

"Now, Fitz," said Garth, after some sort of order had been obtained, "let's have one more—only one—song. We'll be content to have it out of you now, if you don't make yourself disagreeable, instead of taking a mean advantage when you are sea-sick."

"That's fair," said Tiptop, who was a bad sailor and had done one voyage in a "trooper";

"there's sense and humanity in that. Time is short, and some of us haven't long to live, perhaps. *Jam te premet nox fabulæque manes*, &c., &c. Let's thank our stars, at all events, for that consoling certainty of modern science—the 'survival of the fittest'; let us also rejoice in that we have one major of ours—the worthy host—who hasn't made an ass of himself by going in for matrimony and all that sort of thing, and cutting the mess-table with its improving companionship of brothers-in-arms for the society of babies-in-arms. Peg away, Fitz!"

He obeyed; but as his song was not complimentary to that sex which in reality he adored, we will not give it. Its anti-marital sentiments may be gathered from the tenor of the remarks which followed the applause.

"Time enough to think of getting pieced or spliced, joined together, or whatever you call it, when a chap is somewhere about seventy—or a shade over."

"Holloa!" said Tiptop, "what is going to happen next? Hanged if Spinner hasn't committed himself to an opinion at last on something!" and he patted Spinner patronisingly with his cane—rather harder, however, than that gentleman seemed to like. Snatching it dexterously out of its owner's hand, he administered a couple of retaliatory blows with considerably more energy than was expected across Tiptop's calves, who had to seek cover behind the ample form of Fitz, and to sue for quarter from this point of vantage.

"I'll retract, Spinner, unconditionally. But I really thought you *had* given a decided opinion."

"So I have, old chap," retorted Spinner, flinging back the cane; "a very decided one as to your

mental capacity, more than once; only you find it convenient to have a bad memory on this point. I suppose, because the capacity is so low; however, as you can't be blamed for that, I forgive you."

"Come, that's magnanimous, at all events," put in Fitz.

"Well, it certainly is; and I am almost disposed, out of sheer gratitude, to wipe out that bet of five sovs you lost yesterday on Bluebeard."

"Don't you wish you may get 'em!" said Spinner. "Make a virtue of necessity this time. I object to betting, as you know, on principle—when I don't think the outlook is good."

"Well, I booked it, as a matter of form; and I appeal now to Fitz, who is the soul of honour."

There was a general hush to hear the oracle speak.

"I think," said Fitz solemnly, and promptly accepting the position of arbitrator, "if the bet was booked as a mere matter of form, the payment ought to be a mere matter of form also. The decision, you will perceive, is final, but—it settles nothing; that's the beauty and impartiality of it. But I say, Spinner, a fellow as rich as you—excuse me for being so beastly personal, don't you know—should not feel so acutely the deprivation of a few sovs one way or other."

"Shouldn't he! Excuse me for being equally personal, Master Fitz," put in the major; "but I won't have my friend Spinner sat upon in my quarters, at all events."

"Here! I say, major," said one of the company, who was of a practical turn of mind, and exceeding uncomfortable on the tin helmet-case, "if you talk about fellows being sat on, and seats, and what not, you ought to provide at least forms."

"Fitz, to do him justice, is the only man who never grumbles," said the major; "he adapts himself to circumstances, as a soldier should."

"That's accounted for by the fact," said Sparks, "that when he is at home he's in the habit of accommodating Miss Biddy Magee on his lap, together with a pig, a goose, and a cow—all at once."

"I wish he'd show us how it was done," said Spinner. "It is all very well in a song; but the practical knowledge would be of use to us just now. However, chairs or no chairs, you are a gentleman, major—every inch. You never indulge in personalities, which is more than can be said for some of your impecunious guests. Now look here, Fitz: what has the fact of my not being hard-up got to do with feeling the loss of money one way or other? That is the sort of stuff people talk about wealth. If you pull a hair out of a fellow with plenty on his head, doesn't it hurt him as much as if it had been pulled out of a scantily furnished nut, belonging to somebody else?"

"Hear, hear!" shouted Tiptop, delighted at the retort. "Bravo! That's one to Spinner, and a right good one too. Experience shows that it is clearly only the perfectly bald, and quite impecunious chap, who doesn't mind. You can't hurt him."

"It seems to me, Spinner," said Sparks from the window-sill, "that you are placed at rather a disadvantage as to wisdom, and all that sort of thing. A fellow can't have wisdom, I understand, without experience; and no chap can ever know the value of money if he hasn't to borrow it."

"How do you explain the glaring contradiction in your case then, Sparks? You *should* be the

wisest man in the 201st, where-
as——”

“Oh, I’m one of those usual exceptions which are always forthcoming to prove a rule.”

Spinner’s weak point was believed to be parsimony. Though he was one of the richest fellows in the regiment, he was what is called “close,” and knew how to take care of his money—not frittering it away on betting and frivolities; but nevertheless spending it, on the whole, liberally enough—as when there was a ball or extra big demand on the mess, or band subscriptions, or a treat to the men at circus or theatre. He was popular, though he hailed from Manchester. Like Fitz, he was never known to lose his temper, and could stand any amount of chaff.

The two might be taken as fair types of their distinctive classes. One of the oldest private soldiers in the regiment had known Spinner’s father when both were street Arabs, and before the latter became an office-boy in the huge establishment which he now owned as senior surviving partner. This fact got to the ears of a corporal, from him to the sergeants’ mess, and so travelled to the sergeant-major, and onward and upward till, by some means or other, it got to be known among Spinner’s brother officers, very soon after he joined; but to do them justice, the fact was never insultingly thrown in his teeth—as it would have been if he had been the least bit of a snob. He was not—he was “a character” in his way, and was valued accordingly. The advice which he got from his father was sound if commonplace, and he was ever on the watch to profit by it and follow it. He rejoiced now in the prospect of active service as a means to his end.

“Get to the top of the tree, my boy,” wrote old Spinner; “that’s what has to be done nowadays. If you can’t shin up an oak or a pine, get up a poplar; the timber is good for nothing, but it grows high, and you must be with the climbers. A giddy fellow, who has no head for dangerous ascents, may laugh at the toll you have to pay in the way of rents in your nether garments, but *get up*; and when you reach the top, you’ll be above the eyesight of those who look out for small blemishes; and your comrades, up there along with you, will have enough to do to hold on, and will not, I promise you, take note of such trifles. He that sticks his brush out at the chimney-top for the crowd to stare at, and shouts to make people look, may not be the best sweep; but he gets the most thought of and talked about, and the biggest reward in the way of success.”

The advice given to Fitz by his father when he sent him to Sandhurst was equally sound from his standpoint, though necessarily of a very different character. “If you are at all inclined to be proud of your descent, my boy—as I believe you are—from worthy ancestors, remember always that the worth which was theirs, you inherit by no merit of your own. You were born to it, just as we are born into particular creeds; but, all the same, you hold it in trust, and you should never allow yourself to forget that you will probably be an ancestor to others of your race. See, therefore, that you leave after you a repute which your descendants may be proud to inherit.”

And surely this is the only true and admirable pride of family. He who, in the common acceptance, is self-made, the first of his race, is not in honour

called upon by the exigencies of society to dig up the names and reputations (such as they are) of those who have left no record of anything worth delving for; and he may comfort himself with the certainty that, if he is without a family muniment-room, he is also without the skeletons which too often abide in it.

"Rather have a care," the paternal Bateman's letter went on, "my dear Fitzmaurice, that while another makes a good beginning to his, you don't make a bad ending to your own pedigree. The world is well stocked with snobs. The most repulsive snob of any is he who boasts of his relationship to live lords. I have known several of these lords, whom the adventitious aid of an ancestral handle to their names has not raised above mediocrity and contempt. He who could boast of such kinship, deserves to find no better. But there are lords to whose repute a mere title can add nothing. Do not speak of your relationship to any of these till you have acquitted yourself so that they will hear of the kinship, if not with satisfaction, at least with unconcern."

This was a sensible letter, it must be admitted, and one, moreover, which the healthy young animal to whom it was addressed fully appreciated and understood. He knew that his father was a thorough gentleman and a brave soldier, and had also found out that, if he had the least inclination to be a snob, the army was about the last profession in which to pose as such.

But we must not linger too long in the company of these pleasant fellows. On the eve of their departure for "the front," they were as merry as schoolboys going home for the vacation, and

apparently quite heedless of the old saw which gives to every bullet its billet.

The voice of Fitz rang out at midnight as musically as ever; while, responsive to the general call, he sang, "by special request, and possibly for the last time," as Tiptop with grim facetiousness observed, a song which seemed to be an old favourite, beginning :—

"I'm a thoroughbred Paddy,
And proud of it too!
What I can't avoid doing
I'm willing to do;
With a heart and a halfpenny always
to spare,
And a family motto of 'Divil may
care'—
The owld Irish reading for—'Never
despair!'"

Play on, big boys, until the time for more serious work arrives, and hearts beat high—or cease to beat upon the battle-field. Amid the ups and downs, the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows of that strange admixture which goes to make up the sum of this mortal life, it is indeed a wise and all-merciful dispensation of Providence which shuts out the future from our ken, else would the hopes and aspirations of existence be too heavily handicapped for human endurance.

It is given to the novelist only to look into the future, but what the sight discloses he is not at liberty to declare before the appointed time; at all events, the noise becomes so great in this particular barrack-room, that at last we are forced to fly.

The country was now in the throes of war, and, as usual, we had entered upon it by underrating the strength and resources of the enemy. Disaster had come upon us unawares, and the nation

was in a state of ferment, having been defrauded of its legitimate victim; and a victim, ever since the days of poor Admiral Byng, John Bull yearns for, and demands as a right, after every serious reverse—as a necessary peace-offering to his wounded pride and self-esteem. It is, however, only fair to John to admit that he is lavish of honours, where success gives him a fair excuse for bestowing them. In both cases he likes to get hold of the right man, either to reward or punish, as the case may be. He makes mistakes sometimes, but his heart is in the right place nevertheless.

Troops were now being collected from all quarters to repair our disaster, and were being gathered together for speedy embarkation. The garrison-port of Westerly-on-Sea was in a state of wild excitement and abnormal bustle, in consequence of the arrival of horse and foot by every train as well as by the Queen's highway. Hired transports relieved each other at the quays, each taking off its full complement. Soldiers were billeted in almost every house. Female hearts, as heretofore and since, were beating loud, I have no doubt; but the beating of drums and the braying of trumpets and the clanging of arms made the ears of the most sensitive civilian deaf to these more subtle sounds; and Tommy Atkins, perforce, did his farewells for the most part in dumb show, poor fellow!

All honour to this same Tommy Atkins, old or young! I say parenthetically. Despised and contemned too often in the piping times of peace, when selfish men think only of the counter and the till, and of the profits resulting from a slavish attention to busi-

ness, he has his innings at momentous times like these; and I for one don't grudge them. He will have them again by-and-by, if he has only the good luck to get home. I say once more, all honour to him! I myself have had, and always shall have, the scarlet fever. If I hadn't been of the wrong sex to begin with, I should have sought reversionary glory (without the risk) by marrying into the army. The simple reader may ask, "Why, being then confessedly a male, are you not a soldier?" To which I reply, that possibly I am of a delicate constitution; or a too fond mother may have objected; or I may not have had brains for Sandhurst—still less for Woolwich; or again, soldiering being a profession not self-supporting, there may have been pecuniary drawbacks. Be good enough, my dear sir, to make any excuse for me which does not necessitate my showing the white feather! But all these inquisitorial points are personal matters with which the reader has nothing whatever to do; and even if it should be on the cards that I lack the actual amount of courage, I could hardly be expected to make the damaging admission. It is not on the cards.

I say again that I fervently hope the scarlet fever may long remain an ailment among the fair sex—nay, more, one which may never abate. Where is there a nobler fellow than a well-conditioned soldier? Familiar with hardship, contumely, and danger; shut out from competency and comfort; ready at a moment's notice to face death, with no other reward, if he should escape it, than a two-and-sixpenny medal on his breast. Put him into the balance and weigh him against the

sleek and well-dressed counter-jumper, who looks upon himself as a superior being; throw in the knapsack and the straps and belts that have been so patiently donned by Tommy Atkins in your service, and worn through many a weary march; throw in the rifle and the steel which have helped to make England what she is, and tell us honestly the result. Well, the counter-jumper rises in the scale, and Tommy and his accoutrements jingle down—into the mud. Only for the scarlet fever, he would never be helped up, as a general rule. I confess it makes my blood boil to see, as I have often seen, contempt heaped upon Tommy by a disreputable waiter or a low barmaid. "Third-class refreshment room lower down," or "Sodgers ain't admitted here," and all that sort of thing.

But it was not so at Westerly-on-Sea. It was not in accord at any time, and still less was it in accord just then, with the public sentiment of the place. At the period of which we write, Tommy was being feasted, honoured, praised, petted, and made much of by everybody, small and great, high and low, without distinction of persons, or classes, or creeds—for there were no Quakers there. The 201st had been for a long time quartered in the town: acquaintances had been made, courtships carried on, and, as a natural consequence, some marriages celebrated—to say nothing of baptisms. And now that links were to be severed and ties broken, there was nothing for it but to kill care and sorrow by jollity and enjoyment.

The time was short and the notice sudden, though not unexpected, and Westerly made the most of it. But one night more remained; and this was devoted

to a grand ball—a farewell one—given by the officers of that gallant corps to the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood and town. The non-commissioned officers followed the example of their superiors, and gave a ball too; while the privates were allowed to accept hospitality or to entertain their friends.

Old Colonel Bob Lister of the "Do-or-Dies" had full confidence in his men; and while relaxing the reins of discipline under such exceptional circumstances, he was quite satisfied that the concession would not be seriously or culpably abused, and that the final muster would be—as it always had been—fully up to the mark and creditable to his regiment.

He made a speech in the barrack square before "breaking off," which wasn't long, but was very much to the point all the same. The men were to enjoy themselves but not to get drunk, and every soldier was to put in an appearance, and to "fall in" responsive to the bugle-call at the muster. "No skulking or deserting, or anything of that sort, boys," he said. "I expect the gallant D.D.'s to maintain its character to the last moment here in England; and I expect it to return to England with its ranks perhaps reduced, but with its reputation increased—as heretofore. But, look here! If I find a man drunk to-morrow morning on parade, by the Lord!"—and he shook his head and both fists portentously, as he shouted "Break off!"

They all knew what his "By the Lord!" meant. He went by the familiar name of Old Blister in the barrack-rooms, because of his severity, which fitted in so aptly with his initial and surname; yet he was respected by the wildest spirits in the ranks

who had come to feel the weight of his punishments, for he was always just, though he was "dead nuts," as they all knew, upon drunkards. He never inflicted a penalty on an offender without expressing a regret which he was

not ashamed to feel or to display; and it must honestly be confessed that no better "chief" ever controlled a gallant corps, than Old Blister—

"An yron man, made of ye yron mould."

CHAPTER III.—A GARRISON BALL.

"Lov'st thou music?
Oh, 'tis sweet!
What's dancing?
Mirth of feet!"

—THOMAS CAMPION.

"The business of dancing is to display beauty."—*Spectator*.

Balls generally, public or private, are a success, for the simple reason that the majority of those who go to them are young, and therefore go prepared to take enjoyment out of them.

That the farewell ball of the gallant "Do-or-Dies" was no exception, goes without saying. What with the decorations formed of rifles, swords, bayonets, and flags—the regimental band—the gay uniforms—brave men and handsome women—it was simply a brilliant affair; and was declared by the 'Westerly Daily News,' in leader type, to have been the most enjoyable gathering of the sort which had taken place within the memory of the reporter for that long-lived print, who had—if the truth must be told—succumbed early in the evening (having prudently prepared his report beforehand) to the combined effects of brandy and heat; and had retired early to a back bench in the musicians' gallery, where, having been, after much coaxing, induced to go to bed thereon without undressing himself, he compromised matters by merely taking off one boot, to indicate that he was not, as one of the band observed, "in full marching order."

Fitz and Tiptop had worked very

hard at the decorations; and their taste and skill did them, it must be frankly owned, infinite credit. Fitz, whose inherent modesty did not lead by any means, as we know, to self-depreciation, congratulated himself hugely on the result as he looked proudly round him, and took in, with a sweepingly comprehensive grasp of vision, the "gay and festive scene" around him.

"I wouldn't have to go through it all again, though," he remarked with a suppressed yawn to Tiptop, "for a good deal. In fact, I'd almost as soon go through a campaign."

"Well, I like that," responded Tiptop, languidly letting his eyeglass drop from his eye as he opened it wider with a mild wonder; "a fellow that's never been at a good-sized review talking about a campaign! I like that Fitz."

"Glad you do! Even that admission is worth something from a worthy whose motto is, or should be, *nil admirari*; but, now I come to think of it, deuce a much experience of fire-eating you have had to brag about either!"

"But I don't brag about it—there's the difference, my boy; I don't talk of what I know nothing about."

"Don't you? Then all I can say is—you must be a far more extraordinary fellow than I am, or else you must be a confoundedly learned one," said Fitz.

"Why?"

"Because," replied the sub, with a grin, "you are, beyond all doubt, the greatest talker in the regiment; and if you only talk of what you know something about, the conclusion is obvious, dear boy, to the meanest capacity."

Tiptop laughed now. "At all events," he said, "I don't put on the airs of a field-marshal expecting the thanks of Parliament and of a grateful country, for what others helped me to do. I suppose every girl you spin round the room to-night will be told, with your confounded assurance, how the decorations were designed and carried out by yourself—'alone I did it!' and all that sort of thing; while we all just handed you up what you called for, and fooled around."

"Not a bit of it! I'll give you the fullest credit for making that crooked star in front of the gallery, you may depend on it."

Tiptop suddenly stopped this banter to feel nervously for his eye-glass; and having captured and replaced it, he changed his position in order to obtain a better view of some beauty who had just entered the ball-room, and was creating a sensation in her immediate circle.

"I tell you what it is," he said, "only for that too generally pervading sensation of mist and moonshine which these airily dressed and charming creatures always bring with them—the glamour of muslin and beaming faces—all the decorations in the world, including my handiwork and yours, Fitz, wouldn't count for much."

Bateman paused to give effect

to his reply. "I never knew until now that you went in for being a second-rate philosopher as well as a talker. Never mind, old boy—here goes for a plunge into the midst of the mist and moonshine;" and he left in search of a handsome partner.

"The force of example," muttered Tiptop, as he gathered himself together, and prepared to follow. "A fellow's fancy runs away with him, and he goes for a Juno in these 'dazzling halls of light,' to find his partner nothing but a commonplace cloud of soft seductive millinery. This classical retrospect is all very well; but I'm in for it all the same. Ah! Tynte has secured the red-haired girl already! Perhaps Lieutenant Fitzmaurice Bateman of ours isn't so big a fool as he looks, after all. One must not judge too much by appearances. There may be something up." He paused now to look around him. "I must go and try my luck with Georgie Collyrium, before she gets snapped up by that insinuating Garth." And off he went accordingly.

Georgie was the daughter of the leading doctor of Westerly, and had been "out" for—well—for some seasons,—we won't say for how many; there is no use in that disagreeable sort of particularity. She was a first-rate dancer, handsome and well made, and had an extremely fine pair of eyes which she knew how to use to the best advantage. It was pretty certain that she would come in for money, as there was no doubt about the father's wealth; nevertheless she had not succeeded in getting a husband, and was gradually settling down to the position of what is familiarly known as a "garrison hack." She was, despite a strong spice of vulgarity, a favourite on the whole; and she danced so

ultra well, that it would have been a loss if she had been taken off to Lumbago Island by Surgeon-Major Colchicum, who had proposed for her the day after her first ball.

If he came back now, and were to ask her again, would she go? Why speculate? She seemed to enjoy life thoroughly, and was eagerly sought after for every dance.

On this occasion, though early in the field, Tiptop found his worst fears realised; he was distanced in the race by Captain Garth. However, he was consoled by a nodded promise gasped out over the captain's shoulder as she whirled past; and he found himself rewarded by being booked for the next polka. He wasn't long in finding a substitute for Georgie, *pro tem.*, having very nearly collided with the major and his partner, Miss Harman, in the endeavour to take a short cut towards a particular fair one.

But the major's partner, though introduced to the reader at a public ball and at the end of a chapter, must not be dismissed in so curt a fashion. She is entitled, in our opinion, for many reasons,

to a special one all to herself—and she shall have it.

Meanwhile, do we owe an apology to the strait-laced among our readers—if we have any such—for devoting so many pages to the frivolous subject of dancing? I don't think so. If my memory serves me rightly, even Lucian devotes a whole dialogue to it, and a staid philosopher is thereby converted, and brought to see the error of his ways, and the extent of his prejudice. Nay, more, we are told that even the great Socrates himself not only danced, but actually set about learning to do so after he had arrived at years of discretion! Surely it is a very strong argument in favour of dancing that, on the authority of a Greek classic, this great philosopher was not above asking Terpsichore to do him the honour of a "spin" on the light fantastic toe; and does not the poet ask and answer—

"What are breath, speech, echoes,
music, winds—

But dancings of the air in various
kinds?"

I forget who the poet was, but that has nothing to do with the sentiment or the argument.

CHAPTER IV. — LAVINIA.

"Her reason all her passions sway;
Easy in company, in private gay;
Coy to a fop; to the deserving free—
Still constant to herself."

—POMFRET.

There is always a certain amount of prejudice or bias—so the world justly or unjustly maintains—in the opinion which women form of each other, notwithstanding all their protests to the contrary; and the impartial male, if he wishes to arrive at a just judgment on any particular woman, must form it from his own per-

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sonal observation—particularly if it should happen that, as in this instance, she is a special favourite among men. Harpastes, when she became blind, would never admit more than that the house had grown dark; and we have the authority of Petronius that another, who began by carrying a pet calf about in her arms, ended

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by persuading herself that it was no heavier as it grew into an ox. From these instances it would appear that, though the ancients were given to fable, they were pretty much of my way of thinking. You may—

“Convince a man against his will,
He’s of the same opinion still;”

but you can’t convince a woman against her will, no matter what the logic of facts may be; though she may often convince herself in spite of either facts or logic—just as the fancy takes her. The mental process which the average feminine mind goes through, in judging others of its own sex, leads generally to the conclusion that the one favoured of men is at best but an actress, or has a happy knack of deception which is more than a match for the over-soft and credulous biped whom she is born to rule, and whom it is her legitimate object to ensnare and capture, and who turns out—it must honestly be owned—a worthless “catch” too often.

But it is only fair to acknowledge that even men disagreed as to whether Lavinia Harman was handsome or ugly, or merely plain; the question was among them an open one, notwithstanding the female assurances that she was a “regular fright.” If, however, their opinions differed about her personal appearance, there was a perfect consensus of sentiment among them as to her good qualities.

She was known to be rich, too, so that she had no lack of devoted worshippers, who vied with each other for the honour of her hand; but she took all this ardour and admiration as a matter of course, and discounted it accordingly. She estimated the general eagerness, on the night of the garrison

ball, to secure her as a partner for each dance exactly at its true value.

She was also known to be very clever, without endeavouring to pose or show off as a blue-stockings; and was one of those rare women to whom men pay instinctively the compliment of not talking nonsense—that is, when they are able to talk sense. They never spoke to her about the weather if they had brains to converse coherently on deeper subjects; and yet the inane type of “young man of the period,” who had no brains worth mentioning, liked her too, because she had that happy art of leaving him perfectly satisfied with himself—a state of feeling which he seems always to look upon as arguing merit on his part. She never snubbed him, but preferred to get out of the company of those who deserved snubbing as quickly as she could. Her wealth made her suspicious; but she kept her suspicions to herself, and went about among her acquaintances apparently non-observant, but with a keen eye for the reading of character.

Her early history is soon told. She was an orphan—a banker’s only child, living now and for many years past with an old maiden aunt whom she loved, and who very conveniently did the *chaperon* on occasions such as this. Her grandfather had been in trade as a local contractor for the supply of necessaries to the troops, and ended by becoming the owner of the best town-house in Westerly, and a money-lender on a large scale. The money-lending business assumed, in the hands of his son, a more legitimate and respectable aspect, and gradually developed into banking and financial agencies.

He married into one of the

county families—the Deuceatoy-Mandevills—the head of which was in embarrassed circumstances, and whose only daughter had no alternative between absolute want and a rich husband. The marriage was not a success from either a social or domestic point of view, as the banker came to know by bitter experience. Negotiations with his impecunious father-in-law to take the daughter back for “a consideration” in gold, which would have set him on his legs again, were pending with every prospect of success when the old gentleman died. The banker had to pay the expenses of his funeral, and also the cost of erecting the splendid monument to his memory, which stands in the chancel of Westerly church.

But if plain truth must be told, the banker was considered by his wife to have got far more than his full value—in fact, compound interest—for his matrimonial venture, by being permitted to place on perpetual record in the parish church the fact that he had been the son-in-law of Deuceatoy-Mandevill of Hellyerly, and the husband of the last of that long-pedigreed and very blue-blooded race.

The lady was not young when she married; and there was great betting among the clerks in the office, and speculation among matrons, as to whether the Harman race would continue or cease. After five or six years had passed away the point was considered all but settled, when, to the general astonishment of Westerly, the banker found himself likely to become a father. Great preparations were made for the happy event, which, however, turned out to be somewhat disappointing in the result. He had set his heart on a son and heir, but Providence did

not see fit to gratify him. Mrs Harman's life was saved with great difficulty. The daughter, instead of becoming a bond of union between them, only proved to be the reverse. The Deuceatoy-Mandevill blood was hot as well as blue, and resented the decay of that affection on the part of the father, which she had previously done her utmost as a wife to estrange. She died of chagrin and sheer vexation, and her farewell words were but a sardonic expression of the gratification he would have in adding her name to the pompous inscription on the monument.

Rumours got abroad about the domestic life the banker led for many years; but there was no one living, at the time we write of, who had been a witness of the reality save old Aunt Polly Harman, who loved her brother too well ever to tell mortal all she knew. Fortunately Lavinia was too young to remember anything.

Of course the past was raked up, as far as it was known, now and then at social scandal gatherings, by a few of the oldest inhabitants. The most malignant of the bank officials used to say confidentially to certain cronies of his, “It's all very well, my dear sir; but you have a man-devil, a deuce, and a hell in the three names: add a woman to it and take your change out of the remainder.” After this he would shake his head. But he came to a bad end; and the male portion of the community was now so entirely and heartily in Miss Harman's favour, that a few spiteful old crones, with the proverbial want of charity, could make no head against her popularity.

She was not offensively strong-minded, but she interested herself warmly about everything in the way of improving the social and

moral condition of the poor—hospital work, nurse-training, reading-rooms, coffee-palaces, science classes, lectures, and what not. She was, in fact, as she deserved to be, a power in Westerly; and learned men whom she brought down from London to advise and help on the work, found in her a "marrowy vein" which delighted them.

Even the bitterest enemies she had among the Westerly girls were obliged to acknowledge that if her hair was red it was all her own; but she got little credit from them for this, because she couldn't, they said, "get any false hair to match it." She didn't paint, they also acknowledged; but Miss Grumblethorpe accounted for this by explaining that her face was like a turkey-egg, and that freckled people never could paint, as it showed up the freckles so dreadfully. She was an authority, as she painted herself; and hoped to succeed by her skill in the art of decoration in captivating a broken-down, pauperised, purblind dragoon, of good family but bad character, who had already proposed for and been promptly rejected by Lavinia. Miss Grumblethorpe had no time to lose; and she held the opinion that after all it was better to have a man without money than money without a man, as doubtless Miss Harman would come to know.

Lavinia didn't give her own sex the satisfaction of being in any way eccentric. She followed the fashions as they changed. They could not call her "dowdy," because she showed her uncommon good sense by merely following these fashions at as great a distance, and with as little extravagance, as was consistent with not making herself in any way peculiar or remarkable. This was *specially* the case on the occasion

of a public ball like the present. And she was not given to wearing much jewellery. Some people said she was old, but she wasn't; for she could not be more than twenty-two or three, notwithstanding Georgie Collyrium's assertion to Spinner (whom she was conducting through the mazes of "The Lancers") that "unless she was old she couldn't possibly have had time to read all the stupid books that she had got through and knew all about." This argument might have been conclusive if put before Lieutenant Fitzmaurice Bateman, who never went beyond his own experience for conclusions; but Spinner held out on the question of age, and added a rider declaring Lavinia to be "simply charming."

"Well, that's not bad," said Georgie, "considering that you have not been half-a-dozen times in her company. And I suppose you think her pretty too—you men have such queer notions."

"No, I don't," replied Spinner, promptly—"not half so pretty as you, 'pon honour." This was an effort to recover lost ground.

Georgie swallowed the compliment voraciously, and looked as if it agreed with her.

"Some people are always raving about her. It is quite absurd to listen to them; and it is quite a relief to find one man who considers her plain. I think I'll tell her. I'm very intimate with her, you know. Besides all that, she's a sort of girl who won't mind."

"You must not do anything of the kind," said the lieutenant, becoming seriously frightened.

"Why?" asked Georgie. "Goodness gracious! don't look so very much alarmed. Are you afraid of her?"

"No; but I don't think her plain. I never said she was plain.

I said I didn't think her pretty—that's not the word to apply to her at all. I think her simply the most charming person, present company always excepted, I have ever met."

This compliment was not assimilated by Georgie, it rather disagreed with her. "Oh, stuff!" she retorted, banteringly but angrily. "Get away!" and she flipped at him with her hand, which seemed to become suddenly alarmingly loose at the wrist. "I have no patience with you men. You're all just the same—every one of you—especially in your regiment. I'm sure I'm glad you are going away," and she dropped into a seat, considerably making room for him by her side, with an alacrity at variance with her words. "You ought to be made do penance by standing; but I don't like to punish you too severely. It's a good thing that we girls are not vindictive."

Having some regard for truth, he wisely left the assertion undisputed; but it may be presumed that the gallant soldier was well within the mark when he called one of the sex charming—there was no word that suited Miss Harman better. Still on this occasion I am bound to admit that the glamour of her influence seemed to exercise but a very transitory power over Lieutenant Spinner, in the presence of, and close proximity to, Georgie Collyrium—such is the inconsistency of the male biped.

I think it is Plutarch who tells of one who would have borrowed a brand from another's fire to rekindle his; but finding the neighbour's hearth so comfortable, sat down by it and forgot his own.

Georgie talked sixteen to the dozen, and had (with her mother) to be escorted to the refreshment-

rooms and back before she shook him off, and wandered in search of fresh fields and pastures new. Spinner was in the army, to be sure—there was a great deal in that, and she gave it due weight; but he appeared to be sometimes in the moon, which was trying to her. However, we must not give Georgie too much space in a chapter devoted to another, lest we achieve but the doubtful success of Protogenes, who, when he had painted his masterpiece, filled in the background with a partridge, and was disappointed to find that the critics chiefly admired the bird. Plump was Georgie, no doubt, like that much over-rated partridge; but there was a spice of something like vulgarity, as we said, about her, which to some men—the major, for instance—presented a difficulty not easily got over, and which was generally met in conversation by the phrase, "Not my style."

But there are people not your style or mine, my dear sir or madam, everywhere one turns; and a veracious chronicler must not pick and choose. We are compelled to take the world as we find it, and to keep up acquaintances which we would rather sometimes drop. Those who liked Georgie were largely in the majority, and she went on her way rejoicing.

Some of us are over-refined, and we suffer in proportion to the excess—getting perhaps a more delicate and subtle sense of enjoyment now and then, which compensates for much, and which is at all events the only compensation to be had. Georgie would not have appreciated an ortolan, and would have no hesitation in pronouncing Browning to be "bosh." But, all the same, I would ask you—fastidious as I know you are—not to

judge her too harshly. I do assure you solemnly that I am acquainted with a most estimable person socially and morally, well-bred and otherwise refined, who (incredible as it may appear) not only eats, but actually enjoys, pork-pie. I do not pretend to explain the fact—I merely state it; and I am not quite satisfied

that this reprehensible sort of appetite, be it moral or physical or social, does not, after all, exist in the case of every one of us,—you will excuse me for saying so. We have each a different name for it; and in Spanish or Italian (which I don't understand) the thing would sound quite nice and refined, I have little doubt.

LAY.—CHAPTER V.

"I am a man that hath not done your love
All the worst offices: here I wear your keys,
See all your coffers locked—keep the poor inventory,
Your plate and monies; am your steward—
Husband your goods."
—BEN JONSON.

There are two lines of business which the College of Arms admits to be "within the pale"—the trade of a wine merchant, and the calling of a banker. Lavinia was still a partner in the firm of Harman & Co., which was carried on for her in a very flourishing condition, under the management of the Co.

He had everything his own way, except that she went through the form of examining the books twice a-year, which he considered to be, as he said, a duty to him, and also to herself as the only representative of her worthy and respected father. This Co. was a pompous, but otherwise unobjectionable old man; and her doing this with commercial punctuality, minuteness, and patience flattered him. He liked to hear her say that as long as he, Mr Samuel Pippetly, managed her affairs, she had no anxiety one way or other. Pippetly was the soul of honour and honesty; and withal, though apparently simple, he was in reality most shrewd. He all but worshipped Lavinia, and had also sedulously and surely been working his way into the good graces of Lavinia's aunt

Polly—with a view to marriage when he was good for nothing else. For he looked at courtship as purely a matter of business, to be pursued steadily and without rash speculation. He had so pursued it, and had at last, after many years, begun to feel that he was thriving in it even beyond his hopes, and might soon look forward with certainty to a future partnership in which Aunt Polly should occupy the subordinate but not less important position of the Co.

All of a sudden Lavinia had recently come to the conclusion that something had gone wrong, or was about to go wrong, with Pippetly—why, she could not tell; but there was something in his manner which indicated unrest of some sort, mental or physical, she did not well know; but it troubled her, and she resolved to have it out with him. "because," she explained to Aunt Polly, "I really fear he must be breaking up."

"Tut, tut! nonsense, my dear," Aunt Polly said; "that's a horrid idea."

Lavinia didn't know the state of his heart, and Aunt Polly only

guessed it, but was wise enough to understand that his trouble was not love. Both were kind-hearted and sympathetic creatures, and they felt for him. Lavinia took the opportunity of the coming round of the day for examining the books, to pluck out the heart of his mystery—she could not feel easy till it was done.

Pipperly's snuggery at the bank was a comfortable room enough, small like Pipperly himself, and furnished "strictly in keeping"—that is, it had an air of the bald and shiny, blended with a certain aspect of age. The floor was of oil-cloth; the two arm-chairs were of brown leather; the mahogany table had a brown leather top; the big ledgers lying about were close-shaven-looking volumes—worldly Bibles which made to themselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, for long years past, and which demanded, and indeed awakened respect; the ink-bottle was a shiny flat-bottomed glass one, not given to unsteadiness, and which would have been incongruously mated with the dishevelled and dissipated quill of the counting-house clerk, or of the solicitor's apprentice. The smooth-handled *magnum bonum* was its fitting companion, and Pipperly used none other. His out-of-door frock-coat hanging up behind the door hadn't a speck on it, any more than the office one which he had on, and which was its complement as to cut and material; the only difference between them was, that the latter had a polished look about it in harmony with its surroundings, and that its edges and seams shone in the subdued light as if they were decorated with silk braid instead of being merely worn.

Pipperly's spectacles were of the long-legged old-fashioned kind hav-

ing knee-joints, and being provided with feet which held on to his ears in a common-sense business-like manner. The modern double eye-glass could not from the nature of things hold on to his nose, which was a small round button protruding from the centre of a large globe—a keen nose, though it did not look the character, alive to the slightest sensation of tobacco, beer, or spirits anywhere lurking about the establishment. Indeed it was currently reported, and even admitted save by one natural-born sceptic of the staff, that on one occasion it had detected about the person of the bank runner an odour of brandy-and-water a full week after date; and on investigation it was proved by the admission on his honour of the accused himself, that fully this time had elapsed since he had indulged for purely medicinal reasons. Pipperly's eyes were keen, grey, and searching, but devoid of eyebrows. His mouth was straight, firm, and honest, with a good-tempered look imparted to it by a dimple at each end; and his double chin seemed to be there more to fill up a void between his neck and shirt-collar than to convey an idea of sensuality.

He was scrupulously methodical and clean, morally as well as physically, as became the trusted head of a scrupulously exact and trusted house; and as he sat opposite Lavinia, tapping his spectacles on the cover of the nearest ledger to give emphasis to his words, you would have concluded at once that he was a man to be depended on, and who was a thorough master of his business.

"Well," said Lavinia, moving back her chair, as the mistress of the house does after dinner to intimate that the meal is over,

"now that we have got through our business, I want to tell you something."

"And that is?" He clasped his fingers together and bowed.

"That I'm not at all easy about you. Somehow you are not quite yourself lately. You are not as open with me as you used to be; and you are keeping back something or other because you don't think I'll be pleased. Isn't that really so?"

"To tell you the plain truth, Miss Harman——"

"Oh, please say 'Lavinia'; everything appears to be so unusually solemn when you 'Miss' me."

"Well, things *are* solemn—at least they bear that aspect to me, I must confess. I may as well come to the point at once. The fact of it is, I don't like the new rector." He spoke very slowly, and his voice fell to a whisper of secrecy as he finished.

"Is that all?" she exclaimed. "Why, neither do I over-much."

"I am extremely glad to hear you say so: it takes a very considerable weight off my mind."

"You don't really think he is going to propose, do you?" she said, laughing.

But old Samuel Pipperly didn't see the joke, or, if he did, he wasn't to be thrown off by a false scent. There was no reason why the Rev. Septimus Stole should not propose—for he was young, enthusiastic, good-looking; so was she, in addition to which she was emotional, energetic, rich—given to all good works. Where could a parson hope to better his lot more than at Westerly, as its rector, and with Lavinia for his wife? Old Samuel, with the instincts of common-sense, saw the opportunity and its possibilities, and

was quite sure that the reverend gentleman's mental vision was equally clear. All this was what had troubled him to such a degree as to render it plain to Lavinia that he was "out of sorts." But in addition to this he hated Stole, for another reason to which he gave utterance after a pause.

"The man is a thorough hypocrite, my dear," he continued, "a mean Jesuit—nothing but a Papist in disguise, sailing under false colours; sent here by his superiors to sow the baneful seed in good soil." The metaphor was rather mixed as to sea and land, but the meaning was clear enough. "If he once can get the women with him he is all right. Naturally, Lavinia, he has begun with you, and I find you as a consequence over head and ears——"

"In love! Oh no!"

"Pardon me," he said deprecatingly, and still refusing to treat the matter with levity—"no; but in all kinds of parochial work, spending your money and your time in advancing—his interests."

"That's unkind. Not his interests, but higher ones."

He just raised his hand slightly and then dropped it again upon his thigh in a manner which conclusively deprecated controversy; and she yielded out of respect for the old man, who had been to her for so many years a second father; while she was rather amused than otherwise to see what a mountain prejudice can make out of a mole-hill.

"He is as familiar with you and with everybody," went on Pipperly, "as if he had been bred and born and brought up in the parish, instead of being all but a stranger. I don't like that—I never did like that sort of thing. I always suspect silky people."

Though he looked so unusually solemn, she could not help laughing, because silkiness was the one leading trait in Pipperly's manner, and it seemed so funny that he shouldn't know this, and should despise the quality. "We do not see ourself as 'others see us,'" she said half involuntarily.

Fortunately he understood the words as applying to the Rev. Septimus, and it was well that they happened to fit in so conveniently.

"Just so; quite right, my dear. If we did, he would soon understand that I am about the last man he can humbug and mystify with his Popery and nonsense."

"I am afraid you are letting your zeal run away with your justice," she ventured to say.

"Am I likely to do that?" he inquired. "Did I ever do it?"

"I never found you out till now, I confess; but what am I to think? I have never seen the man do anything ritualistic, and I have not heard that any of us girls go to confession. I am quite positive I'll never go."

"How do you know you won't?"

"Because I'm too wicked, and should have so much to tell."

He shook his head gravely.

"But I don't want to treat the subject with levity," she went on.

"To be serious, I can't for the life of me see why you should brand the poor man as a Papist. Where is the mark of the beast?"

Mr Pipperly rose, went across the rug, put his hand on her shoulder, and whispered again, "Warner, the fishmonger, tells me that he fasts every Friday."

Then he straightened himself again with a dignity which seemed to imply that what he had stated clinched the matter; after which he retreated slowly and sat down to watch its effect upon her.

"Now, what do you say?"

"What harm if he does? Why shouldn't he?"

This was too bad! "'What harm? why shouldn't he?' Don't you see that such a contemptible creature should be scouted out of society? He isn't to be trusted. The whole thing is just the same as receiving money under false pretences; or, to put it in another way, a man may dine off turbot or salmon, and claim to be credited with meritorious abstention; that's his own affair, but he doesn't take me in with it. Suppose, for one moment, that, from a purely business point of view, our firm represented the other world (if I can ask you to do so without meaning any irreverence); suppose that he came here to meet a sort of spiritual bill against him; suppose we, as his bankers, were to say, 'You must meet this bill by regular payments of so many pounds in so many days, and on every day but one we'll take the cash in any way you like to hand it in, but on that particular day we won't give you any credit for a lodgment (however large), unless paid in sixpences; suppose, moreover, that our business was exclusively of this class, and that we kept a staff of recording clerks for no other purpose than to debit our customers with breaches of this absurd regulation, what would you think of the concern?'"

"I should sell out of it as soon as possible," she answered decisively and promptly enough to reassure him.

"Of course you would! And that's what I just want you to do, or rather I want you to keep clear and not invest in it. I knew you had common-sense enough to see things in a business way when properly put before you. You

would not be your father's daughter if this were not so."

"Take my parting assurance," she said, shaking hands warmly, "that I shall be able to take care of myself, and to see through the Rev. Septimus Stole—if he is worth seeing through; and I shall never be fooled into a belief that a dinner of turbot or salmon is not a dinner, but a fast, because eaten on Friday."

He had recovered his satisfaction with his influence, and was abundantly satisfied.

"You forget," she said, coming back to the door, "how little power the rector has as yet. We all rush to a garrison ball in spite of his conviction that the devil is fond of dancing and we run the risk of having him for a partner."

"Yes, in a red coat, no doubt," said Pippetly, becoming mildly jocose—"an appropriate colour I

admit. Give my very best respects to your aunt, my dear."

He shut up the big banking Bible with a reassured expression of countenance, and a decisive bang.

Who was the Reverend Septimus Stole, and did he deserve all this outburst of virtuous indignation on the part of so staid a personage as Samuel Pippetly? or was it sheer prejudice against the cloth—a man of this world against a man of the other—cash *versus* credit? This question I am unable to answer; but I am positive that the reverend gentleman had in no wise troubled himself to form any opinion, good, bad, or indifferent, as to the merits or theological tenets of Samuel Pippetly. His diagnosis was exclusively confined to the other partner in the business, as the old gentleman himself had shrewdly surmised.

IN THE RANKS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY.

THE great Powers of the European continent are just able to avert the evils of war by means of universal conscription, and at the risk of an ever-imminent bankruptcy. From this evil the two great Powers of the New World are exempt—the two World Empires, as Professor Seeley calls them, of Great Britain and the United States. This happy immunity is due in the first place to their geographical separation from any other great Power that maintains one of these gigantic peace preservers; and, secondly, to their mutual forbearance, since in North America their frontiers are contiguous for nearly three thousand miles, a degree of proximity which would keep certain European States in a hopeless condition of perpetual warfare. This unique military position stamps both Governments as being the only great Powers able to dispense with conscription, and to rely for their peace establishments upon armies enrolled entirely by voluntary enlistment. It is true, indeed, that both States are provided with laws under which a militia may be levied by conscription, but these laws are only used in times of national emergency. In Great Britain balloting for the militia has been annually suspended; and the United States has in only one war, that of the Secession, demanded freed levies since the Napoleonic era.

Although Great Britain and the United States are alike in both having volunteer armies, there is, at the same time, a great difference not only in numbers—that of Great Britain numbering 240,000, while

that of the United States numbers only 25,000, or about one-fifth of the British army—but also in the nature of the work done by the army, in the class of men in the ranks, and in the mode of life of the rank and file. In the discussion at present going on among us regarding the falling off of the supply of recruits in Great Britain, it may be interesting to an English reader to note some of the conditions under which men enlist in the United States army. There may be a further interest due to the fact that many young men emigrate from England with sanguine hopes of success in farming or in ranching—hopes which are too often disappointed. Then, broken in spirits and in fortune, they may find a shelter, and even a career, in the ranks of an army which is exceedingly hospitable to men of foreign birth. The qualifications for enlistment are physical and moral. Physically, the recruit must satisfy a doctor in the usual way as to general health. In age he must, on first enlisting, be under thirty-five and over eighteen, but if under twenty-one, the consent of a guardian is necessary. As to height, the minimum is 5 feet 4 inches, and for mounted service the maximum is 5 feet 10 inches. In weight the minimum is 120 lb., and the maximum for cavalry is 180 lb. With regard to moral qualifications, the candidate for enlistment must be of good character; but to satisfy himself of this, the recruiting officer has to rely upon the answers to such questions as a taste or distaste for cross-examination may lead him to put. He generally, however, asks the

reasons that have induced the man to enlist, and whether the man has ever had any previous service. To make a man commit himself in this last respect, a few catches are sometimes put—as, for instance, one recruiting officer always shouted “Attention!” to the recruits who came to him to be examined. The effect of this was a crucial test whether a man had ever been drilled before or no.

A man may enlist at the recruiting offices called “rendezvous,” which are established in about a score of the chief cities, or he may go to any barracks called “posts” where troops are stationed, and ask to be enlisted. He will probably be taken if the troops at that place are below their normal complement. The recruiting rendezvous or the barracks in any town may be found by ordinary inquiry, and the towns in which they are situated by consulting some military newspaper, such as the ‘Army and Navy Register,’ or the ‘Army and Navy Journal.’ The eager recruit may remember that if he is rejected by one recruiting officer, another may not be so discriminating. The pay of a private soldier commences at the date of enlistment, and is \$13 a-month; that of a corporal is \$15, and of a sergeant \$17. All the troops are paid by a paymaster once a-month. The only regular deduction from the pay of a soldier is 12½ cents per month, as a kind of insurance, to support the soldiers’ home, a hospital for veterans. This home is open to soldiers of twenty years’ service, and to those disabled in line of duty. Further deductions can be made only by way of fines by court-martial, or when the clothing allowance has been exceeded. There are additional amounts paid on discharge for

deferred pay and travelling allowance. There is a savings bank in which money may be deposited, receiving 4 per cent, but it can only be taken out on discharge, and is forfeited by desertion. For this reason a soldier who deposits in this way is regarded by his officers as giving pledge of his disposition to remain in the service. Clothing, food, and quarters are all provided in addition to the pay. Clothing is provided in such a way that a man who is careful of his clothing thereby earns his own reward. A man is credited on the ledger of his company with a certain amount of money per month for clothing. He puts in a requisition, subject to the discretion of the captain, for what he wants. This is supplied him at the Government contract price, and is entered on the ledger against him. The ledger is balanced twice a-year. If the balance is against the soldier, it is deducted from his next pay, but if in his favour, it is carried to his credit on the ledger towards the next settlement. On his discharge the balance is again struck, and added to or deducted from his final statements, as they call the balance of pay, deferred pay, and other allowances due on discharge. On the first half-yearly balance there is generally a balance against the soldier; but on the final settlement there is, on the other hand, usually a good sum to his credit. If a man, whilst in the service, is discovered to have sold any of his military clothing, he is court-martialled and severely punished; but on discharge it is absolutely his own property. A man has to pay for his own washing one dollar or a dollar and a half a-month, unless he does it himself, when he can claim a ration of

soap, which otherwise goes to his laundress.

The system of providing rations is similar to that of providing clothing, the company being credited, according to its strength, with a certain amount of money, and drawing provisions as the captain and sergeant please. Monthly balances in favour of the company are paid to the captain, and go into the company fund, which is expended under the captain's supervision in any way he thinks will be for the benefit of the company. The meals are well served, and the food is various and of good quality. For breakfast there is generally fish or meat-hash and coffee. The dinner is generally fresh meat and vegetables or pork and beans, and coffee or soups, with puddings on Sundays, and feasts on great days such as Fourth of July and Thanksgiving Day. At supper there is coffee and "skilly" or thin soup, or meat, or wheat-cakes. There is always plenty of good bread, as well as of vegetables, as every company has a garden in or near the barracks. The meals are always laid for the men by the cooks in a dining-room, in which no one is allowed to sleep or to sit during the day. In fine, the food is of as good quality, better cooked, and more relishing than that served at English public schools. The barracks vary considerably, but they are all well built and ventilated, and stand in larger grounds than is the case in England. The amount of space given to each bunk is ample for comfort and privacy. The bunks themselves are of woven wire beds which do not fold up, with flock mattresses and pillows. Each man has a regulation box, which he may lock, and shelf and pegs. There are in most posts canteens, libraries,

and reading-rooms, as well as in some company quarters in addition. The quarters are kept clean and tolerably quiet by men daily detailed in charge for that purpose.

The private soldier is apparently more liberally treated in the United States than in England, but it must be remembered that an unskilled labourer in civil life will not take less than \$30 a-month in America. The officers, however, are actually better paid than in England. An officer on getting his commission is paid \$1400 a-year, monthly, or about £280 sterling, with quarters and certain other allowances. The pay is increased without promotion at the rate of 10 per cent for every five years of service. The number of officers commissioned each year varies between fifty and seventy. The vacancies are filled up firstly by those who graduated after the four years' course at the military college at West Point. Nominations to West Point are given by Congress-men, and only to the sons of citizens. The remaining vacancies may be filled by the promotion of non-commissioned officers, and by the appointment of the President from civil life. These men must be themselves citizens, but a foreign-born soldier can be naturalised after one year's service in the ranks. It is very rarely that men are commissioned direct from civil life, but each year, out of a rank and file of 25,000, six or eight non-commissioned officers are promoted from the ranks. A captain can once each year recommend for promotion any of his non-commissioned officers who is of excellent character and has served two years. If all goes well with the recommendation, the soldier is ordered before a board of officers for an examination,

which is literary and military, and written and oral, but not severe. If the board is satisfied he is officially declared, and takes a certain rank as a qualified "candidate." He then waits his turn for appointment. He will not, however, be commissioned unless he is under thirty and unmarried.

A man who enlists with a view to gain a commission should be very careful where he enlists. He should avoid joining a company in any of the eastern States, and would do best to get sent to a company out West or at a small post. He is more likely in this way to win the notice and friendship of his officers; for though he may not become known to many, yet what he must aim at is to gain the good opinion of his captain. If, however, an English lad goes to the United States to enlist, he will save himself the expense of a journey across the continent by enlisting at the rendezvous of the port where he lands—either New York, Boston, or Philadelphia. He must, of course, enlist in the "line." He has the choice there between the cavalry, artillery, and infantry. The cavalry have all kicks and no halfpence. They are stationed in the worst climates. They have hard, uninteresting, and dangerous work. They make no show, and are generally stationed away from the chief towns. For all this they have the same pay as the artillery and infantry. On the other hand, when the Indians go on the war-path—the only time when there is any warlike service—it is the cavalry that have the first chance of being ordered out. The artillery, whether mounted or heavy, have least work of all, and are stationed in the chief cities of the States. They have no campaigning at all.

Consequently an artilleryman has the least chance of obtaining the notice of his captain. On the whole, the best corps to choose is the infantry, who are not generally stationed far away from towns, and have occasional campaign service, so that a man has opportunities of bringing himself under the observation of his officers, without the hard and trying labour of a cavalryman.

Now a man of fair education, of tolerably steady conduct, and of agreeable manners, may certainly hope to get a commission if he will also become a smart soldier. When such a man has enlisted, he should be silent about his intentions among his fellow-soldiers. He should not even talk about how to get a commission, for he will not have to wait long before he hears. He should be especially respectful to non-commissioned officers and veterans of inferior education, remembering that they are at any rate better soldiers than himself. First and last, he must not forget that his first step is to get the corporal's stripes, which are given by the captain. If, however, our recruit does not aim so high as a commission, he may become a staff non-commissioned officer—such as sergeant-major, quartermaster-sergeant, or commissary sergeant. These men get from \$23 to \$36 a-month, with allowances for quarters, food, and clothing. Furthermore, every soldier with an honourable discharge has a right to 180 acres of uncultivated land in the Western territories if he takes it up. He has also a right to be employed on any Government work of which he is capable, in preference to a man who has not served in the United States army.

There is one point in which the United States army greatly differs from the English. A man enlists in the American army for five years, and may go on enlisting until he has served thirty years, when he may retire on a pension of three-quarters of his then pay and allowances. He cannot possibly buy himself out. Discharges before the expiry of the term of service are only given for disability, or by sentence of a general court-martial, or by particular favour of the Government for special reasons, when backed by some influential civilian. Probably more men desert than are discharged in any one of these modes, for there are 3000 to 7000 desertions each year from an army of 25,000 men. This is mainly due to restlessness under the peculiar method of enforcing discipline, the hard work, and the lack of amusement. No officer has a right to inflict punishment, no matter how slight the offence, except after trial by court-martial. Hence a year's court-martials number from 10,000 to 12,000, and delinquents are punished often justly in irregular ways. Though the standard of drill is not high, the chief part of the soldier's work is fatigue-duty. This consists not merely in keeping the barracks in order and in repair, but in road-making, drain-digging, cutting and carrying timber, clearing and levelling ground, or even building in and near the post. A fatigue-day varies from eight to ten hours, and a soldier on regular duty will find himself on the fatigue detail at least twice a-week.

The strongest excitement is demanded as relief from these labours. Legends, indeed, are told of men who have occupied their leisure while in the ranks by preparing for civil professions. In

fact, the few who read at all study cheap reprints of inferior fiction. Some sleep through the daytime, while others cheat one another at cards. Outside the barracks relaxation is sought in drunkenness and coarse excess. These indulgences can scarcely be obtained where there is no town in the neighbourhood. The period of service, too, has to be passed in climates that are malarious, or vary from tropical to arctic temperature at the different seasons. During his enlistment the soldier is debarred from all respectable civilian associates; for the native American shows only contempt for his soldiers. He rarely enlists, unless in misfortune, when he does not generally serve five years. Accordingly, the English recruit will find that the rank and file are mainly, like himself, foreigners, but mostly Germans or Irish. He will have to exercise considerable tact in order to avoid being made a scapegoat for the well-known centuries of English misrule in Ireland. The American soldiers are mainly drawn from the same class as the English soldiers—men described by the Duke of Wellington as the scum of society. The American soldiers differ somewhat from the English, because they are the scum not of a nation merely, but of the refuse of two continents.

A man of education who enlists will find the duties severe and the society degrading. If he has character and abilities that will keep him from utterly degrading himself, he will find, after he has obtained his commission or has served his five years scathless, that he has so laboured to pass through the ordeal that in any other career of life he would have risen to the highest pin-

nacle of success he could hope to reach in that time. A young man who enlists in the English army generally has friends who will buy his discharge, and has and can keep, even in the ranks, some social position. In the United States army he can do neither. Consequently, most of those who become deserters are those who enlisted at first solely for the love of warlike adventure and military display, with an honourable ambition of distinguishing themselves in their chosen profession.

It is perhaps unfortunate for our recruiting officers that a knowledge of the advantages, but not of the hardships, of the American service is widely diffused among

the lower classes in England and Ireland. Moreover, there is nourished in the rank and file of the British army a tradition, now almost certainly a myth, that the United States Government will find a passage and a welcome for a British soldier who wishes to cross the Atlantic. It is certain that a man who gets into trouble can raise enough by the sale of his uniform to take him over. Though these men are bad bargains for either Government, they account for a large proportion of British desertions. The practice might increase in certain junctures so as to become a real danger to the defensive forces of the British empire.

THE POPULATION OF OLD LONDON.

THE great age of Elizabeth produced, among other excellent things, John Stow's 'Survey of London.' Love of country, and a more special pride in the city where he was born, could alone have led him to be so particular in his descriptions of every corner of the capital, and to spend so much time in searching out the history of buildings and the fame of citizens from old records. The quondam tailor of Aldgate knew that he was a citizen of no mean city: he seems to have taken to heart literally the injunctions of the Psalmist, to walk about Sion and go round about her, and to tell that this man and that man was born in her. The result of his consuming zeal was to himself an impoverished old age; to us the outcome of it is that we have a real and living picture of the London of Elizabeth and of Shakespeare, such as, the learned say, exists for no other capital at any period of history.

With all his fulness of detail, and thoroughness in going over the ground, Stow makes no attempt to sum up the number of the inhabitants. His knowledge of every street and lane, and of the houses in them, was minute enough to have qualified him for making a computation of the people with some approach to accuracy. But the only reference to the subject is in an essay, apparently by another hand, which he prints at the end of the 'Survey' of 1598, upon a theme which then occupied much attention—namely, the utmost numbers that could be governed, fed, and kept in health within the limit of a civic community.

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The essay cites the opinion of one Hippodamus, that 10,000 was that limit, and casually adds that London far exceeded it.

The art of taking a census cannot have been altogether unknown in the London of Elizabeth. When it was desired to know the number of foreigners in the capital, they were found, on the 20th January 1564, to be 4534; when they were next counted, in 1571, their number had grown to 7143. That census, partial as it is, has a great historic interest. It was just at that time that London was acquiring the position which the City has held ever since, as the centre of foreign trade. The Royal Exchange was founded in 1566 on a scale which shows the penetration of Sir Thomas Gresham: Stow says that eighty households were displaced to clear the site on Cornhill. The increase of foreigners between 1564 and 1571, of which we have the probably exact figures, is a concrete expression of the start which the City then took as the emporium of Europe.

The first attempt at a census of London was in August 1631, when the mayor was ordered by the Privy Council, in a season of scarcity, to find out how many people the City and Liberties contained. The number was then found, by some method which must have been highly defective, to be 130,178, of whom 47,845 were in the Liberties, including Southwark. Howel, in his 'Londinopolis' of 1657, which is mostly plagiarised from Stow, says that in 1636, on an occasion of a census of Papists and strangers, the mayor made "a cense of all the

people, and there were of men, women, and children, above seven hundred thousand that lived within the bars of his jurisdiction alone," which Howel brings up to a million and a half by additions for out-parishes. When the Royal Society was founded shortly after, the population of London became one of its first subjects of inquiry. In 1665 it caused to be reprinted the 'Natural and Political Observations upon the Bills of Mortality,' by Captain John Graunt, F.R.S., of Birch Lane (1st ed., 1662), in which work the first estimate that was ever attempted from the annual christenings and burials showed the population in 1661 to be 460,000 in all London, including Southwark, Westminster, and the out-parishes.

It was only after some religious hesitation that Graunt brought himself to compute the number of the people; but he was at length provoked into doing so by the wild statements made to him on the subject by eminent citizens:—

"I have been several times in company with men of great experience in this city, and have heard them talk seldom under millions of people to be in London; all which I was apt enough to believe, until, on a certain day, one of eminent reputation [an alderman] was upon occasion asserting that there was in the year 1661 two millions of people more than *anno* 1625, before the great plague [of that year]. I must confess that until this provocation I had been frightened with that misunderstood example of David from attempting any computation of the people of this populous place; but hereupon I both examined the lawfulness of making such inquiries, and, being satisfied thereof, went about the work in this manner."

A calculator by the same method as Graunt was Sir William Petty,

who estimated the inhabitants in 1683 and again in 1699. In his first essay, bringing the figures down to 1682, he reckoned, from the annual burials and christenings kept by the Company of Parish Clerks, that the population had increased to 669,930; and he came to nearly the same result by taking the number of inhabited houses at 84,000, and allowing eight persons to each household. In his other essay, of 1699, he was able to adduce a certificate from the Hearth Office that the houses within the bills were 105,315: adding one-tenth, or 10,531, for double families, but now allowing only six persons to each, he brought the number of people in London in that year to 695,076. More than a generation later, Maitland, in his 'History of London,' also adopted the double method of reckoning, from the annual births and deaths, and from the number of inhabited houses. By a laborious inquiry he found the latter to be 95,968; but as he had reason, from the ascertained facts in the parish of St Giles'-in-the-Fields, to think that the houses were more crowded than before, he averaged the occupants of each at as much more than seven as would bring out the same total that he got from the annual births and deaths (corrected for omissions)—namely, 725,903 in the year 1737. When the first census was taken in 1801, the numbers were found to be 864,845; or, within an eight-mile radius from St Paul's, 1,031,500.

These are the various estimates and enumerations from the Restoration down to the beginning of this century. But a great part of the interest in the growth of London relates to the period before the Restoration, and it is

for the earlier period, especially for London in the Tudor reigns, that I have some evidence to bring forward, hitherto unpublished. The most important part of these new data is a series of tables among the papers of Lord Burghley in the library of Hatfield House, which I have had leave from the Marquis of Salisbury to examine. They show the weekly christenings and the weekly burials (from plague and other causes) in London for a period of five years from 1578 to 1582, and they are complete, except for seven weeks at the end of 1581 and one week at the end of 1582. They are especially trustworthy for reckoning the population from, as every one was christened in church under Elizabeth, and there were no Dissenters' burial-grounds. The other original data are two very early and hitherto unnoticed weekly bills of mortality, enumerating the deaths in the several parishes of the City and Liberties. The first of these was lately purchased out of the Egerton Fund for the British Museum, and almost certainly belongs to the earliest set of weekly bills, ordered by the Privy Council in 1532 during one of the autumnal outbreaks of plague;¹ the other is in the Record Office, and certainly belongs to the second set of weekly bills, which was ordered by the Secretary of State (Cromwell) during the autumnal plague of 1535. Besides these originals, with details for the several parishes, the totals of deaths from plague and from other causes are known from letters of the time for two other weeks—one in the first series of 1532, and the other in the second series of 1535. There

were bills of mortality kept for a few weeks during the sweating sickness in the summer of 1551, of which some figures are known; but they are of no use for our purpose. The next occasion of weekly bills of mortality appears to have been the disastrous plague of 1563. John Stow must have had access to a complete series of weekly bills for all the parishes within the walls, in the Liberties, and beyond the bars, from the 12th of June 1563, when the plague began, to the 26th of July 1566, when the weekly bills had probably ceased to be kept. Although one ought not to be ungracious about anything that Stow has preserved for us, yet it is tantalising to find that he had extracted from these bills only the weekly burials from plague, while he might have obtained from them also the weekly christenings and the burials from causes other than plague; and as the epidemic virtually came to an end in January 1564, we might have had the births and deaths for two years and a half of normal health in London in the middle third of the sixteenth century. Stow's figures, such as they are, have been preserved, among other jottings by him, in the library at Lambeth, and have been printed by Mr Gairdner in one of the Camden Society volumes (1880). In his '*Annales*' Stow gives the total of deaths from plague and from other causes in 1563, distinguishing the share of the outparishes from that of the City and Liberties. The deaths from plague and from other causes, together with the christenings, are preserved for a single week in the

¹ Egerton MS. 2603, folio 4. The date, "*circa* 1512," is given in the Catalogue of Additional MSS. as a conjecture, and is not maintained in view of the evidence which I adduce from the Calendar of State Papers.

summer of 1563 in a letter to the Earl of Shrewsbury, among the papers of a Yorkshire house, which have been inventoried for the Historical MSS. Commission.

The other data which I shall use are all subsequent to 1593, and have been printed already in Graunt's work of 1662, and in an essay written during the Great Plague of 1665 by John Bell, clerk to the Company of Parish Clerks. Curiously enough, Bell had no records in his office of earlier date than 1593, and he was not aware that his Company had been engaged in registering births and deaths before that year. It is singular that we should now be able to find waifs and strays of original bills of mortality for the city of London as early as 1532 and 1535, as well as an almost perfect abstract of weekly births and deaths for five successive years from 1577 to 1582. The fire of 1666 destroyed all the documents of the Parish Clerks Company, which now possesses, in its hall in Silver Street, only printed tables from about the year 1700. But there is a set of these annual bills in the British Museum, complete from 1658, excepting for the years 1756 to 1764. Mr Marshall, who compiled in 1832 a valuable series of tables of London mortality, had access to a complete set of bills from 1658 belonging to one of the life assurance offices; and for the earlier years he used the works of Graunt and Bell. His book may be recommended as reproducing most that is known of the births and deaths in London from 1603, with the diseases classified from 1629. The only other year which he deals with is 1593, and for that year his figures are preposterous, having been taken from a worthless pamphlet of 1665, which Bell, the more competent author-

ity, wrote his essay in the same year to correct.

The motive for ascertaining the earliest exact figures of the London mortality, from plague and other causes, in 1532 and 1535, was that the king and Court might know whether the city was a safe place of residence. The second season of the sweating sickness, the summer of 1508, had been a time of anxiety to Henry VII.: he had to be constantly on the move from manor to manor, owing to deaths in his households, as we may read in Bernard André's chronicle of that year. The third and fourth sweats, of 1517 and 1528, had caused even greater trouble to Henry VIII., aggravated in the latter year by his solicitude for Mistress Anne Boleyn, who did in fact "sweat" (according to the phrase of the time). The sweat in the summer of 1517 had been followed in the autumn and winter by the more usual and more deadly plague in and near London, which caused the king to absent himself for the most part in Berkshire and Oxfordshire, for six months or more, to the great delay of public business, and the great discontent of the citizens. On the 5th March 1518, Pace writes from the Court at Abingdon to Wolsey at York Place (Whitehall), or at Hampton Court, to inquire whether any of the royal palaces near London were infected. The reply was such as to induce the king to come as near as Richmond, where, however, three of his pages died of the plague. Henry VIII. then returned to Abingdon, from which Pace writes again to Wolsey on the 6th April, that the king thinks the infection is kept from Wolsey's knowledge, as it was from his (the king's) when he was there, and that the queen (Catharine of Ar-

ragon) had said yesterday "she had perfect knowledge of the sickness being in London, and although no prophet, she feared for the king." A Council had accordingly been called, at which it was decided that London was still infected, and must be avoided by the Court.

From this glimpse of the royal councils we shall easily understand how the weekly plague-bills came to be ordered some years later. The first occasion was in the early winter of 1532, when Henry VIII. was about to return from a visit to the French king at a place of meeting between Boulogne and the English pale. In the letters written to him from London by the Lords of the Council, the progress of the plague is reported from time to time; and in a letter of the 20th October, Lord Chancellor Audeley writes that "the Council have commanded the mayor to certify how many have died of the plague." That series of weekly bills, the earliest known, appears to have been kept up until the end of November, when the plague declined and the Court came back. The next occasion was the summer and autumn of 1535, when Henry VIII. and Queen Anne Boleyn were in Gloucestershire, Secretary Cromwell being with them. It was the latter who wanted to know what the plague was doing, as business called him to London. On or before the 13th of August, his steward at the Rolls received a letter from him enclosing another for the mayor, and in a few days the steward sends to Cromwell "the certificate of the Lord Mayor," which continued to be sent weekly until the 27th of September. The first of that

series of bills of mortality, for the week ending the 12th August (with a duplicate and addition to the 14th August), is preserved in the Record Office, being identified by the endorsement to Mr Secretary by the mayor of the year 1535, Sir John Champneys.¹ The parishes in which deaths from plague and from other causes had occurred during the preceding week are given in one list, with the respective deaths in each; and in another list are given the "parishes clear"—the two lists enumerating 100 parishes in all. The question here arises, how these figures were collected.

The Company of Parish Clerks is clearly named, in an ordinance of 1581 (of which there is a copy in the Record Office), as the body responsible for the bills of mortality, and their duties were then said to be "according to the order in that behalf heretofore provided." Two discreet matrons were to be chosen in every parish, and sworn before the Dean of the Arches (in the church of St Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside), truly to search the body of every such person as shall happen to die within the same parish, and to report to the clerk of the parish; the clerk, in turn, was to make report and certificate to the wardens of the Parish Clerks, and the wardens would draw up the weekly certificate for all the parishes together, and send it to the Court. A letter of Lord Burghley to the mayor, 27th November 1582, requests that, at the same time as sending a certificate to the Court, he would send to him an account of the increase or diminishing of the sickness from the infection in the City, with the number of christenings; from which it

¹ Dr Brewer, in the *Calendar of State Papers*, has been misled, I cannot explain how, into taking it for a bill of the sweating sickness of 1528.

would appear that the Secretary of State was not regularly furnished with a copy of the weekly bills. The mayor replied, on 6th December, that he had sent the certificate from the beginning of the year, and would continue it weekly. The certificates sent on those occasions were, perhaps, the tables of weekly births and deaths from 2d January 1578 to 31st January 1583, or part of them, which are preserved in a slim volume among the Cecil papers at Hatfield; the weekly figures for each of the ten half-years are given on a separate page, without being added up.

It may be inferred from the 5th article of the mayor's order of 1581 that these returns were obtained through the Company of Parish Clerks. The same agency had probably been used to collect the returns that were given in the long series of weekly bills from 12th June 1563 to 26th July 1566; and it is not unlikely that the clerks of the several parishes had been applied to by the mayor when he was asked to send certificates in 1532 and 1535, as well as during the sweat of 1551. (It was in 1538 that parish registers were first ordered to be kept by the clergy throughout England, and in some parishes they were kept from 1539 onwards.) The information in the weekly London bills may thus be assumed to have come from a trustworthy source. The parishes were mostly very small, and easily surveyed; two-thirds of them in the earliest bill had no deaths in the particular week, while the larger and newer parishes of the Liberties, such as St Sepulchre's, had none of them more deaths from all causes than could be counted on the fingers of one hand. It is probable, therefore, that these earliest returns omitted no burials whatever. If

the machinery was primitive, the work was at the same time simple.

From these data, which may pass as trustworthy so far as they go, we might proceed at once to reckon the population of London in the Tudor period. But it is of some consequence to get first a notion of the size of London in the middle ages. There is no occasion to go so far back as Domesday, for the reason that London, like Winchester and one or two other towns, does not come at all into the Conqueror's great survey. But it so happens that no fewer than four contemporary writers have something definite to say of the size and greatness of London rather more than a century after, in the reign of Richard I.: the concurrence of these four statements in the last years of the twelfth century is the more curious that one may search a long time without finding a single reference of the kind during the next three hundred years.

The most definite of these statements occurs in a letter of about the year 1199, written to Pope Innocent III., by Peter of Blois, who was then Archdeacon of London. The object of the letter is to solicit from the Pope some benefice or emolument which would help to support him in his old age and ill-health. London, he says, is a city with 120 parish churches and 40,000 inhabitants; but he gets from the laity no tenths, or firsts, or oblations, nor from the clergy of parishes or conventual churches any "procurations," aids, charities, or any customs due to the archdeaconry. An archdeacon, he tells the Pope, is that dragon which has nothing to live upon but the wind. The writer of this letter was a distinguished man in his day, and his works have been preserved, side by side with those

of his more famous master, John of Salisbury. Whatever his duties as Archdeacon of London may have been—they would have been “archidiaconal,” doubtless, at that time just as in the time of Sir Robert Peel—they must have led him to know exactly the number of parish churches in London, and approximately the number of people in each parish. Moreover, his number of parish churches (*ecclesiae*) is almost the same as that given by another of the four contemporaries whom I spoke of, Fitzstephen, a monk of Canterbury, and the author of the ‘Life of St Thomas à Becket.’ Fitzstephen’s enthusiastic account of London, his native city, is well known through the translation of it in Stow’s ‘Survey,’ and I shall take nothing from it except his statement that there were 13 greater conventual churches and 126 small parish churches in London and the suburbs, which corresponds nearly enough with the archdeacon’s 120 parish churches in the city. There is nothing improbable in that number of churches to 40,000 people. The parish churches were mere oratories or chapels, like the side chapels of a great church. Thus Norwich, before the Black Death, had 60 of them, each standing in its small parish area; whereas Yarmouth, in the same period, had the chapels ranged along the sides of its single great parish church. There were still nearly a hundred of these small parishes within the walls of London when Alderman Fabyan gave a list of them previous to 1512. It is probable, from what is known to have happened at Cambridge and elsewhere, that the enormous mortality, of priests especially, in the Black Death of 1349, was the occasion when a good

many London parishes were suppressed. The fusion of two into one went on after the date of the bills of 1532 and 1535, which contain the two old parishes of St Ewin and St Nicholas in the Flesh Shambles, subsequently united as Christ Church parish. The greatest union of city churches was after the fire of 1666.

Confirming those two accounts of the size of London in the reign of Richard I., we have more general statements of its bustle and wealth by William of Newburgh and by Richard of Devizes, both men of the time. The Yorkshire monk gives an account of the gallant show made by the City to welcome back Richard I. from his captivity in Austria and Germany. The Germans who came with the king were astonished at the wealth of London; if their master, the emperor, they remarked, had only seen what they saw, he would have demanded a much larger ransom. The reference to London by Richard of Devizes is a curious one. It is put into the mouth of a Frankish Jew, who is advising a tailor’s apprentice, bound for England, in what town he should try his fortunes. Winchester is selected by a process of exclusion; most of the towns named are dismissed in a line or two (Bristol with a gibe about its soap-boilers, the Franks having as much love of soap as of scavengers), but London is characterised at great length, and with true Hebrew hyperbole. All sorts of people flock to London from every nation under heaven; and every nationality has introduced into the city its own vices and its own manners. There are more thieves in London than in all France; and then follows a list of eighteen more or less frivolous and wicked classes of people, who would seem

to have made a livelihood by amusing, or pandering to, or preying upon, a busy capital.

In 1258 there occurred one of the three or four really great English famines since the Conquest. The effects of it have been described in various passages by Matthew Paris. In London, he tells us, the famine was followed in the month of May by a fatal pestilence, which destroyed 15,000 before the corn-ships arrived from Germany and Zealand in the end of July. This is the first numerical estimate of a mortality in London, and it is wholly incredible, like nearly all the others of the kind down to the great plagues of 1500 and 1513. London, it is clear, appeared to the St Albans historian to be a great city: in the year before (1257) there was such a multitude, he says, in London, owing to a meeting of Parliament, that the city had hardly room for them all "even in her ample bosom." But his round figure of the mortality in 1258 is of no use for guessing the population.

The next occasion of a mortality being numerically stated for London is the Black Death of 1348-49. Stow says that he had himself read an inscription fixed to a stone cross in the Charterhouse churchyard, according to which 50,000 were buried of the plague there, from its opening (in the beginning of February 1349), exclusive of burials in subsequent years. Camden says that the inscription was on a brass, and that the number was 40,000. Stow's figures have been accepted as a good basis on which to reckon the population of London at the time. Thus, Mr Rickman, who was known as an able statistician in connection with the census returns of 1821 and 1831, proceeded to reason that 50,000 more would have been buried elsewhere than in the

Charterhouse cemetery, and that 100,000 should represent the mortality of the whole epidemic in London. As it is safe to infer that half the people died in the Black Death, these calculations would give a population in London of 200,000.

It is clear that one may be a statistician without being a historian. The inscription itself bears that it was not set up until the Carthusian monastery was already built, which was in 1371, or twenty-two years after the great mortality. Although inscribed on brass, it was merely a vague guess, and without contemporary authority: the numbers might easily have grown by rumour in the course of years. There is a more scientific method of estimating the London mortality in the Black Death. The plague began at Michaelmas or at All Saints' Day (1st November) 1348, and lasted until Ascension Day 1349. The contemporary writer, Robert of Avesbury, says that it increased so much (*in tantum excrevit*) that more than 200 bodies were buried in the new cemetery (opened in February, when the ordinary graveyards proved insufficient) in a single day (*quasi diebus singulis*). Avesbury's words clearly mean that the epidemic went through a curve of increase to a maximum, and of decrease therefrom, as epidemics always do. It reached its maximum after the opening of the Charterhouse churchyard; and at its highest point the burials there, which would have been nearly the whole, as the ordinary churchyards were full, were upwards of 200 in a day. Now we know from authentic figures of later London epidemics of the same disease (bubo-plague), what total mortality a maximum of more than 200 in a day stands for. A highest mortality of some 200 in a day,

or say 1500 in a week, means an epidemic of not more than 20,000 deaths from beginning to end, assuming the usual curve of increase and decrease. Thus, in the great London plague of 1563, of which Stow has preserved the weekly deaths, the maximum was 1828 in the week ending 1st October, or after the epidemic had been increasing for four months, just as the Black Death had up to Candlemas; and the total mortality of that epidemic was 20,136. If Avesbury's figures of the daily burials when the plague was at its worst are at all near the mark, and if there were few burials in other cemeteries, the London burials in the Black Death from beginning to end, and in the other churchyards before the opening of the new cemetery, would have been no more than 20,000. The maximum of some 1500 in a week was often exceeded in later London epidemics of the same disease. For example, in 1625, the burials were some 5000 in each of the four weeks of August, and in the Great Plague of 1665 there were nearly 8000 dead on an average of four weeks in September. But 1500 in a week meant a larger toll of the inhabitants in 1349 than the 5000 per week for four weeks in 1625, or 8000 in the weeks in 1665. The later plagues of London, of which we have the figures, never destroyed more than a fourth or a fifth of the people; but the Black Death almost certainly destroyed a half both in town and country. The researches of Mr Seebohm—both his earlier ones of 1865 into the institutions of clergy to fill death vacancies in several counties, and still better his later into the rolls of the Manor Court of Winslow for the year 1349 (in his *'English Village Communities,'* 1882)—have made it prob-

able that two-thirds of the adult males died in that epidemic, and that the mortality at all ages and in both sexes could not have been less than one-half of the people. The same conclusion has been come to by the Rev. Dr Jessopp (1884), using in part the same and in part new materials, and it is supported by the figures recorded at the time for such towns as Leicester and Bodmin, and for the monasteries of St Albans, Ely, Meaux, Croxton, Drogheda, Kilkenny, and Dublin.

Reckoned according to these data, the inhabitants of London in 1349 would not have been more than 50,000, and probably not so many. The calculation turns upon the approximate accuracy of Avesbury's statement that the burials in the new cemetery rose to a height of more than 200 in a day. It may be objected that his number is a round one, and no more to be depended on than the round total of the Charterhouse inscription. But, obviously, it is easier to count correctly up to 200 burials in one day than to count up to 50,000 in three or four months.

The estimate of 50,000 inhabitants, at the utmost, in 1349, is in keeping with the returns of the poll-tax in 1377. England had probably reached a limit of population just before the Black Death which it did not again touch for nearly two centuries. London also may well have been rather more populous than it was for some time after. But, while the mortality made a great and lasting impression upon the population of the country at large, it made but a slight and temporary impression upon that of London. The confusion through all England after the great mortality brought business to the capital. Anthony Wood found a great increase of

"legists" from that time in the registers of Oxford colleges; and the importance of the lawyers' quarter in London dates from the same period. Langland's poem of "The Vision of Piers the Ploughman" is a picture of the state of England "sith the Pestilence time," and in it the concourse of people to the wicked capital is clearly stated. Even the country parsons left their cures and flocked to London to take service in the king's exchequer, or as the stewards of lords. The author of the 'Eulogium Historiarum' gives, under the year 1362, a sarcastic account of the effeminate dress and costly ornaments worn by the men in London; and although he says nothing of the populousness of the place, it is clear that he is describing the luxury of a gay and prosperous capital.

These and other evidences go to show that the capital had sufficient attractions to make good its loss of numbers by an influx from the country or from abroad; and even if there were no such evidence, it might still be inferred from what invariably happened in later times, when the births and deaths were kept count of, that the gaps in the population of London caused by a great plague were filled up, in one way or another, before two or three years had passed. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that in 1377 there were 23,314 persons in London of both sexes, above the age of fourteen, who paid the poll-tax of a groat each. It is usual to reckon children below the taxable age as one-third of the whole population, and to allow a margin of

one-fifth of the taxable subjects as having evaded the impost. I know no reason why the margin should be one-fifth rather than one-fourth or one-third; but it would hardly have been more than a third. If the allowance be a fifth, London would have had in 1377 a population of 43,713; if it be a fourth, one of 46,628; if it be a third, one of 52,456. The next largest cities are York, Bristol, Plymouth, and Coventry, with populations from 14,000 to 9000. Norwich has now fallen to the sixth place (7000 or 8000), from being next to London in the ratio of 60 to 100 (according to the king's writ of 1351 for men-at-arms, on the old basis of reckoning before the Black Death). The population of all the counties and towns of England (exclusive of Cheshire and Durham, as well as of Wales) would have been 2,580,828, reckoning one-fifth for evasions of the poll-tax. These figures are calculated from the extant Subsidy Roll of 51 Edward III., which has been transcribed and printed in 'Archeologia' for 1786.

Some figures of enormous mortalities in London from plague are given for the years 1407, 1464, 1500, and 1513; but they are the usual round numbers, wholly untrustworthy for reckoning the population from. We may take it that London still kept within its medieval limits of population, ranging from 40,000 to 50,000.

Let us now come to the authentic numbers of burials in the several parishes for certain weeks in 1532 and 1535, as given in two extant plague-bills,¹ and in two

¹ Want of space obliges me to omit them, for all their antiquarian interest. The more primitive of the two is given in full in a 'History of Epidemics in Britain from A.D. 664 to the Extinction of Plague,' which I have ready for the press.

letters of the time. The burials from causes other than plague in each of the four weeks are 27, 32, 31 (or 47 for nine days), and 17. The plague-deaths in the corresponding weeks are 99, 33, 31 (or 105 for nine days), and 140. The deaths from ordinary causes are the only possible basis on which to reckon the population from these bills, and they are, on the whole, a safe basis. Plague-deaths were always extra deaths, ranging even in the Tudor period from a few in a week, up to the enormous weekly total of 1828. Not only were they additional to the ordinary mortality of the time, but in a season of severe plague, the deaths ascribed to other causes were much above the average. The years 1532 and 1535 were plague-seasons of the third or fourth degree; and if their ordinary mortality was increased through the coexistence of plague, it was not by much. The burials, in the ordinary way of mortality, which are recorded for these four sample weeks of 1532 and 1535 are, on the whole, uniform, and they are remarkably few. At the same time they were probably all that occurred; the smallest figure, 17, in a week at the end of August 1535, when the plague was at its height, is intelligible on the supposition that London was then emptied of all who could escape to the country,—to Watford, St Albans, Hertford, Stepney, Putney, and other places whither Londoners were in the habit of removing when the infection in the city became active in the heats of summer and autumn.

If we take the ordinary burials at an average of 30 in the week, in the years about 1532 and 1535, we shall get an annual mortality from causes other than plague of 1560; and if that mor-

talidity, from ordinary causes, be reckoned at the rate of 25 per 1000 living, or at 1 in 40, the population of London would have been 62,400 in the second half of Henry VIII.'s reign. Of course, if the death-rate apart from plague be taken at more than 25 per 1000, the population would be so much less, and if at less, so much the more.

The proportion of burials from parishes within and without the walls is of some interest. It may be ascertained from the original detailed weekly bills of 1532 and 1535. In each of these the burials from ordinary causes were almost exactly twice as many in the parishes within the walls as in the parishes without, averaging about 20 per week in the former and 10 in the latter. (There is a discrepancy between the two parts of the duplicate plague-bill of 1535, which I have not the space to enter upon.) The parishes within the walls, being very small, have in many instances no deaths in the week, whether from plague or ordinary cause. Thus, in the weekly bill from the series of 1532, only 37 parishes had deaths in them, 63 being clear; and 61 of the clear parishes are within the walls. In both extant bills the deaths without the walls—one-third of the whole mortality—are all in the seven large parishes of St Sepulchre's without Newgate, St Giles' without Cripplegate, St Botolph's without Aldgate, St Botolph's without Bishopsgate, and in the three western parishes of St Andrew's, Holborn, St Dunstan's in the West, and St Bride's, Fleet Street.

The population would have been about 40,000 in the City proper, and about 20,000 in the strip between the gates and the bars, called the Liberties; although the

St Botolph parishes are counted in the City. The area of the City within the walls is given in Strype's edition of Stow's 'Survey' at 380 acres, and that of the skirt of Liberties from Temple Bar round by Holborn bars, and the bars at Smithfield, Goswell Street, Bishopsgate Street, and Whitechapel, to the Minories and the liberty of the Tower, at 300 acres. Neither area was at all crowded in the earlier Tudor reigns. Within the walls there were many gardens and other open spaces. The Liberties were much more irregularly and sparsely built upon. John Stow, when a boy, used to be sent for milk to a farm at the Minories, just outside Aldgate, on which were kept some thirty to forty cows; afterwards it was let for grazing horses, and eventually was divided into garden-plots, by the rents of which the farmer was able to live like a gentleman. Shoe Lane, Fetter Lane, and Chancery Lane were not paved until 1540. Ely Place, as we know from the famous story in More's 'Life of Edward V.,' and in Shakespeare, grew excellent strawberries in the time of Richard III. Moorfields was a marsh uncrossed by roads until 1512 and 1527. After those dates, says Stow, "was this fen or moor at length made main and hard ground, which before being overgrown with flags, sedges, and rushes, served to no use." Southwark was sold by the Crown to the City in 1550 for £647, 2s. 1d., and was then a country hamlet, with some ecclesiastical buildings. Whatever crowding there was in the Liberties, was close to the City wall, in the valley from Ludgate, all the way round the course of the town ditch; that was the quarter of the poor, especially St Sepulchre's parish.

Dr John Jones, in his 'Dyall of

Agues,' which is supposed to have been published in 1556, but bears internal evidence of having been written a few years later, already marks St Sepulchre's parish as one of the filthiest and most unwholesome in London. Writing of the things that favour plague, he says: "Also that the places most corrupte and of worst feding is about S. Poulkars parish, by reason of many fruterers, pore people, and stinking lanes, as Turnagain Lane, Secolayne, and such other places, there dyed most in London, and were soonest infected, and longest continued, as twyce sence I have knowen London, I have marked to be true." Seacoal Lane and Turnagain Lane were notorious places in Stow's time, the last being so called because it led down to Turnmill Brook "and thence back again, for there is no way over."

The out-parishes, or the parishes beyond the bars, were still country villages, with some fine houses, such as Thomas Cromwell's at Hackney. The births and deaths are known from the parish registers of Hackney, Islington, and Stoke Newington from 1556, 1557, and 1562: those three together had probably not more than 2000 inhabitants at the date when we estimate the City and Liberties to have had 62,400.

The dissolution of the monasteries appears to have been one of several causes that gave an impulse to the growth of London in the generation between 1535 and 1563. Writing in 1554, the Venetian ambassador remarks upon the ruins as a prominent feature in the appearance of the capital. London, he says, has a dense population, said to number 180,000: on the banks of the river are many large palaces, making a fine show; but the picture is much dis-

figured by the ruins of churches and monasteries. The Earl of Pembroke has upwards of 1000 persons clad in his own livery. During the first three days of the sweating sickness in 1551, there died in London alone upwards of 5000.

These statements occur in a long account of England, drawn up in 1554, by Soranzo, the Venetian ambassador, for the information of the Senate of Venice. Soranzo had been in London since 1551, and presumably knew what he was writing of. But two, at least, of his three numerical statements are wildly exaggerated, and so, probably, is the one concerning the population of London. It is known from three or four independent contemporary sources that the deaths in London from the sweat of 1551, as ascertained by "certificates" sent to the Lord Chancellor, were no more than 120 on the worst day, and little over 900 in all in the three or four weeks that the epidemic lasted, instead of 5000 "in the first three days." John Stow mentions the largest liveried retinues of noblemen forty years before the date of his writing, or about the time of Soranzo's despatch: the greatest display that he finds to record is that of the Earl of Derby, who had 220 men clad "in check roll"; and the next most imposing is that of the Earl of Oxford,—80 gentlemen in a livery of Reading tawny, with chains of gold about their necks, riding before the earl through the city to his great house in St Swithin's churchyard, and 100 tall yeomen in the like livery, without chains, following him, all having the crest of a blue boar embroidered on the left shoulder. William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, was also a great noble, but his retinue is not mentioned by Stow, as it

would almost certainly have been if it had been so much more splendid than those of the Earls of Derby and Oxford as the ambassador's numbers imply.

Soranzo's estimate, on hearsay, of 180,000 people in London, is nearly three times the number that we obtain, by a moderate computation, from the bills of mortality in 1532 and 1535, and is probably not more accurate than his other attempts at figures. It has all the exaggeration and none of the wit of a letter by Du Bellay, the French ambassador, that 100,000 citizens had made their wills in the sweat of 1528 in fear of sudden death. Had we been able to cite the weekly baptisms, and the weekly burials from causes other than plague, which Stow omitted to copy from the bills of the three years, 1563 to 1566, we should have been able to check the Venetian's estimate of 180,000 by the exact data of ten years later. As it is, we have the christenings for one week only, the week ending 30th July 1563: they were 52 in the City, Liberties, and out-parishes, the deaths in the same week having been 79 from ordinary causes and 320 from plague. I shall give immediately the series of christenings for five years as ascertained week by week from 1578 to 1582; for the present I deduce from them that the average of baptisms per week over the whole period was 65.5, that the average of the weeks in July in all the five years was 59, and that the average for the particular week in July corresponding to that of 1563, was 63.2. The variation is not great; so that the actual number of baptisms from the single known week in July 1563 may be taken roughly as the weekly average of the year. That would give 2704

baptisms in 1563, which at the rate of 29 per 1000 living (a birth-rate not unusual in London at the present), would give a population of 93,276. Stow's totals of the mortality of the whole year 1563 are not quite so good a basis of reckoning: in the City, Liberties, and out-parishes, there died in all 23,660, whereof of the plague 20,136, so that 3524 persons died in the ordinary way. In later experience it was invariably found that the ordinary deaths in a year of severe plague were much above the average of non-plague years, Graunt's explanation being that they included a large proportion of concealed plague-deaths. But the sum of 3524 ordinary deaths in 1563 is exceedingly moderate in relation to the enormous plague mortality: reckoned at any reasonable death-rate appropriate to a most unhealthy year, and calculated for an admixture of some plague-deaths, it would not give a population larger than that estimated from the weekly births.

Stow's totals for the year 1563 are farther of value in that they show the share of deaths that fell to the out-parishes. It does not appear what out-parishes were then included in the bills; but they had 556 deaths in the year from ordinary causes, besides 2732 from plague. A population of some 15,000 might be guessed from these figures; but as the estimate from the births was made for City, Liberties, and out-parishes together, that suburban population would be part of the 93,276 already estimated. The city and liberties of Westminster would have to be added. From an ordinance of this period regulating the number of inns, West-

minster is allowed 3, to London's 40. The only other evidence that I find for Westminster in the sixteenth century is a plague-bill for the week ending 9th September 1575, which Lord Burghley obtained while plague was in Westminster, but not in London, and he himself occupying Sir Thomas Gresham's house in the City to avoid the infection: in St Margaret's parish there were 25 deaths, whereof of the plague 13; in St Martin's 3 of the plague; in the parish of Savoy with Strand no deaths; and in St Clement's 3 deaths, whereof 2 of the plague. In the year 1626, by which time the district of the Strand had become populous, the burials in Westminster were 471 (13 of them of the plague) and the baptisms 361—figures from which a population of some 12,000 in the second year of Charles I. might be deduced.

I come now to the most important part of my original materials, the manuscript returns of burials and christenings for five years, from 1578 to 1582, preserved in the library at Hatfield House. For brevity's sake, I must be content with the summation which I have made of the weekly returns in each of the five years:—

Year.	Dead.	Of Plague.	Of other Diseases.	Baptised.
1578	7830	3568	4262	8150
1579	3406	629	2777	3430
1580	2873	128	2745	3568
1581 ¹	3931	987	2954	2949
1582 ²	6762	2976	3786	3433

It will be seen from the table that there was a certain amount of plague in each of the five years; but in none of them an epidemic

¹ Forty-five weeks only.

² Fifty-one weeks.

of the greater degree, comparable to that of 1563, or of 1593, or of 1603. In one of the series of years, 1580, the deaths from plague are only 128 in all: they are distributed over the whole year, only five weeks being absolutely clear; and they are so few from week to week that the year may be counted as virtually free from the disturbance of plague upon its death-rate. Turning now to the baptisms of 1580, it will be seen that they are 3568, or 24 per cent more than the burials. It follows from that large excess of births over deaths, that both the death-rate and the birth-rate of the year should be viewed in a very favourable light. One in 40, being the death-rate (apart from plague) assumed for 1532-1535, or 25 per 1000, will not seem too low in a year when the births were a fourth more than the deaths; while the birth-rate of 29 per 1000, would suit the circumstances equally. At that rate the baptisms would give a population of 123,034; and if we take the death-rate at 23 per 1000, instead of 25, it will bring out a population nearly the same as from the births—namely, 119,348. In the other four years of the series, the births would confirm that result; on the other hand, the mortality in at least two of the five years is too much mixed with plague to be an equally good basis of calculation.

With the baptisms one-fourth more than the burials in a normal year like 1580, it cannot be said that Elizabethan London was an unhealthy place. After a considerable amount of inquiry, I have come to doubt whether London in medieval and Tudor times was, barring plague, ever so unhealthy as it was in the greater part of the seventeenth and all the eigh-

teenth century. The reservation of plague is, of course, a large one. The five years of the above table, although one of them had the births one-fourth in excess of the deaths, show the aggregate births to be one-third short of the aggregate deaths; and yet none of the years had an epidemic of more than the second or third order. Plague was the "common infection" of London from 1349 all through the later medieval period, and down to 1666: it stood for the greater part of all that is now called zymotic disease, and, except in years of famine, it stood in the earlier period for nearly all zymotic disease. When the plague was quiet, London was a not unhealthy place. There appears to be no warrant for pronouncing it a filthy city, at least not until the Liberties grew from a mere fringe of poor tenements into a quarter more populous than the City itself.

The nuisance that gave most trouble was the shambles; but it is not to be supposed that the various ordinances regulating them were without effect. The shambles are, indeed, a difficulty in the sanitary state of London at the present day. The mention of certain specific nuisances in the alleys leading to the river, and on the ground outside Ludgate, in visitations of Edward III.'s reign, and an order of Henry V. against a common nuisance in the Moorfield, are rather to be taken as evidence that these things were not, as a rule, tolerated. Historians seem to have made up their minds that medieval English towns were filthy and full of disease: they draw freely upon fever and leprosy; and even plague, which was real enough after its importation in 1348, they assume to have been one of the diseases that festered in the wretched hovels of the poor when

the friars appeared on the scene more than a century earlier. A recent writer on 'England in the Fifteenth Century' will have it that "typhoid fever" was seldom absent from English towns, citing the authority of Hecker, who probably meant typhus, but would have been puzzled to produce evidence of that even for German towns whose medieval history he may have known something of. The fevers that one meets with in the medieval and Tudor periods were either very occasional famine-fevers, or jail-fevers, or "hot agues," which last appear to have included the influenzas, or one form of them, of the sixteenth century, as mysterious in their origin then as now. The graphic historians cannot be said to have come nearer the mark than the poet of the 'Earthly Paradise,' when he celebrates the City in Chaucer's time and bids us—

"Dream of London, small, and white,
and clean,
The clear Thames bordered by its
gardens green."

Sir Thomas More, who was not wanting in fastidiousness, took the London of his day (1517), in its streets, houses, gardens, water-conduits, and other external things, as a sufficiently good framework for the moral and political ideal of his Utopian capital. The streets twenty feet wide, and "very commodious and handsome," were the main streets of his own London; the "fair and gorgeous houses," had much glass in their fronts—the actual excess of glazing that Erasmus took exception to in English houses, for a singular reason. They had also gardens at the back, as the London houses are known to have had. There were open water-courses running

through the city to the river, just as in London; and Stow tells us that the town ditch was cleansed and had large store of fish after More's time. What one reads of miry streets, and of the poor lying abroad in them (as in a sermon before Edward VI.), appears to refer rather to the skirt of Liberties and the out-parishes nearest to them, in which the lanes and paths were "pestered," as Stow says, with poor tenements. The old city was, what Drayton describes it—

"Built on a rising bank,
Within a vale to stand;
And for thy healthful soil,
Chose gravel mixed with sand."

Barring plague, it probably deserved the name of healthful. The office of scavenger was an honourable one in the Elizabethan period, as we may see from the list of its duties "as of old" in the account of Exeter given by Hoker, the chamberlain of that city; in Stow's 'Survey' the number of scavengers in every ward is given at the end, along with that of common councillors and constables. And if more direct evidence of the healthiness of Elizabethan London be needed, it is sufficient to point to the gratifying excess of christenings over burials in the year 1580, when the plague was quiet. As for the plague itself, the question of its causation is a long one, and any summary statement of it would merely serve to raise objections; but it may be safely affirmed that plague was not caused by common and obvious nuisances above ground, and would never have been kept going in London off and on for more than three centuries merely by common insanitary neglect.

The year 1580, from the figures of which we deduce a population

of 123,034, was notable in the progress of London for the first of a long series of proclamations prohibiting the erection of buildings on new sites within three miles of any of the City gates, and the lodging of more than one family in a house. The preamble runs: "The Queen's Majesty perceiving the state of the city of London, and the suburbs and confines thereof, to increase daily by access of people to inhabit in the same, in such ample sort as thereby many inconveniences are seen already, but many greater of necessity like to follow," &c. Great multitudes of people, it is said, are brought to inhabit in small rooms, whereof a great part are very poor; yea, such must live by begging, or of worse means; and they heaped up together, and in a sort smothered with many families of children and servants in one house or small tenement.

The avowed motive of the proclamation is the fear of plague breaking out in the quarters of the poor, and among a population which was less under civic control than that within the walls. The substance of the proclamation of 1580 was reissued at intervals down to the Commonwealth: it appears to have had no effect, nor does it look as if any serious attempt had been made to give effect to it. The following, from a London letter of 27th June 1602, gives us a glimpse of the spirit in which the orders were carried out: "The Council have spied an inconvenient increase of housing in and about London by building in odd corners, in gardens, and over stables. They have begun to pull down one here and there, lighting in almost every parish on the unluckiest, which is far from removing the mischief."

The next authentic figures of births and deaths that we come to,

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those of 1593 and two following years, show that the increase continued despite the policy of restraint. As all the remaining figures that I shall use have been already printed by Stow, Graunt, or Bell, I shall proceed to tabulate them without further remark.

Year.	Dead.	Of Plague.	Of other Diseases.	Baptised.
1593	17,844	10,662	7,182	4021
1594	3,929	421	3,508	...
1595	3,507	29	3,478	...
1605	6,392	444	5,948	6504
1622	8,995	16	8,979	7894
1634	10,899	1	10,898	9855

Of the figures for 1593, the baptisms are the best basis for reckoning the population. They were certainly below the average, owing to the enormous number of plague-deaths during the year; but taking them as they stand, and at a rate of 29 per 1000 living, they give a population of 138,655. If the christenings for 1594 and 1595, the two years following the severe plague, had been preserved from the bills (as they might easily have been), they would probably have shown, according to after experience, an advance upon the baptisms of the plague-year itself, or at least the second year after would have done so. We know the deaths for those years, and if we take the second of them, by which time the disturbance of the 1593 plague on the population would have mostly passed off, we find that the deaths were 3507 (29 of them plague-deaths). The 3507 deaths in 1595, taken at a normal death-rate of 23 per 1000 (as in the corresponding circumstances of 1580), would give a population of 152,478, which is rather more than the estimate from the births of two years before, and like-

ly enough to be nearer the mark, as the births in a great plague-year were always under average.

Stow's figures for the year 1593 are again useful for showing how the deaths were distributed over the several parts of the capital. Within the walls there died of the plague 5390, and of other diseases 3208. "Without the walls and in the Liberties," there died of plague 5385, and of other diseases 3910. Outside the walls there are now as many deaths from plague as in the City proper, and there is an excess of deaths from other causes. We have seen that, sixty years before, the mortality from plague and other causes was only half as much in the parishes outside the walls as in those within. In 1593 the City has filled up greatly, while the Liberties and out-parishes have more than overtaken the City. Estimating the total population at 152,478, the City would have contained rather less than 76,000.

It is of some interest to find out how many residents the City proper held when it was fullest. The deaths within the walls touched their highest point from ordinary causes (and in the absence of plague) in the years 1623 and 1624. The City at that time may have had a resident population of under 100,000, and it may have kept at that level until the fire of 1666. It is improbable, from the figures, that it ever exceeded that number; and in Graunt's essay of 1662, it is taken to have been a fifth part of the total 460,000. In the same work we read that the block of traffic at Newgate and Ludgate, and the narrowness of the City streets, had been the cause of whole trades—such as the mercers and the woollen-draper—moving westward to the new and wider streets about Covent Gar-

den; while "the cramming up of the void spaces and gardens within the walls with houses, to the prejudice of light and air," had led the nobility and the richer classes to build new houses in the west.

Many of these changes within the walls were going on when Stow wrote his 'Survey' in 1598. He names several old houses of the nobility which had become tenement-houses of the poorer class, and frequently speaks of gardens being built over. Many of the graveyards in which each of the City churches had stood were hemmed in and so encroached upon that they could not be used for burial: in 1582, no fewer than twenty-three parishes were using St Paul's churchyard instead of their own. St Mary-le-Bow got a new churchyard in 1465, "which so continued near a hundred years, but now is built on." St Sepulchre's church, outside Newgate, stood, says Stow, in "a fair churchyard, though not so large as of old time, for the same is letten out for buildings and a garden plot." The largest amount of new building seems to have been in the parish of St Giles', Cripple-gate, which, in Stow's time, had 1800 households.

The years from 1584 to 1592 were, so far as one can judge from records and testimonies of various kinds, free from any considerable amount of plague in London; in that respect they form one of the longest clear intervals in the history of the City since the information became sufficiently abundant to enable us to say when there was plague and when it was absent. Plague was always in those times the great check upon the internal increase of London population: thus, in the five years from 1578 to 1582, although one of them was a normal year, showing a large

excess of births over deaths, and none of the years was a plague season of the severer degree, yet the births for the whole period were 33 per cent short of the deaths. On the other hand, in the nine non-plague years (so far as is known), from 1584 to 1592, the excess of births over deaths would have been about one-fourth, according to the known precedent of 1580. Thus it becomes easy to understand how the figures for the years 1593-95 should show a population increased by some 30,000 from the year 1580. In like manner the eight years from 1595 to 1602 were, so far as is known, free from plague in London (although by no means free from it in the provinces); so that, despite an enormous plague-mortality in 1603 itself, the births in 1605, when they had recovered from the disturbing influence of the great plague, show a population again increased to 224,275. Thus the population of London, which we estimate at 93,276 in the sixth year of Elizabeth, would have more than doubled before the end of her reign, standing at 224,275 in the third year of James I. The reign of James is known from various sources to have been a period of expansion, both westwards along the Strand and eastwards in the great parish of Stepney. The christenings in 1622, according to the old rate of 29 per 1000 living, would give a population of 272,207. Although the population was seriously reduced by the disastrous plague in 1625, as severe relatively as the Great Plague of 1665 itself, the births in the year 1634 have reached the total of 9855, corresponding to a population of 339,824. During the troubled period of the Parliamentary wars the returns of the parish clerks are obviously defective, the births in particular

being year after year far below the totals of 1634 and 1635. I shall not venture on an estimate for the years between that and the Restoration, but simply copy the contemporary estimate of Graunt for the year 1661—namely, 460,000, of which one-fifth was in the City within the walls, one-fifth in the larger out-parishes of Lambeth, Newington, Redriff, Stepney, Hackney, Islington, and Westminster, and the other three-fifths in Southwark, the Liberties, and the parishes next to the Liberties.

Throwing these estimates for various periods in the history of London into the form of a table, we may represent the growth of population as follows:—

Richard I. to } .	40,000 to 50,000
Henry VII., }	
1532-35,	62,400
1563,	93,276
1580,	123,034
1593-95,	152,478
1605,	224,275
1622,	272,207
1634,	339,824
1661,	460,000

Sir William Petty, writing in 1683, thought that he had discovered by a study of the burials since the time when they began to be regularly kept in 1604, and by taking the burials in the year 1565 at 2568 (without saying why), the law of increase for the London population. Since 1565, he concluded, the deaths had regularly doubled in forty years. Starting from the end of a forty years' period in his own time—the year 1682—he projected his series into the future, and came to the result that London, in the year 1802, would have 178,648 burials, and a corresponding population of 5,359,440. This shows the danger of riding off on the back of a

numerical series. The burials recorded for 1802 were only 19,379, to which a few thousands would have to be added for omissions; and the census of the year before (1801) gave a population of 864,845. The fact was that the increase of London, which had gone on steadily since the earlier Tudor reigns, was checked throughout the greater part of the eighteenth century. For some years—about 1740—the population is supposed by some to have gone back. The advance of some 200,000 beyond the estimated population of 1699, which the census of 1801 showed, had probably been made in great part after 1790, when the health of the capital began to improve, and the births again to exceed the deaths, as they were wont to do in the intervals between plague-years under the Tudors. The eighteenth century was one of the most unwholesome periods in the whole history of England, and of London in particular. There was no more plague after the autumn of 1666; but typhus fever, which had been the companion and congener of plague throughout the Stuart period, came to the front when the other infection was exhausted by the epidemic of 1665, and in its steady prevalence from year to year proved as disastrous to the population of London as the occasional terrific outbursts of plague, which had come at long intervals, and cut off at one stroke the ever-growing fringe of poverty and broken fortunes. Typhus was at the same time aided by small-pox, depending as the latter did upon similar conditions, and by other forms of infection; so that the mortality was, year by year, until 1790, in excess of the births. The population was kept up and slightly increased by influx from *the country*. But London, with

a population of some 700,000, had become as big as it could well be, with no better means of moving about than people had in the eighteenth century. The population was nearly stationary, and so also were the people in their houses, shops, lanes, and streets. When John Gilpin rode to Edmonton (and farther) he had not had a holiday (at least in his wife's company) for twice ten tedious years; and it is not likely that he had been far beyond the sound of Bow Bells all that time. Cobbett, speaking of his life as a lawyer's clerk in Gray's Inn about 1783, says: "I never quitted this gloomy recess except on Sundays, when I usually took a walk in St James's Park." A writer on London fevers in the year 1734, Dr Browne Langrish, F.R.S., gives a curious illustration of how they were produced, although he does not name the locality, and would probably have been at a loss to prove such a state of matters even for the courts or "rents" of Holborn or Saffron Hill, Drury Lane, or Clare Market: "And less than 3000 human creatures within the compass of an acre of ground would make an atmosphere of their own steams about 71 feet high in thirty-four days; which, if not carried away by winds, would turn pestiferous in a moment,—from whence we may infer that living in great and populous cities . . . may dispose to putrid, malignant fevers." It was not until about the year 1790 that London began to break through the limits which it had reached at the beginning of that century. Its numbers a century ago are now increased five or six times; but that could never have been had not its area been increased by much more than five or six times.

C. CREIGHTON.

POLITICS IN FICTION.

POLITICS naturally play an important part in the fiction of a nation, where they are the common talk of all the world, from the prince on the steps of the throne to the cottager smoking in the alehouse. Everybody is supposed to be thoroughly at home in them, and Wilkie, in the solemn earnestness of his "Village Politicians," went to the very root of the matter. In a country which has boasted of its free institutions since the Witenagemot of the Saxons, a public career is open to all comers, and the gifted son of a scavenger may aspire—theoretically—to direct the destinies of the British empire. Indeed, stranger things are likely to happen in these days of school boards with the advent of free education. But in writing of politics in fiction, we are less concerned with the possibilities of the future than with the picturesqueness of the past. We are sorry to think that, from the more sensational point of view, the prosaic has been replacing the romantic. Our older novelists had grand opportunities, and, happily for historians, they did not neglect them. Great statesmen, when platform oratory was less common, and when the practice of reporting was comparatively in its infancy, made novels the channels for communicating their thoughts, and discussing the condition of the country and the masses. In their fiction they followed the course of the thrilling political struggles which had enfranchised the democracy for good or for evil, and carried a succession of bills for "giving everything to everybody." Those statesmen, if they wrote as partisans, wrote in the ripe matur-

ity of habitual reflection, and founded the scenes, which were brightened and coloured by imagination, on personal experiences and reminiscences. Nor in their brilliant books, as in many others, was the popular and dramatic side of politics neglected. They analysed the ambition which burned as a fever, making men hazard everything on the hope of distinction, compromising with conscience and throwing principle overboard. They dwelt on the careers of youths who dreamed of being the disinterested benefactors of the human race; who fondly fancied they might regenerate and revolutionise, and who subsequently either came to signal grief or settled down into steady-going, practical men of business. Those good old days were the days of fiercely contested elections, fought out regardless of expense and law, in contempt of peace, purity, and public order. It was then that Brougham, though but a rising lawyer, somehow found vast sums of money to fling to the winds in battling in Cumberland against the Lowthers. It was then that three great Yorkshire families must have hopelessly embarrassed themselves in a triangular duel, had they not had inexhaustible mines beneath boundless acres. It was then Earl Spencer is said to have spent £150,000 on what is known as the "spendthrift election." Those were the days of the rotten boroughs, when each marketable borough went to the highest bidder; when a Sir Pitt Crawley kept one seat for himself, selling the other to a nabob or a Government nominee; when a man might qualify his bailiff and his butler to retort

couple of millionaires to represent them in Parliament; and when less strictly limited electorates in the south-western counties looked to clear a few hundreds per head at each welcome dissolution. Those were the days when there was no sneaking nomination by signed papers within doors. The hustings were set up in the market-place in good old constitutional fashion, and the candidate had to stand forward and talk if he could, or in any case to pose as a cock-shy. Business first, pleasure afterwards. For days before, the free and independent electors had been making their bargain; the "men in the moon" had been shuffling and dealing handfuls of bank-notes in the back parlours of the public-houses, and the taps of liquor had been set running in the bars. Any dissolute rascal with a vote, or the possibility of influencing a vote, might count upon a retainer with nothing to do. The spirits of philanthropy and geniality reigned supreme; the women were kissed and the children petted, the men were kept in a chronic state of intoxication. In short, the business being transacted with infinite joviality, the electorate was wound up to a proper pitch of excitement for the grand carnival of the nomination. It was then that the unfortunate non-electors had their chance of showing their interest in public affairs. The candidates were simultaneously proposed and pilloried. They showed their dexterity in dodging dead cats and dogs; they had often to protect themselves with stout umbrellas against well-directed volleys of apples and rotten eggs. Nor was the declaration of the poll by any means decisive. There had generally been *an abundance* of bribery and corruption, and it was only a ques-

tion of proving personal guilt or agency. If a sufficiency of evidence and money were forthcoming, the petition followed in due course, and the electioneering campaign was shifted to Westminster, to be fought out before a parliamentary committee; the scenes changed, but the same influences were still at work. There are parliamentary agents with *carte blanche* for their bills; there are silver-tongued counsel with fabulous fees on their briefs; there are subsidiary agents akin to the men in the moon, trying all they know to "earwig" the hostile witnesses, who are jealously guarded while they live like fighting cocks on the luxuries of the metropolis. All that, and much more of the kind, is embodied in the fiction by our best and most brilliant novelists.

The fathers of English fiction have little to say about politics. In Fielding we find casual allusions to Knights of the Shires; and Smollett talks suggestively of Roderick Random dancing attendance upon patrons and peers that he may obtain a surgeon's berth in the navy. Everything then, like kissing, went by favour. A vote meant something substantial, and the control of a section of voters a great deal more. There is a good story told of a Cambridge divine who preached before the elder Pitt, when the all-powerful Minister paid a visit to the university. The preacher is said to have taken for his text, "There is a lad among us with some barley loaves, and a few small fishes: but what are they among so many?" The sarcastic clergyman sent the shaft home. Every man with patronage, or with the means of influencing it, was hunted by packs of hungry expectants. It was a case of every one for himself; and

there seemed to be no such thing as disinterested patriotism. The Prime Minister was beset by noble and greedy borough-mongers. Lord North complains bitterly in his confidential letters of the hard bargain driven by Lord Falmouth for the sale, or rather the lease, of some Cornish seats. Yet seats must be secured if the Ministry were to stand. Lord Marney in 'Sybil' is refused a dukedom by the Whig oligarchs. He renounces his principles, counts his boroughs, consults his cousins, waits for an opportunity, and takes a signal revenge. Lucrative posts closed the mouths of dangerous aspirants to the leadership of the House. So Macaulay tells how the avarice of the elder Fox was gratified with the Paymastership of the Admiralty, which meant, in other words, that his accounts were to be passed, while he put the country to pillage. A corrupt chief was bound to connive at the malversations and peculations of his subordinates. Contracts were given away to the most influential bidders, and the men whose duty it was to check the quality of the Government stores drew commissions as sleeping partners of swindlers. Perhaps Britain was in some measure indebted for her naval victories to the inferior quality of the powder, for the bite of her bulldogs was more dangerous than their bark, and they had learned to rely on the boarding-pike and cutlass. On the other hand, the maggoty beef and the weevily biscuit often brought the seamen to mutiny, or the verge of it; they died of the scurvy on the foreign stations like rotten sheep, or were sent to hospitals to be tended by unskilful surgeons and dosed with adulterated drugs. Smollett gives a terrible picture of the sufferings

of the expedition to Carthage; and even in the later days which Marryat has dramatised, things had not greatly changed for the better. The most responsible posts were often filled by the most incompetent men. The flagrant abuses could not have been tolerated had the light of parliamentary committees been flashed upon them; but the conspiracy of silence was too strong for protest. The long-descended democrat in 'Sybil' speaks bitterly of the younger branches of the aristocracy being provided for, as "colonels without regiments, and as housekeepers of royal palaces which had ceased to exist." The system of sinecures was in full swing, and the nation was saddled with the payment of hereditary pensions. There were Clerks of the Rolls, Clerks of the Stoles, Clerks of anything and everything, drawing handsome salaries for the non-discharge of long-neglected duties or ceremonies. Disraeli's Marquis of Deloraine, a peer who lived like a prince, derived the better part of his ample income from the pension transmitted to him by his grandfather the Chancellor. Even when Trollope wrote his 'Can You Forgive Her?' Mr Vavasor earned several hundreds per annum by signing a few documents quarterly. A similar system pervaded the whole public service. The winning member at an election had accepted promissory bills at discretion, which were sometimes met under force of pressure, though far more often inevitably dishonoured. All public places, down to those of excisemen, tide-waiters, and messengers at public offices, were filled by favour. It was a misfortune, perhaps, that the appointments were permanent, and that, according to the constitutional arrangements of our Amer-

ican cousins, a clean sweep did not follow each general election. For the lame, the halt, and the idiotic held on, and the Civil Service became a benevolent institution for cheering the declining years of the superannuated.

Nowhere were those flagitious abuses carried to greater length than in Ireland. Ireland, with its honours and treasury, was the resource for the destitute and undeserving of the British empire. Englishmen who had never set foot on its shores were raised to the dignity of peers, or were accommodated by unscrupulous Ministers with pensions borne on its budget. Among the land-owning borough-mongers who sold themselves and their "convictions" on sufficient temptation, it was a free fight for money or place. With their reckless expenditure and heavily burdened estates, each election came as a godsend, offering a chance of some temporary relief. So, with the strongest self-interest inciting Celtic ferocity, bludgeons and black-thorns were brought into play, the battle-fields were strewn with the maimed and the wounded, and vendettas were engendered between neighbouring baronies. Nor did the mischief end there. It was the business of each landowner to multiply fictitious forty-shilling freeholds, and the barren bogs and moorlands were parcelled out among squatters who kept body and soul together on the potato. They were always hopelessly behindhand with "the rint," and a failure of the potato crop brought pestilence and starvation. Nowhere has the abject condition of those "forty-shillingers" been painted more forcibly or in blacker colours than by the peasant-born Carleton in his novel of *'The Squanders of Castle Squander.'*

"If there were two classes," he says, "upon the face of the earth, steeped beyond all parallel in deep and atrocious corruption, it was that of the landlords on the one hand, and the 'Forties' on the other." As for "the Forties," they were "serfs in the lowest and most despicable sense of that word; semi-barbarous in their feelings and habits, without self-respect, without any standard of domestic comfort beyond a truss of straw to sleep on, or a potato and salt to eat." Such as things were, they had to be counted with as vested interests when Castlereagh undertook to carry the Union. Lever in his *'Knight of Gwynne'* has vividly described the feelings, the intrigues, and the envenomed debates of the eventful crisis when the fate of the Irish Parliament was decided. The hot blood was boiling on both sides, savage personalities were answered by ready challenges, and those who were too patriotic or too deeply committed to be bought, sullenly resented the lavish distribution of peerages, ribbons, and money. But in reality, as recent historians have shown, though the conduct of the Government may have been questionable, according to our ideas, they could hardly have acted otherwise if they believed in the benefits of union. What they gave away, or what they spent, was rather compensation than corruption. When a man reckoned upon a seat as the most reliable part of his income, he could not be expected to vote it away without adequate remuneration. His rents, of course, were chronically in arrear, but his borough was always saleable for hard cash. The West Indian slaveholders might be compensated as matter of justice, but it was indispensable to come to terms with the Irish borough-

mongers, who, commanding the votes, were masters of the situation.

Talking of Ireland and of Lever, the most genial of Irish novelists, naturally suggests the story of contested elections. Writing in his rollicking vein in his earliest works, he presents them in their droll and more humorous aspect, but in reality they were characterised by brutal ferocity. It speaks worlds in favour of his versatile genius that we are carried away by his irresistible fun, and laugh in defiance of law and morality. Look at the election in 'Charles O'Malley,' when old Godfrey is standing against Sir George Dashwood, that chivalrous and distinguished general officer, who seems strangely *dépaycé* in the wilds of Galway. Look at the appropriate prelude, where this head of an ancient and honourable house, whose privilege from arrest has expired with the dissolution of the Parliament, dodges his Dublin creditors, and travels down to Connemara in a hearse to appeal to his constituents for a renewal of their confidence. Fancy a respectable legislator nowadays masquerading in a shroud and secreting himself in a coffin! Once in Castle O'Malley, its master is as safe from the bailiffs and the writs as any Baron of the Pale in the middle ages. He can count on his hereditary vassals and on the serfs of his allies, but the doubtful controllers of voters must be canvassed. And listen to the gentlemen of character and position on the other side, discussing their candidate's prospects. We cannot choose but laugh, to borrow Scott's phraseology in the 'Bride of Lammermoor'; yet every one of those worthy western squires might have been indicted at the Old Bailey. "And Mosey's tenantry," says

one, "I swear that though there is not a freehold registered on the estate, that they'll vote, every mother's son of them, or devil a stone of the Court-house they'll leave standing on another." Very pleasant boys Mosey's tenantry must have been! "And may the Lord look to the returning officer!" piously ejaculates another gentleman, turning up his eyes. "The Kiltopher boys won't vote this time," observes a third; "they say there's no use trying to vote when so many were transported last sessions for perjury." "They're poor-spirited wretches." "Not they; they're as dacent boys as any we have,—they're willing to wreck the town for fifty shillings' worth of spirits." Then we are told incidentally of half a barony afraid to come in, from well-founded apprehension of a wholesale massacre. Fighting, as we know, is meat, drink, and frolic to the typical Irishman of song and story; and blows, bloodshed, and the bludgeons with bits of scythe fixed in the ends of them, might pass for legitimate electioneering. But it would seem to be carrying the fun of the contest a little too far, when Godfrey O'Malley's followers swooped upon Miss Dashwood and prepared to pitch the English beauty over the bridge into the torrent. Alas for the days of barbaric chivalry, when Tom Moore's young virgin, bedecked in glittering jewels, perambulated the Green Isle in safety and honour!

Crossing the Channel, we come to the fine old English elections. Lord Marney boasts that his grandfather spent £100,000 upon one of them; and the Lonsdales, the Fitzwilliams, the Cavendishes, and the Spencers could say that Lord Marney did not exaggerate. Brougham, as we have remarked, might have

spoken much and feelingly upon purity of elections. Brougham was the Mr Quicksilver, the Lord Blossom and Box of Warren's 'Ten Thousand a-Year,' perhaps the most fascinating political novel that ever was written. We well remember the pleasure with which we perused it first in the pages of 'Maga.' Since then we have read it again and again, until we could stand a severe cross-examination without preparation. The legal and political portraits and the political scenes are masterly. The electioneering, as we need hardly remind our readers, was laid in the days when the monarch had reluctantly bowed to the will of the elected majority of the nation, and the new Reform Bill had become the law of the land. Warren, who was a staunch old Tory, heartily disliked the measure for "giving everything to everybody." He had no sort of faith in the three pole-stars of Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform. Consequently he describes the incidents that followed with a party pen. Take the names of his election committees by way of example. Those of the Tories are eloquent of good birth and high character; those of the Whigs, Radicals, or Liberals are typical of self-seeking adventurers and men of straw. But making every allowance for his party bias, the electioneering pictures are as truthful as they are graphic. Yatton is a typical burgh of the purer sort. It is not exactly in the pockets of the Aubreys, but by long hereditary and beneficent influence they can practically return the member for the little agricultural town. They have gone on the principle of living and letting live, and have earned the love and gratitude of their

dependants. The constituency of yeomen and tradesmen, and the outsiders who shout and intoxicate themselves at election times, have not yet tasted of the deadly fruit of the tree of good and evil. They know very well that they are well off, and they have no suspicion that they are serf-ridden by tyrants. Suddenly the situation is changed, and the constituency is enlarged by the new Reform Bill. Simultaneously the virtuous Aubreys are ousted from the old Hall by Mr Titmouse, the *ci-devant* shopman of Oxford Street. It is the old story of a beggar upon horseback; and the ignorant, vulgar, and dissipated *parvenu* is a puppet in the hands of the astute Mr Gammon. Had he submitted to the direction of the subtle and far-seeing attorney of Saffron Hill, all might have passed smoothly. The Conservative Lord De la Zouch, although he abominated Mr Titmouse's "principles," would have been slow to interfere with his vested rights. And Gammon, as he has pledged from a future Lord Chancellor, has every desire that the election should be managed quietly. In an evil hour for himself and his wire-puller, Titmouse puts himself into the hands of the prototype of our present Irish demagogues. Gammon's safe and sober address is revised by Mr O'Gibbet, who, promulgating wild revolutionary doctrines in turgid periods, flaunts defiance in the faces of the Tory magnates. Mr Delamere, the son and heir of Lord De la Zouch, moved by his passion for Miss Aubrey, comes into the field, and Gammon, to his intense disgust, stands committed to a costly battle. He does not flinch, and he seems likely to win; for good Mr Parkinson, the local Conserva-

tive agent, is no match for him. So the Delameres find out; they have no mind to be beaten, and Mr Crafty, the famous London electioneering agent, is brought down on a special retainer. Then we are shown the secret machinery of contemporary election contests. As Crafty's manner is, he goes to work very quietly; but Gammon quickly recognises his presence. There is no mistaking that a master-hand is directing Machiavellian intrigue. Crafty would have liked a free hand and *carte blanche*. But there is an admirably suggestive touch when Warren describes his disgust at receiving peremptory instructions from his employer. No bribery, no corruption; but watch the enemy carefully, and get up materials for a petition. "What is the use of going to Waterloo without powder!" he exclaims bitterly. But he prepares to do his best. Then we get into the thick of the intrigues, of the mining and the countermining, and we follow the subterranean campaign with unflagging interest. The Quaint Club, the associated waiters upon events, notoriously command the issues of the election. They are fully alive to the penalties of being detected in selling the privileges of the free and independent. All the same, they are loath to miss a magnificent chance. With covetousness tempered by apprehensiveness, they keep their decision in suspense. Their chief has mysterious interviews with secret agents, who telegraph by signs on the fingers mystic intimations in the dusk. The doors of their place of meeting are ostentatiously watched. Between the terror of prosecution and the hope of an advance in prices, they hesitate to close

unfinished bargains. Till at last, by a dexterous stroke of audacity, the subtle Gammon sweeps them into his toils.

Then there is the epilogue to the thrilling drama. Crafty hopes for his revenge, when he proposes his petition. Irresistible evidence of gross bribery is adduced before the Committee at Westminster. Unfortunately the Committee was constituted by ballot, and the chances of the lot made the chairman a Radical. According to Warren, he gives the sanction of his casting vote to a case of flagrant perjury. The petition is dismissed. The counsel for the sitting member follows up his success by asking that it may be declared frivolous and vexatious—a declaration which will carry costs. "The Committee will probably hesitate before going so far," remarks the eloquent and experienced counsel for the claimant; but he proves to be wrong, as he had fully expected. "Neither would they believe had one risen from the dead," he ejaculates solemnly in sepulchral tones; whereupon the chairman, though with a visible tremor, threatens to commit him for contempt of court. And that was no very exaggerated caricature of the infamous proceedings in those times of envenomed controversy, when prostituting principle to party became almost a matter of course.

Nothing can be more brilliantly humorous than the contest described by Warren; it is the English counterpart of Lever's Irish scenes. Warren had fought elections himself; he had taken a keen interest in politics, and had been retained by parliamentary agents. But the Lansmere election in 'My Novel' rises to a

higher level. Warren was a man of no ordinary ability; Lord Lytton was a distinguished statesman and a novelist of rare genius. No more than Warren does he neglect intrigue, by-play, and subterraneous machinations; but the battle at Lansmere is a Homeric epic, and the very poetry of militant politics. Audley Egerton is the type of the great commoners, who with all their faults have been the glory of English political history—of the Seymours, the Pitts, and the Peels. But the great commoner is idealised in Egerton. Irreproachable in private life and austere respectable, he is superbly indifferent to his private fortune. He has lavished it in sumptuous hospitality; his purse has been always open to appeals with almost culpable indiscriminate; he has been the modern representative of the magnificent feudal barons who feasted hosts of dependants at their tables. It was impossible that he should stoop to place for lucre; his has been such an unsullied career as Englishmen of all opinions admire. Even calumny scarcely dares to assail him. Unpopular he may have become in the great industrial constituencies, but his name and fame still carry infinite weight. But now the great statesman has lived too long; all he cares for is to keep his seat in the national council, and continue for the few years that may remain to him the only interests that give some zest to existence. He has put himself almost passively in the hands of his friend, who assures him of the old seat for Lansmere. He comes listlessly to the nomination. As matter of course and of courtesy, he rises to address the constituency. But there is a fine touch, possibly

suggested by Lord Lytton's own recollections, when he recognises the familiar faces of London reporters looking eagerly up to the platform. The memories of keen political controversies are revived, and the echoes of old debates are resounding in his ears. The speaker forgets the present and ignores his rustic audience. He soars away far above and beyond their intelligence, and addresses England and the empire from the hustings of the little northern borough. It was natural; it was *bonne guerre*; but it was scarcely a telling speech.

Harley L'Estrange, on the contrary, is drawn from the quiet rôle of onlooker by the sudden challenge of a man in the crowd. The anxious inquirer is something of a bully, like the butcher who used to "draw" Lord Palmerston at Tiverton: he likes the idea of sparring with a peer, and believes he will have it all his own way. Never was man more mistaken. Egerton was a practised and finished speaker, but Lord L'Estrange proved a born orator. The listless Sybarite who never spoke in public before, instinctively strikes the sympathetic note, and plays with a master's hand on the feelings of his friends and neighbours. Like all fine speakers, as Helps remarked in 'Realmah,' he is somewhat nervous at the start; but in self-forgetfulness, and with the sense of inspiration, he speedily gains confidence. Had he sprung from the people in a ruder age, he might have been the Masaniello of an emotional democracy. Randal Leslie is the antithesis of Lord L'Estrange. He is one of the most able and interesting studies in the long panoramic gallery of Lord Lytton; and moreover, with his bright prospects, and their

dramatic eclipse, he teaches an impressive moral lesson. He was born several centuries too late, and developed his talents in an uncongenial atmosphere. He has the intellect and the selfish shrewdness of a medieval Italian. As an aspirant in English statesmanship, although with somewhat less cynicism he might have been so far successful, he is foredoomed to failure. His cold and calculating temperament could never have stirred popular enthusiasm, or awakened emotional sentiment by soul-moving speeches. The clever politician *par excellence* prematurely overreaches himself, and his collapse is as complete as his rise might have been rapid. Yet he was so clever that up to the very last the sharp Baron Levy is inclined to back him. It is refreshing to turn from the brooding Randal to the bluff Richard Avenel. The sprightly, the smart, the clean-shaven Dick suggests the broad field of democratic electioneering in America. He comes home to the old country, full of the caucus and claptrap. Though he comes forward as a self-made man of the people, he is out of touch on the platform with the British masses, who, after all, and fortunately, in more senses than one, are essentially conservative. Even his supporters are painfully conscious that in the unbridled flow of his abusively personal rhetoric their champion has laid himself terribly open. The Avenels may have the electorate with them in the future, but when Lord Lytton wrote 'My Novel,' they were some generations in advance of the age.

Dickens, in his capacity of reporter, had witnessed many contested elections; but the contest at Eatanswill in 'Pickwick' is appropriately burlesqued. There

is a capital touch, though, where Sam amuses his master with a reminiscence of his father's electioneering engagements. We know, Mr Weller, says the chairman of committee, that you are a capital coachman, and can do what you like with your team. Now, if you should have an accident at such an awkward corner, &c. Strangely enough, at that very corner the coach-load of expected voters are upset: all are knocked out of time, and one gentleman is missing—at least there was a hat, the wearer of which was never accounted for. And Sam, with a look of inexpressible slyness, remarks on the singular coincidence by which a providential catastrophe brought his father a contingent tip. Two good elections are brought in by Thackeray, though rather in the way of illustrating individual character. Nothing can be more delightfully facetious than the attitude and the magnificent oratory of Fred Bayham, when the gallant old colonel, armed with the silver-headed bamboo, goes down to fight his nephew Barnes at Newcome. And the bitter humiliations to which the baronet had to submit, shows the value attached at all times to a seat in Parliament by men whose social positions should apparently make them independent of it. The Whipham election in 'Philip' is made artistically dramatic by the breakdown of the old peer's chariot and the discovery of the missing will. But the immediate cause of the accident is a pretty example of the personalities in which combatants freely indulged. The unpopular candidate has the misfortune to have a dash of the tar-brush in his complexion. Accordingly Philip Firmin, who invariably is glorified for the rough chivalry

of his nature, draws the enemy in the character of a nigger, asking, "Am I not a man and a brother?" and the effigy is paraded in a donkey-cart driven by a sweep, amid the tumultuous applause of the mob. It was hitting a man who was virtually defenceless, for Mr Woolcombe had no gift of speech. But sometimes those rough personalities were mistakes in strategy, when the man assailed was able and ready to hit back. Perhaps the best of Trollope's election fights is that which came off at Barchester, when the hard-drinking contractor and ex-navvy, Sir Roger Scatterd, was pitted against the spick-and-span Mr Moffat. Moffat was no more of an orator than Woolcombe. Even with the prompting of the eloquent George De Courcy, he cannot disentangle his ideas, nor utter two consecutive sentences. Scatterd, on the other hand, is all there: he knows nothing of bashfulness, and has the courage of his vices. They flaunt a canvas before his eyes, showing a navy leaning on a spade and holding up a spirit-bottle. The democratic Demosthenes makes a snatch at the weapon, turning it against those who forged it, and to his own advantage. He is prompt to explain. He made his money by hard and honest work; he had earned the right to take a glass when he liked it, and he was always happy to share the glass with a friend. So popular a sentiment was cheered to the echo, and the election would have been over—as when Delamere was wounded at Yatton—could the mob have been polled.

We wish, by the way, that some one would give us a good picture of contemporary Scotch electioneering, with the terrible

heckling to which the unfortunate candidates are subjected who go in for competitive examinations in home and foreign politics. No one could have done it better than Aytoun, who told the memorable story of the Dreepdaily election with inimitable humour and no little truth. With the social and local sketches, but slightly caricatured and burlesqued, it is a brilliant satire on the Whig "cliques" prompted from the Parliament House, which, modelled in many respects on the American caucus, were at that time supposed to pull the party strings. Readers of the 'Tales from Blackwood' will remember how the immortal Mr Dunshunner, having dissipated the gains he had got from his Glenmutchkin Railway—Aytoun's names are quite as suggestive as Thackeray's—was prompted by his *fidus Achates*, Bob M'Corkindale, to seek parliamentary immunity from debts and duns at the hands of the immaculate Dreepdaily electors. How he finds the constituency, from the Provost downwards, terrorised by "the clique," as potent and as dreaded as the Suabian *Vehm-gericht* of the middle ages. How he makes acquaintance, through Toddy Tam, with the secret triumvirate of chiefs, and holds council in a cellar over the all-important questions of the *currency* and the application of gold. And how, after having given solid and satisfactory pledges, in bullion and bank paper, for his sound Revolution principles, the clique and the candidate are sold alike by the unseasonable revelations of their subterraneous understanding.

We have been tempted to linger over that Homeric electioneering warfare, for we shall never look upon the like again. But we

must pass on to the political fiction of Lord Beaconsfield, which has not only a retrospective interest, but permanent historical value. He professed his impartiality in the preface to 'Sybil'; and although he soon attached himself definitely to the Conservative party, we are struck everywhere by the sagacious foresight and the independent judgment of the man who set himself to educate the Tories. Many of his epithets and epigrams will be immortal. To select one or two at random, there is "the Venetian oligarchy" of the Whig magnates; and the party-cries of the whips and wire-pullers, such as "Our Young Queen and our Old Constitution," or Tadpole's summing up of a forthcoming political programme as "Whig measures and Tory Ministers." No novelist has rendered with greater spirit or fidelity the gossip of the hungry waiters upon Providence, while critical divisions were impending or offices and places were being distributed. His lifelike characters, though satirised or caricatured, may generally be identified with actual personalities. There was no mistaking Rigby, whom Lord Monmouth (the Marquis of Hertford) appreciated as sure to be useful and bought at his own valuation. Rigby, who was a self-respecting parasite, had rude tact with a rough-and-ready speech, and could always be counted on for a slashing article. But he was held hard and fast, by his interests and prejudices, in the well-worn grooves, and was left behind by rising politicians like Coningsby. Disraeli's sympathies were with the rising Young England school, though he mistrusted and gently ridiculed their sentimental extravagances. As

patriot and politician, his leanings were distinctly aristocratic. An impecunious adventurer himself, he had his high and generous ambitions from the first, and had no sympathy with the fortune-seeking crawlers and grubbers, such as the Tapers and the Tadpoles. He dwells upon the beneficial influence of the great nobles, when they had ability as well as wealth, and could use both on occasions. Lord Eskdale, the Sybarite and voluptuary, could be a Spartan when it pleased him. The Duke of St James, under the influence of a genuine passion, rouses himself to make a brilliant maiden speech. Lord Monmouth, the mighty borough-monger, had cast his responsibilities upon Mr Rigby; but when his political ascendancy was threatened by the revolutionary Reform Bill, he quits his Parisian Capua to keep open house in northern England. He would fain have inspired the Ministers whose political futures were at stake, like his own, with his own magnificent audacity. Above all, it is curious to see Disraeli sketching Peel, and doing generous justice to the gifts and good qualities of the "great renegade," whom he was afterwards to assail with unmeasured invective.

'Coningsby' is the most sparkling of his political novels, but 'Sybil' is more serious, more pathetic, and more picturesque. He wrote the book when untrammelled by the ties and responsibilities of office as an advanced and democratic Conservative. With the dark shadows and lurid lights of a Rembrandt, he has delineated the condition of England in the reaction after the war, with its inflated prices and the artificial prosperity which had enriched a few at the cost of the many. Class

was arrayed against class; distress, destitution, discontent, disturbances might have been the mottoes of the country that had emerged victorious from the twenty years' war. He has flashed light into the darkest corners, and probed the sores with unsparing touch. Reform of some kind had become inevitable as the alternative to revolution, for despair was making men reckless. It was only the tact and prompt resolution of Lord Althorpe hastening to act and assume responsibility without consultation with his colleagues which averted armed insurrection at Birmingham. With all the difficult social problems of the present day, with our troubles with aggressive unions and their strikes, with the heads of families crying for bread while they revolt against reasonable wages, we may be thankful that things have changed so much for the better. Nowadays we are glad to believe that the extremity of misery is only to be found in the overcrowded warrens and rookeries of great cities; and even these are within reach of relief. Take Disraeli's picture of the rural town of Marney, depending on the wealthy peer who took his title from it.

"Those wretched tenements seldom consisted of more than two rooms, in one of which the whole family, however numerous, were obliged to sleep, without distinction of age or sex or suffering. With the water streaming down the walls, the light distinguished through the roof, with no hearth even in winter, the virtuous mother in the sacred pangs of childbirth gives forth another victim to our thoughtless civilisation. . . . These swarming walls had neither windows nor doors sufficient to keep out the weather, or admit the sun, or supply the means of ventilation; the humid and putrid roof of thatch exhaling malaria

like all other decaying vegetable matter. The dwelling-rooms were neither boarded nor paved . . . ; the hovels were in many instances not provided with the commonest conveniences of the rudest police; contiguous to every door might be observed the dung-heap, on which every kind of filth was accumulated, so that when the poor man opened his narrow habitation in the hope of refreshing it, he was met with a mixture of gases from reeking dunghills."

The agricultural labourer, when lucky enough to be in tolerably regular employment, was supposed to be contented and bring up his children creditably on eight shillings a-week. In Dorset and some of the south-western counties, by the way, the labourer's pittance was considerably lower. There were many parishes with poverty-stricken clergymen and no resident gentry; and the price of bread was still abnormally high. As to the artisans, the mill-hands, and the miners, now that the Continental industrials were bestirring themselves again, the supply was far in excess of the demand. Consequently the answer to complaints was a threat of summary dismissal. In 'Sybil' there is a terrible picture of the truck system, shamelessly abused in spite of legislation, and relentlessly taxing the trifling pay. The overtaxed working folk, always on the verge of starvation, drew usurious bills on the wages that ran for five weeks in arrear, and then they were largely paid in kind.

"The question is," says one man, "what is wages? I say, 'taynt sugar, 'taynt tea, 'taynt bacon. I don't think 'tis candles; but of this I be sure, 'taynt waistcoats."

"I have been obliged to pay the doctor for my poor wife in tommy," said another. "'Doctor,' I said, says I, 'I blush to do it, but all I have got is tommy; and what shall it be, bacon

or cheese?' 'Cheese at tenpence a pound,' says he, 'which I buy for my servant at sixpence! Never mind,' says he, for he is a thorough Christian, 'I'll take the tommy as I find it.'"

So with the miners, complaining of the "butties" or middlemen. "Theirs are deeds of darkness, surely; for many's the morn we work for nothing, by one excuse or another; and many's the good stint that they under-measure. And many's the cup of their ale that you must drink before they give you any work." No wonder that such outrages as were subsequently organised by the Sheffield unions were common then from individual impulse, without any criminal organisation at all. In ill-lighted streets, with no adequate police force, they might be perpetrated with comparative impunity. Even if the culprit was detected, he had the satisfaction of vengeance, and the prison or the penal settlement could hardly be a change for the worse, from the hovel in which he shivered and starved. Nothing was more easy or much safer than setting a match to a rick in the dark. The suspicion of informing would have been as dangerous as in the Clare or Kerry of the Land Leaguers. When Egremont, the brother of the landlord, said something about an act of incendiarism to the labourer to whom he handed his horse, the sullen expression on the man's stolid face struck him as a painfully significant symptom. It is difficult to realise now the dangerous elements with which the Duke of Wellington had to deal, when the metropolitan Chartist were gathering in their masses to present the great national petition. For brutal ignorance and pitiful suffering, with a well-

founded conviction of reducible wrongs, had been unscrupulously *exploité* by agitators and demagogues.

Trollope has been underrated, or at least insufficiently appreciated, as a political novelist. Without the poetry and eloquence of Lord Lytton, with no pretensions to the political genius of Disraeli, he is perhaps more realistic than either, and his political portraiture is unrivalled in its way. He is a Teniers, rather than a Vandyck or a Rembrandt. He did not go in for the ideal, but drew his men, like the masters of the domestic Dutch school, as he saw or fancied he saw them. And by carrying his characters forward from tale to tale, he gave himself ample elbow-room on his canvas, like Balzac. We have had from his own lips confirmation of our opinion, that 'The Last Chronicle of Barset,' notwithstanding its unlucky and irritating interludes, is the most perfect of his books. But we know more than one keen politician who has read his political novels again and again, by way of refreshment from hard work, always finding fresh interest in them. We know that in 'The Warden' and 'Barchester Towers,' which were really the creation of a singularly intelligent imagination, he wound himself so into the inner life of a cathedral close, as to defy the criticism of canons and prebends. Of course, he wrote of politics more from outer knowledge than mere imaginative instinct. Thus in 'Phineas Redux,' he takes us into The Cosmopolitan—we forget if he gives the club in Charles Street its actual name or not—and makes us listen to the midnight gossip of its distinguished casuals. But with slight apology, he has the superb audacity to usher us

into the *sanctum sanctorum* of bureaucracy and introduce us to the deliberations of a Cabinet council. We have never held office ourself, either as Minister or messenger with an ear at the keyhole; but Trollope's report, with the accompanying distribution of seats, could not have read more plausibly had he been hovering over a roofless Whitehall in charge of an Asmodeus. Phineas Finn is his chief political hero, and we are bound to say that the broad conception of Finn's brilliant career is somewhat romantically extravagant. But his details are not only highly dramatic, but inimitably true to the life, and every day we are meeting at our clubs the men with whom Phineas came familiarly in contact. There was more of Hibernian devil-may-carelessness than of Saxon foresight and common-sense in the fashion in which the bogtrotting son of the Irish country doctor, with a precarious allowance of £100 or £150 per annum, went for the big stakes in the great political game. We hear nothing of the brogue that must have clung, and the way in which Phineas casts the slough of the Tipperary bogs is simply miraculous. But it must be remembered that he is represented as a god-like young Apollo, with silver speech and most fascinating manners; that it became the fashion among fair aristocrats to take him into favour; and that having climbed by luck as much as genius, he secured his tottering fortunes by marriage. Phineas, like Lever's Con Cregan, is a brilliant Irish adventurer, put on the stage in order to introduce us to a great variety of good company and a succession of exciting episodes. Trollope fell in love with him, and latterly Trollope, like

Balzac, had learned to live in the personalities of his characters, in writing the successive chapters of an English 'Comédie Humaine.' Mildmay and Daubeney, Monk and Turnbull, are all excellent. Though undoubtedly drawn from the life, the features are so ingeniously confounded, that there is no possibility of absolutely identifying them. But Plantagenet Palliser is a pure creation, wrought out through some half-dozen of novels, from apparently unpromising material, till he approaches artistic perfection. His creator never achieved anything more clever. When we meet him first, incidentally, in one of the Barsetshire social stories, he strikes us as simply a prig and a bore. Though Englishmen are naturally inclined to reverence his great position and prospects, all the world is disposed to sneer at the laborious heir of a ducal millionaire, whose monomania is some small rectification of the currency. He is stiff and ill at ease in society; he is dull and tedious as a speaker. He flies in the face of a beneficent Providence, by refusing to enjoy the gifts the gods have showered upon him. But the man has a heart and a conscience, chivalrous susceptibilities, steadfast resolution, and ambitions more noble than he suspects himself. Above all, he is an English gentleman, the soul of honour, and of inflexible integrity. It is not he who will tamper with convictions for place, or sacrifice conscientious scruples to opposition. In fact, power is more than indifferent to him, and responsibility in lofty isolation becomes an almost intolerable burden. There is something pathetic in the lonely Premier turning for consolation rather than advice to his trusted friend the old Duke of St Bungay.

No man is perfect, and morbid susceptibility is his weakness. Heartily as he may despise a Quintus Slide or a Lopez, nevertheless they have it in their power to sting him, and the stings will fester and smart. He would gladly renounce all he has gained in a career that has surpassed his wildest expectations, but his duty to his colleagues and his country comes before all. If he does not wear his heart on his sleeve, it is impossible to conceal the anxieties that torment him. Yet he carries himself through all with such commanding and self-respecting dignity, that no man dare venture on a personal liberty with him. It is a very long way from the painstaking member for Silverbridge in 'Dr Thorne,' to the Duke of 'The Prime Minister' and 'The Duke's Children.' Yet we must recognise the same man,

purified and ennobled, in a character artistically and consistently developed; and any one who may have tried his hand at writing the sequel to an earlier novel, must see that Trollope has triumphantly achieved one of the most difficult of literary feats. We have said that he virtually created Mr Paliser; but if there was any English statesman from whom he may have taken a hint, it was undoubtedly Lord Althorpe, who was in many ways akin to his Grace of Omnium in his stainless integrity and political straightforwardness, as well as in his political and constitutional objects. Since Trollope ceased to write, the political novel seems to have been going out of fashion; and though there are books like those of George Meredith, eminently worthy of notice, we prefer to draw the line at the dead.

A LEARNED LADY: ELIZABETH CARTER.

"The things of which he most afraid is,
Are tradesmen's bills, and learned ladies:
He deems the first a grievous bore,
But loathes the latter even more."—*Essays in Rhyme.*

So many of the notable names of the last century have been lately rescued from semi-oblivion, that it seems strange to those who recollect what a power in her day and generation was Elizabeth Carter of learned memory, to note that while perpetual tributes are being paid to Mrs Opie, Mrs Barbauld, Hannah More, and other women famous for their wit and wisdom, Elizabeth Carter, the scholar and linguist, remains comparatively unnoticed.

To be sure, we have to look a little further back for the period at which this fair *savante* flourished, than we have for that which gave birth to those above mentioned, and their contemporaries. A blue-stocking of blue-stockings, Mistress Carter lived, indeed, to behold the blue-stocking era, and to become an intimate friend of its foundress, Mrs Montagu; but her day was far spent ere "Percy" drew crowded houses, and "Evelina" was the talk of the town.

When Johnson was patting his little Hannah on the head, and bidding his "Fannikin" be a good girl, he was respectfully asserting of some celebrated scholar that he understood Greek better than any one he (Johnson) had ever known, "except Elizabeth Carter."

Born in a time of considerable literary stagnation, at what was then a remote seaport in Kent; born also of parents only moderately rich; possessed of but few aspirations, and no connection with intellectual life of any kind, —the mastery obtained by a young

discouraged girl over both ancient and modern languages, and the use to which she put this acquirement, at once evinced the inborn genius.

Elizabeth's father was her instructor. Was that an advantage? Apparently not. The teacher was wearied out with the pupil's slowness, — parents are not the best of pedagogues, — and the Rev. Nicholas repeatedly urged and entreated his youthful daughter to give up the desire on which her heart was set. She yearned to become a scholar? But she would never be a scholar; she was not quick enough—not bright enough; she forgot what he had taught her; the task was more than she could accomplish. Elizabeth smiled to herself, and took no heed of the pessimist. The result was that in the course of her life she became a proficient in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, German, French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese languages! Even into the remoter realms of Arabic she occasionally wandered. We wonder whether, in after-years, the worthy Nicholas Carter recalled his early prognostications, or whether, as is the way of prognosticators, the perpetual curate of Deal forgot them at his convenience.

Having been left motherless at the age of ten, the persevering little student found herself presently under the sway of a step-mother; but, from a literary point of view, this does not appear to have been any hardship, as it was in the case of Fanny Burney and divers other aspirants to fame.

The second Mrs Carter was either too much engaged with her own young family to interfere with her scholarly stepdaughter, or else she sympathised with her pursuits. At any rate, it is plain that Elizabeth was left to pursue her chosen routine unmolested; and when we find her, while still under the paternal roof, rising, walking, visiting, and retiring to rest exactly when she chose, with apparently no claims being made upon her time, and no calls upon her attention, we cannot but feel she enjoyed considerable privileges, even before her rapidly acquired fame procured for her distinction and consideration as a personage of note.

It is one thing to be celebrated abroad, it is another to be appreciated at home. Apparently Elizabeth Carter was both.

She must have been a curious creature, this calm-spirited, long-headed, independent-minded young mortal. Not in the least like the by-way-of-being-clever-and-original miss of the present day.

Elizabeth had no sort of desire to flee the home of her childhood and take up for herself some special line, which should be indicated by her dress, her associates, the very quarter wherein she pitched her tent. Miss Carter simply lived on at home; but she lived her own life, and made that life famous.

She rose, we are told, between the hours of four and five (this was early rising, but not extravagantly early, in those days); then, before breakfast, she writes to a friend, "I read two chapters of the Bible, and a sermon; then some Hebrew, Greek, and Latin;" after which she went for a walk. Breakfast over, the indefatigable linguist read some part of every language with which she was acquainted, in order never to allow

herself to forget what had once been acquired.

No wonder that poor "Punch" was daunted by the presence of such a living encyclopedia. This is what happened to "Punch": Miss Carter having been taken by some friends in Deal to see the old, old puppet-show (we must remember that "Punch" was in full swing a hundred and fifty years ago!)—the entertainment, which was usually more jocose than delicate, was actually and unmistakably dull.

"Why, Punch," says the showman, "what makes you so stupid to-day?"

"I can't talk my own talk," Punch makes answer back; "the famous Miss Carter is here."

But though Elizabeth rose early with a view to a riot among dead languages before the morning meal was spread, she could not be equally ascetic about going to bed, and indeed must have had rather a long day of it ere she retired at midnight, whilst she had even to be admonished by her amiable and accommodating parent to adhere to that hour. Why she should have required to bind a wet towel about her temples, and chew green tea and coffee—nay, take snuff, shocking as it is to tell the tale!—in order to keep herself awake when Nature was crying aloud for sweet repose, one cannot conjecture. She had all the day to study in—the whole long, quiet, undisturbed day; it does indeed seem a perversity that she should have presumed to thwart her drooping eyelids as the midnight hours approached.

In respect to the taking of snuff, we are told that Mr Carter disapproved of the practice, but that on seeing how much his daughter suffered beneath the deprivation, he withdrew his objection. By this

time he had possibly come to perceive that genius has occasional whims and necessities to which the progenitor of genius does well to give way. Doubtless a stimulant of some kind was needed by the translator of 'Epictetus,' and after all, everybody took snuff more or less about the middle of the last century: jewelled snuff-boxes belonging to dames who had no excuse of severe mental strain, are to be met with in plenty among the heirlooms of to-day; wherefore who would grudge Elizabeth the pinch which produced the philosophic page?

The translation of 'Epictetus' was Miss Carter's great work. It was published by subscription, and realised for its translator the then extraordinary sum of a thousand pounds, besides greatly extending her fame. Indeed the circumstance of so difficult an author being rendered into English by a woman made a noise all over Europe; and even in Russia, "where," as she observed, "they are just learning to walk upon their hind legs," an account of her appeared.

The book came out at a guinea, half of which was paid in advance and half on delivery of the volume. The price kept up so long that an amusing anecdote is told regarding it. Dr Secker, the learned Archbishop of Canterbury, on one occasion sought Miss Carter, a bookseller's catalogue in his hands. "Here, madam," exclaimed the courtly divine, with affected indignation; "see how ill I am used by the world! Here are my sermons selling at half-price, while your 'Epictetus' is not to be had under eighteen shillings!"

'Epictetus' having opened to Elizabeth Carter the doors of society, the same work enabled her *also* to benefit by such admission. The sum she had received for her

labours was a large one—a thousand pounds in 1758 meant more than double the money at the present time—and as she continued to write, and to obtain excellent terms for all she did, she was doubtless justified in setting up for herself a cosy little establishment in a fashionable quarter of the metropolis. Clarges Street, Piccadilly, was the spot decided upon; and in that historic nook the famous blue-stocking took up her abode regularly every season,—winter was the "season" then,—until the end of her life.

As far as household expenses went, it would not appear that those of Elizabeth Carter could have been very ruinous, since we are informed that "she kept no table in London, nor ever dined at home; but when she was so ill as to be unable to go out, the chairs or carriages of her friends always brought her to dinner, and carried her back at ten o'clock at latest;" so that it is plain the accomplished spinster loved society and was by it beloved in return, even to an extent almost incomprehensible to modern ideas. We can hardly conceive of a person being so ill as to be unable to stir abroad, who is yet ready and willing to undergo the fatigue of dining in company; being expected, moreover—as Miss Carter would doubtless be in her capacity of lioness—to entertain and delight the assembled guests. The probability is that Elizabeth was a brilliant conversationalist, and that this being the case, she would have been less than a woman could she have endured to hold her tongue, even though it wagged with an effort.

But London was not to usurp the learned lady altogether. She purchased a house in her native town of Deal; and her stepmother being dead, and the junior mem-

bers of the family scattered, she took her father to live with her in this new home. "Each of them," says her biographer, "had their separate library and apartment, and they met but seldom except at meals; but they lived together with much comfort and affection, and had a very high opinion of each other;" so that the worthy gentleman must have amended his verdict on his daughter's abilities (as well as learned to endure her snuff) ere this.

But the most lively and amusing portions of Elizabeth Carter's life must have been her jaunts to fashionable resorts, watering-places, and the like, undertaken in company with the brilliant and popular Mrs Montagu, with whom she gradually grew to associate herself as a matter of course, whenever there was any excursion afoot.

The two charming friends made their appearance at Spa, at Aix, at Bath, at Tunbridge Wells. From this latter place some of Miss Carter's most sprightly letters were sent, the recipient being a certain Miss Talbot, niece of the Lord Chancellor. To Miss Talbot the pen could run at random; and in consequence, it is the simple, natural, unaffected correspondent, not the strong-minded woman of culture, who frankly details all the little ins and outs of her daily life, all the chatter and gossip of the place, all the compliments paid her, and—observe this—all her enjoyment of the same, in these delightful pages. One passage we must quote, it is so true to nature—to womanly nature; so piquant as coming from a student of Homer and Æschylus.

The famous statesman, Lord Bath, is the theme.

Lord Bath was a constant visitor and a faithful admirer, having taken a house close to Mrs Mon-

tagu, with whom Elizabeth Carter was residing.

But Miss Talbot thinks, or feigns to think, that my lord is paying his *devoirs* elsewhere. This is more than can be borne by one who valued the great nobleman for his own sake, it is true, but who also enjoyed the *éclat* of having so distinguished a follower, with something, it must be owned, of plebeian zeal.

"Get into your favourite equipage," cries Miss Carter, the pen dashing along the page at lightning speed, "and gallop down to Tunbridge Wells. Come, if it is only to confute by your eyes the scandalous report of your fine-laced intelligencer. It is true that my Lord B. does sometimes draw his chair in a sort-of-a-kind-of-edge-way fashion near my Lady A. But pray consider the difference. It is by mere dint of scratching and clawing that my Lady A. can draw my Lord B.—poor man!—a few plain steps across the Pan-tiles; while we, by the natural power of sober attraction, draw him quite up 'Tug Hill' to the top of Mount Ephraim, and keep him there till we are afraid he will endanger his life in returning."

Then the pride of the writer's heart finds yet further vent.

"I will ask a few plain questions," she proceeds. "Did my Lord B. ever take the very nosegay from his button-hole and deliver it into the hands of my Lady A.? Did my Lord B. ever go to a toy-shop, and purchase a knotting shuttle painted all over with Cupid's and cages of fishes on a hook, and present it to my Lady A.?" &c., &c.

Apparently the arguments being unanswerable, no more condolences on her supposed desertion in favour of another fair one were received by Miss Talbot's correspondent; and so complete, in fact, was the blue-stockings' triumph, that shortly after this

episode the nobleman in question accompanied the ladies of Mount Ephraim on a foreign tour, travelling in great state, and accompanied by chaplain, doctor, and innumerable attendants.

Lord Lyttleton, another disputed conquest of Miss Carter's, was also merrily disposed of in the Tunbridge Wells correspondence. It would appear that the same "Lady A." had interfered in "my Lord L.'s" case also, and accordingly Miss Talbot is addressed thus:—

"Ask Lord Lyttleton's postillions, his horses, and his dog, whether he has not given them good reason to wish there was nobody that detained his lordship longer than my Lady A.? . . . When one fine gentleman said to another fine gentleman upon the Pantiles, 'She talks Greek faster than any other woman in England,' pray was *this* meant for my Lady A.? . . . Or, when the market folks in the side-walk left their pigs and their fowls to squall their hearts out, while they told each other, 'Sartinly she is the greatest schollard in the world,' was the person they stared at and directed their sticks at my Lady A.?"

Thus it will be seen that Elizabeth Carter not only received but enjoyed the plaudits of her kind. When these were missing she was half amused, possibly just a shade annoyed. A neighbouring proprietor, with a show place, having declined to make an exception as regarded certain restrictions and prohibitions in favour of the notable dames—"It is barely possible," allows the famous lady, with some contempt beneath her smile, "that he may not have heard of our Lustricity at the Pantiles."

In 1738 appeared Elizabeth Carter's first volume of poems, of which some are written to friends, some are odes, and some are translations.

The book must have been but of trifling dimensions, for "it is not often," says her biographer, "that so inconsiderable a volume is ushered into the world in so respectable a manner,"—by which he doubtless alludes to the fact that all Miss Carter's three distinguished Tunbridge Wells friends are inserted somehow or other, by hook or by crook, into the preface.

Whether the poems were worthy of their author or not, can hardly now be decided,—or at any rate, nobody cares to decide,—but the possibility is that they would not have been heard of had they not emanated from the pen of the celebrated scholar. They passed into a third edition, it is true—but that says nothing; books were rare in those days.

One of the pleasantest things her nephew and biographer has to say about Elizabeth Carter, refers to her intercourse with those ordinary neighbours and commonplace acquaintances who were on visiting terms with her when at Deal. "Her genius," he writes, "and acquirements used to sleep, when to have displayed or given scope to them might have made the company sensible of their own deficiencies. Hence, many persons were acquainted with her who, till they were told by others, never knew that she understood any language but her own, or was ever ten miles from her native place." This is a delightful trait in the character of one who might have been inclined to pose as a superior being in the place that had once known her as the shy, unsophisticated girl, and that probably was not too ready to accept her in any other capacity. Recollections of courtly interviews abroad, and flattering intercourse with the great in many quarters of her own land, might have made

Elizabeth Carter secretly a little disdainful of the good folks at Deal; a little inclined to draw up the curtain, if but for a moment, and give them a peep into other scenes, which would have made them open their eyes and hold up their hands.

But real genius has seldom any such desire; and although the simple-minded spinster could jest merrily with her intimates about pulling caps with a certain "Lady A." for "my Lords B. and L.," we may be sure the names of no one of these three ever crossed her lips when receiving company in her little parlour at Deal, even though she describes it as being the fashion there to make such immensely long visits that "before they are half over" she is so "restless and corky" as to be "ready to fly out of the window"!

After enduring the penance of one of these visitations, however, Miss Carter would indemnify herself. "About eight o'clock in the evening," she tells Miss Talbot, when describing her life at this point, "I visit a very agreeable family, where I have spent every evening for the last fourteen years."

Every evening when at Deal, we presume, is intended by this; but even then, the assertion is a startling one, when Elizabeth's horror of monotony and regularity is remembered. In the very same letter, indeed, she refers to this side of her nature, alleging that she hardly ever pursued an occupation for over half an hour at a time, and that it was only the varying of her studies which prevented her from wearying of them.

The accounts of Elizabeth Carter's ramblings abroad, undertaken in the ponderous, old-fashioned, cumbersome style of the period, are not so amusing as they might

have been. We have, of course, descriptions and anecdotes of hereditary grand dukes and duchesses *ad infinitum*, but these stale upon the reader, however interesting to the writer. Water-drinking at Spa in 1746 was really (making allowance for certain changes of custom) much the same as water-drinking at Spa—or elsewhere—is to-day, and apparently the lively Mrs Carter did not appreciate it.

"The way of life is much less agreeable than at Tunbridge Wells. We set out for the springs about six o'clock," writes Mistress Carter; "the time of drinking lasts little more than an hour, and then we return and breakfast; but tea is absolutely prohibited to all water-drinkers. There is nothing but mere sauntering from this time till we dress for dinner at two; and about five we begin visiting and going to the rooms; and then supper and to bed before ten. The whole town seems asleep by ten o'clock. Young people will, I believe, be the better for this, whatever they may be for the waters. . . . The company increases every day. I have just been for half an hour to the Assembly, where I was tired to death with making forty curtsies. The Bishop of Augsburg is here; and he keeps a table, and invites all the company by turns. We have dined there once, and are to dine there again to-day. The dining with a sovereign prince is an affair of more honour than pleasure, and there is nothing like society. One circumstance is very awkward to little folks—the attendants are all men of quality, and you must either choke with thirst, or employ a baron or count to bring you a glass of water! An 'Excellency' with an embroidered star comes to us from his Highness when dinner is on the table, which is half an hour after twelve."

At another time it is—

"We grow every day more crowded. There is still more and more bowing and curtsying, as there are still more princes and princesses. Everybody is preparing to pay their court to

the princess" (this is the first mention of a special princess), "but with this I have nothing to do; for I am told a hoop is absolutely necessary, and no hoop have I, and no hoop do I desire to have. So I shall decline the honour and the happiness of looking silly in the presence of Princess Ferdinand."

Later on it is—

"After all, there was a dispensation for going without hoops; but all the same, Mistress Carter did not go to the party, as she was in bed with a headache."

Mistress Carter did, however, presently have a vision of royalty, and a ravishing vision it must have been. "They were laced," she cries, "within an inch of their lives! The princess has a fine complexion, and is really as pretty as it is possible to be with such a stony look. Her French pronunciation is absolutely the worst I ever knew." The poor princess! Perhaps the knowledge that she was "pronouncing" before the great female linguist of the day may have made her French particularly bad on the occasion.

Occasionally the routine of water-drinking and princess-visiting would be varied by a card-party. "I am going with my Lord Bath to play quadrille with my Lady Westmoreland and my Lady Primrose this afternoon, at the expense of Mrs Montagu's purse; for"—mark what follows—"I never give myself the airs of playing with such personages on my own account." Certes, one never knows what maggots people of genius will take into their heads; but to the ordinary mind it does seem a queer thing to suppose that to play with one's own purse would indicate a greater spirit of arrogance than to play with a borrowed one. We can only hope that Mrs Montagu's

purse brought luck, and that this excellent friend did not lose by her accommodating proclivities.

Apparently Mrs Montagu also kept her note-book for the benefit of correspondents; and her descriptions hit the mark so often, that Elizabeth Carter quoted them on her own homeward sheets. After summing up her account of the country of Liège thus, "It is a wretched, undisciplined, lawless country, the more so from its situation, as it is surrounded by many little independent states, so that a criminal may in a few hours take refuge in some other dominion, and be safe from the pursuit of justice,"—she adds, "Mrs Montagu has, I think, given a very lively and exact description of the whole country by calling it 'The Seven Dials of Europe.'"

Again, in Holland, whither the party wended their way presently, after herself complaining that all the streets of Utrecht "seem alike," that the people are "without motion either in their limbs or their features," Mistress Carter has recourse to her friend for the master-stroke: "Mrs Montagu declares that she never had any complete idea of what was meant by *stock-still* till she came to Holland."

Neither the waters, nor the sight-seeing, nor Mrs Montagu's charming companionship, served, however, to make this foreign trip one of unmitigated enjoyment; for so far from being benefited in health—the ostensible object of the expedition—Mistress Carter complains that she is "sorry to be so unprofitable a companion to Mrs Montagu; for ever since I left England my head has been at least equally bad, and my nerves worse than for several years."

It must have been a cruel ag-

gravation of this state of things to be attacked by the bugs of Cologne with such ardour that "in the morning I had lost an eye, and my face and arms were so inflamed and swelled that I was an absolute fright. The next day I embalmed myself in cucumber-juice; and though I was equally devoured, the venom was not so strong."

In the 'Memoirs,' which, we must confess, are long-winded and tiresome to a degree, there are many pages devoted to dull descriptions, doubtless of interest to the recipient, but flavourless now. We would rather have had more space devoted to Elizabeth Carter's London life—to the little house in Clarges Street, and to the men and women of mark who ascended and descended its narrow staircase.

Mistress Carter was, it is true, on the wane as regarded both physical and mental activity when that glorious society of wits and belles which had Johnson for its mentor, Reynolds for its por-trayer, Garrick for its satirist, and Fanny Burney for its caricaturist, was meeting nightly, and having its *bons-mots* sent flying hither and thither after every meeting. But still Mistress Carter must have been the life of many a jocund assemblage, and must have heard many a good thing said, as well as quoted. We could wish more of these had been preserved, to the exclusion of accounts of perils, now laughable to hear of, undergone during the crossing

'twixt Dover and Calais, and hardships, now dreary to listen to, endured in Continental hotels and over Continental roads.

But naturally when in town, when in the midst of everything and everybody, there was not the same inducement for a much-sought-after wit and conversation-alist to be loquacious on paper; and possibly our present biographer may have been compelled to take "Hobson's choice" in the matter. He could not make letters and descriptions which did not exist.

After the third edition of her poems, Mistress Carter wrote no more for the press; but she appears to have taken much delight in the productions of contemporary genius, and it is interesting to find that she lived to welcome and applaud 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel.'

How amazed would she and many others of her time have been to behold the slight esteem in which it is the present fashion to hold that glorious 'Lay'!

And perchance, modest as she was, it would also have surprised not a little the translator of 'Epictetus,' and the greatest female scholar of her period, could she know that her very name, as well as the record of her triumphs, is almost unknown to a generation which has scarce patience for its own pedants, and cares less than nothing for the pedants of former days.

L. B. WALFORD.

NISSÁ.¹

A TRUE STORY OF ISFAHÁN.

I HAD long pressed my friend to tell me the true particulars of a certain adventure which he had taken part in during his recent travels in Asia, and of which his acquaintances whispered mysterious hints.

At last, one evening at the Club, when Gaston was in an amiable frame of mind, waxing confidential, he unburdened his mind to me, and related the following remarkable experience:—

I.

Lighting a cigarette, he said: "The story is not a long one, but rather dramatic. *Diable!* why, even thinking of it gives me the cold shivers. I daresay you remember that, two years ago, the Minister of Fine Arts despatched me to Persia. Well, my mission was to study and describe the province of Irák Ajami,² to accomplish which I began by installing myself comfortably at Isfahán. To tell you the truth, by the end of three months I had collected and digested all my material, and had drawn up a fairly exhaustive report; but had I returned so quickly the officials of the department would hardly have believed that I had fully complied with my instructions; and I was, indeed, being almost bored to death with *ennui*, when, fortunately, the governor of the province, the *Metamet* as they call him, was changed; and, in place of the former, the Shah sent his cousin, Prince Malcom Khán to rule at Isfahán."

"What! the Prince who came to France?"

"Yes; he is now envoy at the Court of St James. In fact, you know one of my heroes, Mahamad Aga, who was his orderly officer here. He had been promoted to the rank of major-general, or rather, as they say in Persia, of *Sartip*."

"Ah, I remember him well; a nice young fellow, about thirty I fancy, who used to come and have supper with us occasionally."

"Just so; that's the man. You can fancy how glad I was at meeting him again in that out-of-the-way part of the world. All the more that those Orientals have something very taking about them when they become half Parisian. One might say that their primitive and stern reserve gives way to a winning and gracious manner by contact with Western civilisation. Before the week was out the *Sartip* and I became inseparable."

"But how about the drama?"

"Don't be in such a devil of a hurry! As yet I have only got to the prelude. One fine morning as I was riding about the town rather dreamily, I suffered myself to give

¹ From the French of M. Albert Delpit. The original narrator of this tragedy, which is actually founded on fact, is said to have been M. Paténôtre, now French Minister for the Republic at Tangiers, who was in Persia some fifteen years ago.

² *Irák Ajami*, the ancient Media, peopled by the Turanian Scythians, is the province north of Luristan.

way to the enchantment of the locality, as I had done a hundred times before, bewitched by the fairy-like glamour of my surroundings. Picture to yourself endless avenues, bordered to right and left by arcades, shadowed for their entire length by gigantic *chenars*, plane-trees, and alongside running streams of pellucid water. Farther on——”

“For heaven’s sake cut your description short, my good fellow; you are not elaborating a report for the Minister! You promised me a dramatic story. Let’s have it, and above all, no scenic descriptions. Spare me your oratory!”

Gaston gave a sigh of resignation and resumed, “I was out riding near the Kiosk of *Tchehet Setun*,¹ when at the corner of a street I saw a lady in a litter. As a rule, Persian women out of doors look like mere bundles of clothes. They are muffled, of course, or rather they wear over their heads a sort of hood, with a veil which covers the lower part of their faces. The Persian lady whom I now met was, however, an exception to the rule, and took pains that her graceful and well-proportioned figure should be seen to advantage. I could notice her eyes very large and shining like live coals. My horse was at a walk, and I quietly followed the litter, which was carried along very slowly. I half fancied that the fair unknown turned round once or twice, but at the time I really didn’t pay much attention to the circumstance, as in the East adventures of that kind are very improbable. I had nearly forgotten the incident, when two

days afterwards I again came across the same litter. This time it happened that I was not alone. Mahamad Aga was with me. At a glance I recognised the veiled lady, and above all, her extraordinary eyes, which literally blazed, as it were, with hot flames. She turned round as before, but this time unmistakably and deliberately. I glanced at my friend the *Sartip*, but he apparently took no notice. We had ridden along in this way for some ten minutes when the litter turned sharply towards the bridge leading to Julfa.² This bridge is one of the most beautiful structures of the kind in the world. It has thirty-three pointed arches, whose piers are washed by the swift current of the Zaindarúd, that most capricious of rivers, which in summer you can cross dry-shod, but in the month of November, in which we then were, its waters are as rapid and turbulent as one of the wild Alpine torrents. On either side of the causeway across the bridge is a line of arcades affording a pleasant shelter, and this bridge is rather frequented as a promenade and rendezvous, where people go to breathe the fresh air of an evening. I had therefore some hesitation in following my unknown charmer too openly for fear of compromising her—and myself; but I need have had no scruples. The fair dame, at all events, did not hesitate in the least, for, leaning half out of her litter, she coolly dropped her handkerchief in the roadway.”

“Ha, ha! The Persian ladies then are lively? And the *Sartip*, did he say nothing?”

¹ *Tchehet Setun*, or Palace of the Forty Pillars, a magnificent relic of Shah Abbas the Great.

² Julfa is the Armenian suburb of Isfahán, on the southern side of the Zaindarúd.

"At the moment, no; but during the rest of our ride he remained very silent, and he bit his moustache in a rather preoccupied manner. When we reached the palace—'Come in with me,' said he, and when we were alone in his private apartment he added—'My dear fellow, I said nothing to you. A little time ago it would have been useless; but now, instead of keeping that precious handkerchief so carefully and ridiculously pressed against your heart, let me advise you to throw it away at once. Far better for you to put it in the fire.'

"'What do you mean?'

"'I don't want you to get yourself strangled or brained, or thrown into the Zaindarúd. I am, as you know, in charge of the town police, and am answerable for your safety to the French Legation!'

"'But! —'

"'I won't listen to another word. Really you fellows are most astonishing—you Parisians! You are always fancying yourselves on the Boulevard des Capucines! We are in the East, my dear fellow, and in the East husbands are not to be trifled with. At Paris . . . but never mind; your beauteous unknown is not an *incognita* to me. Her name is Nissá!'

"'Nissá!'

"'If the name is charming, I can tell you her husband is very much the reverse. He is a rich merchant of the old suburbs, notorious for his jealousy and ferocity. His mother was, it is said, of British origin; but as for him, he is the most oriental of Orientals. He would, in fact, have you killed like a dog, without the slightest compunction.'

"'And what, pray, is the name of this veritable Bluebeard of modern Isfahán?'

"'Ismatulla. I can advise you not to make that gentleman's acquaintance. Bah! You know where he lives; he is the owner of that fine building just on the bank of the river at the end of the bridge.'

"'And Nissá? what is said of her?'

"'You're a true Parisian! We in this part of the world never trouble ourselves much about womankind, or if we do, or rather if any of our ladies do cause any trouble . . . Ah, well! they are sewn up in sacks and thrown into the river.'

"'You don't say so! How horrible!'

"'You think so? Oh, we are quite civilised *now*,' resumed the *Sartip* coolly,—'in comparison, that is. In former days they would have put a live cat into the sack as well. When excited by the water the animal would have scratched the woman's face. That is no longer done, at least not generally—the effect of European influence—but M. Ismatulla is quite capable of it.'

"This little conversation, I must say, rather cooled my ardour; besides, Mahamad Aga had the good sense not to pursue the disagreeable subject further. I dined with him, and in the evening he sent for musicians, who played to us after the *Zenghoule* manner. But I remained preoccupied. I saw ever before my eyes the graceful and comely form of the strange lady leaning out of her palanquin, and her delicate small hand as she dropped the lace handkerchief, which I still retained in my possession. Amidst the strains of the music it seemed as if a cease-

less voice repeated in my ear, like the refrain of a song, 'Nissá! Nissá!' . . .

"Indeed I had the nightmare all night, and dreamed that I was

presented with a large cat called Ismatulla, which scratched my face! I woke up the next morning at eleven o'clock thoroughly disenchanted, as I thought.

II.

"In the evening I was enjoying the fresh air on my terrace when a frightful old hag entered hastily by the back entrance of the house, saying she wanted to speak to me. Even before the servants had obtained my permission to receive her, she found her way to my presence, and as soon as we were alone, 'Are you brave?' she said in very bad English, which I could hardly understand.

"I smiled with that conceit peculiar to a man when asked a like question.

"She continued: 'I have a bargain to offer you. It is dark, no one will see us. You have only to follow me. Half-way, where we are going, I will tie this bandage over your eyes, but you must swear to me not to try and find out where I take you.'

"'I promise!'

"The hag made a grimace which caused her countenance to look still more hideous.

"I had accepted all at once, like that, without premeditation, urged as it were by a sudden uncontrollable impulse. The fact was, a whole day had passed by since my fright, and the effect of the nightmare had also gone off by degrees, but I yet heard the ceaseless voice singing 'Nissá! Nissá!' in my ears. The old woman evidently came from her. However, I went upstairs quickly to my room and took a small revolver with me in case of accidents, and five minutes later we had started. It was ridiculous, reckless madness: I knew that well

enough, but there are some absurd anomalies about which one never reasons. The unknown one, Nissá, exerted over me I know not what mysterious influence. I had not even seen her, and yet an irresistible longing for her possessed me. Her gleaming eyes had burnt into my heart.

"At length, arrived at the bridge of Julfa, the old woman stopped, and taking from her pocket a thick scarf, skilfully bandaged my eyes so that I could no longer see anything about me; and then, holding her hand, I permitted her to conduct me where she would. By the fresher air I guessed that we were crossing the river; I then heard the voices of the passers-by, right and left of me. It never occurred to me that I might be noticed. I went along as one in a waking dream, thinking only of the supple form of the mysterious Nissá, with the agile, cat-like movements of her delicate hand, and her flashing, passionate eyes. In a few minutes the old woman turned to the right, but we did not leave the banks of the Zaindarúd. I could hear the hurried and tumultuous flowing of its waves, broken for an instant by the piers of the bridge. At last my conductress stopped; a key was turned, and the old hag said to me in a low voice, 'Go up.'

"Five steps only, and then I felt my feet pressing a soft, thick carpet, and at the same time the bandage was torn from my eyes. I found myself in a small room,

feebly lit by the light of a copper lamp. It is the custom in Persia to keep the walls bare. Here it was different. Perfumes were burning in a rich fumigator on a table of red and blue inlaid work; those exciting perfumes of the East which intoxicate like the fumes of rare old wines. On the walls, which were draped with yellow Cashmere hangings, instruments of music were suspended—the *nefir*, which resembles our hautbois, timbrels, two *kematchés*, or viols, and arms interspersed here and there among necklaces and other gewgaws. Outside could be heard the dull, regular roar of the river. By lifting a corner of a curtain I could even see that the waters of the stream washed against the very walls of the house. Almost instantly I heard a slight rustling on the carpet. I turned round and saw Nissá! I remained absolutely stupefied, dazzled. She might have been seventeen or eighteen. Her luxuriant wealth of black hair reminded me of Regnault's 'Salome,' falling over her most bewitching neck and shoulders. Her complexion, of a pale amber, shone with changing reflections like mother-of-pearl. But what most struck me was the effective contrast between dazzling white teeth and her flashing black eyes. Her eyelashes, eyebrows, and lips were painted. She smiled as she regarded me with sparkling but calm eyes. I could not help recalling to mind the *Sartip's* warning, and, thought I to myself, this young lady certainly does not seem very timid. Meantime she took my hand, and making me sit down upon the sofa, 'My husband has left for Tihrán,' she said, 'and we have time to divert ourselves.'

"She spoke in English with

a certain foreign accent; then striking a small gong with a quaint copper drumstick, coffee was brought in, and she then began talking in a rapid strain, running her words one into the other with vivacity, telling me how bored she felt, and how slow it was for her in Isfahán, and that she had noticed me at once. At the same time her eyes became more tender, and her hand gently pressed mine. She drew nearer to me, and suddenly threw herself into my arms. . . .

"I was rather taken aback, when of a sudden a noise was apparent in the next room. As quick as thought she jumped up, erect and trembling with passion. Her caresses and her sudden alarm succeeded one another so rapidly, that I had not time to collect my thoughts. Still with the same agile and feline grace she ran to the wall, from which, without a moment's hesitation, she took a small sharp knife, which she hid in her sleeve. Then turning her head towards me, she said 'Wait!' and with an energetic gesture she disappeared behind the folds of the heavy tapestry.

"A vague feeling of mistrust came over me. I remembered the warning of the *Sartip*. Perhaps I had been a little imprudent. Suddenly the noise recommenced in the next room—loud voices—a short struggle, then silence. Suddenly the curtain was lifted, and Nissá reappeared. She was quite pale; so white, indeed, that the pearly tint of her complexion almost matched the pearls of her necklace. She half leant herself against the wall, like a white statue against the background of the yellow hangings, smiling, and showing by her smile her white teeth, like those of a young she-

wolf. She made a few steps into the room; her knife and her hands were stained red.

"'Good God! what is it?'

"'Nothing,' she said.

"She threw the knife into a corner, and said with great *nonchalance*,—'It was my husband. He would have killed us. I preferred to be beforehand. Come and help me to throw the body into the water.'

"I remained stupefied, regarding her with horror, whilst she also gazed at me, but her eyes only expressed unmitigated contempt, as she said in a tone which I shall never forget—'Frenchmen indeed! What absurd nervousness!'

"She shrugged her shoulders,

and called a waiting-maid, whom she commanded to open the window. Then, as though they were doing something perfectly natural, the two of them lifted up the body and threw it into the waters of the river, which engulfed it.

"*Ma foi!* the adventure was becoming too oriental for a Parisian. I confess that I was seized with an insane terror, and, without waiting to bid adieu, I fled like a madman. How did I get out? I absolutely cannot tell. In about ten minutes I found myself in the streets, through which I ran as if pursued by a legion of devils. On reaching home I locked and double-locked myself in, cursing Nissá and all the houris of the East.

III.

"What a night I spent! It was not until morning that I fell into a heavy sleep. When I awoke the sun was already high and streaming into my room. I was thoroughly cowed and demoralised. What had happened? A man cannot disappear without justice intervening. Nissá had not even attempted to hide the deed. Her maid had seen and helped it. I should be implicated in the affair, and the bare idea of being mentioned even in connection with such a crime was appalling, and made my hair stand on end. Should I confide all to the French Minister? Unfortunately he had just gone off on a holiday, and the first secretary was too young for me to confide in. In any case, my whole future career was blighted. It was indeed a pretty termination to my mission for the Minister of Fine Arts.

"The whole day I thus remained

in the direst anxiety, not daring to go out. The evening came without my having taken any steps, and still without any news of Nissá. Had she been arrested? What had become of her? I went to bed early, but without being able to sleep. At last, on the second day, I could no longer restrain myself. I decided to go and see my friend the *Sartip*. I preferred anything to the terrible uncertainty in which I was. I felt sure that Mahamad Aga would not leave home before his breakfast. I got to his palace, accordingly, about noon. I was duly announced and admitted. The *Sartip* was lolling at his ease on a sofa, peacefully smoking his *chibouque*.

"'Ah! so it's you, is it?' said he, on seeing me. 'How are you?'

"'Very well, thanks.'

"'By the way,' he continued, 'have you heard the news?'

2 M

"The n' . . . n' . . . news? Not I . . . I know nothing . . ."

"You remember Ismatulla, the rich merchant of the old suburbs?"

"If I rem . . ."

"But yes — the husband of Nissá, don't you know, whom I was telling you about?"

"I felt myself growing red, flushing to the very roots of my hair. It was all over; the crime was discovered, and I dared not anticipate the end of the adventure. I stammered out, 'Ye . . . s.'"

"The poor devil!" continued the *Sartip*; "my dear fellow, he has suddenly disappeared."

"I was half suffocated. How-

ever, I succeeded in answering— 'How? . . . he . . . has . . . he has disappeared! Bah! it is very . . . very curious!'

"Yes—*very* curious," and the *Sartip* looked at me fixedly. I could no longer restrain myself. I was just about to confess all, when he said, 'He was to have started for Tihrán, when suddenly . . . he has flown. There have been no more news about him.'

"For the second time the *Sartip* looked me straight in the face. There was a short silence. Then, puffing a long jet of smoke, he added with calm tranquillity, 'God is great!'"

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS AND THEIR HOMES.

UNDER the above title a sumptuous volume comes to us from America—not in rivalry to work so splendid as that of Messrs Hipkins and Gibb, whose exquisite coloured plates have recently familiarised us with all the most celebrated musical instruments of European nations in times past and present, but rather designed to illustrate the gradual improvement of such instruments from their most primitive types as found amongst numerous races, savage and semi-civilised, in Asia, Africa, America, and various widely scattered groups of islands. Not that Europe is omitted—on the contrary, many curious specimens are shown of French, Spanish, Italian, Russian, and other instruments.

The work is illustrated by 270 most careful drawings in pen and ink by Mr Brown, from specimens in the splendid collection which his mother purposes presenting to the New York Metropolitan Museum of Arts.

The first half of the volume is devoted to the music of China, Japan, Corea, India, Siam, and Burmah. The second half treats of the music of the Arabs, Persians, Turks, and of all the negro races, the Indians of North and South America, and of divers peoples, ranging from Greenland to the Equatorial Isles.

A great mass of very interesting information is thus accumulated, and we are enabled to see at a glance the musical development of these various nations, and what instruments find most favour with

each. Thus we also see plainly the natural order in which musical invention has invariably progressed: *first*, the manufacture of instruments of percussion, including all varieties of drums, castanets, cymbals, bells, and rattles; *secondly*, all manner of wind instruments, from the *Æolian* harp and rudest form of bagpipes to the musical clarionet or stately organ; and *thirdly*, the invention of stringed instruments, and the discovery of the effect of divers materials in producing diversity of tone, progressing from the single-stringed banjo to the most perfect of piano-fortes.

To glance first at the music of THE CHINESE. One of the many anomalies in that strange race is that with all their vaunted reverence for the teachings of Confucius, and notwithstanding all he said in favour of music, they now deem its pursuit the lowest of callings; and though music holds a prominent and essential place in all solemn ceremonials of worship, as also on such occasions as births, weddings, and funerals, professional musicians are looked upon with contempt, and their ranks are recruited from the lowest of the people, the respectable Chinese deeming it below their own dignity to perform on any instrument.

And yet it is recorded of Confucius that when, in the days of his poverty and starvation, his disciples marvelled that he should continue to sing and play as usual, he taught them that "the wise

man seeks by music to strengthen the weakness of his soul; the thoughtless one uses it to stifle his fears." Theoretically, therefore, music is held in reverence. "One of the nine tribunals which have charge of the general affairs of the empire supervises the musical rites and ceremonies. The Mandarins of music rank higher than those of mathematics, and have their college in the enclosure of the Imperial Palace." Notwithstanding the wholesale destruction of musical treatises and instruments in the year 246 B.C., the library at Peking is said to contain 482 works on the subject of music, chiefly most abstruse theories; and the Imperial Board watches over all new compositions in order that the style of ancient music may be preserved, and that which in bygone ages was prescribed for every evil in life may be rigidly adhered to. Thus music, like all other arts and sciences in China, is cramped by the strait-waistcoat of antiquity.

Never were practice and precept more curiously divorced than in this extraordinary reverence for "the spiritual principle represented by the sound of music," as distinguished from "the material principle, represented by the instruments themselves." And yet the Chinese believe music to have been reduced to an art by the Emperor Fu Hsi, 2852 B.C., and to have been further developed about a hundred years later by Huang Ti, the Yellow Emperor. Hence in the oldest musical scale the lowest note was called Emperor, the next Prime Minister, a third Loyal Subjects, and so on.

In the year 2284 B.C. the Emperor Shun (himself a most erudite composer) appointed as the Censor of Music a certain Kouei, whose

music was so pathetic that the wild beasts were spell-bound, and gathered around him to listen, a thousand years before they paid the same tribute to Orpheus.

Now wealthy nobles have domestic musicians; and troops of wandering minstrels, largely consisting of blind men, wander about the country armed with drums, castanets, flutes, clarionets, two-stringed violins, three-stringed and moon-shaped guitars, all of which they try—most ineffectually—to play in unison, with a result truly appalling to Western ears. These orchestras, however, attain their highest capacity of ear-torture when accompanying theatrical representations—the one ideal of excellence apparently consisting in the amount of noise which can be produced. At other times Chinese music is both shrill and monotonous to a degree. Its pitch is always considerably higher than our own, and the melodies are neither major nor minor, but waver between the two.

The basis of all Chinese music is the division of the octave into twelve tones called *Lü*s. These were in very early times—about B.C. 2700—represented by a combination of twelve pieces of bamboo, of the same size but of various lengths. Afterwards these were made of copper, and when these were found to be affected by atmospheric changes, marble or jade was substituted, as being in no measure affected by heat or cold, dryness or humidity. These *Lü*s were used solely to determine the pitch of the music, and so regulate all the instruments in an orchestra.

This use of sonorous stone for musical purposes is almost peculiar to China. The Siamese have marble flutes; and it is recorded that the ancient Peruvians had a musical instrument of green stone, about

a foot long and an inch and a half wide, arched in the centre, where it was pierced by a small hole, and thus suspended. When struck like a gong the sound produced was singularly musical. With these exceptions, however, the Chinese alone seem to have discovered the melody to be extracted from stone. This they extol as one of the most beautiful of all sounds, ranking midway between the sounds of wood and metal, and more clear and pure in tone than either of these.

Three species of sonorous stone are in use, that which is most highly prized being the Yu, of which large water-worn boulders are found near the mountain torrents in the province of Yun-nam. It is very hard, and takes a polish like agate. Its colour varies greatly, and affects its value, the most melodious tones being obtained from the whey-coloured Yu, after which ranks light-blue, then sky-blue, indigo, light-yellow, orange, dark-red, and pale-green. These stones, which are of very great weight, are rarely found more than two feet in length. Among the treasures of the Imperial Palace at Peking, however, are a set three feet eight inches in length, supposed to be unique.

These stones are hung so that they can be struck successively, forming a "King," or great-stone chime. Sixteen stones, each shaped like a carpenter's square, are suspended in two rows of eight, one above the other, in a handsome frame. The thicker the stone, the deeper is its tone when struck, and most skilful carving is requisite to obtain a gradation of tone. So highly were these musical stones prized, that 2000 years before Christ they were brought to China as tribute, reserved for the sole use of the

Emperor. Confucius, however, was so enraptured with their melody that now every Confucian, as well as every Imperial temple, possesses one of these "Kings."

A simpler form of the stone chime, but one likewise reserved only for religious services, is the T'se King, which stands outside the temples. It consists of only one large stone, suspended from a frame by a strong cord passing through a hole bored at the apex. It is struck with a hammer, to give a single note at the end of each verse in the service.

The Chinese also employ sonorous stone in the manufacture of two varieties of flutes, the object being to avoid the changes to which bamboo is liable in varying temperature.

They recognise eight distinct musical sounds as the product of as many different materials. These are the sound of skin, of stone, of metal, of silk, of wood, of bamboo, of gourd, and of baked earth. From skin they obtain drums; from metal, gongs and bells. Stone is fashioned into stone chimes, silk into stringed instruments, wood makes castanets and vibrating instruments, flutes and mouth-organs are produced from bamboo and gourds, while horns and the body of certain drums are made of baked earth, as is also the Hsüan, a curious cone, ornamented with designs of dragons, clouds, &c., and pierced with six holes, one at the apex to blow through, three in front, and two behind. It is used only in Confucian ceremonies, and is said to have been invented B.C. 2700.

Equally ancient is the Ohêng or mouth-organ (known in Japan as the Shō), which consists of a gourd into which are inserted seventeen slim bamboos of divers lengths, each having at the base a little

vibrating tongue of metal. This instrument is fitted with a wooden mouth-piece, and is played by sucking in the breath, which is very exhausting to the performer. Its tone is said to be very sweet, but it is subject to one grave disadvantage—namely, the difficulty of keeping it in tune, the bamboo tubes being so much affected by temperature that the musician has frequently to warm his little organ at the brasier or stove.

As might be expected in a people so fond of rich carving and colour, many of their musical instruments are highly decorative, being of very fanciful form, and adorned with streamers and tassels. Certain instruments are deemed sacred, and are used only in religious ceremonials;¹ others have their place in popular festivities. One of these sacred instruments, the *Pai-hao*, has twelve pipes so arranged on an ornamental frame as to typify the phoenix with outspread wings. Another, the *Yu*, which is a sort of drum, is intended to represent a crouching tiger. That the sacred temple flute should be adorned at either end with the head and tail of the dragon, is almost a matter of course in a country where the dragon is represented on every possible occasion. One of the commonest of sacred instruments is "the wooden fish," which is a skull-shaped block of wood elaborately carved and painted red. On it the Buddhist priests beat a ceaseless accompaniment to all their prayers.

The diversity of tone to be obtained from bells must have been known to the Chinese from very early ages, for so early as B.C. 2697 the Emperor ordered a

cunning worker in metals to cast twelve bells which should agree in tone with the twelve *Lüs*. These ancient bells were of copper, alloyed with tin. Sets of sixteen were, and are still, hung together in a frame to form a chime, and are generally struck from the outside with a hammer. This combination of musical bells is called a *Pien-Chung*, while a single bell so suspended is a *Po-Chung*. Both have their place in the worship of the Confucian temple.

Both China and Japan have gigantic bells, from fifteen to twenty feet in height, which are struck on the outside by a heavy beam of wood. The use of a tongue as clapper seems to be confined to the small *Feng-Ling* or wind-bells, which hang from the eaves of the many-storeyed pagodas, and being swayed by every breeze, keep up a gentle tinkle of ceaseless praise to Buddha. Similar bells suspended from the pagodas in Burmah, have a metal leaf attached to the clapper, the better to catch the breeze.

Akin to the bell is the *Lo* or gong of China, which is beaten with such excellent result whenever an eclipse gives warning that the sun or moon is in danger of being devoured by the Celestial Dog, or on any other occasion when it is desirable to frighten evil spirits. Sometimes a number of gongs are suspended in one frame to form a *Yun-lo* or gong-chime—an instrument which intensifies the din both at weddings and funerals, and even at court ceremonials, blending with the noise of cymbals, trombones, and various trumpets of metal and of perforated shell. The latter—the conch—produces a sound so un-

¹ For full details of many such ceremonials see 'Wanderings in China,' by C. F. Gordon Cumming: William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London.

earthly, that any spirits, good or evil, might well be terrified.

(As I write, the Indian mail brings the account of the ceremony of bestowing a name on the infant son of the Maharajah of Cuch Behar, after which, while for the first time the child was made to taste curry and rice, "*all the ladies present sounded the conch shell*, and the children made joyful sound. All the time there was national music in the outer courtyard of the house to add joy to the festivity." I can only say, there is no accounting for tastes!)

Of the Kou, or drum, the Chinese have eight distinct sorts; some suspended from a richly carved frame, others supported on a pedestal; some are gigantic and are stationed in pairs at the entrance to temples, where they have a noisy share in the services. Others are quite small, and fixed on to a handle by which they are twirled round and round, thus causing two small hanging balls to strike the drum. These are carried by itinerant tradesmen to call attention to their wares. One drum gives a peculiarly mellow sound, owing to its being filled with the husk of rice, and also that the skin with which it is covered has been not only tanned, but also boiled for a long time in pure water. It seems that in presence of the Emperor it is customary to muffle drums in handsome draperies, so as to diminish their noise, which is certainly one advantage of being born or elected to the Imperial Yellow! But for ear-piercing shrillness nothing can well exceed the Sona, which is a clarionet made of bamboo, with a reed mouthpiece. It is heard above the loudest lamentation for the dead, or the shouts of rejoicing in honour of the bridegroom, out-

doing the noise of all varieties of flute and trumpet.

Of stringed instruments, the Chinese have many varieties. They have the moon-guitar, the balloon-guitar, and the three-stringed guitar; also several violins with from two to four strings. But the most remarkable of their stringed instruments is the Kin, or "scholar's lute," on which Confucius and his sages are said to have loved to play. Their ancestors having discovered that musical sounds were produced by twisting silken threads, and twanging them with the finger, proceeded to peg such silken cords on to a flat board, counting the number of threads in each, to ensure being able in future to reproduce the same note. The Kin was originally constructed on an imaginary correspondence with certain principles of nature. It was $2\frac{1}{10}$ inches in length to recall the number of days in the year; its five silken strings typified the five elements—the upper part of the board was rounded to suggest the heavens, and the under side flat to symbolise earth. The modern Kin, which is sometimes more than five feet in length, has seven strings, the thickest of which is composed of two hundred and forty threads of silk.

Another instrument of the same class is the Sè or Che, which is nine feet long, and has twenty-five strings, each with a separate movable bridge. The extraordinary love for poetising all things, which is so marked a characteristic of the Chinese, is curiously exemplified in the names by which they describe each of the thirty-three positions for the hand of the musician. One suggests the butterfly poised above a flower, another a lotus-blossom floating on the water, a third a

bird catching an insect on the wing—and so on.

In musical notation, as in most other things, the Chinese advanced to a certain point long ere we, the Western barbarians, had begun to think of such matters. But, as in other matters, they then stuck fast and have never since advanced. Thus the only way of distinguishing the upper from the lower octave is by affixing little signs to the former,—a precaution which, however, is frequently neglected. Nor is there any sure sign to indicate the duration of a note, though variation in the size of notes or spaces left after them may partly indicate the intention of the composer. It is, however, necessary to hear a tune played in order to ensure anything approaching to accuracy, and as the best musician is he who can add the greatest variety of twirls and flourishes, it follows that after being thus passed on a few times from one to another, it would be hard to recognise the original tune.

In this connection one cannot but think how wonderful is the boon which has been conferred upon the blind by our countryman, the Rev. W. H. Murray, of Peking. Not only does he within three months teach them to read and write more accurately than their brethren blessed with sight can learn the same arts in six years, but within the same brief period he throws in, as a trifling extra lesson, tuition in musical notation, in a form so simple that within three or four months of entering his school even the dullest of his pupils are able to write music in score from dictation, and can then read what they have written, and either sing their

vocal parts or play the accompaniment on the harmonium. Several of the lads thus taught are already earning their own living as organists in various Mission chapels.¹

As we have already observed, a large proportion of the street-singers are blind. These include many women, some of whom play on various instruments. But their songs are all secular; for, as in Japan no woman is allowed to take part in sacred music, so here no female voices are allowed to join in the religious ceremonials, not even in the propitiatory worship of their own ancestors.

Passing on to Corea, that middle kingdom which has so long proved a bone of contention between China and Japan, alternately giving and taking from each, their musical instruments are, as might be expected, almost identical with those of these neighbours, Japan having received Chinese arts *via* Corea. Of this early intercourse there is a record that in the year A.D. 453 the King of Corea, to mark his sympathy on the death of the Emperor of Japan, sent vessels laden with gifts, including eighty musicians. At the present day Coreans of all classes delight both in singing and instrumental music; but we can scarcely form a very high estimate of their appreciation when we learn that the favourite instrument of the Corean indoors or out is the Nallari, a clarionet so shrill and ear-piercing as to be almost unendurable to the European—and this the Corean takes out as his solace during a pleasant stroll, with the comfortable certainty that his efforts will be warmly appreciated by whoever may chance to hear him. We can

¹ See 'Work for the Blind in China,' by C. F. Gordon Cumming: Gilbert & Rivington, London.

well understand that a warm welcome has been accorded to an importation of American brass bugles.

In one respect Korean views on music differ very remarkably from those of China, where so important a place is assigned to musicians, not only in those temples at which the Emperor himself officiates, such as the Temples of Earth and Heaven, but also in all those of Confucius. In Corea we are told that music has no place in the Confucian ritual, and it is apparently excluded from Buddhist temples also.

To turn to Japan.

Incomprehensible as it appears to us, it is a fact that the melodies which most delight our ears are to all oriental nations as antipathetic by nature as is their music to us; consequently we could scarcely find a more remarkable proof of Japanese power of assimilation than is afforded by their adoption of European (or American) music, as exemplified by the authorised system of teaching in the various Government schools and colleges, where the pianoforte is now as diligently practised as in England. But the Japanese of the old school claims a divine origin for the music of his own country; for he knows how, when the goddess of the sun had taken offence at some of the other divinities, she hid herself in a cave, and could by no means be lured thence till the gods invented music, and thereby charmed her from her solitude.

In Japan we find no trace of that singular prejudice against the actual practice of music which exists so strongly in China, and extends to the upper classes in Corea. In the Land of the Rising Sun music is honourable in all; men and women of all stations are proficient on the Samisen or

guitar, which accompanies their lugubrious songs, and happy is the bride who can take to her new home a handsome Sono-Koto, which is the equivalent of a grand pianoforte. It has a wooden sounding-board, from four to six feet in length, three inches thick, and ten inches broad, furnished with thirteen silken strings supported by movable wooden bridges. The Koto is, however, found in very varied form, down to the Summa-Koto, which has but a single string with thirteen silken strings, saturated with wax, each supported by a separate movable wooden bridge. The musician, who sits cross-legged on the ground before his instrument, plucks the strings with his fingers, which are protected by ivory-tipped shields. The sounding-board is made of the beautifully marked, very white wood of the Kiri (*Pawlonia imperialis*)—a tree which bears lovely velvety blossoms, and the leaves of which have been selected as the crest of the Mikado. (The blossoms, which resemble gloxinias, grow in clusters, like the magnified spike of blossom on a horse-chestnut tree.)

The Sono-Koto (which is much the same as the Ché of China) is the highest development of a large family of instruments of the same class, ranging from the Summa-Koto, which has only a single string. The Kinno-Koto has seven silken strings all passing over one bridge, and the body of the instrument is lacquered.

Japan has sundry varieties of the guitar, the most popular of which is the Samisen, which is played by all the singing-girls. It much resembles the four-stringed Kokiu or violin; but whereas the latter is played with a long horse-hair bow, the three strings of the Samisen are plucked with a large plec-

trum of tortoise-shell, ivory, or wood. Its wooden body is covered on both sides with cat's-skin, and it has a long thin handle.

The said violin is a much smaller instrument, and, contrary to our mode of handling, the player holds it upright, with the body resting on his lap. It is capable of emitting full sonorous tones.

Another very popular instrument is the Biwa, which is almost identical with the Pepaor, balloon-guitar of China. It is the favourite instrument of the blind, and has four silken strings, which in rendering popular music are sustained by five frets, and played with a large wooden plectrum. In classical music only four frets are used, and a small plectrum. It is from a general resemblance in its outline to the pear-shaped form of this instrument that beautiful Lake Biwa derived its name.

Curiously enough, although musicians are far more highly esteemed in Japan than in China, we hear nothing of any college of musicians, or the conferring of musical degrees, nor does Japan possess any such library on national music as that which exists at Peking. Under the new *régime*, however, a musical commission has been appointed to decide on the music of the future, and what instruments shall be included in ordinary school instruction. The decision has been in favour of the introduction of foreign organs and pianofortes, but of native instruments only the Koto and the Koku (violin) are to be retained—the latter to be improved in tone by the substitution of a sounding-board of Kiri-wood to replace the customary cat's-skin.

But our present interest lies in purely national music, untouched by foreign influence. The musicians of Japan are divided into

four distinct classes. The highest class, called the Gakkumine, devote themselves exclusively to the study of the ancient sacred music, and they are the only students of theoretical music. Its members rank with the noblest in the land, and in former days included Daimios of high degree.

The second class, called Guenin, perform only secular music. They take rank with the merchants.

The third class are a self-supporting corporation of blind men; each of whom works at some trade for the common fund. They are under the direction of a highly salaried blind president. Their favourite instrument is the Biwa, and their services are sought at all manner of festivals, whether religious or secular.

The fourth and most numerous class is that of the Gheko, or singing-girls, who, though said to be generally girls of good character, are not very highly esteemed, though their songs, with accompaniment of the Samisen, are in great request.

These singers, one and all, affect a shrill falsetto, which is singularly penetrating and trying to European ears, as indeed is also the instrumental accompaniment, even when, according to Japanese standard, it is deemed most admirable.

Of wind instruments the Japanese have a considerable variety. In a country where the graceful bamboo abounds, it is only natural that flutes large and small should abound. There are long and short single flutes, Pan pipes made of twelve bamboos of unequal length, and that cluster of slim bamboos inserted in a gourd of which I have already spoken as the Chinese mouth-organ.

In Japan as in all other lands, the flute is supposed to have peculiar charms for all the serpent

tribe, and an ancient legend records how a celebrated flute-player who had taken refuge in a cave to escape his pursuers, discovered to his horror that it was the abode of a huge serpent. Despairing of escape, the unhappy musician sought to solace his last moments by playing once more on his beloved flute, when to his joy the monster, which was slowly drawing nearer and nearer, stopped as if fascinated, and after seeming to listen for a while it quietly retreated, and left its fellow-lodger unmolested.

The Japanese instruments of percussion much resemble those of China. There are bronze gongs of various forms, some shaped like fishes and tortoises, which are struck with a drum-stick; there are copper cymbals and wooden castanets for clashing together, and a great variety of drums, some of which, like those of China, have their heads permanently nailed on, while others can, like our own, be changed in pitch by tightening the cords.

The great war-drum which rejoices in the name of *Jamagairou-guine-taiko* is made (like the rude drum of Fijian villages) of the hollowed trunk of a tree, and is beaten with two wooden drum-sticks. It is, however, more elaborate than its South Sea cousin, its sides being covered with tough skin, which is secured with round-headed nails, and it is suspended in a wooden frame.

The ecclesiastical drums occupy a prominent position in every temple and every service; but a more uncommon instrument is that carried by certain mountain priests, which consists of a copper-headed staff to which are attached four jingling copper rings. There is also a curious instrument called the *Mokkine*, which consists of a

hollow wooden case, across the top of which are nailed sixteen pieces of wood of unequal length, which are struck with two drum-sticks.

A special interest attaches to the very rude musical instruments of the AINOS, the aboriginal inhabitants of Japan. One of these is a primitive guitar with from three to six strings, made of the sinews of whales, which are occasionally washed ashore. Another is a sort of very rough Jew's-harp made of wood. These are very highly prized by the Ainos, owing to the difficulty of obtaining wood which can be so finely split as to allow the wooden tongue to vibrate with the breath of the singer.

Returning to the splendid volume which Mrs Crosby Brown so modestly describes as the Catalogue of her Collection of curious Musical Instruments, we come to some very interesting chapters on Hindu music, to which, like that of Japan, is attributed a mythological origin, the gods themselves being represented as musicians. In the celestial orchestra Krishna is shown as a beautiful youth playing the flute; while Ganesa, the elephant-headed god of wisdom, plays the tamboura, which is a sort of guitar with four wire strings, three of steel and one of brass. Brahma is represented beating a small drum; while his wife Saraswati, who is seated on a peacock, plays a sort of lute. To her is attributed the arrangement of sounds into a musical scale. Their son, Nareda, invented the Vina, which to this day is the favourite national instrument of India. It consists of a hollow bamboo attached to two very large resonant gourds, and having seven or eight strings, five of brass and the others of steel, passing over frets and bridges. To protect the

hand of the player on this celestial instrument, the first and third fingers of the hand are tipped with small plectra. In playing, one of the gourds rests on the left shoulder, the other on the right knee. The left hand adjusts the frets, while the right strikes the strings.

To the accompaniment of the Vina, some four thousand years ago, the Rishis, or early bards, sang the hymns of the Rig Veda and those noble songs of praise and victory which so largely influenced their hearers. These were "the grand old masters" of Hindu music, and for ages preserved its purity, till a later school sprang up who composed popular music of a lower type, and ancient music gradually became only a theoretical study. This deterioration received a fresh impulse in the eleventh century when the Mohammedan conquerors overran Hindustan, bringing with them the music of the Arabs, which of course very soon became blended with that of the conquered race.

According to Hindu mythology the thirty-six musical keys were a direct revelation from the gods, Krishna having first created five principal keys or "melody types" named *Raga*. A sixth was added by his wife Parvati, and Brahma himself then created the other thirty, which are called *Raginis*. To these others were subsequently added, each being supposed by the devout Aryan nature-worshippers to be in special harmony with one of the seasons or the elements. Even at the present day no well-instructed person would ask for a spring Raga in autumn, or for a rain Raga when sunshine is desired. Many are the miracles said to have been wrought by these magic

melodies. Bengal (it is said) was once saved from all the horrors of famine by a woman's exquisite singing of the rain Raga; and on another occasion when a famous minstrel sang a midnight Raga at noon, its effect was such that darkness covered the land as far as the sound of his voice could reach.

But the most terrible proof of this wonder-working power was when the Emperor Akbar ordered one of his musicians to sing the fire Raga. The unhappy man having vainly pleaded to be excused, bade a last farewell to his family and then stepped into the river Jumna, advancing till its waters reached his throat. Only then would he begin to sing, but as he proceeded the waters began to boil, and the poor songster in his agony implored Akbar to let him cease. But the Emperor was resolved to see the charm work to the bitter end, so he bade the singer go on; whereupon he recommenced, and straightway flames burst from the body of the unwilling magician and reduced him to ashes.

It is supposed that the principle of sympathetic vibration in stringed instruments was first discovered in India, as also the value of the bow.

Of the antiquity of many of the instruments still in use, we find proof in the ancient sculptures at Ajunta and elsewhere, which show the musicians of two thousand years ago playing with bows on stringed instruments apparently identical with those of to-day. It is even said that our own violin is lineally descended from one of these Indian ancestors.

Of these stringed instruments the oldest is the *Ravanastron*, which consists of a wooden cylinder covered with snake-skin, and

having a long wooden handle which supports two strings made of the intestines of the gazelle. It is played with a bow of horse-hair and bamboo, and is chiefly used by mendicants.

Akin to this is the Amrita, a rude fiddle, the body of which consists of half a cocoa-nut covered with gazelle-skin. But the favourite violin of India, and one which is used by the Nautch girls to accompany their songs, is the Sarungee. Its body is generally oblong, and the number of its strings varies, some instruments having as many as fifteen, four of gut and eleven of wire. The hairs of the bow are very loose, and the hand of the player tightens them as he plays.

Of the Guitar family India has produced many varieties, ranging from the Sitar, which has from three to seven strings of steel and brass, to the Taoosee, which has six playing strings, below which are twelve strings of fine wire, which sound from sympathetic vibration.

Curiously enough, Hindustan has produced no sort of harp, though some have been introduced from Burmah. But as regards instruments of percussion their name is legion, and Rajah Mohun Tagore, who has written learnedly on the music of his country, enumerates no fewer than sixty-five. These, of course, include all manner of drums, some of wood and some of copper, some to be beaten with drumsticks, others with the palms of the hands and fingers. Some are played singly and others in pairs. The heads are covered with goatskin of different thickness, so as to produce bass and tenor tones; these, like our own, are tuned by tightening or loosening the side cords. The inside is sometimes coated with resin and

oil, and a piece of dough inserted under the bass side tempers the skin and keeps it in tune.

Gongs, cymbals, and castanets figure prominently in the services of Hindu temples, as all will remember whose ears have ever been tortured by their deafening din. Under the same class must be included the Goongooros, or strings of tinkling bells tied above the ankle by both male and female temple dancers.

Of wind instruments India has various flageolets and flutes, one of which is said to be efficacious in taming elephants. The Poongi, which proves so fascinating to snakes, consists of a hollow gourd into which are inserted two bamboo pipes pierced with holes. The player blows through a mouthpiece cut in the gourd, and can produce about nine plaintive notes. This is, *par excellence*, the instrument of the snake-charmers. One variety of this instrument is played by breathing through the nose instead of the mouth, as in the case of the Fijian nose-flute.

India has also a large assortment of horns and trumpets of wood and metal, to say nothing of that rude conch or shell-trumpet, which produced almost the most unearthly of all sounds, and so is reserved for the special joy of the gods in religious processions.

Passing on to SIAM, we learn that its music (which to our ears is utterly unintelligible and painful) is so greatly in favour, that every house owns as many instruments as it can afford; and one of the chief objects of competition amongst wealthy persons is who can have the best band—a singularly unselfish rivalry, as the general public are admitted to all private concerts at which anything of special merit is to be performed. Both men and women play and

sing, but entirely from ear, as they have no system of notation, so that to be a good musician involves not only a good ear, but a very retentive memory.

Siamese orchestras are distinguished as *Mahoree*, which perform indoors on "light-sounding" instruments—that is to say, it includes sundry stringed instruments—and *Bhimbhat*, which consist solely of wind instruments and those of percussion, and are happily reserved for the open air.

Ultra-sensitive persons might object to even the "light-sounding" instruments, which enliven the domestic circle, seeing that these include not only drums, but also *Khong-yai*, or gong-organs, which are formed by suspending either sixteen or twenty-one brazen gongs from a circular framework, in the centre of which squats the player, so that he can strike each at will.

In arranging an indoor orchestra a row of these gongs and drums occupies the centre, behind them are placed the wind and stringed instruments, while in front are the *Ranats*, which are a peculiar sort of harmonicon. There are four varieties of it, two made of wood and two of metal. The body of the instrument is something like a cradle, across the top of which are laid seventeen bars of wood, which are struck with two wooden hammers. They are convex on the upper side and concave on the lower, and are roughly tuned to a scale, which is partly effected by sticking lumps of wax mixed with lead and oil to the underside. Similar tuning-lumps are attached to the gongs in the *Khong-yai*.

In Burmah, where the *Seing-weing*, a similarly arranged circle of drums of graduated sizes, is con-

stantly going out of tune owing to the very variable atmosphere, the necessary tuning is done by tightening the drum-heads, and smearing the fingers with a paste made of burnt rice-husk.

BURMAH has also a "gong-organ," called the *Kyee-wain*, in which about fifteen metal plates are suspended from a circular frame.

It also has several varieties of the *Ranat*, which is there known as the *Pattala*, and sometimes has as many as twenty-three bamboo keys, which are struck with cloth balls stuck on sticks.

A curious stringed instrument common to both these countries is "The Alligator," known in Siam as the *Ta'khay*, and in Burmah as the *Megyoung*. It is of the nature of a guitar, but is shaped like an alligator, and is sometimes supplied with glass eyes. It is about four feet long, and is placed on the ground, the player squatting beside it. Three silken strings pass over two bridges, one near the head, the other at the tail, where the tuning-pegs are also placed. Ten frets are set at intervals along the back, and the player sounds the strings with a large ivory plectrum, like a big tooth, which is fastened to his fingers. Both Burmah and Siam also have several varieties of rude violins, and the snake-charmers extract elaborate tunes from a sort of banjo made of cocoa-nut shell, with a handle of bamboo and two wire strings.

The most attractive of Burmese instruments is the *Soung* or harp, which is played by young men as an accompaniment to songs. The body, which is shaped like a covered canoe, is of wood covered with buffalo-skin. This varies in length from two to five feet, but

the apparent length is doubled by a gracefully curved tapering handle, to which one end of each of the thirteen silken strings is attached by tassels, just in the same way as is shown on certain Egyptian and Assyrian sculptures. The tones of this instrument are really sweet, and it has also the merit of being ornamental.

Burmah has sundry flutes and other wind instruments, including some of zinc and copper, which are shaped like serpents. Amongst the minor means of destroying blessed silence is the *Kyee-see*, which is a triangular plate of sonorous brass suspended by a string from a stick, and struck by parties carrying offerings to Buddhist shrines, to attract attention to these their gifts.

More serious is the noise produced by large and small metal cymbals, and by wooden castanets of all sizes. Of the latter, giants, sometimes five feet long, are made of bamboo, and these *Wahle 'khohts* figure prominently in theatrical orchestras, and help considerably to intensify their deafening din. What that is may be imagined by any one who remembers that a Burmese orchestra probably includes both a drum-organ and a gong-organ, besides separate drums, gongs, cymbals, castanets, flutes, oboes, and any other noise-creating instrument that can be obtained, often without the aid of a single stringed instrument.

In Burmah, as in Siam, there is no system of musical notation, and popular airs are handed down to successive generations by ear only. Here also every great man has his own private band, and musical dramas are greatly in favour, in which the adventures of mythological heroes are acted,

with orchestral accompaniment, singing, and dancing.

Passing onward to ARABIA and PERSIA, it is interesting to trace how largely the musical instruments of Europe have been derived from those of these Eastern lands. Strange to say, Mohammed strongly denounced all music, whence we may reasonably infer that the primitive music of the sons of the desert was not seductive. But in the seventh century the lute was brought to Mecca from Bagdad, which in the two following centuries, under the magnificent rule of the Caliphs, became the musical centre of the world. The conquering Arabs rapidly acquired all the Persians could teach them, and carried their skill wherever the tide of victory carried them; and Cordova, Toledo, and Granada echoed the melodies which had hitherto gladdened the people of Damascus, Aleppo, and Bagdad. The names of many of the most celebrated minstrels of this period are still on record, with stories of the marvels accomplished by their melodious songs, with lute or tamboura accompaniment.

Certainly, though the modern music of the Arabs has admirers amongst those who have studied it, it is decidedly an acquired taste, for to our untrained ears their nasal singing and discordant accompaniments are simply intolerable. The general character of their songs is soft and plaintive, and when sung by the Bedouins are simple in the extreme; but other singers add trills and fanciful additions *ad lib.*, to the delight of their audience.

No sooner had the Arabians been infected with the love of music than they devoted themselves to its culture in such good

earnest that the Spanish historians record the names of considerably over two hundred musical instruments in use among them. These included 32 kinds of lute, 12 of dulcimer, 14 sorts of violin, 23 varieties of double pipes, 22 of oboes, 18 kinds of trumpet, and 5 different bagpipes.

In these we trace the development from the original lute with four strings, to that now in use in Egypt, which has fourteen strings made of lamb's gut, while that of Syria has twelve, four of wire and four of gut. It is played with a small plectrum, sometimes made of the quill of an eagle, sometimes of steel; and to protect the sounding-board from injury, a piece of fish-skin is glued across it beneath the strings.

It is interesting to note the variety of materials used in the manufacture of many of these instruments. One Algerian guitar is made of the shell of a tortoise, another of wood inlaid with tortoise-shell, and its cat-gut strings are plucked with a plectrum of tortoise-shell. The Arabian variety of the same is made of half a gourd covered with sheep-skin, and decorated with many small strips of leather, to which are fastened the small cowrie-shells, which are deemed so effectual in scaring off powers of evil. A very quaint form of Arabian guitar consists of a square wooden body covered with red plush, and decorated with these shells. Two strings are attached to the handle by a leather band without the use of any sort of tuning-peg.

Another very quaint instrument is the Kissar of Egypt, which consists of a rude triangle of three sticks, one angle of which passes through a circular body of leather, across which pass five strings

of gut fastened to the upper cross-bar.

Far more advanced in the scale of stringed instruments is the Kanoon or dulcimer of Turkey, which has seventy-five strings of lamb's gut, on a sort of triangular sounding-board about three feet in length, of beautiful light-coloured wood. The strings are tuned in sets of three each by means of wood or metal pegs, and are plucked by two plectra of buffalo-horn attached by a silver ring to the forefinger of each hand. To prevent the friction of the strings against the sounding-board, that part of it on which the bridge rests is covered with a large piece of fish-skin. This instrument finds great favour in the harems of Turkey, as does also a kindred but smaller instrument called the *Santir*, which has thirty-six strings of wire set in couples, and tuned by metal keys. They are struck with little wooden hammers.

Of instruments played with bows, the favourite in Persia is the *Kermangeh*, the body of which consists of a cocoa-nut shell, with the upper end cut off and covered with fish-skin, on which rests the bridge. The nut is pierced with many small holes. A long handle supports thick strings, each consisting of about sixty horse-hairs. The tones produced are hoarse and confused.

Of purely indigenous Arab stringed instruments it is probable that the most ancient is the Rebâb, which is found in most Mohammedan countries. It consists of a small square body of wood covered with skin, and with a long handle to which are affixed either one or two horse-hair strings. The two-stringed Rebâb is used by singers as an accompaniment,

while the monotonous one-stringed variety is used by improvisors, and is called the Poet's Rebâb. Either this or the Persian equivalent was imported to Europe by the Crusaders, and was the ancestor of the Rebec of Provençal troubadours. Like the Kermangeh, it is played with a horse-hair bow, and is supported by a long iron leg, which rests on the ground.

Of flutes or *Nay* the Arab nations have so many varieties that one celebrated player was reported to be able to play on eight different kinds. Its plaintive notes afford the inspiring music to which the whirling dervishes of Constantinople perform their dances, the Mohammedans of modern days having contrived quite to set aside the anti-musical injunctions of their founder.

Then there are the Zummareh or double-reed pipes, each furnished with a mouthpiece of split wood, and the player takes both these at once within his lips, and blows while fingering the holes. This is accompanied by a tattoo on earthen drums covered with fish-skin. But the favourite reed instrument of the Egyptian boatmen is the *Argheel*, which is a sort of humble relation to our Scotch bagpipes. In one variety the bag is formed of a small goat-skin.

The Nefyr or Arab trumpet is also interesting as having probably been the ancestor of our own brass wind instruments. It is a long straight tube of brass, from which the player throws forth the shrillest possible sounds, apparently quite at random, to blend with the discordant hubbub produced by kettle-drums, castanets, and other instruments of ear-torture.

Not only did the Arabs derive a totally new system of music from Persia, but when the Turks in

their turn conquered that land they carried back captive musicians to instruct the people of Constantinople. It is said that the conqueror, Amurath, who seems to have rivalled Nero in brutality, was, like him, keenly susceptible to the joys of music; and while 30,000 of the gallant defenders of Bagdad were being butchered in cold blood by his command, a celebrated harpist ventured to approach, and sang so pathetically that Amurath ordered that the carnage should cease.

It is said that the Persians have the most musical voices of any Eastern nations, and are free from the ordinary nasal twang. Their singing is, however, marred, according to our ideas, by the excess of trills and shakes. But then, how can our taste agree with that of people who on a wedding morning escort the bride to her bath with a procession headed by a troop of musicians playing oboes, flutes, and drums!

The *Chang*, a sort of harp, once so popular with Persians, Arabs, and Turks, has now fallen into disuse, its place being taken by various sorts of guitars, some of which are very beautiful instruments, with a body of inlaid wood, and ten strings of wire, steel and brass; it is played with a plectrum of wax and brass.

Perhaps the most peculiar of Turkish musical instruments is that known as Mohammed's Standard, which consists of a brass frame with numerous bells, on the top of a long pole surmounted by the crescent and streamers of horse-hair. It figures in *Janissary* or military bands, in concert with various drums great and small, trumpets, horns, and cymbals, which produce noise enough to put any foe to flight.

That such a triumph has been obtained by our own beloved national music we are all aware, for is it not recorded in one of our favourite historic ballads how

"The Esk was swollen sae red an' sae deep,
But shouther to shouther the brave lads keep:
Twa thousand swam ower to fell English ground,
An' danced themselves dry to the pibroch's sound.
Dumfounder'd the English saw, they saw—
Dumfounder'd they heard the blaw, the blaw;
DUMFOUNDER'D THEY A' RAN AWA',
AWA',
FRAE THE HUNDRED PIPERS AN' A',
AN' A'."

I am quite sure that no Southron will for a moment question the veracity of this incident!

Even a single stand of pipes has done right good service in putting to flight the most savage of foes, as when, in the Peninsular war, a solitary piper somehow found himself separated from his regiment, and in imminent peril from a whole pack of hungry wolves. With the calmness of desperation he blew up his chanter, and what was his joy when, *at the first skirl of the pipes, the whole pack turned tail and fled!*

Passing on to consider what may be called purely savage music. There are scarcely any tribes in the known world who have not some primitive form of musical instrument. Probably the Veddahs of Ceylon, the Fuegians, and the Mincopies are the only races so distinguished, and even these have their own notions of singing. For convenience Mr Brown classifies savage instruments into three groups: first, those of the African tribes; secondly, the North

American Indians, including the Eskimos of Alaska on the north, and the natives of Mexico on the south; thirdly, the instruments of Central America, South America, and Oceania, including Australia, New Zealand, and all Pacific Isles south of the equator.

In all these lands the native instruments die out so rapidly after the importation of "trade" music from more civilised countries, that it is already exceedingly difficult to obtain anything like a complete collection,—a difficulty which in some cases is increased by something of veneration for the old instruments, especially the drums and rattles used by sorcerers in many lands from Brazil to Lapland. "The Greenlanders," says Rowbotham, "use the drum to conjure up spirits—the Samoyedes to drive them away." The American Indian woos his love by the beating of his love-drum, while the Marquesans murder silence by battering on mammoth drums fifteen feet in height, while feasting beneath the cool shade of lovely trees. Probably, however, their drums are like those of Fiji and other South Sea isles, which consist only of a huge hollowed log, which is struck with two sticks, and in the hands of a practised player gives forth a very fine deep tone. A fine resonant tone is also obtained by simply striking bamboos on the ground, which in all those isles is the regular accompaniment of songs and dances.

The African negroes seem to be the most imaginative in the matter of rude music, one of their most peculiar instruments being the Marimba, which consists of twelve flat pieces of wood, which form the keys; to each of these are attached a couple of gourds, which supply the required reso-

nance, and the whole is fixed in a wooden frame, and suspended by a cord passing round the neck of the player. The negroes of Guatemala have a variety of this instrument, with twice as many keys (or wooden bars), on which three players strike simultaneously with rubber-tipped drumsticks. In place of the gourds, they suspend hollow pieces of wood beneath each wooden key.

In Speke's Journals in Central Africa, he describes a negro concert in which one player performed on the aforesaid Marimba, another on a harp with seven strings, others on flutes, trumpets, kettle-drums, and sundry smaller drums. This was a peaceful concert, but in time of war the din produced by drums, horns, gong-gongs, and castanets was appalling.

In Dahomey, where the people delight in singing, dancing, and cutting off heads, Forbes witnessed a "procession of the king's wealth," in which twenty men carried a great drum ornamented with twenty human skulls, six more carried another ornamented with twelve skulls, while thirty women carried one decorated with twenty-four skulls. They also have drums made of pottery, which are said to be covered with human skin.

Perhaps the simplest idea of a drum is that used by the Bushmen, which consists simply of a wooden bowl containing a little water, and tightly covered with skin. On this they beat an accompaniment to their dances. Another instrument of the Bushmen consists of a hollow calabash attached to a musical bow, on which is stretched a twisted string of sinews, on which the performer plays with a thin stick. This is

described as "a selfish kind of music," inasmuch as the musician having one end of the bow constantly between his teeth, its sounds vibrate powerfully to his own ears, but are lost to those of his neighbours! Would that such selfishness in music could be more frequently practised!

Of stringed instruments a curious one is the Ombi of the Balakai, which is a sort of harp made of thin pieces of resonant wood, covered with leather prepared from the ear of an elephant or snake-skin. It has eight strings cut from the dried root of a tree. Various negro tribes have instruments akin to this. The Nanga of the Niam-Niams, which is something between a harp and a mandolin, has strings made from the long wiry hairs in the giraffe's tail.

One tribe in the Soudan has a rude lyre, the strings of which are supported on a bridge formed of the large mussel-shell. Shells also figure in conjurers' rattles, which are composed of many odd things; and I myself purchased in the Fijian Isles a dancer's decoration, consisting of about a hundred or more strings of loosely strung snail-shells, hanging from a waist-belt to the knee, and of course producing an incessant rattling.

A peculiar African rattle consists simply of a few pebbles inside of a hollow gourd. At certain festivals hundreds of women and children go forth bearing these, and trying who can rattle the loudest. This is the rattle used by "the rain-maker" when he seeks to draw rain to the thirsty earth.

Some of the African tribes excel in their performances on huge cumbrous horns — wooden tubes

five feet in length, on which they are said to produce runs, trills, and shakes as accurately as on a flute, modulating their tones from infinite tenderness to the sound of a lion's roar!

Apparently the only approach to a negro violin is a very rude instrument made of a gourd with a deerskin top, and having a single string of cow's hair, which is played with a bow of the same. Very few tribes possess even this; indeed the discovery of stringed instruments always marks a decided advance in the musical growth of any nation, and the invention of some form of Jew's-harp has almost invariably been the first step towards evolving more powerful instruments.

In these rude instruments we see every stage in the growth of wind instruments, from the single pierced bamboo to the *Syrinx* or Pan's pipes. Examples are found in British Guiana, of which the longest reeds are four feet in length. Next comes the addition of a wind-bag and a drone, which we find in some form in many lands.

The negroes of the Congo and the Ashantees each have a rude bagpipe, very shrill and piercing in tone.

Time fails me to speak of the love-flutes of the Dakota and Sioux Indians—of their black war-drum, decorated with mysterious figures—of the medicine-man's drum smeared with vermilion, or the common drum on which the Indian who desires to soothe his nerves hammers in private for hours at a time. But I may not quite pass by the Sioux rattle, which is sometimes fastened as a bracelet to the wrist of the conjurer, sometimes waved in the air. A tightly blown bladder

containing pebbles and various trifles coloured red, is efficacious; but far better is a combination of bits of copper and tin, pieces of elk-tusks, deers' toes, quills, turtle-shells, and rattles of the rattle-snake.

A very peculiar Sioux instrument is the Moose-call, which is supposed to produce tones like the plaint of the love-sick elk. It is a wooden flute, about four feet in length, and its notes, when heard from afar across the water, are said to be sweet and sad.

A Dakota orchestra consists of about three drums, a dozen wind instruments, and perhaps twenty different sorts of rattles, and as many tappers, which are simply wooden rods held upright and tapped continuously on some object such as a buffalo-rib or the blade of a tomahawk, the sound varying with the object struck, and producing a curious undertone to the chanting of many voices. The performances of these orchestras sometimes continue for several weeks at a time. Dr Sweeny tells how he had the privilege of hearing a tune which had begun ten days before his arrival, continued during two weeks he was stationary, and lasted for three weeks after his departure!

Apparently the only stringed instrument of the American Indians is a very rude form of violin with bow, invented by the Apaches. It has only a single string made of horse-hair, as is also the bow.

The Mexican Indians are especially rich in rattles and whistles of fanciful form. Rowbotham tells us that the ancient Mexicans carved rattles representing snakes crushing toads in their coils, whistles like birds or men's heads, and tambourines to

represent a snake biting a tortoise's head. The modern Mexican occasionally gives a Christian character to his guitar by decorating the face of it with a cross, a chalice, and a paten.

The drum and rattle figure equally prominently among the treasures of the Alaskan Indians, the rattles being generally carved to represent some animal, such as a frog, a kingfisher, an owl, or a dead man with protruding tongue. Some represent the "spirit of the drowned," which is a nondescript creature, something between a man and an otter, who cannot sing but only whistles, and is always playing tricks on mortals.

The Eskimos on the north coast of Alaska have no instrument except a drum, made of a circle of wood, over which is stretched a head of skin, lashed with braided

sinews. This is also the only instrument of the Laplanders and Greenlanders, who frequently make it of the skin of a whale's tongue, stretched over a circle of whalebone, and held by a whalebone handle, while the Greenlanders sing of the seal-hunt, of the great deeds of his ancestors, or of the joy of welcoming the long-absent sun; and the bystanders croon a sort of running accompaniment in low undertones.

Of such a subject it is difficult to give any just idea without the numerous illustrations by which Mr Brown has made the subject so very clear, and which include drawings of many rare and curious musical instruments of Europe—France, Germany, Russia, Greece, Italy, Spain, and Madeira.

C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

CIVILISATION.

'Tis very commonly said (perhaps no assertion is less likely to be disputed) that the age of miracles is past; yet the statement will hardly bear analysis, unless the word "miracle" is used only in a secondary and special sense. Dr Johnson defines it as "a wonder, an event contrary to the laws of nature"; but Professor Skeat, a later and stricter etymologist, only gives "a wonder, a prodigy"; and on turning to find his interpretation of "prodigy," lo! he can only explain it as "a portent, a wonder." Now, if a miracle is nothing more than something astonishing, something to excite wonder, surely the age of miracles is in full swing; surprises lie in wait for us round the corner of each new almanac. On the other hand, if we adopt Dr Johnson's alternative interpretation, the proposition is as unstable as ever, for the Doctor himself would assuredly have considered that to travel from London to Edinburgh in eight hours would be "contrary to the laws of nature." During the whole history of the world, up to his time, the fastest locomotion on land had been by means of horses yoked to wheeled vehicles; imagination failed to surmise anything beyond what could be accomplished by the fleetest animals harnessed to the most perfect chariot. Sir Walter Scott was not deficient in imagination, but, one has only to turn to the opening paragraphs of the 'Heart of Mid-Lothian' to recognise the author's conviction that travelling had been brought to perfection. When he wrote, "Perhaps the echoes of Ben Nevis may soon be awakened by the bugle, not of a warlike chieftain, but of

the guard of a mail-coach," he evidently thought he was trespassing beyond the verge of probability; yet in a few months from now these echoes will resound to the clatter and roar of express trains, devouring the ground at the rate of fifty miles an hour. Could Sir Walter see this, what could he do but exclaim with one of his own creatures, "Prodigious"? To him it would appear a miracle.

But, considered as a mere achievement of human ingenuity and perseverance applying natural forces, it would not be miraculous in the special sense of the term. A genuine miracle must be an act or process transcending and independent of all natural law — an impossibility, in fact. For instance, there never was a time when the Irishman's aspiration to be in two places at once, "like a bird," could be fulfilled, for that would violate what we must recognise as a law which no sane person would spend a single hour in studying to evade, that no single body can simultaneously occupy more than one *ubi*. There are doubtless laws in nature of which we know nothing, and therefore have not yet recognised; feats performed by means of these laws may seem to us miracles, but we have no right to call them supernatural because we cannot trace the action of the law.

There is no irreverence to Scripture involved in this assertion. We see through a glass darkly; we know in part. The Lawgiver reveals Himself to us by the action of His own laws, by us imperfectly understood; that action has in past times transcended

or evaded the observation of those who witnessed certain events which we class as miracles, just as the possibility of travelling sixty miles an hour transcended the imagination of Sir Walter Scott, and just as the nature of the electric current has hitherto evaded definition by men of science: each of these phenomena are miracles in the sense that they justly excite our wonder, but not in the sense that they are supernatural. The firmer a man's faith in the unseen, the firmer must be his conviction that although there are many things superhuman, there is nothing supernatural. It is a redundant adjective; everything that exists is natural, for nature is omnipresent, and by its laws everything that is unnatural ceases to exist. The most striking miracle that can take place—the restoration of the dead to life—is not one whit more miraculous or beyond our powers than the origin of life itself or the circulation of the blood. So long, therefore, as there remain unfathomed mysteries such as these, so long the age of miracles endures.

Looking back along the road travelled by human beings in what we conceitedly call the March of Civilisation, what a blundering, crooked track it is! how much shorter the journey might have been made! How deeply the ground is trampled where frequent conflicts have taken place! how many mighty barriers thrown across it by lawgivers, ecclesiastics, warriors, may still be traced by their crumbling ruins. "That which we call progress," observes Mr Leslie Stephen, "is for the most part a process of finding the right path by tumbling into every ditch on each side of the way." Can it be claimed that our course even now is less staggering and

blindfold than heretofore? Consider, for instance, the precautions taken for the physical development of the human race. It is possible that in after-ages our posterity will look back with amazement to the nineteenth century, when people in the van of civilisation freely devoted mind and means to developing the most capable strains of domestic animals, and were content to leave the perpetuation of their own species to utterly random haphazard. The mighty Clydesdale dray-horse, the racer with lungs and legs enabling him to outstrip the hurricane, and the shaggy little Shetland, are members of identically the same species: in the two first, qualities latent in the original animal have been developed by thoughtful selection of parents, and in the last have had to manifest themselves only in the degree permitted by an inclement climate and scanty food. Were the same discretion and control exercised in the preliminaries of human matrimony, instead of leaving them all to the guidance of a proverbially blind little god or the calculations of mercenary prudence, what physical and intellectual miracles might not follow! Each succeeding generation might excel the last in symmetry, beauty of countenance, the use of all the senses duly balanced by intellectual qualities. Gentlemen there might then be—not classified as such on account of their balance at the banker's or the superficial trick of caste, but because they would be *gentle* in the strict sense—i.e., men of birth—till in time a mongrel would be as out of place in human society as it is now in a pack of fox-hounds. Disappointment, of course, might be expected in the earlier stages of the system. The offspring of an alliance carefully selected to

produce a race of coal-heavers might conceive an invincible desire to become a Court florist, or one destined to excel as a musician be possessed with an unreasonable impulse to be a member of Parliament; but firm and scientific administration might be relied on to eradicate these eccentricities in time. Some people may be disposed to think the present Government have allowed a great opportunity to go past when they constituted a Ministry of Agriculture by Act of Parliament, instead of setting up a Ministry of Matrimony. However, this is a hazardous subject: it is rather of what Civilisation *has* done for us than of what it might have done, or may do, that it is intended to treat in this paper.

To resume the metaphor of a march (for which I am in no degree responsible)—one looking back over the line of it may descry in the distance certain races that seem hardly yet to have started, and he is perhaps puzzled to account for their laggardness. Arithmetic is the simplest of the three R's, as well as the most indispensable in anything like business, yet there are primitive races whose language fails to define any proportion beyond duality. Some of the Australasian tribes reckon up to two and no further—everything beyond that being comprised in a word meaning "plenty." The West Australians have advanced a little further, and by means of counting their fingers and toes, and (in the higher standards) other people's fingers and toes, may be considered quite ready reckoners. One of these, wishing to express "fifteen," would say, "*Marh-jin-belli-belli-gudjir-jina-bang-ga*"—that is, "a hand on

either side and half the feet."¹ The Tonga Islanders are a long way further on, for they not only can count up to 100,000, but have given proof of a highly developed sense of humour. They got bored by the French explorer Labillardière, who "pressed them further, and obtained numerals up to 1000 billions, which were duly printed, but proved on later examination to be partly nonsense words and partly indelicate expressions; so that the supposed series of high numerals forms at once a little vocabulary of Tonga indecency, and a warning as to the probable results of taking down unchecked answers from question-worried savages."

Think what a vast interval of education a mind in this primitive state has to traverse before it can apprehend the bare existence of the legion numerals handled by mathematicians, let alone handling them himself. Talk of miracles! Herein is one far worthier of wonder than the Indian juggler's magic mango, that the dwarfish intellect whose reckoning power fails to apprehend definitely more than "we two"—everything over that being an unnumbered crowd—can be trained to grasp even the elementary measurements of science, such as that of the velocity of light, and, thus trained, comprehend the magnitude involved in the fact that the rays which left the star Aldebaran Beta 50,000 years ago are only just reaching the earth now, though they have been travelling hither through the intervening space at the rate of 180,000 miles a second ever since. To cause the warm blood to course again through dead veins, or to change water into wine, are more sudden, but scarcely more wonder-

¹ Primitive Culture, by Professor E. Tylor, vol. i. chap. vii.

stirring feats than wakening the dormant faculties of the mind or turning ignorance into knowledge.

Ages ago a Phœnician merchant, ingenious beyond his fellows, and overwhelmed by the increasing multitude and complexity of his transactions, devised a series of symbols by means of which, scratched on tablets of baked clay, he was enabled to exchange information with traders at a distance. "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" What a blaze of illumination may be traced to that uncertain spark! A faculty took its birth therefrom, second only in importance to articulate speech. Hitherto intercourse in absence had been as impossible as it is now for a man to be simultaneously in more than one place. Henceforth distance in space and time were alike set at naught; the wall of Pyramus was penetrated; the king's sign-manual commanded obeisance in the uttermost parts of his realm; lovers' flames were fanned even when their whispers were hushed by distance; and, marvel of marvels, men being dead yet spoke in their own words to countless unborn generations. A man must be in love—a woman must be a mother—before either can realise the full value of letters. There are some who never find themselves in either of these conditions—to whom perhaps correspondence has been so watered down by frequency and by the added importunity of telegrams that they have come to look on the post-bag as an irksome incident, like shaving. And all of us (lovers and mothers excepted, *bien entendu*) have suffered indolence to interfere with intercourse by letter. Lord Byron wrote letters not amiss, yet even he willingly shirked putting pen to paper. "No letters to-day," he notes in *his journal*; "so much the better

—no answers." We are prone to assume that the age of correspondence, like that of miracles, has passed away; if that is so, it has happened through our own neglect. Letters are but written conversation: bright, natural conversation is the outward and visible sign of friendship; and bright, natural letters are as delightful and as highly valued as ever—only we are too lazy to write them. Yet what loads of leisure some people have! How few of the young men (young women must be credited with plenty of industry in correspondence) who loll away rainy hours in country houses over the pages of sporting and society papers ever think of taking up a pen to exchange thoughts with distant friends! Let us pry into the correspondence of a member of this enviable class, taking care to fix on one who is heart-whole, untrammelled by engagement with any fair—for, of course, the mind of the enamoured male is abnormally active, and drives the quill far and fast.

It is perhaps the afternoon of Sunday, often a period of self-reproach by reason of the seductions of luncheon all too generous. The golden youth rises from before the fire, yawns, stretches himself, and, asking his host what time the post goes out, straddles off to the smoking-room, observing that he has a lot of letters to write. This young gentleman has received an education costly beyond the wildest dreams of the medieval student: he is one on whom thousands of pounds have been lavished to give him the standing of a scholar; he has means enough to make him absolute disposer of his own time, and is of such station in life where a considerable degree of mental culture may be expected. Here are surely the head and the hand to bring the Phœnician's invention

to consummate fruit. Learning and leisure, with all the luxurious appliances of a wealthy country house at their command, hampered by no irritating defect of circumstance—mind will commune with mind; and as we prepare to look over his shoulder, we anticipate a real intellectual treat.

Drawing a sheet of exquisite smoothness from the stand, and dipping a new grey-goose quill in a silver fox-head inkstand, the scribe pauses, biting the feather of the pen and gazing with a far-off look out of the window. His eye wanders over the soaked lawn, which was once the cloister garth of an ancient religious house. Even so in olden days may a monk, wearied with the task of illuminating a psalter, have rested his eyes on the same emerald sward. To tell the truth, our friend is puzzled to remember the day of the month, though that happens to be displayed in large black figures in a frame on the mantelpiece. The mental effort seems too much for him, for, laying down his pen, he pulls out a morocco-leather cigar-case; and it is not till he has a fine regalia under way that he begins a letter

To his Sister.

"CAROL PRIORY, SOPPINGHAM,
Sunday.

"DEAR POLLY,—Please tell the governor I shall arrive on Tuesday by the 5.15, and will he send a trap for me. Raining like anything.—Yours, Bo."

Evidently he reserves the confidence, always so facile and full between brother and sister, for their early meeting.

Before beginning the next letter, some minutes are devoted to reflection and calculation, aided by the aromatic incense of *Havannah*. Ah! he is now going to

commit to some intimate friend choice thoughts from that well-shaped, capable head. But no; the letter is

*To the Secretary, Army and Navy
Co-operative Society, Victoria
Street, S. W.*

"Captain de Crespigny, No. 1,291,065," (shade of the great Crusader! what think you of your direct descendant having to certify his identity by a number like a convict's?) "requests that 1000 c. f. E.O. cartridges, No. 6 shot, may be sent to him at Hieover Hall, Huntingfield."

The third and last is going to be the letter to admit us to the writer's mind, for it is

To his Friend.

"DEAR OLD MAN,—You wanted to know what we did here. Friday—Cockshot Wood, 5 guns, 720 pheas., 213 hares, 30 rabb., 2 woodcock, 18 various; total, 1083. Saturday—Bangover Covers, 105 pheasants, 65 part., 19 hares, 573 rabb., 10 woodcock, 2 various; total, 774. Weather blagard [*sic*], powder straightish. We don't shoot to-morrow; there's a rotten cattle-show or something. I'm off on Tuesday—home. Haven't seen you for an age. I don't suppose we shall meet till about the Derby. Take care of your life.—Yours ever, BO DE CRESPIGNY."

Alas! it seems as if the cheapness of correspondence has brought upon it the proverbial corollary. Yet this is an age of copious, if not fastidious, reading. It is still recognised as a duty to society to make one's self as agreeable as may be in conversation. It would therefore seem worth the little extra trouble involved to make a letter as attractive as a paragraph

in an evening paper. If it were once realised that it is as much a breach of good manners to write slatternly as to speak curtly, the habit of adequate literary expression would soon be acquired. It is as integral to good breeding to amuse or inform a friend at a distance as to do so to one sitting in the next place at dinner.

It is easily imagined how, in former times, the arrival of the weekly post must have been a vivid incident in the dulness of country life; but

“Born a goddess, Dulness never dies,”

and she seems to have avenged herself for the greater frequency of letters by pouring her spirit upon their pages.

In this country we look back to the latter half of the eighteenth and the first quarter of the nineteenth century, as the last period when men took enough pains to write letters worth reading; but we should be slow to admit that friendship is less prized now than then. Walpole, the prince of correspondents, quarrelled with most of his friends except Sir Horace Mann. Perhaps it was distance alone that prevented disagreement with him; but how full and warm the current of sympathy flows through the letters to the end! and, but for this art, their friendship must have died early of starvation. It may be as cynically true as ever, that although any man can say how many horses or cattle he possesses, none can say how many friends he reckons: still, friendship endures; and, while it does so, it is passing strange that the priceless link of correspondence should be allowed to rust.

At the risk of being wearisome, I must carry inquiry into this matter a little further. It is assumed *that, because letters are so cheap*

and common, they can never be again what they were a hundred and fifty years ago. It is not difficult to imagine what they were then. In a certain Scottish country house there hangs on the wall of the central hall a mighty fabric of *appliqué* work, originally intended for and used as a carpet. Chairs and sofas are covered with the same material. It is the handiwork of a former lady of the house, and dates from 1767-77. The faithful effigies of hyacinths, crown imperials, fritillaries, honeysuckle, hellebore, tiger-lilies, moss and other roses—all the lavish heraldry of the seasons that flaunted in the castle parterres in those long-dead years—still attest the industry of this gentle dame and her maidens. One can see them sitting round the plum-coloured fabric, stitching away as weeks, months, years slipped by. The part she had to play in life is known to have been the “patient Grizel” business; there remain her letters in witness of it, the ink more faded than her flowers. Truly to her, left to struggle with the narrow supplies allowed her by her selfish and absent husband, the rare arrival of the post must have been an event much looked forward to and greatly prized. But the point insisted on is this—it was *not* the rarity of it that gave it value, but the trouble people took to make their letters compensate for their rarity and cost. Obviously, it is the people who meet oftenest and on the easiest terms who most prize each other's company; so the ease of frequent correspondence ought to multiply rather than detract from its value. It is easy to test the truth of this. Does the lover of to-day treasure one whit less fondly, or read over one fraction less frequently, the daily letter from his mistress that

costs him nothing, than the lover of last century, who got a letter but once a-week that cost him eighteenpence? Does the nineteenth-century mother's heart yearn less achingly over her schoolboy's blotty scrawls, because she receives in a single morning more letters from her friends than her grandmother got in six months? Not a bit. As an avenue of intercourse, a bond of affection, a source of delight, letter-writing has no more lost its virtue than speech has, only by our slipshod ways we let the wine run in the kennel that we used to love to set before our friends.

As with most metaphors, so fault may be found with that of a march to express the increase of civilisation. In some aspects it is like a stream that has ceased to run in its old channels. For the first time in history, from no cause that has ever been explained, we are without living architecture. In every former age, one desiring to build a house or a church instructed his architect as to the scale of the work, but never thought it necessary to specify the style. That was spontaneous: in the eleventh century the windows and doors would have round arches; in the thirteenth century, pointed with capitals on the pilasters; in the fifteenth century the mode dispensed with capitals—and so on. In each age it was assumed that the new building would be in the fashion of the day. Even when that fashion was a renaissance, it was a uniform, well-defined renaissance. Not till Walpole built Strawberry Hill and Scott followed with Abbotsford was it evident that architecture had ceased to live. Henceforward pretty and interesting piles might be reared with the bones of the mighty dead (with becoming respect to comparative

anatomy), but houses could no more be living fabrics.

Modern architects can build excellent houses in any known style: he who pays for them has only to specify his fancy. Hence the *bizarre* phenomena of justice scowling down Fleet Street from the battlements of a feudal fortress—a Venetian Gothic palace trying to smile through the drizzle of the Western Highlands—a timbered, red-tiled, Cheshire manor-house perched beside a Renfrewshire coal-pit, like a pretty, smartly dressed lady in a dust-cart.

Signs of flickering life survived even Strawberry Hill and Abbotsford; there remained till within the last quarter century a semblance of a style of the day. Cubitt and Haussman may hereafter be remembered as the last architects whose work carries upon it the evidence of its date. After them—chaos: Queen Anne elbows the Abencerrages, King John rubs shoulders with Adelphi Adams, and the niggling confectionery of our native Tudor cringes before

“Those marble garments of the ancient gods,
Which the blaspheming hand of Babylon
Hath gathered out of ruins, and hath raised
In this, her dark extremity of guilt.”

One is led to wonder what kind of sentiment will hang in after-ages round the ruins of the nineteenth century. It has been said that, prone as men are to revivals, no one will ever be tempted to revive the eighteen hundreds. It is indeed difficult to imagine any one studiously reconstructing Buckingham Palace (itself a distorted renaissance), nor can one believe that any degree of antiquity can ever invest it with the charm that hangs over the wasted

walls of Holyrood, or even the well-preserved dowagerhood of Hampton Court.

One thing is certain,—our architects are preparing a pretty comedy of errors for future generations of antiquaries. Massive Norman keeps that frown over English meadows, hoar peel-towers of the Border, dismal brochs on Highland capes, countless country churches and manor-houses—each has an intelligible story for the traveller; but heaven help him who shall try five hundred years hence to read the tale of nineteenth-century civilisation by means of its buildings!

We do not realise the full absurdity of it now—perhaps it is as well for the tempers of some of us that we do not; but it will reflect little credit on our art hereafter. A spick-and-span house built in the fashion of a medieval baron's stronghold is a common object on a Surrey heath or at a seaside watering-place. As parts of a detached villa, towers with machicolated battlements and loop-holed turrets are really nothing but an elaborate practical joke; an eligible seaside residence tricked out with these is about as serious as the men-at-arms in a Lord Mayor's show. The architect displays a creditable acquaintance with archæology, but the effect is not more pleasant than when a grown person affects juvenile airs.

But however absurd some results of the Gothic revival may be, we are bound to be grateful for others. Receiving its main impulse from the skill of Pugin, guided and strengthened by the exquisite feeling and noble language of the author of the '*Stones of Venice*,' it has taken such firm hold of the popular imagination that each year sees more intelligent care bestowed on our ancient buildings. In its early fervour it

was the cause of terrible ravages from the hand of the restorer, but even his work is carried on more reverently now; and as for pulling down or wantonly defacing—an effectual stop has been put to these. One can hardly imagine a state of public opinion that would allow of such an act being perpetrated as that of which the writer has lately seen mournful traces in a certain ruined Scottish priory. The south doorway of the nave is of late Norman work, enriched with delicately carved mouldings: in adapting the building to the requirements of a modern Scottish kirk (presumably about two hundred years ago), a deep, straight groove has been cut right through the ornament on each side of the arch, in order to support the gable of a porch.

Certainly one of the pleasanter signs of recent civilisation is a new-born respect for relics of the past. It is a sentiment which may not, perhaps, rank as a moral virtue, but is to be prized, if on no other account, for the keen enjoyment it confers. No doubt the present often jars harshly with the past, yet often it falls into unexpected harmony with it. One spring afternoon I strolled into the gardens surrounding the cathedral of Tours. The sun shone brightly on the young leaves; an artillery band was playing; the townsfolk strolled about or sat under the trees, the men, as usual, vying with each other in ugliness of attire—the women, no doubt, displaying travesty of the last but two Parisian fashion; children ran about; nurses wheeled perambulators,—in short, it was just such a gathering as may be witnessed on a fine day in any French garrison town. But what has stamped it as one of the fairest scenes in a life's memory is that high over the delicate greenery

soared the grey cathedral towers, shining softly like columns of dull silver against the blue vault. Eighteen generations or more have been laid in the earth since these stones were reared heavenward; rough fellows we should count the builders if they stood among us now, and we should expect them to be astonished at our progress, nor would they disappoint us: yet it was *their* handiwork that gave peculiar charm to the scene. The band would have played, the sun shone, the trees given as soft a shade, but the whole thing would have been forgotten as a sleepy *fête-day* but for those cathedral towers, which a modern architect might mimic, but could not design.

With all our accumulated experience we lack discretion in the art of enjoyment—seem indeed to be getting worse rather than better in this respect, more stupid rather than wise. It is only possible within reasonable limits to touch on an instance of this here and there, but a very obvious one may be taken at random. The hue of gold is that from which the eye derives the fullest delight—not yellow, as of a buttercup, but the hue of the metal itself. There is in it a sense of fulness and richness, a blending of glow and coolness, which the old illuminators well understood, and which no other substance can give. Plainly, then, continence of taste would forbid the vulgar use of gold, even after profusion of discovery had put it within every one's reach. The cupola of St Paul's, the vanes of Westminster, the gates of the Monarch's park—on such as these it may be most rightly spread, for these are what we have of most noble; but it is *not reserved* for these—it is used *in the king's palace* not so profusely as in the gin palace, not

alone on the state coach but on the panels of every hackney cab: the trade advertisement, the republican's sign—everything that is common and much that is unclean—borrows the lustre of gilding, till our jaded sight loses the sense of what should be matchless beauty, and we derive less pleasure from it than a negro rightly does from contemplating his glass beads. It is a sound canon of taste that places ormolu under the same ban as stucco.

However, it is idle to repine, for if sumptuary law were ever to be revived, there are perhaps sores for it to deal with deeper than this mere surface irritation.

It may not be too much to hope that the reverence which is beginning to be shown for ancient monuments may be extended to animate and inanimate nature. Hitherto civilisation has dealt harshly with lands and their wild creatures, altering the face of the former and brushing aside the latter to make way for omnivorous, insatiate man. In this country the regret that has long weighed on the minds of the few at the sight of devastated landscapes has at length, almost too late, begun to find expression in the voice of the many. On no question does Parliament show more vigilant jealousy than on those touching encroachment on waste lands; railway engineers may no longer regard a common as a space intended by nature to have a branch line run through it. But scored and seared and deeply smirched as is the fair face of our island, a similar process is going on in all parts of this overcrowded globe. Many of us are old enough to remember the publication of Mr Gordon Cumming's work on African adventure and sport, describing how he carried out the purpose defined in his preface—"to

penetrate into the interior further than the foot of civilised man had yet trodden." His pages reek with the slaughter of countless pachyderms as well as of elands, giraffes, and lions. The term of a single human generation has sufficed to extinguish these noble forms of life in Bechuanaland; their existence is, indeed, incompatible with civilisation, unless by timely and kindly forethought the example of the United States Government is followed in reserving large tracts as national parks, wherein some of the old world animals may be preserved.

We may plume ourselves, not without reason, on the restrictions placed in late years on the cruelty of human beings, whether towards each other or towards the lower animals. It is an astounding matter for reflection how long the much vaunted "march" went on before it occurred to men that the world would be a better place if there were less suffering in it. Some of the pioneers of civilisation themselves suffered most bitterly. No mortal ever was born upon this earth more willing and capable to leave it a better place than he found it than the Franciscan friar, Roger Bacon. In his day alchemy and astrology obscured the field to be afterwards explored by the clear lenses of chemistry and astronomy; yet, hindered as he was by the prejudice and superstition of the thirteenth century, his genius touched the true clue to physical knowledge, and revealed to him, as through a mist, the outlines of truth.

The vast range of subjects dealt with in his little-known works; the spirit in which they are handled, so averse from the mysticism and obscurantism of his contemporaries, —testify to his unflagging zeal and seldom erring understanding. One

has to picture the breathless, reverent patience with which he watched the veil moving little by little aside from the face of nature, to note the masculine fibre of the mind that steered so stoutly athwart the strong current of contemporary thought, before realising how bitter must have been the doom to which jealous ignorance consigned him. His precious writings were torn from him and condemned; he himself, deprived of books and writing materials, was imprisoned for many years; the piercing intellect, forced to refrain from observation or research, brooded in silence over the might-have-been. "I was imprisoned," he wrote mournfully in after-years, "because of the incredible stupidity of those with whom I had to do." Could human cruelty devise a more brutal punishment than this?

Oh, but it may be said, this happened in the dark ages. Very well: skip three hundred years, and observe the incidents of the "march" just two centuries ago. Sir Thomas Browne, Doctor of Medicine, the cultivated and lively author not only of 'Pseudodoxia Epidemica,' a work devoted to the refutation of vulgar errors, but of the far deeper and tenderer 'Religio Medici,' appears in the witness-box to give evidence against two witches.

More than a hundred years later (we are getting towards the recent stages of the "march" now) lively debates took place in the House of Commons upon a bill to abolish bear-baiting. The bill was thrown out by 50 votes to 32, although, to illustrate the horrors of the system, the Hon. George Lamb, member for Dungarvan, produced a printed paper (which is still in existence) in the form of a playbill, having at the top the Royal arms between the letters

A. R. (*Anna Regina*), of which the following is the text:—

"At the Bear Garden in Hockley in the Hole, near Clerkenwell Green.

"These are to give notice to all gentlemen, gamesters, and others that on this present Monday, being the 27th of April 1702, a great match is to be fought by a bald faced Dog of Middlesex against a fallow Dog of Cow Cross, for a Guinea each Dog, five let-goes out of hand, which goes fairest and furthest in wins all: being a General Day of Sport by all the Old Gamesters and a Great Mad Bull to be turned loose in the Game-place, with Fire-works all over him, and two or three Cats ty'd to his Tail, and Dogs after them. Also other variety of Bull-baiting and Bear-baiting. Beginning at two of the Clock."

It is true that the advertisement was at that time (in 1825) more than a century old, but there was nothing in the law as it then was to prevent similar horrors, and the House of Commons refused to alter it.

This brings the matter down to our own times. Much has been done, but our hands are hardly clean enough for complacency yet.

Few societies have done more good work than that for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, yet who can walk in the Birdcage Walk in the early morning and watch the barbarous treatment of costers' donkeys and ponies there, without seeing that more is wanted than any society, however diligent, can effect? It is a long, flat piece of road, and underfed, overloaded animals are mercilessly raced along it.

It is a pity that horses suffer mutely. If they could express their torments by yells as piercing and loud in proportion to their size as, for example, a wounded hare utters, we should soon be enlightened as to the amount of suffering in our streets. Some of the hansom cabs which ply there

are admirably turned out and driven, but there are still many whose owners act on the principle of a minimum of corn and a maximum of whipcord. In one such I was travelling one day: the driver plied his whip vigorously about the tenderest parts of his horse's flanks, and awkwardly allowed the lash to strike me across the face. The pain was acute, and I did not suffer in silence; yet for one indirect cut that I received in that journey, the unfortunate quadruped received scores. He received punishment at the rate of about fifty lashes a mile, which, if his average daily task is moderately computed at twelve miles, would give the hideous total of six hundred lashes a-day!

This incident took place in broad daylight, but cabmen's night-horses are indeed a pitiful class. Nearly all of those that are assembled nightly in Palace Yard, when the House of Commons is sitting, are suffering from navicular disease, caused by fast work on hard pavements. You may see the unhappy animals standing with first one forefoot, then the other, pointed forward to relieve the pain, which must resemble toothache on a large scale, for it is caused by the decay of a bone nearly two inches long in the centre of the foot. Would society endure horses being worked in this condition if they could signify their pangs as plainly as a fine lady with neuralgia?

The barbarity of tight bearing-reins was forcibly exposed and condemned by a writer in '*Maga*' of June 1875, and certainly the excessive use of them thereafter became less common; but it is still too often to be seen. It would not be seen at all if people in general understood the peculiar form of torture produced by it.

A pair of fat, well-groomed, 16-hands carriage-horses standing in the streets are not subjects to attract commiseration from passers-by; the restless tossing of their heads may be taken for the sign of pride and spirit: but what heart-rending groans could alone express what these fine animals have to endure! Along the top of a horse's neck runs a massive sinew, strong enough to support the leverage of the head; it is attached to several vertebræ nearest the shoulder, then it runs free over the crest and becomes attached again to the vertebræ nearest the poll. When the head is pulled into the position decreed by man's vanity, the vertebræ under the crest press hard into the sinew, and must cause intense suffering, sometimes setting up the inflammation known as poll-evil.

Some years ago I was witness of an act of great though unintentional cruelty inflicted by the ignorance of scientific people concerned in the management of an electric exhibition. Among other examples of the application of electric lighting was one to show it in operation under water. A glass globe, filled with water, contained a burner in full blaze, and—a goldfish. Of course the fish was only put in to make an attractive object, but one has only to remember that fish suffer from exposure even to ordinary daylight, that the whole surface of their bodies is sensitive to it, and lastly, that they have no eyelids—cannot close their eyes—to realise that this was torture applied of more than Carthaginian ferocity. In this matter of cruelty the intentions of this generation are undoubtedly good, although it seems as if in some respects civilisation had outstripped knowledge—as if we had been travel-

ling too fast to take sufficient thought.

Although we are all ready to take credit for the advance of civilisation, there are constantly heard complaints about the signs of the times. One of the commonest of these is that "servants are not what they were." It would be very odd if they were, considering that masters pride themselves upon being very different from those of olden time, and that all the surroundings and manner of life have altered so much. But what is intended to be conveyed is that servants are no longer so good as they were. It is a peevish and wearisome complaint that has been heard from generation to generation. Even such a shrewd observer and frank moralist as Defoe gave utterance to it nearly two centuries ago. Hear his grumble in "Everybody's Business is Nobody's Business" about the servant girl of 1725:

"Her neat leathern shoes are now transformed into laced ones with high heels; her yarn stockings are turned into fine woollen ones, with silk clocks; and her high wooden pattens are kicked away for leathern clogs. She must have a hoop, too, as well as her mistress; and her poor linsey-woolsey petticoat is changed into a good silk one, for four or five yards wide at the least. Not to carry the description further, in short, plain country Joan is now turned into a fine city madam,—can drink tea, take snuff, and carry herself as high as the best."

But indeed this spirit of complaint is of far higher antiquity than Defoe's day. As a narrative, few chapters of Holy Writ are more graphic than 1 Sam. xxv., which describes an episode in the knight-errantry of David, the future King of Israel. He comes to the abode of Nabal, "whose possessions were in Carmel; and

the man was very great, . . . and the name of his wife was Abigail; and she was a woman of good understanding, and of a beautiful countenance: but the man was churlish, and evil in his doings." Has it not a familiar ring in our ears when this rich churl exclaims, "There be many servants that break away from their masters nowadays"? Well, at all events, persists the *laudator temporis acti*, there was always a wholesome distinction between classes until recent years: the aping of gentility by such persons as have no real claim to the quality has come in since the first Reform Act. Not so. Here is a passage from a letter to the 'Edinburgh Magazine' for September 1785, which might have appeared with equal freshness in the 'Saturday Review' of last week:—

"The word *gentleman* seems to have extended its signification very considerably within these last few years, and in my memory to have comprehended almost every male being who wears a linen shirt. The *gentleman*, I was informed, who had come to take my measure for a pair of black plush breeches, was in the lobby; the *gentleman* of whom I had bought some cart harness had, it seems, done me the honour to call when I was abroad (*i.e.*, out walking or driving, not in foreign parts), and had left his name on a card, forsooth," &c.

The influence under which the minds of men revert fondly to bygone times is not altogether unkindly; "the pattern of the altar of the Lord which our fathers made" must ever be dearer to us than the latest improved pattern: but to fall foul of trifling failures in social respect, or to imagine a new-born uppishness in wage-earners, betokens imperfect understanding or a dull imagination. *It sits with least grace on those*

who have derived most advantage from the general advance in comfort and abundance of every sort.

But to quote Mr Leslie Stephen once more, "We must not cry over a dead donkey while the children are in want of bread." The times have a far graver aspect than any that have been touched on in the random and somewhat trivial paragraphs of this article. We cannot escape from our own shadows. The time may be at the door when the people shall be so well educated, and shall have learnt so perfectly the art of self-government, that spoiled ballot-papers will be unknown, save such as may be defaced, of significant purpose, by poetical lampoons on the candidates. But also the time must be at hand when, if the population maintains its present rate of increase, standing-room on the globe will become a pressing problem. The strain of competition is intense; capital and labour seem to have thrown aside all semblance of goodwill; there is an anxiety on the minds of those who have leisure to think that is not lessened by the thought that the administration of affairs in this country depends upon those who have little time for reflection, upon whom the question of a few shillings a-week more or less wages presses far more nearly than the guidance of an empire's destiny. There be many who sigh, "Ask for the old paths where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls," and to these it seems almost as if the dilemma were one fulfilling the condition stipulated for by the heathen poet—

"Nor let the God in person stand display'd,
Unless the labouring plot deserve his aid."

HERBERT MAXWELL.

THREE SCOTTISH EARLDOMS.

THE reviewer who would keep abreast with Sir William Fraser's historical labours has his work cut out for him. Every year sees a fresh addition made to the already long array of sumptuous volumes, which are at once the envy of the book-collector and the pride of the fortunate few who honestly come by copies. We have for a short time had before us two goodly volumes on the Hamiltons of Haddington; and almost before we have had leisure to make our way through them, a triplet comes to swell their number,—three volumes on the history and archives of the Earls of Leven and Melville. Sir William Fraser has done great service to Scottish History: he would do not little also to historians themselves if he would make public the secret which enables him, amid other duties, to produce and publish two or three large quartos per annum, with all the care, finish, and accuracy which characterise the result of years of labour. It is to be feared, however, that the secret would be as little generally applicable as the disclosure of Dr John Brown's painter as to his success in mixing his colours, and that few among us are prepared to face the amount of industry involved in securing the quick succession of this great series of Scottish family histories.

It is satisfactory to mark how widely Sir William Fraser's labours are spreading over Scotland. In the 'Scotts of Buccleuch,' the 'Douglas Book,' and the 'Book of Caerlaverock,' he has covered not merely the Borders, but the greater

portion of the area to the south of the Forth. In the 'Earls of Haddington' he has taken us to East Lothian and the Merse, as in his 'Lennox,' the 'Montgomeries, Earls of Eglinton,' and the 'Colquhouns of Luss' he has let light in upon the history of the West. In his histories of the Wemysses of Wemyss, and now in the Leven and Melville volumes, Fife has been opened up to us; and crossing the Tay, in his 'Earls of Southesk' he has become the historian of Angus. Cromartie and its Earls have carried him into the very centre of the northern Highlands. We trust that he will hold on his course, and that before the Pentland Firth has set a natural boundary to his researches, he may give us a history of the House of Sutherland, which is decidedly wanted to round off his truly national collection of the great Scottish families.

Tynninghame, the pleasant seat of the Earls of Haddington,¹ has long been known as the repository of a valuable mass of documents of national as well as family interest, and the researches of previous historical writers have prepared us to appreciate the importance of the manuscript collections formed by the first Earl. Not very many years ago, attention was sensationally directed to the Haddington archives by a rumour that the famous letter to the Pope, written by the Scottish barons in 1320,—the original of the engraving in the 'Diplomata Scotiæ,' and of the photographic facsimile in the 'National Manuscripts of

¹ Memorials of the Earls of Haddington. By Sir William Fraser, K.C.B., LL.D. In 2 vols. Privately printed. Edinburgh.

Scotland,' had only just been rescued from the profane hands of a housemaid, who was about to light a fire with it, by the accidental intervention of the then Earl. The precious document, however, had been in no such jeopardy; but it had been made to do duty as an ornamental fire-screen in a mock-grate in the charter-room—an unfitting, if not dangerous, situation for so venerable a record. Where archives were so plentiful that they could be turned to such common uses, Sir William Fraser might reasonably expect that in the Tynninghame charter-room he would find himself in "a perfect paradise of parchments;" and his instincts did not belie him. The Haddington collections had already yielded much to the printer, but Sir William's research has brought much interesting and valuable matter to light, among which may be specified—many additional MSS. of the first Earl; papers of the sixth Earl of the time of the Union; letters from the Honourable Colonel Hamilton, who served at Fontenoy and in the Seven Years' War; and the letter-book of King James V., containing despatches to the Pope, the Emperor, the kings of France and other European sovereigns, covering the period from April 1529 to December 1532,—a manuscript which certainly ought to be published.

In his history of the Hamiltons of Haddington, Sir William Fraser finds himself upon fresh ground. His researches have been chiefly among the great feudal families, with their records of war, public and private; their intrigues, conspiracies, and rebellions,—too often, alas! their decay and extinction. The Earls of Haddington, *though* belonging to a great feudal house, come to the front in more

peaceful and enlightened days, and owe their elevation to a more humane eminence in statesmanship and jurisprudence. Their history is closely connected with the beginnings of administrative statesmanship in Scotland, in which its distinguished representative, the founder of its honours, played a conspicuous part; and round him the most interesting associations of the family naturally centre.

But before we come to the first Earl of Haddington, we must say a few words about his ancestors. The Haddington family is the eldest cadet branch of the House of Hamilton, breaking off with John, son of Walter Fitz-Gilbert, whose father is the first known Hamilton in Scotland. But who was Gilbert? We have been generally disposed to believe that he was of Hamilton in Leicestershire, that the three cinque-foils in the earliest coat of the Scottish Hamiltons indicated a connection with the De Bellamonts, Earls of Leicester, to whose shield it bore a relation of cadency. The "earliest ancestor," however, never evades Sir William Fraser's scepticism. He has banished Sholto Dhu-glas, the dark-grey man, from the line of the Bleeding Heart, and turned his back upon the aboriginal Scot in the Buck's Cleugh. He cannot get rid of the existence of Gilbert, who flourished somewhere in the west of Scotland, about the time of Alexander III.; but he strenuously denies him any kinship with the De Bellamonts, and apparently with anybody else. But though Gilbert did not designate himself of Hamilton, his immediate descendants did so; and they clung so much to the name that they transferred it to their earliest landed possessions, and they used the De Bellamont arms with a

mark of cadency. Sir William is positive that they were not De Bellamonts: the first Hamiltons by their arms were disposed to assert that they were. The one has only negative evidence to offer; the others have not much positive: and there we may leave the matter.

In the second generation after Gilbert we find the Haddington family settled in the county with which they have been so long connected as the knights of Innerwick, a possession which came to them by marriage from the Stewarts, Earls of Angus. Thomas Hamilton, a younger son of the third knight of Innerwick, followed the law, and acquired the lands of Orchardfield and Priestfield in Mid-Lothian. His grand-nephew Patrick was also possessed for some time of the lands of Ewerland or Braehead in Cramond, held *servitio laveri*—the presentation of a ewer and basin for the king to wash his hands in—a tenure older than the time of King James I., and quite destructive of the Howison legend, to which family the Hamiltons sold the lands.

Thomas Hamilton's son, of the same name, was a merchant at Edinburgh, and fell with so many other burgesses at the battle of Pinkie. His son was the notable *curé* of SS. Cosmus and Damien, celebrated in the gossip pages of Pierre L'Estoile as one of the most active agents in the League, was concerned in the *émeute* in which Brisson the President lost his life, and was literally turned out of Paris, partisan in hand, after Henri IV.'s entry. He returned to Scotland as a Papal emissary, and after some years of intrigue among the Catholic nobility was seized and cast into the Tower, where he died in 1610. Father Hamilton's elder brother studied in Paris, and entered him-

self at the Scotch Bar. He espoused the cause of Queen Mary, "and suffered loss of almost all his goods and gear, frequently placed his life in the utmost danger, and freely shed his blood for the lawful protection of just authority." The rise of his eminent son, the future earl, improved the father's fortunes under King James VI. He was appointed one of the managers of the queen's property in Scotland after the departure of the Court, and was raised to the bench in 1607, under new regulations which had shortly before been prescribed. "The Lords of Session ordained trial to be made of Hamilton's qualifications, and appointed a legal theme on which the next day he should discourse in Latin, and thereafter be ready to hear causes and give his opinion." His wife was Elizabeth Heriot of Trabroun, a family whose ability was notably illustrated about the same period by such representatives as George Heriot, and George Buchanan the historian and poet.

Thomas Hamilton, their elder son, was educated at the Edinburgh High School and at Paris, where he probably came under his uncle's influence, which caused a suspicion of Catholic proclivities to attach to him long afterwards. After his return in 1587, he "haunted the formes and courtis," the usual course for an expectant advocate, and was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-four in 1587. He was one of a committee for revising and printing the Scots Acts of Parliament, and after five years' practice, of which we hear nothing, was called to the bench as Lord Drumcairn, 1592. His trials on that occasion were much more strict than those which, as we have seen, his father underwent fifteen years afterwards.

"At that time every candidate for the bench was obliged before obtaining the appointment to submit to the ordeal of a six days' probation, during which trial was made of his qualifications. The first three days the Lord-probationer sat with the Lord Ordinary in the Outer House and drew up a report 'of alledgances, answers, duplies, heard and proponed by the parties and their procurators.' He was also required to give his opinion first upon every question or interlocutor. The other three days were passed in the Inner House, where he had 'to reason on ilk actioun and cause that shall happen to be called during that time.' The Lords then consulted among themselves about his qualifications, and after voting thereupon, reported to the king accordingly."

In Thomas Hamilton's time the Court of Session sat in what was then the new Tolbooth, on the present site of the Signet Library. As a College, the Lords made their own regulations for procedure, some of which were primitive enough. They generally sat from eight in the morning to eleven; and dilatory judges, who had not taken their seats before the Court bell had ceased ringing, were punished by getting "na pairt of the ordinar contributioun quott and sentence silver with the remanent lordis the tyme of their division." They sat with locked doors, and even the advocates, their pleadings finished, were shut out from the deliberative discussions of the Bench. Provision was made to prevent judges from selling their places and to purchase seats upon the bench. Yet we fear that venality was not unknown, though it had probably had less evil influence upon the course of justice than had the ties of kinship and alliance. We find, however, an instance of impartial procedure in a Court order of 1583, which ordains that "no great men's causes proceed, but mean men's until the 7th

day of January." The original number of judges had been fifteen—half laymen, half ecclesiastics; but the Reformation had interfered with the supply of spiritual lords, although in Hamilton's time we find the clergy, such as Lindsay, parson of Menmuir, still acting as judges. But the Lords of Session were not wholly consecrated to the administration of justice. They were generally statesmen as well, always councillors of State, and sometimes discharging executive duties, and always active political partisans. A Lord of Session might be at the same time both judge and counsel; and we find Thomas Hamilton filling at once the office of Lord of Session and Lord Advocate for the king. It does seem to have faintly dawned upon the legal mind of the day that there was something anomalous in this conjunction of offices—some risk of its interference with the even distribution of public justice. Objection was taken to Lord Advocate Hamilton acting in the double capacity of prosecutor and judge; but the Lords decided that "the then Lord Advocate and all others succeeding him in that office being ordinary Lords of Session, should in no wise be reputed or held parties in the said actions by occasion of their office; but that he and they should judge, vote, and determine in such causes, unless in circumstances in which any other judge might be reputed a party." No doubt the Lords were technically right: the error consisted in conjoining the two offices; but the practice continued until the retirement of Nisbet of Dirleton, who was the last Lord Advocate that had a seat on the bench, in 1677.

As a statesman, Hamilton's first experience was as a member of that

remarkable body termed the "Octavians," which marked a notable innovation upon Scottish methods of government. It is, however, a mistake to regard the appointment of this Cabinet, for such the Octavians were, as in any way connected with a tendency towards responsible or constitutional government. James had a fondness for delegating powers to committees and commissions: they saved his natural indolence, they bore vicarious odium, they helped to keep dangerous and troublesome elements in check, and above all, they were useful for raising money. The legend is that James, seeing how economically his queen's affairs were managed by commissioners, determined to place the royal revenues under eight Lords of Exchequer appointed for life. This was done, and among them was Hamilton, Lord Drumcarn; and James, in his enthusiasm, even went the length of passing for himself a self-denying ordinance, binding himself to incur no expense without their sanction, and leaving them the entire control of the Court and public expenditure. It is amusing to read the extravagant expectations that were entertained of the appointment of the Octavians. The author of the 'History of King James the Sixth' writes as if the millennium had begun: "The ground should yield to the old fertility, godliness and charity should be ingraft in the hearts of the people, men should be in sweet security that none should be wronged in his own possession, in respect the laws were profitably to be amended, equally distributed, and justice engrafted in the hearts of the Senate."

This burst of popularity was soon, however, to give place to a natural reaction. The Octavians had to

bear the brunt of the exasperation which James's prelatie proclivities called forth from the Presbyterians. They did not respond to the public clamour for the persecution of the Catholic Earls of Huntly and Errol; and at least two of their number—Seton, the President of the Session, and Hamilton, Lord Drumcarn—were concerned in passing the Act of Falkland, which enabled Huntly and Errol to return to Scotland. The Octavians also generally concurred in the king's desire for an Episcopal settlement; and were accordingly denounced as enemies by the Presbyterian clergy. They had also a formidable foe in the courtiers, the officers of James's own household, who were smarting, doubtless, under the new reign of economy, and had found their power transferred to the hands of the Octavians. These "Cubiculars," as they were called, did their best to foment enmity between the Octavians and the Church, and by a crafty plot led to the "Corslet Tumult" in Edinburgh, which brought the rancorous feelings between James and the clergy to a critical issue. Persuading the Octavians that they were to be murdered by the Presbyterian faction, and the Presbyterian ministers that the Octavians were bent on forcibly altering the religion of the country with the aid of Huntly and his armed vassals, the Cubiculars readily stirred up a riot in Edinburgh, which had the effect of driving the king from the city, and of ultimately causing the resignation of the Octavians. Their place was taken by a large commission of twenty-one, of which the Octavians were members. To the existence of this commission Sir William Fraser has been the first to call attention, and it has

hitherto escaped the notice of historians; but it was speedily changed for a fresh board of twenty-three, which also included the original Octavians. These officials only held office for a year, and the management of the Exchequer reverted to the Lord High Treasurer, as before.

To follow the history of Lord Advocate Hamilton, whether in his capacity of legal adviser of the Crown, or of a statesman, would involve in a great measure recapitulating the history of Scotland in the reigns of James and Charles, especially in its ecclesiastical controversies. The illegal excuses by which the Presbyterian clergy responded to the king's attempts to force an Episcopal constitution upon them, naturally brought the Lord Advocate as public prosecutor into the front of the strife, and he was as much maligned by his opponents as he was badly seconded by his friends. We see no grounds for the charge so freely preferred against him of being a Papist, though his early training under his uncle may have inclined him to view the Scottish Catholics with a toleration which the extreme Presbyterians could not distinguish from sympathy. It fell to his duty to second the king's efforts in favour of Episcopacy, and he doubtless perceived that there was a real danger of both Crown and constitution being subordinated to an ideal theocracy, and the liberty of the subject being chained to the car of the Church. After the king's departure for London, when James became swayed by counsels which were often very inapplicable to the circumstances of Scotland, the Lord Advocate found his difficulties greatly increased and his duties still more unpalatable. His position practically became that of

Regent of the country; new and enlarged powers were hurriedly conferred upon him; and an armed guard of forty horsemen was allotted to him to aid in the execution of the law. His attendance was also frequently required at London, where he received the honour of knighthood in 1603. He took part in the deliberation that year for a union of the two countries, and along with Sir Francis Bacon framed the draft treaty, which, however, failed to recommend itself to either Parliament. Again, we find him present at the Hampton Court Conference between James and the Presbyterian ministers in 1606; and in his exposition of the position which the Crown had taken up with regard to the Aberdeen Assembly and the recusant clergy, drew upon himself a torrent of abuse from Andrew Melville, which astonished even the king, who had himself considerable experience of Mr Andrew's oratory. "What is yon he says, my lord?" the king cried, turning to the Archbishop of Canterbury; "I think he is calling him out of the Revelation the Antichrist—nay, by God! he calleth him the very devil." However disposed Sir Thomas Hamilton might have been to make matters easy for the recusant ministers, the attacks which they made upon him in the discharge of his office could scarcely have admitted of his showing much sympathy with their troubles.

The reign of James was rife in sensational State trials in Scotland as well as in England, and in those in the former country Sir Thomas Hamilton had, of course, to bear a very prominent part. He prosecuted in the case of Margaret Hartside, a chambermaid to the queen, who was accused of steal-

ing jewels, but whose real offence was believed to be, that she had revealed some of her Majesty's secrets to the king. Her case excited great interest among the Scotch lawyers, who did not do her much good by their officious championship, although they were doubtless right in their zeal for justice. She was acquitted of theft, but found guilty of unlawful possession; and Sir Thomas joined the Privy Council in recommending the commutation of the capital sentence to banishment. More interesting were the cases of Sprott and the deceased Robert Logan of Restalrig, connected with the Gowrie Conspiracy. Sprott swore to Logan's foreknowledge of the conspiracy, and to having seen correspondence between him and the Earl of Gowrie. But he soon contradicted his own depositions, and again repeated and again retracted them, and generally gave such evidence that it was equally difficult to credit or disbelieve his statement. He was executed, and the Lord Advocate then proceeded to found upon his confessions an action for the forfeiture of Logan of Restalrig. The documentary evidence does not seem to have been of a much more satisfactory character than Sprott's admissions; and such "hard opinions" were formed of it by the Parliament, that, as the Lord Advocate wrote to the king, "they wrought feir and mistrust in the myndes of dyuers your Majesties weill affected seruandis." Logan's character as a loyal and peaceable subject had been but an indifferent one; and sentence of forfeiture went forth against him and his family. Another case—that of Sir James Elphinstone, Lord Balmerino, a member of the College of Justice, who had also been Secretary of State—presented even greater dif-

ficulties. The charge was that he had surreptitiously obtained the king's signature to a letter in 1598 to Pope Clement VIII. The signature had been made use of by Roman Catholic polemics to attack the king; and Elphinstone, who had been secretary at the time, was called before the king and confessed his guilt. He was sent down to Scotland to be tried for treason, and Sir Thomas Hamilton had to appear as the prosecutor of his old friend and colleague. Great anxiety was felt as to the result, and the indictments were revised by the king himself. Had Balmerino refused to abide by his confession, had he pleaded the king's knowledge of the tenor of the letter, the prosecution would have been in a serious difficulty, and a clamour would readily have been raised that Balmerino was being made a scapegoat for the king; but the accused again owned his guilt, and was sentenced to death. He was not, however, executed, and was kept in confinement during the remaining three years of his life. James wrote the Lord Advocate a special letter of thanks for his services in the case, which, his Majesty assured him, would not be forgotten. Sir Thomas also was prosecutor in the case of the Mures, whose crime afforded Sir Walter Scott the material for his tragedy of "Auchin-drane." The state of criminal jurisprudence in Scotland was illustrated by the fact that Auchin-drane claimed the ordeal by combat, which was not conceded; and that the conviction of the Mures ultimately turned very much upon the corpse of one of their victims having bled at the approach of a grandchild of the elder Mure. Sir Walter Scott thinks that this phenomenon had little to do with the conviction; but it appealed to the

superstition of James, and accounts for the unusual persistency with which he clung to a belief in the Mures' guilt, when their judges were staggered by the boldness of their denial even under torture. Sir Thomas Hamilton wrote an account of the trial, in which, says Sir Walter, he "seems at a loss whether to attribute to Providence or his most sacred Majesty the greatest share in bringing to light these mysterious villanies, but rather inclines to the latter opinion,"—a position quite explicable by the pertinacity with which James, founding upon the ancient superstition, had insisted on their guilt.

The promise made by the king to remember Hamilton was speedily redeemed, and higher rank and enlarged sphere of action were opened up to him. In 1610 he was made a member of the new court of high commission, and two years later he became Lord Clerk Register and Secretary of State, and was created Lord Binning in 1613. In this latter capacity he was much concerned with the troubled condition of the remoter parts of the kingdom: the rebellion in Orkney in 1614, and the rising of the Macdonalds of the Isles in the same year, both of which were brought to a satisfactory termination. In the case of Ker Earl of Somerset for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, Sir Thomas either went, or was sent for to Court. Ker was his brother-in-law, and Lord Binning's influence was powerfully exerted in his behalf. In the spring of 1617, at the opening of Parliament, Lord Binning, who by that time had been appointed President of the Court of Session, but still continued to hold the Secretary's office, gave a graphic picture of the condition of Scotland on his motion for a grant to

the king to defray the expenses of a visit to Scotland.

"He founded his arguments for the grant requested upon the obligations which every class in the community owed to the king for his efforts to put down crime, and to give to his country the blessings of justice and peace. The speaker desired his hearers to recall to mind how the islanders oppressed the Highlandmen, the Highlandmen tyrannised over their Lowland neighbours, the powerful and violent in the 'in-country' domineered over the lives and goods of their weak neighbours, and the Borderers triumphed in the impunity of their violences to the very gates of Edinburgh; how treasons, murders, burnings, thefts, reifs, harrying, houghing of oxen, breaking of mills, destruction of growing corns, and barbarities of all sorts were committed in all parts of the country, no place nor person being exempted or inviolable, Edinburgh being the ordinary place of butcherly revenge and daily fights, and the parish churches and churchyards being more frequented upon Sunday for advantages of neighbourly malice and mischief than for God's service; how noblemen, barons, gentlemen, and people of all sorts were slaughtered as it were in public and uncontrollable hostilities, merchants robbed and left for dead in daylight, going to their markets and fairs of Montrose, Wigtown, and Berwick—ministers dirked in Stirling, buried alive in Clydesdale, and murdered in Galloway; how merchants of Edinburgh were waylaid in their passage to Leith to be made prisoners for the sake of ransom; and Lord Binning asked them also to consider how that now these and all other abominations which settled by inveterate custom and impunity appeared to be of desperate remedy, had been so repressed, punished, and abolished by the king's wisdom, care, power, and expenses, that no nation on earth could compare in prosperity with Scotland."

Dr Hill Burton gives Lord Binning himself, we believe with justice, the credit of these results of the gradual work of the regulat-

ing and consolidating influence of a strengthened executive, "and characterises him as a civilising and advancing statesman," and "the chief instrument in working out the improvement of the social condition of the country."

During James's visit to Scotland in 1617, Lord Binning was naturally much about his Majesty, and we hear of one occasion when James dined with him at his residence in the Cowgate, from which the king, with his usual fondness for coining nicknames, had dubbed him "Tam o' the Cowgate." Lord Binning's great wealth had naturally excited his Majesty's curiosity, and with his usual inquisitiveness he had sought information among his gossips as to how it had been acquired, and had been told that Lord Binning was popularly believed to have found the philosopher's stone. Lord Binning promised his Majesty that if he would come to his house, he would reveal the secret of his success; and when next day he had feasted the king and courtiers right royally, he told them that his riches had been secured by the practice of two maxims—"Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day," and "Never trust to another's hand what your own can execute."

We must quote another anecdote of the President which betrays a youthful and genial spirit rarely met with in one of his years and dignity:—

"Another reminiscence connected with Lord Binning's mansion in the Cowgate may be noticed. One evening, it is said, he was seated with a friend near a window of his house, the two enjoying a flask of wine together, and the President being arrayed, for greater ease, in a *robe de chambre* and slippers, when he was suddenly disturbed by a great hubbub, which arose under his window in the open street. This turned out

to be one of those street disturbances common to the boys of Edinburgh, known as 'bickers.' In this case the strife was between the youths of the High School and those of the college, and the latter in the full tide of victory were, notwithstanding a valiant defence, in the act of driving their antagonists before them. Lord Binning's sympathies were instantly and warmly awakened in favour of the retreating party, for he himself had been educated at the High School and from his after-training at Paris he had no reason to affect the college. He therefore sprang up, rushed into the street, rallied the fugitives, and took such an active share in the combat that the High School boys, gaining fresh courage on discovering that their new leader was 'Tam o' the Cowgate,' the great judge and statesman, turned the scale of victory against the enemy, despite superior age and strength. Lord Binning, still in his robe and slippers, assumed the command, and did not hesitate to incite the lads to the charge, both by word and action; nor was he content until he had pursued the college youths through the Grassmarket and out at the West Port, the gate of which he locked, compelling the vanquished to spend the night in the fields or suburbs beyond the walls. He then returned to finish his flask of wine with his friend."

We must merely allude to the later career of Lord Binning. He was created Earl of Melrose in 1619, and changed his title to Haddington in 1627. He was offered, but refused, the Chancellorship under James, resigned the Presidency of the Court of Session, and was superseded in the office of Secretary on the accession of Charles I., but was afterwards appointed Lord Privy Seal by the same monarch. Sir William Fraser has given a very clear and succinct account of his course of action in the troubled ecclesiastical politics of James's later years, which space forbids us attempting even to abridge. Few Scottish statesmen

have suffered more than the first Earl of Haddington from the unpopular policy of which he was called on to be the chief agent. All through his career he had to fight against the popular party; and, amid the abuse which was levelled at him and the heat of faction, his talents and authority were either denied or slurred over by all except King James, who seems to have always entertained a just sense of his services. If we can divest our minds of prejudice, and of the fact that the ecclesiastical policy of which he was all through his career the exponent and defender was a losing cause, we shall have no difficulty in seeing that Hamilton deserved little less reputation as a Scottish statesman than his contemporary Cecil, to whom his character presents many points analogous, earned for himself in the sister country.

Sir William Fraser's narrative changes, but does not lose in, interest, when he comes to deal with the Earl's successors. But over these we must not linger. Not one of them played the same part in history as the founder of the house. Of the second Earl we shall only mention that he inclined to the Covenant, and was killed at the explosion of Dunglas, along with two brothers and other gentlemen of the name of Hamilton. His son Thomas, who also enjoyed the title but for a short time, was the husband of clever, though eccentric and fantastic, Henrietta de Coligny, better known from her second marriage as the Comtesse de la Suze, who, as Christina of Sweden said, became a Roman Catholic "*pour ne voir son mari ni en ce monde ni en l'autre.*" We may pass over his immediate successors until we come to Charles, Lord Binning, who,

though he did not live to succeed to the family honours, was a prominent figure in the society of his day. He was the son of the sixth Earl, and of Helen Hope of the Hopetoun family. This spirited and clever young nobleman took no small part in the revival of letters which sprang up in Scotland after the Revolution had given peace to the country; and one of his pastorals, "*Ungrateful Nanny,*" has still its place among the poetry of the period. Lord Binning's name figures in the Lady Wardlaw controversy about the authorship of "*Hardyknute,*" for it was to him that Sir John Bruce of Kinross, her brother-in-law, sent an early copy of "*Hardyknute,*" which professed to be taken from the ancient original. Sir John writes: "*To perform my promise, I send you a true copy of the manuscript I found some weeks ago in a vault at Dunfermline. It is written on vellum, in a fair Gothic character, but so much defaced by time, as you will find, that the tenth part is not legible.*" Sir John was of course in the secret, and this letter was designed to disseminate the mystery in which the authorship was involved. We are astonished that Sir William Fraser deprives Lord Binning of the authorship of the well-known pasquin, "*Argyll's Levee,*" on no better authority than that of a silly letter in the '*Edinburgh Magazine,*' which seems to have been written to save his lordship's memory from the holy reprobation with which satire was regarded by the serious society of the day. By the common consent of his contemporaries, as well as of posterity, Lord Binning has been regarded as the author of this clever *jeu d'esprit*, and we see no reason to discredit

the belief. The verses, which Sir William Fraser regards as "a composition of very doubtful merit," but which were a favourite with Sir Walter Scott, give a very amusing picture of a grandee's reception in the early part of last century. The attendants on the levee are all very happily hit off, and the verses on Cunningham of Boquhan are in themselves a picture :—

"Six times had Harry bow'd unseen
Before he durst advance :
The Duke then turning round well
pleased,
Said, 'Sure you've been in France ;
A more polite and jaunty mien
I never saw before.'
Then Harry bow'd, and blush'd, and
bow'd,
And strutted to the door."

Lord Binning had served with his father at Sheriffmuir when a very young man, and had been appointed to the office of Knight-Marischal of Scotland, forfeited by the Earl of Kintore, to whose family the dignity was restored after Lord Binning's death. His lordship's health gave way, and, attended by his wife and father and mother-in-law, Mr Baillie of Jerviswood, and the celebrated Lady Grisell, he proceeded to Naples, where he only survived sixteen months. His epitaph, written by his kinsman Hamilton of Bangour, describes him as

"By good men honoured, by the bad
approved,
And loved the muses, by the muses
loved ;"

and he was without question one of the most talented and promising of the young Scotch nobles in his generation. Lord Binning's grandson Charles succeeded in due time as eighth Earl, and seems to have been possessed of much of Lord Binning's ability. He was most

active in the defence of the country during Bonaparte's threatened invasion, and took a considerable share in the politics of his time. With his near relative Lady Hester Stanhope he kept up a close correspondence, and several interesting letters, written while she lived in Mr Pitt's household, are printed by Sir William Fraser. Among his friends were Sir Walter Scott, "Jupiter" Carlyle, George Chalmers, and Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, and indeed most Scotsmen eminent in art and literature in his generation ; and he himself had inherited much of the wit and humour that had distinguished his immediate predecessors. Sir Walter Scott describes his conversation as being as witty as a comedy, and his anecdote as correct as a parish register. He died in 1828. Thomas, the ninth Earl, took a greater part in public affairs than any of his predecessors since the first Earl. As Lord Binning he had attached himself to Mr Canning's policy, and had interested himself a good deal in tariff questions and other economics. He was from the outset opposed to Parliamentary Reform, and voted for its rejection in October 1831, though he supported the Bill when brought in a second time in a slightly different form, in the hope that Earl Grey's Government would not be able to hold its ground, and that the reform movement might fall to be wrought out by the Tory party. He took a very decided stand in favour of Catholic Emancipation, and his speeches on this subject were features in the debates in the Upper House. In 1834, when Sir Robert Peel became Premier, Lord Haddington was sent to Ireland as Lord Lieutenant ; and as the condition of Ireland is

still very much what his lordship found it, the counsels which a shrewd Scotch lawyer, John Hope, then Dean of Faculty, gave him, may be of as much value as they were then :—

"It so happens, from the cause I will mention, I know a good deal of viceregal faults, so I will lecture you now, before you are actually majesty himself.

"*First*, Get the best cook in Europe. Aberdeen has Lord Anglesey's last cook, very good for Haddo or even Argyll House,—not fit for the Phoenix.

"*Second*, Get and find out as your chamberlain, or whatever the man is called, an affable, easy-tempered man of the world, to take charge—that is, to spend freely ; turn it over to the said gentleman (such as Colonel Gore in the Duke of Richmond's time was) ; ask him no questions ; give yourself no trouble, only insist on splendour. You have never had to do things on this scale ; it will never do with you if you attempt the slightest change—never.

"*Third*, Avoid in the people about you English dandies—London men—unable to adapt themselves to the people they find there. You know not what universal offence this has long given in Ireland. It is one of the sorest subjects possible in Dublin. Get, if you can, a good Irishman. People in London will tell you the reverse. I can tell you, from knowledge of the facts, that this, and this alone, will go down. All Lord Lieutenants split on their London and English men.

"*Fourth*, Get my lady to have the Irish women constantly at parties—that has been another rock since the Union : not one lady has done it with consideration for Ireland,—I believe not one.

"*Fifth*, Give plenty of Sneyd's claret : taste it not, it is poison ; but they like it much.

"*Sixth*, Promote all fun—in every way you can.

"*Seventh*, You may do anything with the Irish by firmness, and by touching their national feelings. Lord

Hopetoun, as commander-in-chief, did this better than any one. National airs had been proscribed in the regiments since the Rebellion. He woke the population of Dublin ten days after he went there by the whole bands of the then immense garrison, on St Patrick's Day, playing 'St Patrick's Day in the Morning.' He could turn them ever after round his finger. Tickle them up in this way.

"*Eighth*, Avoid the sin of courting the Catholics ; subdue some of your over-apprehensions of ultra-Protestantism. You will easily be suspected of doing the former, and of authorising the latter ; therefore go further than you might advise another Lord Lieutenant in attention to the Protestants."

Lord Haddington had only a short reign of a few months in which to put in practice these elaborate instructions, and whether or not by a judicious combination of Sneyd and firmness, his government was peaceful and popular, and his departure called forth general expressions of regret. When Sir Robert Peel next came into office, Lord Haddington was offered, and refused, the Governor-Generalship of India, but took his seat in the Cabinet as First Lord of the Admiralty, and some years afterwards as Lord Privy Seal. He supported Peel's free-trade proposals ; and his able speech in the Upper House, which was very hostile to the measure, did much to secure the Corn Law Repeal Bill passing. In Scottish business he continued to be a power down to his death, not merely in Parliament, but in Scotland itself.

As the ninth Earl left no issue, the title and estates passed to his second cousin, George Baillie of Jerviswood, a great-grandson of the Lord Binning whom we have noticed above. As a dignified representative of her Majesty at Scottish General Assemblies, and

a genial dispenser of the hospitality of Holyrood, the Earl is still kindly remembered. We trust it may be long before his son, the present and eleventh holder of the title, belongs to the domain of history. He has carried out the work to which he has devoted himself by placing his yeomanry regiment in the front rank of the auxiliary forces; and the war services of his son, Lord Binning, have already added new honours to the old house.

We hope Sir William Fraser will make his memoir of the first Earl of Haddington available to a wider portion of the public than the limited impression of this sumptuous volume is likely to reach. The fresh and valuable light which it throws upon the struggle between James VI. and the Presbyterian clergy is of too great importance to the history of the period to be hid away in a privately printed volume.

The ancient family of Melville,¹ which first appeared in Britain with the Conqueror, had in the course of the following century taken a firm root in Scottish soil. Melvilles are still met with in England among the landholders of Nottingham, Kent, and Surrey, down to the time of Henry III.; but the decay of the English branches was probably as steady as the rise of their Scottish kinsfolk. Galfrid, Lord of Melville, Sheriff of Edinburgh Castle, and Justiciary of Scotland under Malcolm IV., is the first historical ancestor of the Scottish Melvilles,—evidently a man of high position, and enjoying the royal favour. Round Melville, now the

seat of the Earl of that name of the Dundas family, he was in possession of extensive lands along the run of the Esk, and between that river and the confines of Edinburgh. For twelve generations the family remained seated in its original property, during the stormy wars of Scottish independence, and amid the sweeping waves of territorial changes that then passed over the country. Of the lords of Melville from the death of Galfrid in 1180, to the death of Thomas, the last male lord of the main line in 1458, there is little eventful to record. Sir Richard, of William the Lion's time, was captured with his master, and shared his captivity. Some of the others held office under the Crown, but their names have chiefly been preserved in connection with religious foundations, to which the successive lords seem to have been very liberal benefactors. Perhaps their piety outran their discretion, for the last Melville of Melville seems to have been in difficulties; but he was able to leave his ancestral patrimony to his daughter, who became the ancestress of the Lords Ross, in whose family Melville remained until the middle of the eighteenth century.

Almost contemporaneous with the disappearance of the Melvilles of that ilk was the rise of another branch of the name to the north of the Forth. In the beginning of the fifteenth century we find a John Melville settled in the lairdship of Raith, in Fifeshire, who, although his kindred to the lords of Melville is not clearly made out, was, as Sir William Fraser argues, very probably a cadet of the older family. Whether cad-

¹ The Melvilles, Earls of Melville, and the Leslie, Earls of Leven. By Sir William Fraser, K.C.B., LL.D. In 3 vols. Edinburgh, 1890.

etal or not, this branch of the Melvilles was speedily destined to concentrate the honours of the name in itself, and to outrival the dignities of the elder stock. One of the lairds of Raith in the following century "rakenit" a quaint pedigree of the "Hows of the Rayth," "sa far as he cowl'd rakin of his predecessouris." Another MS. pedigree bears that "our surname cam out of Hungare as freyndis to Quene Margrat,"—a statement which Sir William Fraser dismisses as summarily as the corresponding one regarding Prince Maurice, the ancestor of the Drummonds. One of the Raith pedigrees amusingly enough refers to a family document as coming from a period "before dates." The second laird of Raith figures in the family records as "Schir Ihone with the blak butis," and he was certainly knighted in 1454.

During the fifteenth century, the history of the Melvilles of Raith is chiefly marked by family litigations, dispositions of their property, a bitter feud with the Moultrays of Markinch and Seafield, a very turbulent minor baronial family, and by mutual feudal alliances with neighbouring lairds, rendered necessary by the unsettled condition of the country. With Sir John of Raith, who became head of the family in the first years of the sixteenth century, the Melvilles rise into historical prominence. Sir John, who seems to have been in favour with James V., became early attached to the Reformed faith, and consequently fell under the suspicion of Beaton, to whose murder he was more than probably privy. In his rather checkered career in the party policy of the time, he seems to have exhibited some of those talents for diplomacy which were

afterwards so conspicuously displayed by his descendants. A letter written to a son in exile in England full of sympathy with Henry's aspirations towards Scotland, and indicating movements of the Scottish forces, fell into the hands of the Government, who, not altogether unjustly, founded upon it a charge of treason, and brought Sir John to the scaffold. By the Reformers he was dignified by the honours of a *quasi*-martyrdom, but Sir William Fraser does not extenuate the serious nature of his offence. The most that can be urged in his behalf was that scores of other Scottish nobles, whom the Regent could not or would not punish, were not merely corresponding with, but in the pay of, the English king. Sir John might after all have escaped with his life, but for the treachery of a feudal enemy, Durie, the last abbot of Dunfermline, who persuaded him to acknowledge a letter under a promise that the council would be merciful.

Sir John had a large family of eight sons, several of whom played distinguished parts in Scottish history, and his eldest daughter was the mother of the gallant Kirkaldy of Grange. John, who became laird of Raith, got his father's forfeiture relaxed in 1563, and devoted himself to the management of his property; while his two next brothers, Robert and James, played memorable parts in the politics of the day, and displayed statesman-like abilities, which made them no unworthy contemporaries of Cecil or Maitland. In all the tangled and tortuous diplomacy of the reigns of Mary and James VI., Robert and James Melville played a leading part, and steered a successful course amid the change and conflict of parties. It is difficult

to detect consistency, or even fidelity to principle, in their political conduct, now inclining to one faction, now taking part with another; but the same may be said of all the other Scottish statesmen, their contemporaries. Loyalty towards the Crown, however, appears to have been the main guiding principle with both, even when, like the Scots cavalier in the following generation who served the king "after a sort" by taking the Covenant, they were found engaged in the counsels of its enemies. Upon Sir Robert Melville almost the whole weight of the representation of Scotland at Elizabeth's Court devolved; and however he may have played into the interests of the different factions in Scotland, he certainly discharged his duty with fearlessness and independence when either the honour of the Crown or the freedom of the country was concerned. He held aloof from the queen's marriage with Bothwell, against which his brother James had counselled the queen, and had fallen under Bothwell's displeasure; but it was Robert Melville who was sent to break the news to Elizabeth, and to put, if possible, a favourable complexion upon the union. In this difficult embassy he has been accused of double-dealing, and of pushing the interests of the confederated lords at the same time with the English queen; but Sir William Fraser's examination of the facts leaves little probability in the allegation. He, as well as Lethington, whose policy, while the latter was alive, he mainly supported, were opposed to the intention of the Confederates to compel the queen to demit the Crown, and to establish a regency under the Earl of Murray; and it was Melville who carried to the queen a letter from the English

ambassador, counselling her to make a feigned compliance, "remembering that nothing done by her in prison would prejudice her if she regained her liberty." Readers of the 'Abbot' will remember the dramatic account to which Sir Walter Scott has turned the incidents of this letter, carried to the captive of Lochleven in the scabbard of Melville's sword. When Mary made her escape, Melville joined her at Hamilton, and her friends assembled there assisted her in drawing up a declaration—

"That her demission of the Government, and appointment of the Earl of Murray, were wrung from her by force and fear, during her captivity. For a witness of this statement she appealed to Robert Melville, who had been present at her signing the writ in question. In terms of their joint testimony, a remarkable document was drawn up, by which the queen revoked the deeds signed under compulsion, and makes, or promises to make, other arrangements for the government of the realm."

This document has escaped historians, although Keith seems to have had some knowledge of it, but Sir William Fraser's researches in the Haddington charter-chest, has brought to light the only known copy of it, if not the original draft, with not only a protest but a vindication of Mary's conduct, and an exposure of the conspiracy of the nobles. "The remarkable points about it are," says Sir William, "the extraordinary force of vituperation which is expended on the leaders of the king's party, and the vindication of Darnley, who is described as the victim of slanderous tongues."

When the queen fled to England, Melville was still employed by the Regency in negotiations with England, and did his best for

the interests of Queen Mary, which were by that time very hopeless. He was one of the besieged Castilians in Edinburgh Castle, and ran some risk of sharing the fate of his nephew Kirkaldy, but Elizabeth intervened between him and the Regent Morton. Melville seems to have acted as much in Queen Mary's interest as he dared to do, without placing himself in an overt attitude of hostility to either Elizabeth or the Regency. Although to some extent mixed up with the Gowrie intrigue, he does not seem to have sympathised with the "Raid of Ruthven," and when James made his escape to St Andrews, the Melvilles were among the earliest who gathered to his support. The most momentous embassy on which Melville was sent, was to prevent the condemnation of Mary being carried out; and though he loyally made every effort on behalf of his old mistress, his representations were covertly thwarted by his colleague, the Master of Gray, who seems to have represented the king as indifferent to the matter, while the nobles were anxious to be rid of a source of future trouble. That Melville did his duty may be inferred from the anger into which his arguments threw Elizabeth; and his brother James tells us that "he spak braue and stout language to the consaill of England, sa that the queen herself boisted him of his lyf." It was Melville who, with Sir James Home, was sent to Berwick, to receive from Carey Elizabeth's explanations of the execution of Queen Mary; and the message which he sent back on behalf of James probably owed more of its stiffness and asperity to Melville's indignation than to the depth of James's feelings.

Until James's departure for England, Melville appears to have been one of the most trusted and actively employed men at Court. In James's troubles with the Presbyterian ministers, Melville seems to have given cautious and prudent advice, and to have sought to restrain excess on either side, with the natural result that he frequently incurred the enmity of both. As Treasurer-Depute, his financial career was not very successful—a fact easily accounted for by the king's extravagant habits; and the management of the Exchequer was handed over to the Octavians. He was also appointed a Lord of Session, a post which then involved as much a knowledge of statesmanship as of law; and in 1616 he was created Lord Melville of Monimail, the patent reciting

"The great and many very important and honourable offices and posts with which Sir Robert had from his youth been burdened during the reigns of the king's predecessors, as also under the king himself, both in embassies to foreign princes and in domestic affairs, in the administration of the royal revenues, and in all other matters of the highest importance; also of the dignity with which Sir Robert transacted affairs to the king's honour and contentment, and to the general satisfaction of the lieges."

The life of his brother, Sir James of Hallhill, is best read in his own curious and frank 'Memoirs,' in which, with much complacency and notable self-consciousness, he tells the story of his adventures on the Continent and at foreign Courts, and his varied and extensive share in the intrigues of his own country. Though much more of a courtier than a diplomatist, he conducted several missions with tact and judgment; and though his devotion to what he regarded as na-

tional policy sometimes led him into alliance with Mary's enemies, he, like his brother, seems throughout to have been sincere in his affection for the queen. In the party combinations of the Marian period, with their complexity of objects and constantly shifting standpoints, it is impossible to reach the ultimate motives of the actors, or to determine with certainty the integrity of their principles; and it says much for both the Melvilles that contemporaries and posterity have found so little to lay to their charge.

The direct descent of the new peerage came to an end in Robert Melville's son, the second Lord Melville, who was also a Lord of Session, and distinguished by opposition to King Charles's Episcopalian policy; and the title, according to special charter which empowered Lord Melville to nominate as his successor either his heir-general or his heir of conquest, passed to the main line of the Raith family, and devolved upon John Melville, seventh Laird of Raith—not without a protest from the Hallhill branch, who were nearest of kin and heirs-general of the deceased lord. An investigation of the claims, however, confirmed John Melville in the title.

Always strongly attached to the Presbyterian party, the Melville family, in the person of George, the fourth Lord Melville, became closely identified with the long struggle which ended in the transfer of the kingdom to William of Orange. Lord Melville—more, apparently, from his connections with Monmouth and with the party in opposition to Charles II. than from any participation in the conspiracy—fell under suspicion of complicity in the Ryehouse Plot, and

had to make his escape to Holland. Sir William Fraser quotes from the relation of a subsequent Melville, a story of the friendly warning given him by Sir George Mackenzie, which enabled him to evade arrest in Scotland—

“Lord Melville had, it is said, sent over one of his attendants—an old and faithful retainer named Duncan Macarthur—to Edinburgh on private business. He found the city in an unusual stir, and in passing up the Canongate he met Sir George Mackenzie, who at once accosted him with the words: ‘You Highland dog’ (a name he was in use of giving him), ‘how does my lord? What brought you here?’ Says Duncan, ‘He is very well. He has sent me over about some private business.’ Says my lord, ‘You had better go home again directly.’ ‘No, faith,’ says Duncan; ‘not till my business is done.’ ‘I say,’ says my lord, ‘you Highland dog, go home as fast as you can,’ and so left him. Macarthur, acting on the hint, hurried back to Leith, where he found a troop of dragoons just embarking for Fife, but could get no clue to their destination. He himself hired a yawl to Kinghorn, and was fortunate enough to meet Lord Melville and his second son, the Earl of Leven, on their way to Wemyss Castle.”

When Lord Melville understood that the dragoons had a warrant for his arrest, he took ship for London, and sought an audience of the king, by whom he was coldly received, and he had some difficulty in evading arrest and making his escape to Holland. There he remained until the Revolution, which at once placed him at the head of affairs in Scotland. Appointed Secretary of State, the great responsibility of carrying out the policy of the Revolution fell to his care, and brought him into collision with all the elements of the opposition, and with the intriguers.

At first the Dalrymples acted with him, but very soon sought to supplant him in office by the Master of Stair. Uncompromising in his zeal for Presbytery, Lord Melville was not a suitable agent for the policy of general toleration which King William favoured, and his hostility to the disestablished Episcopalians excited the animosity of the king's English counsellors. He was, however, of essential service in frustrating Montgomerie's plot for the restoration of the Stuarts, and his influence was also successfully exerted in moderating the pretensions of the Presbyterians, who, elated by their triumph, were disposed to carry matters with rather a high hand. He was obliged to give up the secretaryship, probably from his unpopularity with Burnet and other advisers of the king, from the intrigues of the Dalrymples against him, and probably from an inaptitude for official life. A document in the Melville charter-chest says of him, "You know the man and his manner, and of how unpolished a temper he is, and that old sparrows are ill to tame." Apart from his zeal for the Presbyterian establishment, he appears to have been a statesman of moderate views, and of more integrity than the majority of the contemporary promoters of the Revolution. He was raised to the Earldom of Melville in 1690, and married Catherine Leslie, daughter of Lord Balgonie, when his bride was little more than fifteen years of age, "a little woman of low stature," as she is described by her descendant, the sixth Earl of Leven.

By this marriage another earldom was soon to be added to the honours of the Melville family. The earldom of Leven, conferred on Alexander Leslie, the distinguished general of Gustavus Adol-

phus, and Protestant leader in the Thirty Years' War, terminated in the direct line in Countess Catherine, who died unmarried in 1676, and the representation of the family fell to the Melvilles through the marriage we have mentioned. Lord Melville's eldest son, Lord Raith, a Whig statesman of promise, having died, David, the second son, became in his father's lifetime the inheritor of the Leven honours. His succession, however, was not unchallenged. An entail by the second Lord Leven gave the first place to the second son of John, Earl of Rothes, now become Duke, and although Rothes had no surviving sons, he opposed the Melville claim as premature, and urged that he might still have sons to inherit the Leven earldom. The Court of Session acknowledged the possibility, and decreed in his favour, one reason for its judgment being, according to Fountainhall, that "the devill must byde his day." The Melvilles, however, through the king's influence, obtained letters of royal gift, "in which the lands are declared to be in the king's hands, if not by virtue of the prerogative, at least as 'pater patriæ,' whereby it was proper that he should provide that such heirs of entail as were only in hope should not be prejudiced by the neglect of their estates; and to this end the king appointed George, Lord Melville, and his heirs, *curators bonis* over the earldom of Leven on behalf of the true heir."

The death of Rothes soon afterwards enabled David Melville to assume the title of Leven, by which he was ever afterwards distinguished, even after his father's death. As a soldier, his services are conspicuous during the reigns of William and Anne, and the regiment which he raised and com-

manded went through much fighting in King William's Continental wars. At Killiecrankie, Leven and his regiment, along with that of Hastings, engrossed any honour that fell to the share of King William's troops. As a zealous Protestant and friend of the Electress Sophia, who carried on a very friendly correspondence with him, Lord Leven was a zealous supporter of the Hanover succession, although at the same time he enjoyed a high share of Queen Anne's confidence. As commander-in-chief in Scotland, he was particularly active in providing against the threatened Jacobite risings in Anne's time. As a Whig partisan he naturally fell into the background during Harley's administration, and in spite of Harley's evident personal friendliness, found difficulty in getting justice at the hands of the Government. As governor of Edinburgh Castle and as commander-in-chief, Lord Leven had been compelled to disburse considerable sums to put the country in a proper state of defence, and his claims for recompense were steadily put off by the English Ministers. On the accession of George I. his fortunes did not mend. He went to meet the king on his landing, and was treated with great marks of favour—sufficiently great to raise jealousy among the courtiers; but this complaisance was speedily followed by a decided display of indifference towards him on the king's part, and all his endeavours to obtain an audience and explanation resulted in failure. It was not until some years afterwards that the change which had come over the king was satisfactorily accounted for. Certain courtiers of Jacobite leanings, foreseeing the favour Leven was likely to stand in with

the new monarch, induced Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, to accuse him through his agents of having been involved in Jacobite intrigues. The calumny gained credit with the king; and though Lord Leven, when he heard of it, had no difficulty in disproving the allegations against him, and obtained the king's permission to have the matter sifted by the Duke of Roxburghe, he never regained his credit with George. The Earl's letters, written in old age, asking for employment and for compensation for the pecuniary sacrifices he had made in the public service, are a painful illustration of the ingratitude of a Government to which he had unquestionably done loyal and zealous service.

To Earl David succeeded his grandson, another Earl David, who never reached his majority; and the title next devolved upon the Earl of Leven's second son, Alexander, fifth Earl of Leven and fourth of Melville, of whom we need only record that, having been bred to the Bar, he was long one of the judges of the Court of Session, was frequently Commissioner to the General Assembly, and suffered much at the hands of wig-makers, to whose rascality he sets his seal. A story told of his daughter, Lady Elizabeth, deserves to be repeated. When John, second Earl of Hopetoun, proposed to her, he was double her age, being sixty-nine, and Lady Elizabeth thirty, and his lordship had been twice previously married. "She asked time to consider such an important question, but the Earl deprecated any delay, and said, 'Not a day, not an hour, not a moment.' Thus pressed, Lady Elizabeth complied by saying, 'Yes, yes, yes.'"

We need not follow the lives of

the subsequent earls with minute particularity. David, the sixth Earl of Leven, whose father had been charged by his dying wife, an Erskine of Carnock, to bring him up "in the strictest Presbyterianism," was frequently Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly, and discharged the duties of the office with unusual splendour and *éclat*. As Lord Balgonie, his son Alexander travelled much on the Continent, and his letters contain some interesting accounts of the celebrities whom he encountered. We extract the following note, relating to Prince Charles Edward in his declining years at Rome:—

"I do not remember if I have mention'd the Pretender, who is here with his wife and suite; his wife a fine woman, but *gauche* to a degree. I know both very well. . . . The Pretender speaks English very well, and she a little in the prettiest manner in the world. When *fon* he is really droll, but when sober seems to be thoughtful, which is not surprizing in a person situated as he is. He never lets his wife go out of his sight nor from his side. She is very handsome and young; he rather the contrary in both respects. He has about £8000 to spend, three of which are allowed him by his brother the Cardinal, who is immensely rich, weak, and a bigot."

Another letter must have caused even greater consternation to the quiet household at Melville, where the theology of George Whitefield and Lady Huntingdon was the guiding rule of life, than this association with the arch-representative of Popery and arbitrary power:—

"And now, pray don't suppose me stupid enough to have passed a day at Geneva without going to Ferney to see—to see, you know who. Dare not mention names in case this letter should fall into certain hands; but

upon the whole, in this as well as in most of my undertakings, have been remarkably fortunate; and to tell you the truth, from what I have always heard, and what I had here confirmed in regard to his shyness of seeing people, but had hardly hopes of seeing any more than his house and garden. But to my great satisfaction, without giving myself or anybody any trouble, met this prodigy walking in the garden alone, when, as you may be sure, not failing to pass quite near him, [I] took a good *phizz* of him, when I found him the oldest, 82, most infirm, and emaciated figure that I ever beheld, dressed in the same wig and kind of bonnet-cap that we allways see him represented in, in busts, medals, prints, &c. Again, while I was in his library, in which he has a superb edition of his works, he came in from the garden, and passing thro' the room, he asked my pardon for leaving me alone, but that he found himself very far from well. In fact he had been very ill in the morning, and among other complaints this miserable skeleton was so bit with buggs as to be obliged to have his whole bed undone, in which state I saw it. What is remarkable is that the house is full of busts and pictures of him; in one room, as I observed, one statue, one picture in crayons, another in *sewing*, besides a bust, upon the pedestal of which was written *immortalis*—but *modestly* enough a card announcing its being given him by the King of Prussia, anno 1775, of whom I also saw here an original picture sent to Voltaire."

Any misgivings which these epistles may have caused the family must have been removed by Lord Balgonie's choice of a wife. He married Miss Thornton, daughter of John Thornton, a member of the "Clapham sect," and a partner in the eminent banking house with which his recent successors in the title have been immediately connected.

On the death of David, the eighth Earl, in 1860—whose son, a distin-

guished Crimean officer, had predeceased him—the Melville estates were separated from the title, and devolved upon his daughter, Lady Elizabeth Leslie Melville Cartwright, to whose commendable family spirit Sir William Fraser's volumes are owing; while the two peerages were inherited by his brother, whose son, the present possessor of the title, is eleventh Earl of Leven and tenth Earl of Melville.

We regret that we cannot give more quotations from the family and public letters and State papers that make up the second and third volumes of this interesting work. There are many State papers of importance in the Melville collection, one of the most notable of which is the "band" or agreement by Argyll, Murray, and other

lords, to Darnley for the murder of Rizzio, endorsed "Ane band maid be my lord of Murray and certane other noblemen with him befor the slauchtir of Davie," which together with the return bond from Darnley, which Sir William Fraser reprints from a copy in the British Museum, places the origin of the conspiracy beyond question.

Through these five volumes a fresh flood of light is let in upon Scottish history, especially upon the period from James I. to the Revolution; and though it is much to be wished that Sir William Fraser's labours were made more generally accessible to the public, it is still a priceless gain to the national history that these family annals should be brought together by an editor of unequalled competency for the task.

THE LIMITATIONS OF PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT.
WHAT ABOUT IRELAND ?

• THE Irish comedy in the Committee-room of the House of Commons may be regarded in various lights. From one point of view it is a roaring farce; from another it is a grave lesson in constitutional ethics. On its dramatic side indeed it is so excellent that the spectators are apt to overlook its serious significance as a factor in the political situation. Its significance, as well as its importance, however, can hardly be overrated. For it has given the English and Scottish people one other opportunity of considering what is before them. They are invited once again to pause and reflect. They may deride, if they please, the "ravings" of Cassandra and the warnings of the Sibyl; but it does really seem as if some Higher Court had mercifully allowed them a *locus pœnitentiæ*, as if the book of doom had not been finally closed against them. If they go astray now, they go with their eyes open. They will not be permitted to plead hereafter that they "knew not what they did."

Its significance lies mainly in this,—That it has disclosed to all who are not wilfully or judicially blind *what the truth is*. The veil has been dropped. The enemies of England have ceased to use sugared phrases. At last we have got them in the intimacy of family life (but such a family!) to say plainly what they mean. The sickly sentimentalities and insincerities of the "Union of Hearts" have been roughly and even violently brushed aside. The cloven hoof has been shown; the astute Mephistopheles in whose profes-

sions of amity Mr Gladstone was eager to confide (for on what else could he confide?) has thrown aside his disguise. The air has been cleared by a tremendous explosion of good, honest, healthy hatred. We know where we are now,—the arts of the rhetorician, the blandishments of the sophist, are no longer of any avail. The Irish members are divided into two factions; but both factions use the same language. There must be an end of the Union. They represent, they declare, a people rightly struggling to be free, and who detest their conquerors as the Italians detested the Austrians, as the Poles detest the Czar. Ireland is to become a separate kingdom. The ties that bind her to England are to be cut. The sorry figment of a scheme of "safe and moderate" Home Rule is treated with undisguised derision. It is laughed to scorn by the Healyites no less than by the Parnellites. The Patriots, after years of politic mystification, have at length shown themselves in their true colours. They no longer affect to pursue constitutional methods. If England will not give them Independence, so much the worse for England. They will take it by force; and they will not want allies, for the Irish race throughout the world is behind them. They are rebels, in short,—as truly rebels as if they had bayonets in their hands, as if the first shot had been fired, as if an army, officered by American rowdies, were marching on Dublin Castle. It is best to state the facts broadly; but for the purpose of

the argument we desire to lay before our readers it is enough to say that the object of their league is avowedly and notoriously unconstitutional, *inasmuch as it involves the ultimate dismemberment of the empire.*

It is in vain for English Home Rulers to plead that dismemberment is not the aim of their Irish allies. They may protest as much as they choose; but what is their protest worth in face of the unequivocal declarations of the men who must know best? All the palaver about the land and the police and the judicial bench, and how far it is wise and safe to go, this year, or next year, or the year after, is the merest moonshine. Mr Gladstone, rapt in ecstatic contemplation, shuts his eyes, closes his ears, folds his hands; but his followers are perfectly well aware that the disloyal Irish value these concessions, not because they will enlarge the functions and enhance the dignity of an Irish constitutional assembly, but because hereafter, in a not distant future, *they will make dismemberment more easy.*

Nor can it be said that the public disclosure of their true feelings and aims was accidental,—the accident of a domestic affliction. It is not the Divorce Court alone that has driven Mr Parnell to seek the aid of “the Hillmen.” It is not irritated vanity alone that has driven Mr Healy to outbid Mr Parnell. Mr Parnell’s position from the beginning was intrinsically illogical; and the “logic of events” was certain sooner or later

to make it untenable. Home Rule as now construed by the Irish members means in the end Separation; and “Separation,” express or implied, was the only element (apart from the agrarian) that gave “Home Rule” any vitality across the Channel. So that from its very nature Home Rule never could become a legitimate question for the arbitrament of Parliament,—a parliamentary, a constitutional, settlement of a question involving dismemberment being, as we shall see, a contradiction in terms. Had Mr Parnell been honest, the language which he now uses might have been used years ago. Now he talks not obscurely of “force,” and he is right. *Force* is the only logical weapon in his arsenal. If he can get what he aims at by *force* he is entitled to it,—but not otherwise.

Is a proposal to dismember the British empire one which a British Parliament, however constituted, is competent to entertain? This is a question of vast importance, which has never been sufficiently considered. Parliament, it is said, from the necessity of the case, must be all-powerful; it is, and can be, subject to no limitations except those imposed by its own sovereign will. This theory of parliamentary absolutism is at present widely popular; and those who venture to assert, as we venture to assert, that it is theoretically unsound and practically indefensible, are looked upon as guilty of political heresy, if not of political immorality.¹

¹ We observe, since this article was written, that Lord Salisbury, in a speech characterised by what we may call his uncommon common-sense (a speech from the Prime Minister has all the virtues of a tonic), made some very seasonable observations on the practical impotence of Parliament (even when dealing with social subjects of comparatively secondary importance) to impose its views on a reluctant community: “Parliament uses such grand language in its enactments that it has got to believe itself omnipotent; but that is a very great mistake. Pax-

Under the system of government which exists in this country, Parliament is only approximately representative. Its decisions are not the decisions of the nation, but not unfrequently of a bare majority only. As a rule the minority submit, for as a rule submission is more tolerable than civil war. But there are limits to submission, and whenever the cleavage of opinion in the members of the body politic is vital compromise becomes impossible, and an appeal to force is the only remedy that remains. Nor are those who resort to it in such cases to be branded as traitors.

"Treason doth never prosper,—what's the reason?
Why, when it prospers none dare call it treason."

But when a Parliament becomes despotic—when it fails to observe the conditions under which it exercises authority—there are other and good reasons why those who resist should not be called traitors, even though they are beaten.

Mr Gladstone, when in a majority, is fond of talking of the "mandate" which Parliament has received from the people. How far, then, we would like to inquire, can this mandate be held to go? Is it subject to no limitations? Is the devolution absolute and unconditioned? It appears to us, on the

contrary, that it cannot entitle a parliamentary assembly to exceed its constitutional functions. It could not, for instance, authorise a Parliament, however elected, to resolve that the British empire should cease to exist, and to decree its dissolution. Let us assume that the odd man in each constituency were in favour of the dissolution of the empire, and succeeded in electing a Parliament to carry out his views. But a nation cannot be dissolved like a joint-stock company. Any number of electoral victories, any number of parliamentary resolutions, would be futile. They would go for nothing. Every man in every constituency who belonged to the minority would still be entitled to say: "No. There are certain root-questions, certain vital and fundamental questions, which have not been confided to Parliament by the constitution. The House of Commons cannot touch them,—they lie outside the arena of debate. When such questions arise, they must be determined elsewhere. We shall not allow you to settle them in your way until we are beaten,—beaten elsewhere than at the polling-booths, and with other weapons than words. And we shall not hesitate to fight to the last man for what we consider of the last importance—the continued existence of our society. When

liament is a very potent engine, and its enactments almost always do something, though they very seldom do what the originators of those enactments meant. The result, to use a technical phrase, is a resultant of a composition of two forces, and the two forces are the enacting force of Parliament and the evading force of the individual. If the enactment squares with the public interest and is agreeable to the public conscience, it will be carried out. If it has been adopted as the result of an agitation, or at the bidding of a class—if it overrides the rights of a minority and tramples on the principles which the conscience of the nation approve—that Act of Parliament will have no effect in attaining the objects for which it was made. But it will have an effect in surrounding the industry which it touches with precautions and investigations, and inspections and regulations, in which it will be slowly enveloped and stifled."

we are overpowered, the State may commit suicide if it sees fit—but not till then. Till then we shall continue to believe (and to manifest our belief in the most practical form) that no assembly of legislators can resolve society into its original elements. There is no such clause in the compact; a legislative assembly attempting to do so mistakes its functions and exceeds its commission."

It cannot be doubted that this proposition is substantially sound. It will hardly, at least, be denied by any one that the implied consent on which an organised society rests is more or less limited and conditional. It may be difficult to define the conditions and limitations with precision; but we may say without qualification, for instance, that an elective government which proposes to destroy the society it has been elected to govern, has failed to observe them. It has exceeded the powers vested in it by a compact which may be either written or unwritten, but which can only be disregarded at peril of civil strife. It is consequently a prodigious mistake when, in a complicated and historical society like our own, burning questions and heroic measures (questions which rouse the fiercest passions of partisans, and measures which touch the elemental principles of government) are made the order of the day. The constitution cannot stand the strain of a profound antipathy. There is not room within the limits of our parliamentary system for the conflict of Roundhead and Cavalier. It is the characteristic of a wise and prudent ruler to be infinitely careful that no controversy which will tear the community asunder is permitted to take shape; for when vital issues

are rashly raised, as they have been raised more than once in our history, there is needed for their solution some other and far sterner force than parliamentary palaver.

It may be urged, indeed, that the Irish controversy (which was made a burning question when Mr Gladstone capitulated to his mephistophelean ally—never indeed was there a more unequal alliance!—for in the toils of this adroit and taciturn schemer the verbose leader of the Liberal party was as helpless as Faust when he had sold his soul) does not involve any vital issue. But if it involve, whether directly or remotely, whether expressly or by implication, the dismemberment of the empire, we can only reply that a vital issue is involved. Two-thirds at least of the *English* people are in the meantime convinced that if the Irish demands as now formulated are granted, dismemberment is the inevitable end. Assuming that they judge truly, are they not entitled to plead that the court, which according to Mr Gladstone is about to assume jurisdiction, has no title to act? May they not challenge its competency, and refuse to be bound by its awards? The parliamentary majority which Mr Gladstone expects to obtain at the next election will in any view represent an inconsiderable majority of the *English* people. If this bare majority resolve on the dismemberment of the empire, can its judgment be accepted as authoritative or decisive by a minority which contends that no popular mandate can, in a matter of national life or death, confer jurisdiction?

We have no desire, however, to push the argument too far, nor is it necessary. It is possible that

timid or trimming politicians among the Unionists themselves will be willing to admit that "Home Rule" (as anxiously minimised by its English advocates) is a question which may legitimately come within the purview of Parliament. They will be prepared at least to give the *English* Home Ruler the benefit of the doubt. They will say that he sincerely believes that Home Rule will not lead to dismemberment, and that it is barely possible he may be right. According to this view the English Home Ruler is not necessarily a traitor to the constitution as he understands it, nor Home Rule a question which Parliament is incompetent to entertain.¹ But it is obvious that such considerations cannot be held to apply to the *Irish* Home Ruler, or to the policy which he supports. The Irish Home Ruler, as we have seen, is now working avowedly and unblushingly for the dismemberment of the empire. He is proud to be a rebel; he glories in his treason. He is the open enemy of the State as it exists. What follows? Is it not axiomatic that men who are outside the pale of the constitution are morally if not legally disqualified from taking any legislative part in the settlement of the question?

One day or other the British elector, in a momentary access of political delirium, may be content to part with Ireland. He may say,—“Go your own way—

we are willing to do without you.” When that day comes, and when the sane minority are crushed as the Cavaliers were crushed by Cromwell, Ireland, we admit, must go. But we maintain that no determination to that effect will be operative or effective which is obtained by the votes of those members of the Legislature who are morally if not legally disabled from acting. A decision so arrived at would have no moral validity—no binding force. And the English people, we may rest assured, are not going to allow the empire to be broken up by the *votes* of men who, whatever their domestic virtues may be, are traitors to the constitution.

We do not base our contention upon the plea that the Irish members are interested parties. It is true that the judge who has the remotest connection with a case which is being tried in the court in which he sits, retires as a matter of course from the bench. No one believes that the high-minded gentlemen by whom the law is administered in this country would give a dishonest decision, however closely their own interests were involved. But even in the case of trained lawyers, it is deemed right and fitting to guard against the unconscious bias; and where the interests are not personal but national, the objections to a party being the judge in his own cause are not less strong.

Our objection, however, is of

¹ It would really seem, however, as if Mr Gladstone personally can no longer be included among English Home Rulers. The tone in which, during the debate the other night, he spoke of England—of the England which had no doubt derisively, and even contemptuously, declined to listen to his charming—was characterised by a shrewish vindictiveness. The sense of proportion, the sense of humour, must be at a low ebb in a politician who, after ten years of interminable Irish parliamentary controversy, could venture to say that England, to the detriment of the sister kingdoms, had selfishly monopolised the time and the attention of Parliament.

another kind. We should like to know what a great constitutional lawyer—Whig or Tory, Somers or Mansfield—would say to the proposition that the empire may be dismembered by the *votes* of men who are virtually, if not formally, in the position of rebels. We are satisfied that they would hold that such men have no right to sit in a constitutional assembly, and that their votes are *ab initio* invalid. How can a constitutional settlement be arrived at by the votes of those who are outside the pale of the constitution? If this be not a maxim of common law, it is, at least, a maxim of common-sense.

Take now the case with which the British people may be required to deal before long. There are in the present House of Commons close upon 400 Unionists. The English and Scotch Home Rulers do not number more than 200. There is thus, excluding the disaffected Irishmen, a majority of nearly two to one in favour of maintaining the Union. Without the votes of the men who are avowedly working for the dismemberment of the empire, and who glory in their disloyalty to the British flag and their detestation of the British name, the Gladstonians would be

an insignificant faction in the House.¹

Mr Gladstone is the most sanguine of political meteorologists. At eighty-one he is as confident as a boy. But even Mr Gladstone does not pretend to believe that (*apart from the Irishmen*) he can wipe out the Unionist majority. However the next election may turn (and there is really no reason to fear that the forces of the allies will suffer any serious reverse), it is admitted on all hands that only by the aid of Parnellites and Healyites can a Separatist victory be gained. Does any man in his senses imagine that the Home Rule majority in the Parliament of 1893 (if there is to be a majority) will exceed eighty? But this means that (*apart from the Irishmen*) those who are loyal to the Union will still outnumber their rivals. It is never safe to prophesy unless we know; but it is understood that the best informed among the Unionist organisers are persuaded that, even at the worst, they will not lose twenty seats.

Take it, however (for the sake of argument), that, including eighty-five Irishmen, Mr Gladstone will have a majority of from forty to fifty in the new Parliament.² Has a majority thus com-

¹ The numbers immediately after the general election of 1886 were as follows: Unionists, 393; English and Scottish Home Rulers, 191. Since the election of 1886 the Unionists have had a net loss of ten or twelve seats.

² A Gladstonian majority of *forty-two* would be thus composed:—

English and Scottish Home Rulers	270
Irish Home Rulers	86
	356
Unionists	314
Gladstonian majority	42

But were the Irish Home Rulers withdrawn, there would remain a Unionist majority of forty-four. The argument requires that we should assume the possibility of being so far beaten; but of course, as we have already said, we do not believe that there is any real risk of loss.

posed any moral or constitutional title to force Home Rule upon the British people? We hold that it has none.

We do not dwell now upon the fact that from every point of view the disaffected districts of Ireland are largely over-represented in the imperial Parliament. The number of members that they return is excessive,—out of all proportion to their population and wealth. In any measure of electoral redistribution professing to be equitable, this ought to have been seen to; only sheer cowardice, indeed, has prevented the anomaly from being rectified before now; and a reduction in the number of Irish representatives must be one of the leading provisions in any new Reform Bill. This, however, by the way. The objection we take is far more vital; and a historical illustration will make our meaning plain.

During the long period that Sir Robert Walpole was Prime Minister there was a not inconsiderable Jacobite faction in England, while Scotland was notoriously disaffected to the House of Hanover. Now suppose that, with the aid of the disaffected Scots, an “old parliamentary hand”—St John, say, or Wyndham—had carried a resolution in the House of Commons *to restore the Stuarts*. What would have been the duty of the Government, of the House of Lords, and of the people in such an event? Would the majority of the English nation have been bound to submit without resistance to a dynastic revolution which they regarded with dismay? There can be only one answer. The English people would have said, and said truly: “We shall not permit the Scots to rule over us. We shall not permit a conspiracy of parliamen-

tary factions to ruin the empire. We represent the true majority of the governing race; and before we consent to what appears to us to be neither more nor less than national suicide, we elect to try the issue on a different field.” The House of Lords, which was then strongly Hanoverian, would have replied in similar terms. They would have declared that the resolution of the other House was *ultra vires* and invalid, and that all loyal citizens were bound to resist it.

At the present moment we are confronted by a problem that involves issues as wide. Who doubts, indeed, that an independent and hostile Ireland upon our weather-quarter would be even more disastrous than a dynastic revolution? The Unionist leaders in the nineteenth century are entitled to say, as the Hanoverian leaders in the eighteenth century would no doubt have said: “When the English people as a whole are prepared to acquiesce in a revolution that will be fatal to the monarchy, we shall cease to resist; but not till then. So long as dismemberment can be effected only by an alliance with the enemies of England, our duty is clear. A parliamentary verdict which is obtained by the votes of men who are constitutionally disabled from voting—for a rebel, veiled or other, has no right to be a member—cannot bind us.”

To the Unionist, we should fancy, the argument, when fairly stated, must be decisive; but is it not possible to bring home to the moderate and reasonable Home Ruler (for such surely there are) the intrinsic unreasonableness of a policy which leaves—or virtually leaves—the determination of this great question to rebels or pseudo-rebels? He holds, as we

hold, that the dismemberment of the empire would be a national, nay, a world-wide, calamity. He holds, as we hold, that the establishment of an independent Irish Republic¹ across the Irish Channel would be a fatal blow to the prosperity, if not to the existence, of what Mr Kingsley has called "this great English land." If the eighty-five Irish Separatists were to take the field for the purpose of securing separation, he would (we do him the justice to believe) declare them rebels; he would use the whole force of the State against them; he would have no hesitation in punishing them as rebels are punished. But because they propose to attain their end by *votes* instead of by *arms*, is the case altered? If the object aimed at is unconstitutional, the one mode is as illegitimate as the other; and to allow that in such a case rebels may take by parliamentary forms what they would not be allowed to take by force, is surely the height of folly.

The moderate Home Ruler may reply, possibly, that if we do not permit the representatives of the disaffected districts—the members for Connaught and Munster—to record their votes in the final and critical division, we *disfranchise* a province. But the franchise is not a fetish which we are bound to worship—at all hazards. When we have purged our minds of cant, we shall find that there are "worse things in this bad world" than compulsory absence from the polling-booths. It is better at any rate to disfranchise the people of a province than to consent to the disruption of an empire. The people of a disloyal province must be pre-

pared to accept the penalties that attach to disloyalty. We may be sorry to hurt their feelings; but we really cannot help ourselves. Suppose that a foreign enemy had effected a landing on the Irish coast, and that, from a strategic point of view, the city of Cork (let us say) was the key of the position, would any British general in his senses refrain from taking possession of it merely because he was led to believe that the citizens favoured a foreign occupation,—refrain at least until he had ascertained by a popular vote what their wishes might be?

We repeat, then, that a parliamentary verdict which is obtained by the votes of men who are constitutionally disabled from voting cannot be regarded as binding.

What then? Are the Unionists to appeal to the sword? Are they to take the field with their retainers as in the good (or bad) old times? Mr Morley, in his Puritanic mood, is probably the nearest approach to Cromwell that we have at present—a very Brummagem Cromwell, no doubt; unfortunately he is on the wrong side. Cromwell at the head of the wild Irish Kernes would be a spectacle for gods and men! The blood of the fighting Plantagenets runs in Sir William's veins; but Sir William knows that discretion is the better part of valour; and—to avoid unnecessary bloodshed—he would no doubt see it to be his duty to go over to the enemy before the action commenced. In spite of the Irish blackthorns, there could not be much doubt of the result. The Separatists would be smitten hip and thigh.

¹ This, according to Mr Parnell's latest message to the men of Meath, is the form which the Irish Government is to take.

Fortunately we shall be spared all this. Unionist and Separatist will not be required to settle their differences at Naseby or Marston Moor. The House of Lords stands between us and any apprehension of civil war. It may be urged, indeed, that at the close of the nineteenth century the House of Lords is a far less powerful body than it was at the beginning of the eighteenth. It is quite true that of late years the House of Lords has not been unduly obstinate or obstructive. It may have shown itself indeed, on more than one occasion, unduly facile. It has seldom or never at least refused to ratify a measure which the nation had deliberately and unmistakably

approved. The moral pressure of a unanimous community was too strong to be steadily or successfully resisted. But in the present case all the conditions are altered. The Peers have the people of England behind them. No Minister, however arbitrary or imperious, need threaten them with his displeasure. They can afford to treat his menaces with contempt. So long as a clear majority of the governing race are against disruption their position is unassailable. So long as they are able to say,—“Until the *British* people withdraw their mandate the integrity of the empire shall be preserved,”—the most timid may take heart of grace.

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ing and eating the dead; and clergymen are sent to try and induce those whose creed this is to change it for another one that keeps the fire up for ever, and burns the living victim eternally. I can quite understand how it is that a noble savage, who slays an enemy in open combat and then eats him, takes such a lot of "conversion" to bring him round to our tenets; and of course there must be great expense and much disappointment in the process. I prefer to help home work: the field is large enough. Look at the amount of tormenting, persecuting, and maiming in body and in reputation, that goes on every day around us among the whites!"

A sight that equally affected, if I mistake not, the tender heart of Montaigne, and about which the vast majority of sensible persons have long since come to a like conclusion.

The Rev. Septimus Stole got to be afraid as well as ashamed to talk to her on the importance of his little "fads," and contented himself with the conviction that, by tact and civility all round, he would be able to reform the service and ritual of his predecessor; but he was disappointed.

The 'Westerly Standard' was on the watch, and directly charged him with being a Papist in disguise; or, at all events, with being at best—in contradistinction to his worthy curate, the Rev. Joseph Tinkler—only a half-and-half Protestant; and it called on the town to be up and stirring, to root him out, to stamp on him! Furthermore, it went on to hope that Miss Harman, who had always taken such an enlightened interest in parish matters, would not be led away by "Jesuitical machinations," &c., &c. Stole suspected Mr Pippetly, as indeed do

we, of being the author of this article; but having no proof, he never breathed a word of his suspicion to any one.

The 'Westerly Standard' was, like the reverend gentleman himself, a new venture in the town. Both had opened an account, too, at Harman & Co's. The fact was that the virtuous indignation of the print was purely a matter of business. The proprietor took the hint from the banker, who never knew he had given it; and the 'Westerly Standard' opened fire with a view to fetch the reverend gentleman out of his shell, and as a consequence to advertise and sell the paper. Loving truth above all things, as he interpreted it, and being young, and anything but a man of the world or a Jesuit, Stole weakly walked into the trap which was laid for him and so cleverly baited. "One tenet alone of that apostate Church," he wrote, "was enough, in his opinion, to condemn it in the understanding of all reasonable men—the infallibility of the pope." He was careful to spell the last word without a capital. Now the flood-gates were opened, and there was a rush of correspondence which almost swept him away.

When he called on Miss Harman, after this, to apologise for that which he could not help—the introduction, with such extreme bad taste, of her name into the columns of the 'Standard,' and also for the purpose of obtaining incidentally her opinion as to the great merit of his reply, which he flattered himself was crushing and conclusive—the result was not at all what he expected.

She read the long epistle through carefully. "I don't really know the exact meaning of machinations," she said. "It sounds to me as if it had something to do

with dangerous machines. I suppose it is something dreadful."

"The word is, derivatively, as you surmise, a wrong one to be so used," explained the Reverend Septimus, rising, bowing one half of his long body, beaming on her, and excessively anxious to explain the correct use of it; but she took him short.

"Oh, it is not really a point of much moment either way, Mr Stole; but as to the infallibility of popes, it seems, after all, to be about just as reasonable to believe in theirs as to assert one's own,—which one finds individual Protestants constantly doing,—indeed I often do it."

He warmly repudiated the idea that he considered himself infallible, fearing that she might misjudge him in this respect. He was nothing more and nothing less than the conventionally weak and erring mortal—so he said.

"I never for a moment intended to hint that you were anything more. I don't perhaps always express myself clearly; and it is not often easy to explain exactly what one does mean. But there appears to me to be a certain amount of exclusiveness implied by there being different religions at all, and by the perpetual warfare that goes on about them. None of us can escape."

"There is, or should be, Miss Harman, no exclusiveness in ours; and the Church of England is so wide in its doctrine and large in its sympathies, so altogether cosmopolitan in——"

He was beginning now to be a bore, preaching out of church, so she interrupted him.

"I may be wrong, of course—indeed I daresay I am, for I am not a deep theological student. If you would kindly take up the subject on the first convenient oppor-

tunity, I should be so pleased, from the pulpit, I mean,"—deprecatingly, as if she had had enough just then of argument.

He went away soothed and flattered, and promised that, on the following Sunday but one, he would do as she wished.

"Thanks," she said; "you are so kind." There was comfort in the pressure of her hand.

The long limp man going out, and noiselessly shutting the door after him, was the arch-enemy whom Pipperly saw with his mind's eye laying siege to the citadel! It is, we think, pretty evident that there is not really much ground for the worthy old gentleman's fears.

The Rev. Joseph Tinkler, who had been patiently sitting in the hall, rose to greet his rector with becoming reverence, and the two walked off together. Stole liked Tinkler to see that he was on good terms with Miss Harman, and left word when starting to say where he had gone; Tinkler, on the other hand, liked Stole to see that he maintained his footing also, and could enter, and take the liberty of sitting in the hall, instead of waiting in the streets. They had important business to transact, and went off to transact it. Lavinia going to the window to lower the blind, could not help smiling—she saw such a difference mentally and physically between the men.

There had been two vacancies in Westerly parish since Tinkler came there. He was the best of creatures; but he was so much a creature, and nothing more, "poor dear!" that it never entered into the minds of his parishioners to make a move towards having him appointed to the living. It appeared to be so much in the nature of things for him to remain a curate, that, as a natural result, he did re-

main a curate. He was a white-faced, most worthy individual, really a little over thirty years of age, but looking forty. Short, stout, and soft, with fat papulous cheeks that shuddered as he walked. Though he was to all intents and purposes a young man, still a good deal of the hair was gone from the top of his head, and seemed to have developed into abnormally large whiskers, and to have taken root in unusual places—giving to his ears, in combination with the cotton wool which they contained, the appearance of badly made nests constructed by preternatural and slovenly birds.

No one knew where he came from, or where he had been educated, except that Oxford, Cambridge, or Dublin never claimed him; and he was so unassuming that nobody liked to probe too deeply into the depths of that obscure mystery which surrounded his past. He looked after the poor, and said grace most devoutly when he dined. He made neither mischief nor money; and the smallest particle of envy never seemed to have entered his composition.

He most willingly, in duty bound, accepted the Rev. Septimus Stole as sent by Divine Providence to rule over him; whereas the appointment was made through quite another agency—namely, the Bishop's wife. Stole was learned, and had been the Bishop's private chaplain; and it was known, beyond yes or no, among the Low Churchmen in the diocese "for a dead certainty" (so they said), that the tract entitled 'A Dual Genesis; or the Old Adam and the New' (which, unfortunately, they were all expected to purchase), was the joint production of Mrs Quodlibet and her husband's chaplain.

Providence, therefore, had not really much to do with the appointment of Stole to Westerley; but what did it matter to Tinkler, so long as his faith pulled him through! He had one great strength or weakness—music; and all his spare energy and all his worldly enthusiasm he gave to that. His admiration for Lavinia was based upon his love for it. He had deliberately stated his conviction that her voice was music itself, her throat an instrument, and her conversation a tune or a harmony—I really forget which. His opinion on this one point was entitled to great weight as being that of an expert and a performer on several instruments, of which he had a most curious collection, including sackbut, dulcimer, psaltery, harp, &c., &c.—quite a museum, in fact; but that on other matters his dicta were not altogether so reliable, goes without saying.

Which of us, I should like to know, has the common-sense to confine our opinions to points upon which we may have a special right to speak, or even the faintest claim to be heard at all?

Don't be too hard on Tinkler. Knowledge, as between man and man, is but comparative, and in the aggregate is neither exhaustive nor complete. The reverend gentleman was no doubt by some supposed to know more than he really did; but he never pretended to be knowledgeable either among his parishioners or his brother clergymen. He was indeed ignorant where many of these said brothers were profound. But we are too prone to consider mere acquisition to be genius. Though knowledge may be power, yet it does not imply the faculty to use it to advantage, any more than ignorance implies want of sense,—which is a prevailing fallacy also.

It is manifest that there would not be such a striking contrast between men, if we could only feel how little we really do know on any given subject, which we have even profoundly studied; because then it might be presumed that we would not venture beyond our depth, and would be content to inquire or listen, instead of asserting ourselves, so as to appear exceptionally wise and learned. See how this remark applies here.

There was no doubt a great educational difference between the Rev. Septimus Stole and his curate; but it would not have been so apparent, if Tinkler had not, in a weak moment, set up as a judge of antiquities outside his musical instruments, and jumped at conclusions based on deceptive appearances.

During some repairs to Westerly Church, begun a week after Stole was appointed, something was discovered in a recess in the wall, which the curate described in a letter to an antiquarian publication as "a curious triple ink-bottle, possibly designed to hold inks of three colours—black, blue, and red," and was on the point of sending off the letter to post, when Stole appeared, only just in time to save him from what in his (Stole's) opinion would have been indelible disgrace.

The thing was in fact a splendid, all but uniquely perfect, chrismatory! Imagine that! The rector took, of course, possession of it,—sorrowing in his soul at the thought that the Church of England no longer permitted its use.

Was he a *very* much more sensible man, for all his knowledge, than his curate? I can't really determine that point. I only know that I believe, acquisitively speaking, there is a great difference between Oxford and, say,

St Bumbles. I have been told so by Bishop Quodlibet, who has had a good deal of experience of clergymen of all kinds, and from all sorts of places, and seats of learning.

And now, see again how, still further, I personally illustrate my profound remark as to knowledge being merely relative. I take it for granted that you are better informed than the Rev. Joseph Tinkler—that goes without saying; and that, consequently, you know all about chrismatories. Well, a word in your ear. I may tell you, in strict confidence, that although I permitted Stole to believe directly the reverse when he told me the story, yet I took an early opportunity of calling at a second-hand theological book-shop (where I am known) for the purpose of taking down and consulting a dictionary of ecclesiastical terms. You see I would not for worlds have it supposed that I didn't know everything, and wasn't quite a peg above Tinkler. You see also that I am a bit of a humbug—I speak to you in confidence, dear reader,—and you will despise me accordingly; but mind you don't say anything about it—that makes all the difference. There is a great feeling of satisfaction in "making a clean breast of it," if one knows that one's confidence will be respected.

Let me say that there was no cleaner-breasted or more single-hearted a man than poor Tinkler, of that I am morally certain (though he made this dreadful blunder about the chrismatory), within the large diocese over which Dr Quodlibet presided with that impartial dignity which is proverbially associated with the Episcopal function. He had been most highly recommended to the Bishop by a colonial brother, and was instantly admitted, with no

other credentials (as why should he not?) to the proud privilege of serving under Dr Quodlibet—a great compliment and honour both to the recommender and the recommendee.

Westerly parish—a very big one—got to pity and to love Tinkler without exactly being able to define a reason, or even asking itself why it did either; it was simply within the limit of the fitness of things. But the idea of individual members combining for the purpose of bringing influence to bear for his promotion was altogether outside that limit, and never seemed to occur to any one. On the contrary, Westerly from time immemorial had had for its rector a man of family, of social position, of whom it could be said that he was the son of So-and-so, or that his aunt was Lady Thingamy, or his first cousin married Lord What's-his-name's sister. A great deal more than this could be said for the Rev. Septimus Stole, including the fact that his father, the Rev. Decimus Stole, D.D., had married a foreign governess, who was set down in 'Burke' as "of noble German extraction." Indeed all you had to do was to turn to the Peerage, and "there you were" at once, and "no bother at all about it," as Mrs Fungus tersely remarked.

And Mrs Fungus knew what she was saying, because she was herself of the Upper Ten—at least her grandmother, the Honourable Miss Lapsus, was, who ran away with one of her father's footmen on a night of a family ball, and was duly married (and disowned) afterwards.

I may mention, though it really does not concern us much one way or other, that the Rev. Canon Fungus was very proud of this honourable connection (with a big

H), and gave himself great credit for it. He knew nothing about the footman, or pretended he knew nothing; anyhow, being a clergyman of long service and social status in the diocese, it was natural that he should, in conjunction with his wife, stand up for gentlemen rectors. Why not? It is, as she rightly observed, so awkward for ladies to have "a mere nobody" in such a conspicuous position. Ten to one, too, but he goes and makes matters utterly hopeless by getting married to a she-nobody. A vulgar man is bad enough; but a vulgar wife! I shrug my shoulders too, and agree with Mrs Fungus.

I don't say Tinkler was vulgar, but he was a nobody beyond doubt. As a poor curate he was without enemies; as rector he would have had few friends. He seemed quite happy and contented with his lot, as became a Christian minister. There were plenty of musical families whose doors were always open to him, and which made life enjoyable. The poor looked upon him as one of themselves; and the "woman of the house" didn't therefore feel it necessary when he called, to at once put down her knitting or sewing, and to stand up; she simply "made a long arm or a long leg," and drew a chair over to the other side of the fireplace for him to sit on, and then went on with her work, even to the nourishing of her last offspring in the way that nature ordained, but which has been refined away (as being old-fashioned and troublesome) in favour of quite another mode by polite society, which nowadays brings up its young by the aid of a donkey, a cow, a goat, or a ——— But that's neither here nor there, and we only wander. Little Jack or Tommy, as likely as not, would find his way in between

Tinkler's knees, while the reverend gentleman talked to his mamma ; or little Meg or Molly would contend for forcible possession of his lap, which, in order to settle their differences, he would divide between them. It went to his heart always to say "No." Even the daughter of the Horse-leech, of proverbial memory, would not have exhausted his good-nature till she had left him nothing to bestow. On the very first day of his taking up duty in Westerly, little Meg, while contemplating the glories of his big silver watch and steel chain, had made a secret compact with him that he was to hear her her "Collick always first" at Sunday-school, after shutting up of books ; for she was of short memory, and knew the consequences if obliged to wait, in order of size, till her turn came to "say" it. Being utterly free from guile, he did not see through the youthful Meg ; and set her anxiety down to quite another and more worthy motive no doubt.

Dogs liked him quite as much as children did ; and many of them made a point of doing escort-duty in the lanes and back streets,—passing him on, as it were, to one another, as he went from house to house. Or, if they were out when he called, and came in during his visit, they made him welcome by running their cold noses into his fist ; giving him a start which involved recognition, and was a canine "How-do-you-do?"

People say—indeed it is a prevailing belief—that whom children and dogs love must be lovable. I don't go so far as that. I think it merely an indication that the person so singled out possesses the leading attributes of the child and of the dog—which are instinctively discoverable by children and dogs as a matter of course. Be

this as it may, Tinkler was a good creature—an honest soul : such familiar phrases fitted him exactly. The elder married women ever spoke of him among themselves as "poor dear" when discussing his points over their tea and toast.

He seemed to have no relatives except a sister, who came to spend a week with him once, and disappeared again. People were puzzled about her. She was "nice," she was young, she was good-looking, graceful, well-bred—"astonishingly well-bred," Mrs Fungus said—self-possessed, quite a contrast to Tinkler. What was she ? Somebody's "companion," an upper servant, a lady-help, a governess, a shop-girl ? No one knew ; and out of a sort of delicate regard for Tinkler, no one asked—fearing that he would rather not tell, and knowing that he would speak the truth.

This was the greatest possible proof of the regard in which he was held. Think of what it meant ! It meant the absolute abstention, on the part of the women, from aggressive curiosity and scandal-mongering ; it meant a mystery in the midst of them (which has always been a luxurious piece of common property in enjoyment among parishioners) left unprobed and unsolved. She was simply a pupil-teacher in a large school, educating herself, while she earned her keep by educating others.

Her arrival at Westerly had, however, very nearly caused a social upheaval, the consequences of which might have been disastrous to poor Tinkler's prospects, had not her departure as quickly calmed the excitement in the household of the Rev. Canon Fungus. Young Joel Fungus had made her acquaintance, and im-

proved upon it, in the railway carriage, on his way back from Harrow. Seeing her name on a bonnet-box, he ventured to introduce himself as the son of a clergyman in Westerly, and a friend of her brother Joseph. Subsequently he became so attentive to her as to alarm his mother.

"Tinkler is such a fool," she said to her husband, "that there is no use in speaking to him."

"Quite so," said the Canon; "and Joel is such a fool too, that it would be worse than useless to speak to him."

"One doesn't know what on earth she is, or where she comes from," said Mrs Fungus.

"Nor where Joel will go to, for the matter of that," said the Canon.

If the innocent cause of all this danger to the house and lineage of the race of Fungus had not left Westerly, there might have been a vigorous effort to probe the mystery. That a mystery existed there was no doubt, only people were not curious about it. We are perhaps able to clear

it up; but what we know it is only right that we should tell to our readers in our own good time and in our own way.

If Mrs Fungus had been only aware that the Scottowes were mixed up with it, she would have been very much surprised indeed; but after all, if the Honourable Mary Lapsus could bring herself to run off with a footman, why shouldn't a Scottowe, or any other commoner go over the line and break away also? Human nature is only human nature. Enthusiastic persons will try to make out that it ought to be something else, but it isn't; and that's all the logical excuse there need be made for it.

The Scottowes having become long since extinct, people didn't bother themselves much abusing or making excuses for them. When they died out, scandal ceased to have a point, and gossip gave them up. Nevertheless, being on the subject, I may as well take the reader into confidence touching this remarkable family.

CHAPTER VII.—THE SCOTTOWES.

"We are as ancient a family as any in Europe; but let that go: antiquity is not respected now."—BEN JONSON.

The Scottowes, as a race, somehow had the knack of being always interesting: even when naughty they were nice. I have said that they are extinct—by which I do not mean to assert that no one bearing the name is to be found in the land of the living. Possibly there may be many Scottowes in existence. Not only the London Directory but provincial ones may, on search, disclose the fact; but notwithstanding this, I stoutly maintain the apparent contradiction or paradox, and still say that *the Scottowes* are extinct. There

are Scottowes and Scottowes; but *THE Scottowes* "are not."

I may add that I am sorry for it; but the fact, much as it may be regretted by the enthusiast in genealogy and heraldry, leaves me free to go fully into personalities, upon which otherwise, as a matter of taste and etiquette, I should have hesitated to dwell or to disclose to my readers.

I say I am sorry, because I believe that all right-minded persons must feel a certain amount of regret at the cessation of a grand old family, which has weathered the

social and political storms and changes of centuries; which has borne its part, and held its own even against long odds in the battle of life; and which in each generation has produced at least one prominent character, raised, either by virtues or by vices, a head and shoulders above the common herd and the dead level of fashion or propriety—a leading statesman, a victorious soldier, a profound scholar, a pungent wit, an eloquent divine, a spendthrift, a dandy, a Court beauty—somebody who furnished table-talk for the million, and gossip for the few. Court beauties, it must be owned, were more plentiful among them than discreet; but what mattered? They were notoriously an eccentric race—a circle with very irregular spokes; and that quality which in the Scottowe soldier was called dash, among the ladies of the house trenched somewhat, if it did not actually touch, on those qualities which win equivocal renown at Courts. But as far as my judgment goes, it has always appeared to me that Courts are more to blame than beauties. The fault lies more with the candle than the moth, though the moth suffers; and I feel quite certain that—without being, I hope, very much worse than my neighbours—had I been subject to the Scottowe temptations, I should have “fallen away” many times, or else consumed myself—becoming thus, by a very mixed metaphor, both moth and candle.

The beauty of its women was proverbial, their witchery equally so. The mere platter-faced non-entity, who only looked pretty, was not of them. They had life, fire, soul—devil or deity—but always something in them. The power of its males to captivate and win the opposite sex was also a family

trait, most marked and recurrent in the genealogical record—and this irrespective of personal attractions. The portraits on the walls bore ample testimony to the fact that, time after time, an ugly Scottowe had secured a lovely partner—and a rich one.

But enough! There is neither space nor time for us to enter into, and linger over, the history of every individual member of this interesting race. We must content ourselves with going back a century or so.

When plain, very plain, John Scottowe, a cornet of dragoons who had not won his spurs as yet, and was not even in the running for the family baronetcy, gained the hand of Lady Kitty Beecher, the reigning beauty and heiress of the time, people wondered “how the deuce it was done,” or what she saw in him. He was merely the second son of a country rector, and his uncle had two sons living; so that all these, besides his own father and brother, stood between him and the title. But what mattered all these drawbacks? Lady Kitty had a will of her own, and she exercised it. She was independent in more senses than one—in fact, in every sense, and pleased herself. She was known in society and at Court as the Pocket Venus; but whether in allusion to her wealth and beauty combined, or to her beauty and smallness of stature, it is now impossible and not of very great moment to discover. I question whether Jack himself took the trouble to investigate the point. He married, went off to the wars, and returned famous; having also obtained rapid promotion for dogged bravery in the field. He simply didn’t know what it was to be afraid, and kept “pegging away” when others calculated chances and went in for

precaution. How much truth is there in the assertion, "*Fortuna nimium quem favet stultum facit*"? None; but I would gladly take the risk to secure her patronage. If a thirst for speculation leads us to investigate this point—with Jack for a text—I'm afraid it will involve of necessity a digression into the question of how far the "survival of the fittest" applies also. Suffice it to say that, through a series of disasters and accidents, he in his old age succeeded to the estates and title, and died, leaving two sons and a daughter by Lady Betty. He was known as General John.

The daughter, to his great grief,—for he was a staunch Protestant,—became a pervert to Rome. His elder son and successor, Sir Hugh, was famous for harebrained hunting exploits and hospitality, and did his duty as a country gentleman with credit to himself and satisfaction to everybody; while his brother went into the Church, and became, as a matter of course, rector of Scottowe-cum-Marshley, the family living, and a canon, and was fairly on the way to a mitre when, as we said, his father died—having outlived, by many years, the Pocket Venus. At his death Court influence ceased, and the mitre faded in the dim distance.

The old soldier on his deathbed exhorted his two sons to marry, for the sake of the race. His wishes were religiously attended to by both; but the result was not satisfactory from the dead man's point of view, and the legitimate line terminated in an heiress. The Canon was childless, and his brother, Sir Hugh, had only one daughter, Mabel.

She had the leading characteristics of her family. She was extremely interesting. She was

handsome, self-willed, strong and active, both in body and mind, bright, clever, and hard to control or manage. She must have got all these qualities, too, from the male side; she inherited none of them from her mother. It seemed, indeed, as if nature had made a slip somehow—had been taken un-awares,—and that she should have been a male, with all the manly Scottowe qualities concentrated in the last of them; yet she had all the captivating charms of her own sex. She was idolised by Sir Hugh, and spoiled as a matter of course.

The Canon, as in duty bound, was wont to lecture his brother on her bringing-up and her surroundings; which was all taken in good part by the Baronet, who kept on never minding.

"It's not my fault, George, but yours," was his retort, "if she knew how to ride to the hounds before she could say her Catechism or the Thirty-nine Articles. She's young, and—well—there she is—don't you know. I don't interfere with the parson's part of the business. I never did. I know nothing about it."

"But, my dear boy, you do interfere."

"But I say, I don't. I prefer to stick to my last."

"Ah, but I say again that you do! You fill the girl's mind with horses, and dogs, and shooting, and what not."

"Nonsense, George!" retorted Hugh; "why, she is only a child. She is too young to have a mind. It is all animal spirits at sixteen."

"No matter what it is. Just now I am most anxious to prepare her for confirmation. The bishop is to begin his tour next month; and I expect him here about the third Sunday in March."

"All right. Mabel is here, and you are not far off. Take her over

to the glebe week about, if you like. I cannot spare her for longer than a week at a time; and I fancy that seven days at a stretch will be enough for you and her Aunt Julia—if it ain't, I'm a Dutchman."

"Very well. Agreed!" said the Canon; and so it was settled.

"And I say, look here, George! Fair play! You may as well give up lecturing me after you have had these long innings: you'll have a fair field and no favour. By the bye, of course, when the old bishop comes, I'll put him up and entertain him as a matter of course, and also as many parsons as can be fitted round my mahogany. It will be quite a treat, and a sort of mild spiritual dissipation for my wife to have him."

"That's really very kind."

"Pish! no compliments, George, between brothers. You can't very well afford, out of your limited income, to be preyed upon by a lot of hungry clergy for whom you don't care, and can't be expected to care, a damn."

The Reverend George gave a sudden start, winced a little, and looked pained.

"Oh! I beg your pardon—I really do; it—it—quite escaped me."

"So it appears," said George, half in sorrow and half in anger.

"Well, never mind; you know what I mean. It does not matter, so long as the heart is in the right place, old chap. I'll give them plenty to eat and lots of good liquor—all for your sake, and not out of regard for them, I can assure you. No humbug about me." They shook hands warmly. "Stop and have a bit of lunch. Here's Mabel! I hear her in the hall. I say, you'll report to me how she gets on?"

"Yes, of course."

"But you mustn't make her

mope: the mother does enough of that—between ourselves; and a spiritual wet blanket ain't comfortable, I know from experience. If I see any signs of——"

Here the door opened and the last of the race, radiant in her youth, health, and beauty, stood in the opening. Her first action was to kiss her Uncle George with a will, and with a distinctly audible smack.

"Don't hurt him, my dear," said Sir Hugh. "I'm jealous!"

"Oh, you silly! I've kissed you ever so many times to-day." Here she repeated the operation; "as for hurting Uncle George, I wouldn't for worlds."

"You're going to spend a week with him at the rectory, to do penance and fasting."

"Am I?" with her hands brought down to her sides, and an expectant look from father to uncle, and then back from uncle to father; "really! How nice! You'll let me play the organ, won't you, in the church? I love that grand old thing so much."

"You shall. We expect the new organist this very day."

"You'll make him give me a lesson or two, won't you? I am glad that cross old man Musdoc isn't to be there any more. He couldn't bear any one to go near it."

And thus they chattered and got through the morning, Lady Scottowe not putting in an appearance, as usual, till mid-day. She was one of those fragile delicate creatures who seem somehow to be always very much in their own way when they get up too soon.

The Canon was extremely fond of his niece, in spite of her many grave faults, which he hoped to correct; and he carried her off that day with great rejoicing.

It must be owned that she tried

him sorely during the alternate weeks she spent with him for the benefit of his special instructions. He was never altogether sure that she did not sometimes secretly laugh at him. She was very quiet and well-behaved indeed at the classes which he held twice a-week in the church. She was generally there before him, and he frequently left her behind practising on the organ. She was passionately fond of music, and no one at home cared for it. The church was close to the rectory, and there was no restraint upon her. The moment she heard the first peal of the instrument she was off to it; and the new organist seemed to make it talk and feel emotion just as she did. The Canon hoped that in other respects she was making rapid progress, and that his expositions generally would bear fruit; but after devoting much care and energy to the elucidation of the question of regeneration, it was rather disheartening to be told that she didn't see the urgent necessity for being born again in the case of a person of such exceptionally good birth as herself!

He forgot, in his consternation, how that very morning, at breakfast, he had descanted most eloquently on the fact that the Scottowe blood was second to none. But if he was a man possessed of family pride, he had also a proper sense of the proprieties. He told the story with some reluctance to her father, feeling bound, as he had promised, to report progress. Sir Hugh, being untrammelled by the social and moral exigencies which necessarily environ a parson, and having a keen sense of humour, made no secret of his enjoyment; but these same social exigencies impelled his brother to reprove him with severity, and to caution him for the

hundredth time against the danger of encouraging Mabel's tendency to self-esteem.

"Oh, tut!" said the Baronet. "Why, man, you've got a good opinion of yourself—so have I—so has everybody;" and he only laughed the louder. "She's a Scottowe out and out. As sharp as a needle, and as hard as nails."

"No doubt," said the Reverend George, in a dubiously neutral tone of voice, which might have meant praise or blame. "All the same, I seriously beg of you not to repeat the anecdote to the bishop."

"Oh no! of course not. Now you are coming to common-sense. I'll be discreet. Hinder promotion, of course, and all that sort of thing, if I let the cat out of the bag. But after all, old boy, with an Evangelical mother, the girl can't be turned all at once into a—a—what-you-may-call-it—Ritualist." The Canon coughed, and blew his nose like a trumpet, so that the last words were hardly audible. "It was devilish good, though, wasn't it, George?" and he laughed again consumedly. "Devilish good, for the first week."

He'd have gone on exploding, only for the effect which the slow and solemn entrance of Lady Scottowe had upon him and his brother. Her civility to the Canon always embarrassed the latter, because he knew she hated him; and Sir Hugh was only too glad to leave them together. A warning finger was raised by the Canon, which was responded to with a wink—as much as to say, "Mum!"

But notwithstanding promises and protestations, the story was all over the parish in no time, the Baronet having let it out after dinner to some kindred spirits. By some channel or other it

reached the ears of his wife, from whom he got a severe curtain-lecture. She was a weak woman, with the most pronounced religious opinions; and these women always rule, because the easy-going male prefers to be let alone, and yields for peace' sake. Sir Hugh married her for her money and her pedigree: he got both, and nobody pitied him. She was the daughter of a philanthropic nobleman; and was the kind of woman who, if her surroundings had been Roman Catholic, would have been a nun, and a devout believer in the Holy Father. Her surroundings were of an exactly opposite sort, so she made a pope of her own father, and believed in his infallibility. When he died from pleurisy, contracted at a costermongers' tea-meeting, she endeavoured to improve the occasion for Mabel's benefit, who had in her mind a confused idea as to the connection of pleurisy with pluralists, and believed that it was a parson's ailment. This confusion was rendered more confounded in the child's mind by the fact that her grandfather used to preach, though he wasn't a clergyman.

If my lady was utterly out of sympathy with her husband, she was equally so with the daughter. She never could be got to see that this was her own fault; and always said, with a sigh, that anything she heard about either of them had long since ceased to surprise her. Assiduous and ostentatious reading of religious books seemed to be the end and aim of her silently reproachful existence.

She did not believe in the influence for good which the uncle hoped to exercise over her wayward and self-willed daughter, and doubted his ability to succeed where some half-dozen governesses had

signally failed. One of these long-suffering females had summed up the situation in a phrase, which the mother never lost an opportunity of bringing back to the recollection of father and daughter—"She has a taste for everything wild—set to music."

But neither father, mother, nor uncle had any idea of the extent to which Mabel Scottowe's erratic tendencies would lead her. She rebelled at once and utterly against the ritualistic teaching which prevailed at the rectory. The spirit of her departed grandfather, by the mother's side, rose in revolt against it.

Then, again, she fell out with her Aunt Julia, because she objected to the smell of the school children in class; whereupon the aunt retorted that, in her opinion, there was more of the odour of sanctity about it than was to be found in stables and kennels. This drew forth a rejoinder that "it might be so; and if so," Mabel said that "she simply preferred the dogs and horses." Aunt Julia, perceiving that she could make nothing of the girl, and Uncle George, fearing that she was far too clever for him to grapple with, she was brought back by mutual consent at the end of the third week, and handed over as being "quite unfit for confirmation—at least," he said, "for some time to come."

The time never came.

Sir Hugh was delighted to have her back, and to find that she was "one too many" for George. He was never tired of cracking his jokes at his brother's expense. And he thought, as she stood at the breakfast-room window next morning, in the crisp fresh air, with the early sun streaming in upon her, while she threw out scraps of bread and toast, and

everything she could lay her hands on, to the scrambling pack of beagles outside, who had been liberated at her request, that there wasn't such a creature in the three kingdoms.

After this she kept up her visits to the rectory, or, rather, to the old church—both were only a good smart walk for a strong healthy girl; and gradually her love of music seemed to draw her away more and more from the infatuated and purblind father. At last he began to grow jealous of the grand organ; and one evening, when Mabel did not appear, he spoke his mind more freely than was his wont at the dinner-table—for truly he did not half enjoy the meal without her. The housemaid came down from her room with the intelligence that she had taken a hand-bag with her containing the usual necessities for a night out, and it was concluded that she had gone to stay with Uncle George; there was, therefore, no alarm. Next day, when she failed to appear at luncheon, a groom was sent over to the rectory. He came back with the news that she had not been there, either that day or the day before. There was consternation. The father all but went out of his mind; the mother saw in it the hand of God, and nerved herself to bear it as a "chastening judgment," with a calm, cold, reproachful placitude which drove him frantic.

The blow was indeed a crushing one for the house of Scottowe. Its sun went down in murkiness and cloud, instead of full red splendour. She had simply run away with the new organist, about whom nothing definite was known then, beyond his good looks and insinuating manner. Subsequent investigation disclosed the fact that he was an utter scamp—an

adventurer from the sister island, who had borne testimony to his own good qualities in sundry documents, to which he had affixed signatures without authority.

It was all very sad this, but by no means unprecedented; and it happened so long before our story opened that it was all but forgotten, and ceased to be interesting except to a few scandal-mongering old moles who still survived. All the persons mainly concerned were dead. Sir Hugh would never speak to or see his brother again—laying, rather hardly, all the blame on him. He scarcely lifted his head. His heart was broken, and in a few months he died. The Canon followed him in three years or so. The last survivor was Lady Scottowe, who lived—a wasp without her sting—to a fair old age. No tidings of the fugitives ever reached her in her retirement in London, and she never sought any; but a faint belief existed in the neighbourhood that Mabel had died in abject want and suffering somewhere in the colonies, where she had been deserted by the fellow who was the cause of her misfortune. When a report of this sort gains circulation there is generally some foundation for it. It comes in letters home from emigrants, who have belonged to or have friends in a locality.

That the Canon was to blame for want of common-sense and common caution cannot be doubted; but that he should have been saddled with the whole weight of the misfortune was not just. However, with that we have nothing to do.

I have said that the legitimate line terminated in an heiress—this unfortunate Mabel; so it did. But General Sir John Scottowe had a nephew—the son of his elder brother by a nameless

mother—who had served as a common soldier under him, and would have been advanced, despite the bar-sinister, if he had had any one good quality besides bravery. Unfortunately he hadn't. He married and left a son, whose descendant the next generation would about bring down to the time at which our veracious tale begins, and about whom we may have something to say by-and-by.

To go back to old times again for a moment. The manor of Scottowe became the subject of prolonged litigation, for reasons which nobody but an ecclesiastical lawyer could explain, and which only an ecclesiastical lawyer could understand or find interesting. At last, after a generation had almost gone, it was, "by order of the Courts," advertised for sale, but the rectory did not go with it. The appointment of an incumbent had long since lapsed, and had, in consequence, reverted to the late bishop, who, in due course, appointed more than one. Dr Quodlibet, the present bishop, was now in a fair way to having a vacancy at his disposal, the present incumbent being old and feeble—a cantankerous curmudgeon (very unlike the Canon, of whose worth traditions lingered still), with a fad for greenhouse cultivation and nothing else. He would spend large sums on rare plants, but was a miser in all else. He paid his gardener more than his curate. When the prelate to whom he owed his appointment came to see him, and took a fancy to a very rare shrub, he had actually to beg for a root of it—an unprecedented thing in the history of bishop and

parson, I should suppose. The old churl could not refuse; but he suffered tortures till he learned from the astute old gardener that the root had been baked on top of the stove, quite sufficiently long to secure its premature death, before being packed up for his lordship.

But I have wandered off the track again to prose about an old man with one foot in the grave, and who has really nothing to do with our narrative, beyond making way very soon perhaps for a person who has.

And here (as I am likely to transgress again and yet again) it is just as well that I enter my protest against the prevailing custom of making apology for digression; for I hold with Swift that if we are to be driven to making books, with the fatal confinement of delivering nothing beyond what is to the purpose, "supercilious censors would find the society of writers quickly reduced." And what a calamity that would be! You must therefore be patient with me, and allow me to unbehnd, and aimlessly wander, or even maunder, now and then, dear reader.

I remember a most delightful chapter in Montaigne, "On the likeness of children to their parents," in which, I assure you most positively, there is not a single sentence bearing on the subject. I cannot of course hope to be as entertaining as he is; but I may surely cite him as a very good precedent; and I can safely promise never to be anything like so wide of the mark in any of my digressions. But I can't help digressing. I am as prone to it as a youth is to whistling.

CHAPTER VIII.—MIDNIGHT.

"Oh, my upswelling heart!
It is a pain too doughty to be borne,
Without a flood of tears and heart with sighs y-torn."
—CHATTERTON.

"It is most extraordinary!" said Dr Collyrium to himself as he opened his door with a latch-key and let himself in,—*"most extraordinary, the queer things that Miss Harman can do, and people not mind."*

But, stay! There is no reason that, because I lagged a full generation behind in my last chapter, I should now anticipate by many more. The doctor must go to bed while we return to the ball-room.

Under cover of the darkness we cross the main street of Westerly, and, turning down a narrow lane at right angles to it, when we reach the end, turn again into a still narrower one—a short cut, leading by the river-side among the docks, wharfs, and quays. The place is full of murky life and bustle, preparing for the dawn; in fact, Westerly has been making a night of it, previous to the sundering of many ties and breaking of many links, and hasn't been to bed at all. Tommy Atkins at his best and worst, is to be met everywhere about; now holding, in some secluded archway, short, sad, and final converse with the girl he is to leave behind him, and whom her mistress supposes to be in her bed, but whom he is to marry when he returns—little heeding that perhaps their fate may be never to meet again, and that before many weeks the manly heart of Tommy may cease to beat. Claspng her to his breast now, he shrinks back further into the shade—being shamefaced—as a band of noisy and dissolute acquaintances pass by in riotous association.

Further on we meet in most fraternal embrace a soldier and civilian, vowing a mutually inebriate assurance of eternal friendship, which has suffered a rude shock and widened into a breach even before we have time to pass, and will doubtless terminate in open enmity and blows, to be all again forgotten when sobriety and headaches follow with the sunrise. Passing on quickly, we come suddenly upon another soldier—a sober one, a fine, handsome, well-made fellow, a fact to be seen easily enough even by the dim light.

He would have missed the house he was in search of, were it not that a man of the quay-porter class stopped just at the moment and struck a match against the door-jamb. A momentary flicker showed the number on the door, revealing at the same time and throwing into broad relief, with Dutch picture-like effect, a black and dirt-begrimed visage, and hands and tattered garments to correspond—all telling unmistakably of drink and poverty.

One of the unsolved problems of life is how poverty contrives to get drink; but the fact remains, like many other facts about which we are equally puzzled.

The soldier turned the handle and the sudden opening of the door resulted in a mishap,—the coalheaver's pipe got smashed, and the light was put out by the in-rushing draught. A volley of oaths and curses followed the double catastrophe, which was as suddenly checked by pressure from the iron grasp of the soldier's hand upon the blasphemer's throat.

"Cease your confounded row," he said, "or I'll soon give you a more substantial grievance to swear about than a broken pipe. Make yourself scarce!" The man looked at him with a scowl. "Here's my own pipe and tobacco." And the soldier made most ample restitution by substituting a handsome brier-root for the more humble clay (which had been ground to powder under his heel), as he entered and shut the door behind him.

The contrast between the two pipes was not greater than that between the owners. But life is made up of these contrasts. They are to the mental vision—if we may use such a loose expression—what light and shade are in nature. Without them we should miss the picturesqueness of variety which we meet with in the study of character.

We see great truths, says the poet, as night shows out the stars—by contrast. The prince and the pauper rub skirts in crowded thoroughfares. And the honest man may, if he only keeps up appearances (everything depends on that), sometimes sit at meat with the scornful. The blaze of prosperity oftentimes lights up the gorgeous habitation of the one with oriental splendour; while the halfpenny dip of poverty only serves to make darkness visible in the abode of the other—by contrast. Wealth looks askance at want, and will even step off the footway to avoid it; nevertheless poor Codrus thanks the gods for those old garments which Sempronius casts aside. If Dives, with Mrs Dives by his side, wrapped in purple and fine linen, and clothed in furs and sealskin, comes unexpectedly upon Codrus in his semi-nude condition, Dives—who is looked upon by his

spouse as a philosopher—comforts her by the observation that, after all, these divergent states of society are not so violently opposed as at first sight they might appear "to the unreflective and average mind, but, on the contrary, are quite reconcilable, my dear. I go with my face bare, and I don't mind it in the least; so does Codrus, but, being ragged, most of him has become face. It is simply, after all, a question of contrasts."

Nature alone is impartial and thoroughly just. To all she metes out alike the great contrast—life and death. Her first and last summons come to each without fear or favour—the king, the courtier, or the clown; but with the great social contrasts that intervene she has nothing to do: she is not guilty of them. It is not of her ordering that those who are bidden by the feast-givers to "go up higher," are not the unassuming or the needy, but the rich and self-asserting.

Simple folk there are, who nevertheless console themselves with the conviction that things will be set right in another world, where contrasts are presumably unknown. Others again there are, who, if they may not drink from goblets of the precious metals, content themselves with the assurance of the satirist, "*Nulla aconita bibuntur fictilibus*"—there is no poison in common crockery; but these are stoics whose number is limited; and we of the majority are not happy and are perpetually working at the nodosities which we can neither unravel nor explain: all hiding poverty as well as we can, and every one striving to rise and to shine—by contrast—to greater advantage in the social firmament than our neighbours.

Yet with all this, when the grim visitor, who calls on each of us but once, arrives—even then the man whose career has been one long struggle to keep body and soul together, will rather part with his last guinea to the doctor of medicine who keeps him alive, than to the doctor of divinity who only helps him to die. Strangest of all contrasts this.

But I trench on dangerous ground. My mission is not to preach; and indeed I might have told the reader to skip the few previous pages, but it never occurred to me to do so till this moment. It is now too late.

The soldier hurried along the passage, and opening the door to the right with as much certainty as though he had been there before, was met in tearful embrace by a girl, who instantly drew back with a mingled expression of shame and fear.

"Kate, darling!" he said, "you should not have given me such minute instructions if you did not wish me here." He assumed an unreal tone of reproach; but the voice was enough for her—it brought her back at once into his arms.

"Oh, Hugh, Hugh!" she faltered, "the—the uniform. Good heavens! what have you done?"

"Done, sweet! Escaped! Cheer up. You must not be downhearted. To-morrow will see me a free man, I hope—out of the toils."

"And me?" She clasped her hands in agony, standing momentarily away from him, with blank despair depicted on her lovely countenance. There was a far-away look in her tearful eyes which troubled him.

"You do not doubt me, Kate?"

"Doubt! Oh no—no—no! I do not doubt you, but I tremble at

the thought of dangers that may be in store for you and for me; and how—oh, how shall I bear anything without you? I shall die!"

"Be brave, my girl," he said, drawing her to him. "You will have a home and kindly sympathy in Westerly when you explain all. Your brother——"

"My brother is not you, my darling! My God!" she exclaimed in accents of suppressed agony, "you will never come back, Hugh! You will be killed if once I let you go!" And her hands now clasped him, despairing, as with head thrown back she looked appealingly into his face.

"Kate," he said, in a tone which carried conviction with it—it was so sad and solemn—"I must!"

"Oh no, no! Let the worst come to the worst. You are not guilty. Why should you fly? Face it all, Hugh—face the worst. Fling off that dreadful uniform. For my sake, stay—oh stay, my own!"

"For your sake, darling, more than for my own, I must not stay. I am not guilty,—that's at least no small consolation to a man with a conscience, and a wife who has faith in him; but I have foolishly kept up the companionship of those who are guilty. There is only my simple word against the oaths of a clique of sharpers who have made me an innocent tool. And if they agree to perjure themselves, who is to believe me? Cheques were forged and the money was got, and—part of it was traced to me!"

"But you didn't know then—you never knew——"

"What matter? I was in the toils—a dupe, a contemptible dupe. I enter now on a new life. I shall come back to you with a name and a reputation, as many men have done before,

and will do again, from more dangerous expeditions than this is likely to be. Things can then be explained, of which no explanation would be accepted now. The hand of Providence seems to have been held out to me at last. I have had marvellous escapes since we parted; and events have been crowded into three short days which should have taken months. Only for this uniform, which shocked you so, I would have been in the grasp of less friendly arms than yours. The poor fellow who made the exchange with me rejoiced, and so did I—so opportune did we consider the

meeting. Of the two men, I am the safer off I think ;—he is sure to be hunted down. But I have ever so much to say to you, my darling wife, and time is so short. Don't break down now, with vain regrets and tears—you have been so brave and have fought such a good fight heretofore. Come over here and sit by me." And saying "come," he carried her instead.

There are moments when even the story-teller should cease to intrude, and should draw the curtain between himself and those he introduces to the public. This is surely such a one.

CHAPTER IX.—ARGUMENTATIVE AND LITERARY.

Disjointed numbers ; sense unknit ;

Shreds of wit ;

Composed the mingled mass of it."

—LAMB.

Having already delayed too long, we hurry past the door, re-enter the street, and as we do so meet two suspicious-looking men in close converse with our recent acquaintance the quay porter—all three now evidently on the watch, and determining on some concerted action which can hardly be of a reputable kind. We cross over to the other side—not liking the look of them—as a matter of precaution which naturally and quite involuntarily suggests itself, and find ourselves soon within earshot of the music, and in the full glow of the many-lighted windows which have quite put out the less obtrusive stars.

These windows are all recessed inside, forming charming mulioned and transomed bays, in which are seats formed in the window-sills—a most convenient arrangement, much to be commended in a ball-room; because those guests who are not dancing need not be in the way of those

who are; and besides all this, the "wall-flower" may find a spot in which to take root, and pleasant nooks and corners, admirably adapted to love-making, are provided. The architect who planned the building evidently knew what he was about, and felt, perhaps from particular experience, that small bays as well as large were necessary to the perfection of his work; he devised them accordingly—angular ones, which just held two persons comfortably, or three uncomfortably, as the third could only find room in the corner; so that maiden aunts or stern mothers generally preferred a bay to themselves—when they could get it—within sight but out of earshot.

The major and Lavinia occupied one of these smaller "flirting boxes," as they were called, long enough to attract notice. Their conversation was prolonged, animated, and absorbingly interesting; so much so, that Georgia Collyrium and many other ladies

in the room, with that natural instinct peculiar to the sex, had come to a pretty unanimous conclusion as to the subject which was being discussed between them, though they were rather puzzled—from the absence of certain signs and indications usually observable under similar circumstances—as to what the upshot would be. Even that most unobservant of males, Captain Tiptop, couldn't help remarking that there was something up.

"Of course there is," said Fitz. "Didn't I tell you so, and you only laughed at me? I'd have laid fifty to one on the red head three weeks ago."

"I thought it was only your usual chaff, dontch-you-know," replied Tiptop, in the languid tone of the British officer when he has had enough dancing, enough supper, and enough wine.

"I never chaff on so serious a subject," said Fitz, solemnly, winding up with an imitative "dontch-you-know."

There was an awkward pause, as if the depth or solemnity of the subject was momentarily too much for the captain. "I'm deuced sorry," at last he said.

Fitz stroked his own moustache. "Well, hang me if that isn't too good! Why, one would think, to look at you, that you expected Tynte was going to be—hanged."

But Tiptop felt the gravity of the situation too keenly to trifle with it. Besides all that, wine always made him solemn when it didn't make him drunk.

"You had better go into mourning at once," went on Fitz; but still the captain did not rally.

"Look here, Fitz," he said; "you are simply a big idiot, or you wouldn't go on so—without any regard to the magnitude of the interests involved, or—of——"

"The amount of liquid which can be taken without getting into a fellow's head. That's about it."

"No, it isn't," retorted Tiptop, becoming suddenly more argumentative—much to the delight of his friend.

"Well," said Fitz, "you may start fair again, at all events. Where were you? 'The magnitude of the interests involved——'"

"Yes; or the issue——"

"Oh, come! It's rather premature to discuss that point, isn't it?"

"I suppose you think I don't know what I'm talking about," said Tiptop, turning from him with dignity. "I say, Spinner, just you look here, old fellow."

"Where?" said Spinner, first gazing vacantly all round, and then peering with a comically inquiring expression at the captain's diamond shirt-stud.

"No! confound it, not there! into his head—not his heart," explained the big lieutenant. "The fact of it is, he has been making a fool of himself by showing the most degraded form of jealousy against the major. I believe his heart is a bit touched as well as his head, though, all the same."

Fitz was endeavouring to get a rise out of Tiptop, which was not a very difficult thing to do after supper; not that the captain ever forgot himself—he never did. The change of temperament or temper was chiefly observable when Fitzmaurice Bateman, out of pure mischief, crossed him in what he was pleased to consider an argument, or suddenly in the flood of his eloquence, which he found it not always easy to set again in motion. He turned now on Fitz: "You just shut up! confound your impudence! What, in the name of wonder, do you know about love!

and — all that sort of thing? You are so full of—of——”

“Give—it—up,” said Fitz, with aggravating slowness of tone.

“No, don’t!” ejaculated Spinner, with counteracting briskness; “try ‘vanity.’”

“I mean gush and sentiment,” continued Tiptop, solemnly; “and such a flabby description of it, that I believe you’d ‘stand to attention’ before a petticoat on a bush.”

“I don’t quite see the point just yet,” said Fitz.

“Nor I,” said Spinner, putting his hands in his pockets, and getting up a look of interest; “but there is something in it, no doubt.”

“It is a literal fact,” went on Tiptop; “you always remind me, somehow—excuse me if I am too personal——”

“Oh, don’t stop to apologise! push on, drive ahead.”

“Well, of the fellow in the piece of poetry — dontch - ye - know——”

“Hanged if I do!”

“This is becoming more interesting and more mixed every moment,” remarked Spinner, parenthetically; “put the question, now you have fully stated the case. Bateman isn’t a witch or a wizard. Don’t be too hard on him.”

“You’re about right there. He has an idea that he can argue. He not only sticks the cart before the horse, but he expects me to get inside the animal and drive the vehicle with the reins at the wrong end.” At this point both Spinner and Fitz laughed. “If you go on interrupting a fellow in that stupid way,” remonstrated the captain, “how am I to explain myself? I was about to say that Fitz reminded me of that fool of a poet who was given to kissing a jackass instead of a woman, and then told all about it

in—in—verse: Cowper, or Kirke White, or Wordsworth, or Martin Tupper—dontch-ye-know?”

“Peter Bell, you mean,” said Spinner, in a soothingly sympathetic voice; “I see it all now —of course.”

“Peter Bell! — exactly,” exclaimed Tiptop. “If you weren’t cocked, you’d see it too, Fitz.”

“But Peter Bell wasn’t a poet.”

“Well, he had something to do with it.”

“Very little, excuse me, Tiptop —really almost nothing,” interpolated Spinner, perplexingly; “it was an idiot boy who was guilty of that act of flagrant bad taste, and Wordsworth was the poet.”

“More mixed than ever, old chap!” exclaimed Fitz, slapping the captain on the back a little more roughly than was agreeable.

“Never mind,” said Tiptop, turning suddenly on him; “you remind me of the whole blessed lot combined—Peter Bell, and the idiot boy, and the jackass, and Martin Tupper, and Wordsworth —or whoever it was.”

“Softening of the brain!” suggested Fitz in a solemn tone to Spinner, tapping his forehead.

“May as well give it up,” said Spinner. “Let’s call it a draw, and we’ll all go and have a final hop. You mind and turn your partner the wrong way for a round or two, Tiptop, and you’ll be all right in the head again in no time. Try Miss Tibbins, I’d advise you. She’ll tread on your toes, and wake you up like a bottle of smelling-salts, if you feel a bit giddy.”

“Oh, I’m all right, thanks!” said Tiptop, putting on that solemnly sweet expression of countenance which a man assumes when he wishes to convince himself of the fact of his being so, notwithstanding a slight doubt to the contrary.

They left him suddenly to his own devices. He adjusted his eye-glass, pulled himself together, and thought matters out a bit before starting in search of a partner. The idea that Tynte contemplated matrimony was more than he could well get over.

"Another good man spoiled!" he muttered,—"another good man spoiled! Gone wrong tee—to—tally!"

In the next chapter we may be better enabled to let the reader

into the secret of how far Tiptop was justified in his conclusions; and whether the dire event was near or remote, or indeed likely to occur at all.

Meanwhile the captain, letting the glass drop suddenly from his eye, followed the suggestion thrown out by Spinner, and went for Miss Tibbins with amazing energy; to the great delight of that young lady and of her mother the Lady Mayoress of Westerly.

CHAPTER X.—TENDER.

"God wot!
We had never made good lovers—you and I.
Yet I could wish your love
Had not so lightly chosen—because I hate you not."
—SWINBURNE.
"Nescio quod certe est, quod me tibi temperat astrum."—PERSIUS.

"I fear it is impossible, Major Tynte," she said, "that I can give you a more favourable reply. Am I to take it as a special compliment, or quite the other way, that this pronouncement has been postponed to the very last moment? Why, again, do you speak so depreciatingly of yourself, when self-interest would seem to prompt a totally different tone? In the first and foremost place, understand that I *don't* think you unworthy; and in the second and subordinate place, I merely meant to convey simply my idea that, although your regiment has been quartered here for so long, it does seem strange that you should have postponed this declaration till now—just when chance presented a favourable moment, and on the eve of your departure on a dangerous service which may result in——"

"My death," he said under his breath. "I admit all that, Miss Harman, and——"

"Not necessarily your death," *she* replied.

"But if I survive——"

"Then comes the proverbial fickleness and forgetfulness of the soldier." She looked up suddenly, with an expression half of mirth and half of sympathetic sadness.

"Well," he replied, "all repudiations of fickleness are worse than useless where a belief in it exists. Time alone can set me right in your estimation, and time will do it."

"But I leave it to yourself, major,—does not this whole business look like it, or like caprice, if you prefer the word? Is it not a mere chance that I have heard all this? Do I not owe it all to accident?"

"I admit, indeed, that I have been a laggard in love; but at all events you will do me the justice of believing that, on my honour, I have never given another woman the opportunity of rejecting me—as you have done."

"I do honestly believe you," *she* answered, with a frank and not unkind though utterly unemotional look.

Was this indifference altogether assumed? He asked himself the question without arriving at any satisfactory conclusion.

"Even that is a sort of comfort," he said, with a sigh, and an anxiously inquiring look.

"I am glad of it—really glad; but at the same time you must, as a man of the world and a soldier, give me credit for an unusually large stock of womanly credulity."

"Why? Is not a soldier, then, to be believed upon his simple word of honour? That speech is hardly generous, Miss Harman."

"Nor is it fair of you to put before me, so unexpectedly, a general proposition which admits of only a qualified rejoinder, and then expect the answer to fit in with a particular case."

She puzzled him.

"You speak in riddles," he said, looking full into her open countenance. "Would you have pity, and explain?"

"What I mean is, that you asked me to say *Yes* or *No*, and were liberal enough to allow me to take my choice; when I exercise this privilege and say *No*, you are displeased and hurt. Why should you claim or expect any other answer? Up to a few moments ago I had not the smallest idea—so well did you keep the secret—that you had actually paid me the great compliment of considering me worthy to fill the proud position of being your wife."

"You are cruel," he said, mournfully; "I did not think you could be."

"Ah, no!" she replied, "I am not speaking sarcastically, major; but when a man acts the part of a misogynist before the world, and with the wide experience of the sex which you must have had, comes to the hasty conclusion that

he has found one who is able to storm the citadel which others have assaulted in vain, must not that one feel flattered?"

"Do you then doubt the depth or sincerity of my conviction?" he asked, with so honest and so pained a look that she could only in pity make one response.

"No, no! Not for an instant, believe me, Major Tynne, but——"

"You would then still qualify your faith with—buts."

"Be reasonable, be even commonly just," she said; "I don't believe in women any more than you do, but—I am a woman."

"One in a thousand!" lamely interjected the major.

"Sch!" she replied. "Instead of being so in any flattering sense, I should deserve to be considered more base than the worst of them, if what I said was uttered with a view to self-laudation. No. I pride myself, major, on being somewhat a judge of character. I flatter myself that I can tell it by the face, by the hands—even by the back sometimes. This may be an altogether fatuous idea; and some day, I daresay, I may find myself woefully mistaken, and all my pet theories violently uprooted. I may be awakened to some huge error of judgment—slowly perhaps, but not the less surely."

"I wish I had heard all this months ago."

"Why?"

"Because a catalogue of my faults enumerated by you would have been valued by me. But there is presumption in the idea that you should think me worth even the most superficial study."

"Not at all; and as a simple matter of fact, I have studied you."

"Too impartially, I fear," he said despondingly; and looking up, their eyes met.

"Why should you surmise that?"

Men are not usually so self-depreciatory and modest."

"I judge by the unerring logic of facts, which says that I am rejected. And yet, Miss Harman, believe me that your power of discernment, your insight, is not yet perfect, or you would have divined something of the depth of my devotion."

"I only profess character-reading—not thought or sentiment reading—major; and I am not, I acknowledge, a proficient even at that. Do not blame me." She spoke with something so sweet in the shape of a smile, that if her error had been greater he would have forgiven it. "Sentiment and character are two such very different things. The first only obscures the other—overmasters it, rules it, and makes blind votaries or blinder dupes. A mind evenly balanced should be above the baneful influence of—of—sentiment. Some people call it love. What has happened in your case? Am I to believe that you are moved to the very depths of your soul by casual intercourse with me—with a woman who has no great mental endowments, and devoid of beauty?"

He could not make her out or understand her in this mood; but he stopped her suddenly, and would not permit any more self-depreciation. She should not be made little of in his presence, even by herself.

"You are not a fair judge of your own great merits, Miss Harman. At all events, I only know that you are to me all that——"

"That's sentiment and not character," she said, interrupting him.

"Perhaps so," he said, blundering on.

This was becoming too sombre and tragic for a public ball-room, and must be stopped.

"My veneration——"

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed, with a laugh just loud enough to convey to an inquisitive passing couple an impression that the conversation was of the usual frivolous description, "you surely don't mean by the use of a such word to imply that I am really to be counted among the antiques! You could hardly be so ungallant as that."

"Ah!" he sighed, sorrowfully, "I was not alluding to age. You must excuse me if I stumble somewhat, being such a mere tyro in the intricate paths of love. My footsteps are unsteady from want of practice."

"Well, frankly, I do excuse you," she said, with renewed kindness of tone. "Indeed, I feel that I ought even not only to apologise myself, but to thank you. Love will account for the wildest eccentricities, else why should a man with a profound sense of the beautiful in nature and in art be so deeply moved because he has not become the immediate possessor of a commonplace woman, some years past her 'teens,' with a *retroussé* nose, red hair, and——"

He was pained. "I must be rude enough to stop you—peremptorily," he said; "you must at least allow me freedom to hold my own opinion on——" he was going to say *an open question*, which would have been another blunder.

She laughed. "Why, that's just what, in the same breath, you want to prevent me from doing. Confess now, honestly, the hair is red. Ah! you have taken time to think, and to count the cost. If the point had been put to the vote in the regiment, you know you would have stood in a glorious minority of one."

He remembered the words of the big sub and sighed; but he

braved it out from downright conviction.

"Even then I would have been right. It is not red. I would maintain this opinion against any odds."

"You should have said conviction, not opinion, as leaving less room for self-rebuke. However, I am sure you would maintain it, major, just as you would sustain your reputation when called upon to lead a forlorn-hope; but this only shows that infatuation can make one even colour-blind. You are too prejudiced to be accurate."

"Ah, Miss Harman!" he pleaded, sadly, and remembering his own remark to Fitz, "do not banter, but have mercy; I am in no mocking mood."

"Nor I either, believe me. You forget that when you put to me, a most momentous question I answered it; there was no mockery in that. Suppose we change the subject. You have no right, of course, to demand of me any explanation of my reasons for rejecting your flattering proposal, nor have I any right to question you; but it did seem strange that you should have kept the secret so well and so long, and I, thoughtlessly perhaps, gave expression to that feeling."

Was it to be wondered at? Surely not. What an utter idiot he had been all this long time back! Not only had he kept the secret absolutely from the one person to whom of all others he should have confided it, but he had stupidly tried to keep it a secret from himself—afraid to entertain it or believe in it. Yet it was an open one among his brother officers; and even the obtuse Fitzmaurice Bateman, who was not credited with extra nicety of mental vision, or accuracy of social perspective, had "spotted" the

whole thing (as we already know) without having gone much out of his way to discover it.

All this rose up now and loomed large before the major's mind, and stood out in bold relief against the sombre background of his misgivings. The ready tongue of the voluble lieutenant, backed up by his Hibernian impetuosity, would have got over all the disadvantages of natural brogue, and have carried the inmost citadel by storm, while the major merely lingered at the ramparts and exposed himself to assault. He felt all this keenly now. Hope had taken wing. He was dumb.

So aggravating was this silence, and indeed so embarrassing, that Lavinia impatiently began to pat time to the music with her foot, waiting for him to break it. At last she had to help him on as best she could.

"Of course, major, I shall always take the liberty of calling you a friend, and considering you a true one; and—will you call me the same? Perhaps I have no right to ask, but you would not call me an enemy—quite?"

This was said in the pleasantest and most kindly bantering of tones; but the major looked silently into space. She dashed on again with the vehement recklessness of despair—he was looking so forlorn.

"I am really very, very sorry. But what reason had you to hope for more than this?" There was a tremulousness in the voice. Was it pity? or if not, then what?

"I must honestly confess," at last admitted the major, "that I had absolutely none. I do not blame you in the least."

"Blame! Oh no; that would be too"—she was about to say *absurd* or *ridiculous*, but checked herself in time—"too unjust. The suddenness of the whole thing is

so utterly foreign to what I conceive of your character, that I can't look on it as serious. You remember what Napoleon or some other great soldier said of one of the adventurous things done by a British troop or company or regiment—'It is magnificent; but it is not war.' Your offer may be very flattering to me, and I honestly confess that I feel it so: there is not a woman in the world, I should think, who would not. Well, it may be all this; but we expect to be courted. Love at first sight we can understand and appreciate too. But you, major, cannot plead this; for it appears that while you have taken some months to make the discovery, you at the last moment spring a mine and are hoist by it."

This speech in its ending wounded; it seemed to be wantonly, recklessly cruel, notwithstanding her disclaimer. He sighed—merely that; but there was such a mournfulness in it, approaching almost to despair, that she silently rebuked herself.

"We shall soon say 'Good-bye,'" he said.

She could not tell how it came about, this change in her towards him; but suddenly the first chord was struck, and its mysterious vibrations thrilled through her frame. The mine was sprung indeed, and she herself had sprung it. If the major only knew that victory was within his grasp! But he did not. The feeling was new and peculiar. There was a fluttering about her heart that gave indications of a sensation most puzzling but not unwelcome. Her voice changed altogether, and gained now in softness what it lost in pitch.

"You will forget me—forget all this," she said, "in the excitement of war and the pursuit of fame."

"I do not pursue fame," he re-

plied, with a half-contemptuous, half-despairing shrug; "nor do I value it."

"You can afford to despise it," she said; "but for me to do so would be to imply that I held in light esteem the qualities that win it."

"It is won too often by favouritism, by blind chance, or by a fortunate accident—all quite outside the merits of the individual."

"That may be," she said; "but always to me fame—real fame—deserves regard. It seems to have in it that quality which is the nearest approach to the immortal. It is the earthly shadow, as it were, of eternity. The fame of Wellington lives while the world survives."

"True; but if the soldier's god is glory, as people too often believe it is, honour and dishonour may simply come to be judged by the standard of mere success or failure—a hazardous issue on which to stake it. You say I will forget you. My only hope is that in the excitement of battle I may, for a time, forget the vision, the false hope, which I foolishly conjured up. I see now clearly, Miss Harman, how unhandsome it was on my part to seek, at the last moment of my departure, to win a heart which, if I had succeeded, the chances of war might doom to sorrow and to years of grief. It is better as it is. I am glad, for your sake, and I must ask to be forgiven. You won't deny me that satisfaction?"

"No, ah no!" she said, speaking low. He took her hand in his. "It is easy to forgive where the fault is so flattering."

Her voice was tremulous with emotion; the strain had been too much—she had been acting too long.

She turned as if to look out

upon the empty street, but in reality to hide her momentary embarrassment. Why was there such magic in his touch, and why did the pressure of his hand thrill as hand had never done before? The question passed through her mind, and as it sped, she tried to answer it by assuming that it was because of its association with the farewell of a pleasant acquaintance.

A mere make-believe, this halting makeshift of an explanation: it would not deceive any woman—it did not deceive herself for a moment. The process of introspection was rapid and conclusive.

Forgiveness! If he had, there and then, madly clasped her to his breast, in full view of the whole assembly, she would not have fainted, she would not have screamed, nor gone into hysterics—nay, she would not have been ashamed, nor reproved him for the action, nor heeded the comments of the company, or its ridicule: with her head upon his breast she could have proudly borne all.

It was her business now to recover herself, and she did so by an effort. "I do," she said, "freely and fully forgive, because I believe you to be a noble, honest, generous, chivalrous soldier; but why—oh, why did you not speak to me before?"

"There is no time now," he replied, "save for apology and farewell. Let us seize the moments—look!"

Georgie Collyrium was bearing down on them full sail—suspecting that there was something up.

"You will retract the *no*," he asked, in an eager whisper, "even though you withhold the *yes*?"

"I will retract it," she answered, with a look more eloquent than speech; "let us wait."

And then they glided away to the music of a most delicious valse—the last on the programme—just as Georgie arrived to rally them; a valse to be afterwards preferred by Lavinia to any other that had been or ever could be composed.

There are differences of opinion on all subjects, and the same valse was one which Georgie did not think anything of—I know this for a fact, because she did not dance it; and I had therefore a good opportunity of hearing her opinion as I stood by her side in the recess just vacated by the major and his partner. The truth was, that at this very ball Georgie had come to the fixed determination to waste no more chances, and trifle with no more opportunities. Time was when she used to be obliged to split dances—giving half to one partner and half to another—in order to satisfy the demands of all. Now there was an ominous change. If the army failed her, she must try the church; and failing these two professions, she must set her cap at a mere layman. She shuddered at the idea of becoming a cross and wrinkled old maid.

SOME VERY NOBLE SAVAGES.

"FOR the Right which needs assistance,
'Gainst the Wrong which needs resistance,"

is a plea which may appropriately be urged in behalf of the inhabitants of a remote corner in our world-wide empire — Zululand. Though not much larger than Wales, it possesses a potentiality for the development of resources which may ultimately render it one of the foremost districts on the face of the earth in point of wealth and population; and above all, it may be regarded as a test place for the justice and wisdom, or the converse, of our dealings with the natives of South Africa. My stay in the country was short, and my direct experience was consequently limited; and yet—should I not say, therefore?—my fresh impressions may not be undeserving of attention, by the same reasoning which assigns a special value to a woman's first thoughts, or to a wine-taster's instantaneous verdict?

One evening towards the close of 1890, accompanied by a brother officer, I am speeding along the fifty miles of roughly outlined track leading from Verulam, the Natal railway terminus, to the Zulu frontier. Our vehicle, the red, two-wheeled, "V.R." mail-cart, so familiar in the precincts of St Martin's-le-Grand, seems oddly out of place in these wilds, which, save for small clusters, at long intervals, of European little tin erections, and for a few Kafir kraals, are absolutely uninhabited. Our luggage is quite nominal in amount—we have been even obliged to commit to the transport of an ox-waggon a friendly Christ-

mas plum-pudding intrusted to us at Maritzburg as a poetical souvenir to an English sojourner at Eshowe. Our four half-broken horses, lashed by our reckless half-breed driver, lay themselves out like greyhounds at a desperate gallop, which at times takes away our breath, and makes us cling to our cart for dear limb and life. Then, with scant notice, night closes in pitch-dark, and we find ourselves standing on the steep heights overhanging the Tugela river, discarded by our driver, and utterly at a loss as to our next proceeding. But some five or six savages suddenly and unexpectedly start up out of the darkness, sign to us to follow them down a craggy pathway, and in a cranky little boat ferry us across the broad river, silent, swift, and tepid as it splashes over our hands. The fireflies are sparkling through the hot inky atmosphere, the bull-frogs startle us with their bellowing, the thunder is rolling with an incessant awful roar, and, as bewildered I pant up the precipice on the other side, a savage seizes my wrist with a vice-like yet kindly grasp, and leads me like a prisoner to our haven of rest, a small tin wayfarer's tenement.

We are now in Zululand proper, within the area of the military operations of 1879, and even the few days I spent here, far from the presence of all save three or four white men, and surrounded by a Zulu population, gave me some glimmer of native habits, of native character, and of the idiosyncrasies of the locality. True, this was subsequently confirmed or corrected by further experience,

but for simplicity's sake I here introduce some of my first impressions.

One day having heedlessly left my small kit spread over the floor of my lean-to outside room, I find on my return, two hours after, about thirty Zulu men and women of all ages crowded about the open door, many staring with curiosity at the collection of flannel shirts and other clothing, boots, knife, tobacco, and even money. Any one of these naked savages might with impunity have helped himself to any of these articles, which would have been a perfect treasure to him. But the idea never seemed to have entered their heads—not the smallest trifle was missing. Genuine untainted Zulus are too noble to be thieves. They exult in the possession of a flannel shirt, they fully appreciate the gift of a shilling; but their native code of honour forbids pilfering, and property is far more safe in their midst than were it deposited in a first-class English hotel, or subjected to the inquisition of the landlady of a first-class London lodging. At intervals the natives came to the store to purchase blankets, or sugar, or some other requirement of their simple lives; but the law here effectually restrains Europeans from selling to them those two articles which elsewhere are unscrupulously traded, and which are the curses of the South African race—firearms, including gunpowder, and spirits. The former restriction is rigidly enforced, both wholesale and retail, and has done much to diminish the recklessness of bloodshed which is the invariable characteristic of all savage tribes. Even when I landed at Durban an official instantly snatched up my gun, and ere I could recover it I had fully to satisfy the civil custom-house su-

perintendent as to my identity and *bona fides*. At Pietermaritzburg I succeeded in obtaining a small quantity of powder only through the special order of a magistrate, to whom I was called on to declare that I required it merely for sporting purposes. The amount so authorised is limited, I believe, to 10 lb. in twelve months to one applicant. Unhappily the law is occasionally evaded by the criminal greed of whites, chiefly from the Cape Colony, some of whom occupy a high social status, and who have succeeded in baffling the utmost efforts of the Natal authorities, and in establishing a regular traffic through a secret route called "the Gun Runner's Pass."

As regards the prohibition of the sale of liquor to the natives, even anti-total abstinence opinions must rejoice that the law is here generally successful, though of course it is evaded in some out-of-the-way places by miscreants who, for the sake of a few sovereigns, perpetrate an evil-doing perhaps as great as is within the power of man to commit. Let it be remembered that with savages drink means, not detriment, but downright destruction and death. In the Transvaal they are permitted to buy, at almost a nominal price, as much as they please. They toss it down like water, and the slaughtering results are appalling. Never once during my sojourn in Zululand did I see a drunken savage; and possibly this atmosphere of general sobriety may have influenced even the European hard drinkers. Total abstinence advocates may be interested in hearing that proprietors of drinking-stores declare the amount of ginger-ale consumed has of late become amazing, even amongst white labourers toiling

under the glare of an almost tropical sun.¹

Mealies are the chief food of the Kafirs, but they rejoice at an occasional opportunity of feasting off a tough "trek" ox—no matter if it has died from natural causes—albeit their glimmering of religious superstition forbids them the use of animal food. They loathe the fish as we should loathe eating a snake; but, on the other hand, their fancies for certain tit-bits run in a curious direction. One afternoon a spray of glittering green foliage is brought to me, from whence are depending the most enormous caterpillars I have ever seen in my life, as thick as my thumb, and twice as long,—fat green fellows, studded with small sparkling scales. The little Zulu girl from whom they had been obtained wept because "we had taken away her food." I flatly declined to try a caterpillar or two, whereupon a native eagerly selects a couple of the finest, pinches off their tails, manipulates glove-fashion the wriggling creatures one within the other, frizzles them before the fire, and finally daintily devours the nauseous morsel, with the lingering enjoyment of an English schoolboy eating a fine fresh strawberry.

Close at hand was "Bond's Drift," the ferry across the Tugela connecting the Natal and Zululand roads; and here I encountered an occasional European teamster, or a farmer, or a ferryman, or a Government messenger, or a doctor, of whom three or four are dotted about, at distances of thirty or forty miles apart. They

form a pleasing contrast to the loafing specimens of the same class in the more populous parts of South Africa, who seem to assume that a worthless fellow in England is instantly levelled up to a valuable member of a colony the moment he disembarks. These Zululand strays, however rough in dress and offhand in address, are frequently stamped with certain characteristics of gentlemen, leading to the deduction that they have been drafted from a far higher community than their present avocations would imply, and that they are bravely battling against adverse fortune. I came across a strange specimen of an agent for an American life insurance company, who, with an amusingly scanty equipment in his saddlebags, was riding hundreds of miles through these wilds on the chance of picking up a chance subscriber. Enterprise could hardly go further.

My companion was desirous of visiting the grave of a relation who had died in this neighbourhood during the Zulu war; and one sweltering morning we betake ourselves to Fort Pearson, seven miles distant, where once were concentrated so much national attention and so many private sorrows, but now lost in a weird solitude which is almost oppressive. We found the old earthworks easily enough, and their very outline spoke volumes. No formulated scarps, bastions, or banquettes: merely a gradation of rough parapets hastily thrown up under the stress of peril, and trending one above the other towards the apex of the highest hills. Our enemy

¹ Though wandering from my subject, I cannot forbear mentioning that, during the recent intense Cape heat, the gunner parties employed in the formidable labour of mounting 23-ton guns have daily taken out with them a bag of oatmeal, which, stirred up in small quantities in water, is eagerly drunk, effectually quenches thirst, and affords a singular amount of support.

was numerous as the hosts of Senacherib, but unskilled as the ancient Britons; and truly an antiquarian Oldbuck might declare the rude trace an intrenchment of some prehistoric nation until deceived by a Zulu's declaration, "I mind the bigging of it."

Long and fruitless, however, was our search for the grave, during which we only just escape treading on a monstrous reptile—until at last we hap upon a small "God's acre" enclosed with barbed fencing, and marked by an exceptionally tall, gaunt euphorbia tree—a species of giant cactus. Though the spot is covered with beautifully tangled growth, it is in the same condition of careful delimitation as when left by the survivors eleven years ago. Conspicuous among thirteen graves, marked by simple wooden crosses, is a plain white tombstone, whereon we read that Captain Wynne, R.E., here died of fever in 1879, and the text, "I believe in the resurrection of the body." Stay; here are some more words blurred by sun and climate: "*Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori*"—and there flashes across my recollection the pathetic circumstances I had heard many years ago specially accounting for this quotation from Horace.

In the midst of the toil, the sickness, and the fighting of the campaign, Wynne used to elicit the friendly chaff of his comrades by his persistency in classical quotations. One day he too was stricken by that fatal malaria which played such havoc among our men. After a few hours, feeling that his end was at hand, he sent for some of his brother officers, intrusted to them certain measures and messages consequent on his approaching death—he had left a young wife in England—and added in dying accents, with a

dying smile: "Now I must make a last quotation, and I do not think you fellows will chaff me this time—'*Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori*'"—and so slept into the dawn of that eternal day which fools call death.

Musing in profound reverie on the coincidence which had brought the half-forgotten story face to face with my chance visit to the subject's solitary grave in the wilds of South Africa, I am startled almost out of my skin by a deep organ-sound, "Ha-a-a," at my elbow. A Zulu had noiselessly crept up to me, and uttering this wonted note of respectful greeting, with his right hand raised high over his head in salute, and his left grasping an assegai and a knob-kerry, he stood motionless and splendidly stalwart, like a carved statue of the ideal noble savage. Pointing to a brass badge on his arm, inscribed "Zulu Tugela Patrol," in token of amity, he made signs that he could show us another resting-place of our countrymen, and led us to a second enclosure as neat as the first, where I counted sixty graves of British soldiers, and where the frequency of "died from fever" was a more melancholy record than "killed in action."

Game is plentiful in parts of Zululand, but circumstances prevented my undertaking any shooting expeditions. I can only state that about the Tugela veldt are abundance of partridges and quail in season, alligators are numerous in the river, and monkeys swarm in the woods. I witnessed the exceedingly revolting sight of the skinning of four of our "poor relations," the slaughter of which is only just saved from being wanton cruelty in that their pelts are not entirely without value.

The facilities for locomotion in

England—where at Olapham we are “right for Earls court and Kensington; change here for Constantinople and Jericho,”—obscures in the minds of stay-at-homes the constant and foremost difficulty of accomplishing point to point distances in savage countries. Very gladly, therefore, do we avail ourselves of the opportunity of a four-muled cart to convey us to Eshowe, thirty miles in the interior of Zululand. Our route, the sole one within an extensive area of country, is little more than a track, unmetalled, unfenced, and undrained. Yet the amount of labour which the Colonial Government has wisely bestowed on it has been considerable. Here and there a slight cutting or an elementary embankment has been effected, the biggest of the big boulders have been shoved aside, and the most advantageous curves up and down the nearly mountainous heights have been rudely indicated. By this rough-and-ready method of civilisation, communication, hitherto impracticable, has been opened up, and has facilitated the introduction into a barbarous country of the blessings—I admit the curses likewise—of the nineteenth century. In the Transvaal and the Orange Free State I saw no instances on a parallel scale of this beneficent road-making.

The general aspect of the Zulu country is that of evenly rolling mountains, occasionally dotted with brilliant red-sand patches, and generally covered with rich turf, which is beautiful in its emerald green during the rainy season, but which in course of time produces a sense of monotony in the horizon. Yet, when we come to details, we find under our very eyes plenty to charm. In the lower lands the view is relieved by innu-

merable thorn-bushes—a source of treasure to the natives, as constituting their only fuel. The twisting water-courses—there are no navigable rivers—mark out streaks of lovely though rank vegetation, where are mingled tall grasses, enormous ferns, waving palms, graceful bamboos, and gaunt euphorbias; and out of the tangled masses start many brilliantly plumaged birds, which, however, are songless, in disadvantageous contrast to the sober-hued *prima donnas* of our English copses.

Zululand is not a fishing country, and the numerous stagnant pools are only tenanted by coarse fish, scarcely worth catching. Here and there are plots seldom more than half an acre in extent of luxuriant mealies, cultivated by women, to whom the Zulus habitually relegate field labour. More curious than aught else are the kraals—clusters of ten or twelve bee-hive-shaped wattle-and-daub dwellings, without window or chimney, and for a door a mere aperture through which the inhabitants can just manage to crawl. Peer inside, however, and, contrary to the usual experience of natives, there is nothing dirty or disgusting; the Zulus are singularly cleanly in their habits. The unlighted interior is sombre and pungent with the smoke, for which no exit is provided, of the cooking fuel; but the few household goods are neatly arranged. The floor, hardened with the invaluable mixture of mud-and-water, is tidily swept, and there is not a sign of nasty *débris* within or without. The native mind is characterised by a curious incapacity to imagine any shape beyond a circle, and consequently the kraals are enclosed in an annulus, with a flimsy outside fencing and an inside paling where the cattle are penned. Each

group forms the headquarters of a family, comprising perhaps two or three generations.

A Kafir provides himself with two or more wives, each of whom insists on having her separate tenement; and though it is stated that the husband maintains strict discipline in his little harem, traits of woman nature assert themselves with persistent irrepressibility. Here is a dignified-looking savage stalking in front; close at his heels steps his tall young wife, with the perfect grace of women accustomed to carry pitchers of water on their heads, and with all the haughty coquetry of conscious beauty; far behind trudges the poor old mate of early years, ugly, bowed, and broken, and seeming mutely to implore forbearance from her successful rival. The maternal instinct appears to be more strongly developed among the Zulus than is usual with savages. The women toil in the sun or walk for miles with infants carefully slung behind their backs. I noticed in one small settlement a multitude of eighty or ninety mothers assembled for the enforced vaccination of children, and although a tax of 6d. per head is levied, the natives recognise the blessings of the process with an intelligent gratitude which would put Leicester to shame. The chattering, the petting, and pride of this black baby-show was very amusing; their charges were singularly bright and forward; but, characteristically of savages, this precocious development is suddenly arrested at an early age. Would that I could speak their language! It is of Italian harmony, and so easily acquired that most of the English officers have picked up a smattering of it. Its peculiarity is three sorts of curious clicks uttered with the tongue, and increasing in frequency in proportion

to the excitement of the speaker. An angry Kafir will set to work ticking like "Grandfather's clock."

The *physique* of the men is the perfection of manly strength and symmetry. Tall, muscular, and well knit, their hairless bodies are of beautifully rich mahogany brown, resembling that of a polished, old-fashioned dining-room table. Their hands and feet, their legs and arms, are the perfection of shape; their every movement is graceful; and when they spring forward at a run, they irresistibly recall the sculptured attitudes of athletes in a Roman circus. The young women are equally well endowed bodily; but the matrons are absolutely repulsive to European eyes, owing to what I may euphemistically describe as their portentous development of the maternal fount. As for the features of all, men, women, and children, keep your eyes off them, lest the spell of bodily grace be broken. To our white prejudices they are ugly as only negroes can be ugly, their sole redeeming feature being regular pearly teeth. Rarely does so favourable opportunity offer itself of studying the human form. The men are content to twist round their loins a rag about as small as a small pocket-handkerchief, the women wear a little more, but the children are absolutely in their "birthday suits."

Here comes in a puzzling missionary consideration. The chastity of the Zulu women is proverbial, and any infraction of it in their native state is punished with Draconian severity. The young girl stands calmly before one, naked, innocent, and not ashamed. One of the first steps attending her conversion is to induce her to put on a petticoat, and with a petticoat she frequently puts on the worst form of female vice.

For the first time she is taught to realise the meaning of indecency. See yonder two white-garbed girls in the vicinity of a mission station. At a distance I take them for European children, but as they approach I discover them to be native converts, no longer of guileless simplicity, but mincing, ogling, and smirking in true Haymarket fashion. Alas, too, for the bewildering difficulties attendant on Christianising the men! The sour proverbial saying, "Danger! none at all; there is not a Christian within 100 miles," is dishearteningly true. The sober, honest, honourable native becomes, in deplorably numerous cases, the drunken, lying, thievish convert. The local British administration tries gradually to check polygamy by ignoring in law cases the right to more than one wife; but certain well-meaning though ill-judging zealots urge on natives the paramount necessity of instantly abandoning the sin of plurality. "What!" argues the indignant Colenso-Kafir; "cast adrift into suffering two or more faithful women, who have ever been good and harmless! Is that the love and mercy of your Christianity?"

Our thirty miles' journey takes us over the ground of that fighting which culminated at Ginginhlovo. Only eleven years ago every thicket and ravine, every kloof and donga, was regarded as possibly harbouring a horde of warriors who might sweep us off the face of their land as suddenly and effectually as at Isandhlwana. Now these same patriots recognise our superior strength, and honourably fulfil the conditions of amity. They even respect our men's graves—a wooden cross undisturbed marks the place where an English

soldier "lies taking his rest"; and the few Zulus we meet, formidable-looking with their glittering, tightly grasped assegais, salute us with their sonorous "Ha-a-a," and the hand extended high above the head.

The sparseness of the population is striking in view of the fertility of the soil, but miles may be traversed without encountering a single wayfarer, and with only an occasional lad tending a few cattle. With startling suddenness the scene changes from solitary savagedom to the familiar scene of a British detachment, with its red-coated sentries, its fatigue-parties of twenty men performing with military pomp the work of a single navy, and its cook's mates conveying the soldier's "sealed pattern" dinner ration, consisting of wads of beef and piles of potatoes swimming in stiff gravy.

Eshowe, the harmonious Kafir imitation of the wind southing over the veldt, "sh-h-h-o-e,"¹ is adjacent to the fort so long held by Charles Pearson, and which we have thought fit to pronounce Eeko—a parallel to our transforming "San Looarn" into Isandhlwana. It is now held as an outpost against improbable Zulu hostilities and probable Boer marauding; and here four companies of the Royal Scots a hundred miles from their headquarters at Maritzburg, though left entirely to their own resources, manage to live happily and healthily, and to maintain their efficiency as soldiers. The men are lodged in primitive huts, and the officers in dwellings which are little more than windowed and doored kraals, and in one of which I was for days hospitably put up. Of course it was furnitureless, but in this

¹ Like Phædrus's "tintinnabulum," representing the tinkling of a mule's bells.

country and climate furniture is a superfluity; and of course I was in constant association with cockroaches, beetles, and spiders, but here no one heeds entomological specimens, and the healthiness of the life and the interest of the situation constituted charms which would render one a willing absentee for a time from the worries and bickerings of civilisation. The commanding officer had established his family in a group of three or four kraals, which the taste of the English lady had made almost attractive. Another officer, spurred on to emulation, was baking his sunbricks and building his mansion with his own hands. Others would wander about shooting, or explore the veldt, or play lawn-tennis or at cricket with the men, who, if they lacked excitement, also lacked incentive to crime. Some trouble has been taken to add the graces of civilisation to this little settlement, complete in its fort, its horse-lines, its Gatling guns, its commissariat and its other departmental offices. The officers' kraals and the men's huts are surrounded with small gardens blossoming in the midst of the untilled veldt. Flowers and vegetables grow with hothouse rapidity; creepers and shrubs are a mass of bloom; bananas and bamboos wave their graceful foliage all over the camp; and in one small spot I counted about fifty old pine-heads which had been carelessly thrust into the ground, and which, without further care, were now in full promise of luxuriant fruit-bearing.

Two out of the four companies present are composed of mounted infantry, and it would be difficult to find a body of men more workmanlike and keen in their avocation. Their horses, fed on mealies and on the fat pasture of the

veldt, are admirable in build, size, and handiness; their saddlery is simple and strong, without being over-weighty. The men are equipped in guernseys, cord breeches, "putties"—i.e., lengths of blue serge wound round the legs—stout shoes with hunting spurs, and helmets washed in the local yellow clay instead of in pipeclay. Indeed, though I admit the dress to be thoroughly suitable, I would urge that the wearers bear a little too much the appearance of rustics. "Fine feathers make fine birds," and some little addendum made to decoration would tend to attract the admiration of women, without which men have little admiration for themselves. They are armed with the ordinary rifle and sword-bayonet, and carry, bandolier-wise, an ample supply of ammunition. My appreciation is doubled the moment they begin to work in the field. Their riding is of a dashing nature. Regardless of unexpected ant-hills and treacherous chasms, they gallop with such reckless speed that it was not easy to keep up with them. "No use to attempt to steer your horse over this break-neck country," remarked the officer; "you must trust to the clever instinct of these animals, which, as a rule, will carry you safely when elsewhere 20 per cent would be rolling on the ground." Their extending and skirmishing, their aptitude for selecting cover, their rapid mounting and dismounting, their rallying into laager with horses in centre—in fact, their energy, skill, and speed—constitute them the beau-ideal of mounted infantry. Above all, they have evaded the tempting snare of lapsing into mongrel cavalry. There are many military features connected with soldiering in Zululand on which I long to expatiate—such as the tax-

tics of our infantry, the equipment of our cavalry, the employment of machine-guns, and the best nature of artillery; but I deem it best to abstain—for the present.

I was invited to inspect the headquarters detachment of the native police under Captain Mansel,¹ who formerly saw much service in Bolivia, subsequently greatly distinguished himself during the Zulu war, and now exercises the authority of an autocratic chief over his native followers. About eighty splendid Zulus were drawn up on parade in a mathematical line, and notwithstanding the sweltering sun and the swarms of tormenting insects, they stood so extraordinarily motionless, so absolutely like carved ebony statues, that at first I rub my eyes in amazement, thinking my sight has deceived me. They were armed with the Martini rifle and bayonet, and their dress was the happiest combination of suitability and wild-handsome appearance. A soldier-like cap, loose blue guernsey jacket, white calico breeches, and putties, but no boots or shoes—their classically shaped feet, in sound travelling condition, need no such gear in the veldt. Patches of colour, in the way of facings and piping, admirably set off their dusky muscular forms, and every Zulu looked proud of himself. Slowly walking down the ranks, I minutely inspected them individually. One single detail about them is a little grotesque. Aiming at being English soldiers, they have withdrawn from their ears the large snuff-sticks they are wont to skewer in there, for convenience' sake, and the empty lobes hang down almost in shreds, like those of quarrelsome dogs. Ornamental beads, so dear to savages, have

been generally discarded. Their ages, and consequently their sizings, vary greatly—a six-foot and a five-foot-six stature are constantly in juxtaposition; but in point of muscular strength and activity, nearly all possess the same high average. "How old are you?" I inquire through an interpreter of a singularly youthful-looking Zulu, and the reply is characteristic, "In a year's time I shall be a man."

The natives never know their own ages, and have no conception of numbers. Their own language only counts up to seven. Eight and upwards is rendered by the English term, or by a very long periphrasis; while they vaguely designate a thousand by a gesture, and the words "a great number." In connection with this Captain Mansel whispers to me—"I will show you a drill movement which always baffles them;" and then followed the command, "From the right—tell off by fours." General symptoms of uneasiness; then from the flank a triumphant "one," succeeded by a hesitating "three," an arrogant "two," and a despairing "four." "As you were." Over and over again—quite in vain. At last they are left to themselves; and by intuition, not by arithmetic, they form their sections of fours with perfect accuracy. After this passing cloud, which imperilled my gravity—a smile would have seriously hurt their dignity—the drill proceeded with a smoothness and smartness which would have been creditable on an Aldershot parade-ground. Manual and firing exercise, marching drill, and a few simple essential movements, were carried out with a rapidity and quietude which were the more surprising because

¹ Just nominated C.M.G.

all the words of command were translated by the native non-commissioned officers from English into Kafir.

"Would you like to see the attack? I must explain to you that, having deemed a war-cry as essential to my force as to other native tribes, I referred the selection to the men themselves. The Kafir sergeant-major informed me that, after three days' earnest conclave, they had come to a unanimous decision. They considered themselves now thoroughly British soldiers, and they wished that, like other British soldiers, their battle-shout should be, 'Heep-peep-oo-la!' (Hip, hip, hurrah!) The attack was carried out excellently. Whenever there was a vestige of cover the men wriggled forward like snakes; in the open they rushed on like a whirlwind. Indeed Captain Mansel states that their impetuosity amounts to a defect. On the occasion of a brush with a native tribe, he was hastily dismounting for the purpose of leading the rush, but in an instant his men had sped far ahead, and ere he could come up with them, were busy with their bayonets. When I had done laughing at their wild "Heep-peep-oo-la!" and the company was re-formed, I spoke to them a few words, couched in the customary vacuous form, but listened to with eager attention and manifest satisfaction as coming from an English officer. Would that we had a thousand of these warriors in our service! Subsequently I went round the tents and huts, which were models of neatness and cleanliness, though the men were packed as closely as sardines.

"All very satisfactory in a military point of view, but are you equally efficient as police?" was a question recently put to the

commanding officer. "How do you mean?" rejoined Captain Mansel, as much perplexed as an ensign in old days catechised by the inspecting-general on the important point of the price of a pair of socks or a cake of pipe-clay. "Why, are your men efficient in the protection of life and property?" "No, sir," was the answer, desperate in its unvarnished truth; "I am bound to admit that in looting and killing there is no one to come near them." This delight in cruelty, and slaying man, woman, baby, and animal, is so innate in savages all over the world, that one can only attribute it to the devil's planting.

Captain Mansel's dwelling is a favourable specimen of the possibility of a considerable amount of comfort and prettiness in an English-Zulu kraal. Six or seven beehive erections close to each other constitute as many disconnected apartments—drawing, dining, and bed rooms, kitchen and offices. Inside, brightly dyed cloths are so disposed as to conceal the wattle-and-daub, while books, prints, and a small quantity of plain furniture impart an aspect of civilised decoration. Outside, any amount of garden beauty is attained by means of vines, fruit-trees, and flowering shrubs, such as apricot and peach trees and bananas; bamboos and semi-tropical grasses; hibiscus, bougainvilleas, oleanders, and poinsettias, which revel in masses of brilliant blossom. At best, however, a kraal is a flimsy unpleasant makeshift. The daub absorbs wet and involves mildew; twigs and plaster litter off the ceiling; nasty insects, great and small, swarm about the drapery; and a fireplace is quite impracticable. Of course, shops and society are scarcely more existent here than in the Sahara. Domestic

grief in the matter of servants reaches its climax : Europeans are, as a rule, out of the question ; Kafirs will do but a small amount of slavey work under incessant supervision ; and the lady of the establishment must rely entirely on herself for aught approaching civilised order and comfort. Well for her if a wise system of education has taught her a little practical cookery. On the other hand, advantages of climate reduce these discomforts to a minimum. Even during the rainy season the morning habitually breaks beautifully, and during the greater part of the day the sun shines so brilliantly that faces and hands become scorched as though by a washer-woman's iron. Later on, the sky grows heavily overclouded, and torrents descend, accompanied by a crackling thunder, and a lightning so vivid and close as to convey an impression that it can be almost smelt. The pitchy darkness is so intense that on one occasion I completely lost my way within a distance of about 400 yards in a flat open veldt, which under ordinary circumstances a blind man could traverse with ease. For nearly three-quarters of an hour I was floundering about in the mud, in utter exhaustion, between the mess kraal and my quarters, until rescued by the commanding officer, who had sallied forth with lantern, and was preparing to turn out his detachment in skirmishing order so as to guide me by their shots. To be lost in the veldt is by no means an uncommon occurrence, and the sense of desolation is overpowering. Kafirs in an unknown country without landmarks nevertheless travel from point to point with unerring precision which is totally incomprehensible to Europeans, and which seems to amount to a sixth sense. If in the dark and

in doubt, they sometimes crouch down and feel the ground, though how such a process aids them they are quite unable to explain.

The majesty and law of English rule is represented by a small daub-and-wattle tenement where dwells the British Resident, and by an equally small court-house, where I find assembled a few members of the mounted police, conveying the same impression of efficiency as their dismounted comrades, some native officials, some Zulus of distinction, and three or four English magistrates, who have been assembled from remote spots in order to constitute a quorum for the trial of certain chiefs charged with complicity in Dinizulu's rising two years ago. A confident anticipation of acquittal seems to take away all zest in the proceedings ; for here, as elsewhere, our English tenderness for political prisoners leaves little prospect of conviction, unless the accused be notorious miscreants closely akin to felons. One fat naked chief subsequently proceeds to the military orderly-room in order to purchase a blanket, and with his prize rejoicingly rides off on a wretched old pony, followed on foot by his panting "Induna," his Minister for Foreign Affairs, arrayed in the ragged old scarlet tunic of a British infantry soldier.

My return journey through Zululand across the Tugela, and so on to Verulam, gives me a further opportunity of forming an opinion of the fertility of the country through which I have been driving for many days. Its main deficiency is scarcity of timber. Woods have been recklessly swept away for fuel or for household purposes, and replanting has been practically *nil*, although with a very little labour afforesting could be carried out with the utmost success. One

tree, the stinkwood, finds a peculiarly favourable habitat in this soil, and is almost of equal value with teak. Of extreme hardness and durability, it is worked without difficulty, and is beautifully grained; and if inquiry be made of a Natal young lady of the material of some particularly pretty table or work-box, the hesitating soft-toned voice will probably reply with the repulsive word, "stinkwood."

On the other hand, it would pass the imagination of man to conceive a more amazing wealth of pasturage than that which is spread before our eyes—north, south, east, and west. It is true there is little admixture of clover, or of that which is technically called "herbage"; but during the season of alternate drenching rain and glowing heat, grass, good wholesome grass, is growing thick and high as our knees, with a fatness which would fatten flocks and herds in hundreds of thousands. In some districts—Stanger, for instance, which, though within the Natal border, is identical in soil with Zululand—are extensive and paying sugar, tea, and even coffee plantations; while in the neighbourhood of the small township of Verulam the inhabitants have proved that if the soil be but scratched, an Eden will blossom under their feet. Tobacco, maize, sweet potatoes, bananas, pines, melons, peaches, and all sorts of fruit, including even mangoes, are here produced with merest elementary cultivation. Practically not a barrowful of manure is used or needed; there is not a thought of alternation of crops, and year after year the same plot brings forth the same harvest, with the same undiminished bounty. No wonder European greed casts covetous eyes on

Zululand's potentialities for wealth, and plots to seize with robber capacity that which it cannot claim by right of purchase or inheritance.

This consideration leads to one of the objects with which this paper is written. Surely ere now the reader has queried the appropriateness of the quotation with which it opens. Where is

"The Right which needs assistance"?—
where

"The Wrong which needs resistance"?

At present only in incipient growth, but an evil combination of circumstances is impending against which it behoves every just Englishman to urge timely measures, lest we be called on too late to verify the principle—

"To mourn an evil which is past and gone,
Is the sure means to bring fresh evil on."

By a wise and just system of administration, a large part of Zululand was reserved for the sole benefit of those who for years had held it with the same title to right as that by which the Alsace and Lorraine farmers cultivate their own homesteads, and every effort has been made to safeguard their rights by a wise rule under a just and humane governor, Sir Charles Mitchell. The natives, on their part, relying on the good faith of Englishmen, accepted our conditions, placed themselves under our laws, loyally fulfilled their obligations, and are now prosperous and peaceable, multiplying in wealth and population. A large number of the Natal colonists, on the contrary, are in a condition of restless dissatisfaction because during the last eighteen months no longer do

"Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand"

in the same abundance as heretofore.

The rascalities of the Transvaal mining and other speculative undertakings have been followed by a failure of banks and much financial distress. The Natalians harp back on their undoubted wrongs from, and the undoubted infamy of, the Boer convention of 1881; they declaim in favour of responsible government—which, indeed, they will unquestionably attain within a limited period; and, like the inhabitants of most young countries, they hanker after a protective tariff and the prohibition of imported coolie labour. They refuse to believe that their temporary absence of prosperity can most effectually be remedied by the patient development of their own resources; their minds resemble the pupil of the eye—the more light is poured on it, the more it contracts. Hence many of the impatient malcontents are casting evil eyes on the possessions of their neighbours the Zulus, once too formidable to be oppressed, now too crushed to resist successfully. “Here,” they say in effect, “is abundance of first-rate land close at hand. The Zulus do not make the most of it; we could render it far more productive: they are savages and helpless, we are civilised and powerful. Let the Government withdraw its aggravating reservation laws; let the best men win; and, if we can, let us seize the farms for ourselves.” Do we not do well to be angry, ragingly angry, at such utterances? I admit that they are not relatively frequent, for the Natalians in their normal condition are among the finest types of just and honourable Englishmen. But the above mutterings are sometimes tacitly supported by men who are too much inter-

ested to denounce that which they are too much ashamed openly to advocate.

Unhappily for the Zulus, the English are not the sole individuals tempted to perpetrate that “wrong which needs resistance.” The Boers, compared to us, are as bloody wolves compared to surly dogs. For years past the whole gist of the policy of Downing Street, sick of disastrous South African wars, the grave of most administrative and many military reputations, has been “Peace with the Boers; rightly if possible—but, rightly or wrongly, peace with the Boers.” “What peace,” a just man will reply, “so long as the abominations of this race of hereditary native-slayers are endured, and even connived at?” In defiance of treaty rights, they have bereft the Zulus under our protection of a part of their fairest inheritance, and have there established their “New Republic”—and we submit. The course of transactions with reference to Swaziland convinces men qualified to judge that Swaziland will follow the same unjust fate. In vain do the natives plead with us for justice—in vain do local British administrators appeal against incessant encroachments. Neither is spoliation and oppression simply of a national nature inflicted on a country at large. Individual Boers with impunity rob and maltreat individual Zulus for private ends. The borders teem with stories of wrongs too precise and well authenticated to be imaginary.

Within my own cognisance a mongrel Dutch Boer addressed an angry remonstrance to a superior civil authority against the decision of a subordinate English magistrate. Complainant had missed some sheep; his suspicions, destitute of corroboration by facts, fell

upon a neighbouring Zulu, whose kraal he forthwith proceeded to harry, and whose cattle-yard he plundered in self-awarded compensation. The magistrate naturally pointed out that complainant had no right whatever to take the law into his own hands, and this mild remonstrance formed the gravamen of the appeal, which wound up with the menace: "You had better take care what you are about, or we shall act independently for ourselves, and try what a little shooting will do." Perhaps the incident would be scarcely worth mention were it not a straw indicating the current, and the nature of that current is irrefragably proved by the mixed horror and terror with which the natives regard the Transvaalers. "English nation," they plead in effect, "take from us what you deem just; require of us what you will, but save us from those malignant white fiends, the Boers." Even the warrior police force I have described, whose fathers—nay, many of whom themselves—fought like heroes against us, shrink from a conflict from their ruthless enemies, the Boers—a race derived from the most law-abiding and humane of European nations, but who, after the lapse of two centuries, are now characterised by the distorted profession of a religion they so often insult by their actions against the natives.

Afrikander patriots urge with a pathos which would be touching, were it ever so little founded on fact: "Indeed, sir, you are in error. Our countrymen have always treated the natives with exceptional tenderness. When sometimes compelled, in vindication of law and order, to inflict punishment, they have carried out penalties with all possible humanity. The compassionate farmers often make the children of natives un-

happily slain the objects of their special solicitude, convey them home, feed, educate, and treat them as members of their own families." Truly we here have an illustration of the "art of putting things." As regards a past which is within easy memory of the living, call into court evidence of the burnt kraals, the plundered cattle, and the slain bodies of Kafir men, women, and children. With reference to the present, we point to the extortion, the spurning and hounding, of the miserable natives of the Transvaal, and to the recognised "apprenticeship" of the orphans, which is but a flimsy subterfuge for legalised slavery. If this proof be rejected, there is an end to the value of all evidence; and if such deeds may not be called atrocities, words have no longer any meaning.

Further hostilities with the Boers, wherein neither repute nor substantial advantage can possibly be gained, would be so deplorable, that every reasonable person must earnestly hope such an evil may be averted; and no doubt few are fully aware of the constantly recurring difficulties of the situation. But if we continue to acquiesce in Boer rapacity and cruelty, not only shall we foster lawlessness to an extent which will be ultimately unendurable, but meanwhile we shall be conniving at a condition of affairs wherein war is a less evil than peace. Our plain duty is to arrest at all hazards the oppression of the helpless and unoffending natives, and to allow our colonial rulers to follow the principle so nobly illustrated by one of the most upright of our soldiers and administrators, Sir Hope Grant—"Fais ce que dois, advienne ce que pourra."

H. KNOLLYS,
Lt.-Col. R.A.

MY NOVELS.

I AM not exactly what is called a jaded man of letters, but I dabble in literature, and I now address a defrauded public. Yes, a public defrauded of four of the best novels ever about to be penned. It's a strange story, and I can scarcely command my feelings sufficiently to tell it calmly, but told it must be. I had made up my mind to write a series of novels. If "to play gowf ye maun hae a heid," to write a novel demands some appendage of a like nature; also an ink-pot, several pens, some paper, and above all, peace and quiet. Having made sure of these materials and conditions, "Now," said I, "for *currente calamo*;" so down I sat before my study table. I must tell you that though I am a stoutish, fresh-coloured, middle-aged man, and nothing if not commonplace (as I once overheard a friend remark), I have a good deal of the Maid of Orleans about me. She had "voices"; so have I—two voices, "and everything handsome about me." The one voice says, "Wire in." The other, "You had better take care what you're about." I don't listen to the last. I call him the Represser, and I generally manage to silence him. The other I call "Backer," and I always listen to him, for he knows what's what. I was just putting down in neat writing at the top of my paper the words "Frail Ord'nar," for that's the name of my first-born novel, when Backer called out, "Holloa, old fellow! you don't suppose you can set to work on a novel without the necessary concomitants." "What concomitants?" I asked. "Here am I, the live author—

there's my ink, here's my pen, behold my paper!" "But where are the unities?" he asked, in a dry tone. "What *are* the unities?" said I. "Look up at the ceiling," said he. I looked up, and saw some queer things like bats, all claws and wings, very Kataptustoi indeed. They reminded me somehow of the Eumenides; though, to be sure, I had never seen *them*.

"Now," continued Backer, "if you don't attend to the unities, they will be down upon you and entangle their claws in your hair." "Dear me!" I said, "and how am I to keep on good terms with the nasty beasts?" For answer, Backer vouchsafed to enter on a long whispered explanation with me, at the end of which he said aloud, "*Macte virtute!* I am off for a holiday," and vanished—if a voice can be said to vanish.

Primed with his advice, I was up betimes next morning, and proceeded to my study, where I cleared the four corners of the room and set the writing-table in order. My next act was to open the bath-room door and drag Diogenes out, tub and all, and bump him—no light weight, I can tell you—along the passage into the study. "Whipper-snapper,"—this was the name he chose to call me,—"put me in the corner away from the window. I hate draughts." I obeyed. I was anxious to keep on good terms with the old brute, and had even brought him down a new blanket—for his own had been got B.C. 400, and was nearly worn out. But I was inwardly chafing at the disrespectful way he treated me—*me*, a middle-aged, florid, stoutish man,

an elder in the Church too, and member of a well-known firm. I controlled myself, however, and went away to fetch no less a person than old Dame Justice. I found her groping about at the end of the passage. She's terribly blind now, poor body! and the oculist isn't born who can cure *her* cataract. I gave her my arm, and we walked back to the study, her scales clattering and twanging like cymbals in her shaky old hands. I was very respectful to her, addressing her as "Madam," sometimes "Dear madam," and I seated her on a stool in one of the corners as far away from Diogenes as possible. Then I went up-stairs to the sewing-maid's room, and opening the door, called out rather sternly, "Saucy jade, follow me." You'll all have guessed who was sitting there. Fortune, of course, — wheel, short petticoats, trim ankles, and all. I always address her either as saucy or fickle. Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, fickle say, Tuesday and Saturday saucy; and the week after I give her three saucies and two fickle. This is *de rigueur*. "If I'm jade, I suppose you're jaded," said she, as she tripped after me down-stairs. "I shall call you jaded man of let—no, that's too long: let me see—man of letters. We'll take the initials M. O. L., add an *e* for the sake of euphony—mole—jaded mole; that's what I'll call *you*." I felt my face getting very red at this gratuitous insult, but I knew it wouldn't do to give myself away; so I again controlled my temper, and said lightly, "Saucy jades generally take their own way; pray, be no exception to the rule." "I'll have the corner next old Di," she cried; "we can give each other hints." I felt the net closing round me at these words. I, who the day be-

fore had been a free agent, now found myself in iron bands; and the worst was yet to come. I had still the fourth corner to fill. "Ay, there's the rub;" "the rub-adub-dub—three men in a tub," thought I, with an insane hysterical leap from Hamlet to Lear (Edward—not King). Three men in a tub indeed! One's bad enough. But courage.

I had now before me the appalling, bewildering task of finding and capturing the spirit of the age—the *Zeit Geist*, the in-the-swim imp. I knew he was somewhere about; but he is such an elusive wretch, to look for him is like looking for your own spectacles, and never finding them till you catch sight of them on your own nose as you pass a mirror. As I was wondering whether or not to go down and search the basement storey thoroughly first, I heard him bawling out—

"Man, restless, yearning, strives to catch

The Spirit of the Age!

To bottle him or throttle him,

Or put him in a cage.

But no one ever catches me,

Or ever will, I gage;

So Protean, sly, so changeful I,

The Spirit of the Age."

"You're there, you little devil, are you?" said I, peeping over the banisters; but at the first word he was gone like a shot. And then began a hunt which even now makes me hot all over to remember—a regular game of hide-and-seek. What a dance he led me!—now flying up the attic-stairs, the perspiration streaming down my face,—now stumbling, tumbling down the dark kitchen-stairs,—then in the pantry,—anon in the lumber-room. At last I caught him by the scruff of the neck in the housemaid's pantry. Then the difficulty was to hold

him. One moment he was an inert mass of protoplasm, the next an amoeba with an insinuating leg or arm put out to deceive. Then he became a species of hedgehog, and I was obliged to whisk a duster round my fingers, he was so prickly. At length, however, I got complete mastery over him, and carried him safely into the fourth and last corner. There I pinned him in with a heavy table. "Now," said I, "I won't call you Spirit of the Age; it's Dickensy and out of date. I shall call you Modernité—a name invented by a clever young friend of my own, and very suitable, conveying as it does a whiff of that nasty French polish with which our stout old British timbers are being overlaid." "I'll call you anything that happens to come uppermost," said he, impudently. "And now set to work, old Puff-blower—that's the American for a favourable reviewer,—just what *you* are, you old milk-and-water sop. I've read your critiques—not much bite in them." I could ill brook the insolent tone he was adopting towards me, but I knew that I must keep on good terms with my "concomitants," so I swallowed down my rising choler and seated myself at my desk.

"FRAIL ORD'NAR."

A TALE OF THE ABLATIVE ABSOLUTE.

PROLOGUE.

Scene.—A Fife village girt by golden sand. In a kailyard stands an old woman in white mutch and checked shawl gazing with blue untroubled eyes seawards. Another old dame in sun-bonnet creeps towards her up the path between rows of cabbages. "Weel, Jenny Herd, hoo's a' wi' ye the day?" says the sun-bonnet. "Ou,

I'm fine the noo," replies the mutch; "but for hoo lang? that's the bit. Hoo are ye yersel', Annie Lonie?" "Ech, wumman! I'm just in my frail ord'nar."

CHAPTER I.

Ay, my good woman, in your frail ord'nar; so am I—so is he—so is she—so is everybody. Who among the sons of men will dare to contradict this sad sweeping assertion? The *Vox humana* crying in the wilderness, "Frailty, thy name is woman," cries, "Frailty, thy name is no less man." We are born in frail ord'nar; in frail ord'nar we die. Frail ord'nar has set her seal on the wistful face of poor Humanity. Here and there above the crowd one may be seen a head and shoulders higher than any man in Israel; but with these *ἀνὰ κρῆς ἀνδρῶν* my tale has naught to do, for "the gross and scope of mine intent" gaze encloses a dense level mass of struggling forms all bearing the sad token that "in frail ord'nar" they live and move and have their being.

I had got thus far, and was feeling quite inspired by the beauty of my own composition, when that nasty rasping voice from the tub called out, "Whipper-snapper, it's about time for a squeeze of verjuice, isn't it? I'm your man. Let's hear what you're about with that story." "Oughtn't my wheel to be doing somebody a good or a bad turn about now?" asked Fortune, yawning. I saw she was a very forward young person and would require snubbing, so I didn't answer. "It'll be getting rusty if you don't look sharp," she went on. "If you'll loosen the bandage on my eyes a bit," quavered out old Dame Justice, "I'll see what I can do

for some of your characters." "Thank you, dear madam," answered I, speaking very loud, for she was getting very deaf. "I'm not come to my characters yet; and you know, madam, that you always come in at the very end, to restore the balance,—to see that the villain gets his deserts, the good people their rewards. Take a nap now, there's a dear. I'll call you in plenty of ti——"

At that moment my face and head were suddenly enveloped in the folds of a fusty old blanket, and before I could articulate, my hands and feet were bound with a rope which that old monster must have secreted in his tub, and I found myself lying on the floor under my own writing-table—a pretty position for a man of my size, age, and respectability. Just suppose any of my friends had happened to call—and it wanted only about half an hour of the time when I should be due at my office, 37 North Blank Street. It was really intolerable. I could hear that minx Fortune tittering, and I knew that Modernité was grinning from ear to ear, and there was that old dog-in-the-blanket sitting wrapped in the new blanket in my writing-chair, with my pen in his hand, busy finishing my cherished, long-projected novel. I could have wept tears of rage—impotent helpless rage. "How dare you?" I cried in a voice thickened by blanket—"how dare you? just as I was getting into the swing of the thing. You'll never carry on the story on the lines I laid down—you don't understand my style, my way." "I know your milky way," he broke in; "you might take command of a pap-boat, if they still use those vessels in the Royal Navy or Nursery, but you're not fit for much else," he sneered. How long I lay fuming and suf-

focating I know not, but hours seemed to pass while I lay listening to the scratching of the pen. At last he rose, "The *gall* I left behind me," said he chuckling, and I heard him wiping his pen on a corner of the new blanket, the old miscreant! Then he twitched the old one off my head, undid the cords, and was back in his tub before I could crawl out from beneath the writing-table.

I took up the MS. It was finished. That battle-ground, lit with the watch-fires of the eternal verities, and patrolled by the stern figures of Duty, Honour, and Renunciation, which I had sketched out for the play of human passion—how tenderly I had meant to fill it in! weaknesses thrown into the shade, virtues standing out like the muscles in a strong man's arm; Love lord of all; Frail Ord'nar ever *en évidence* of course, but ever showing potentialities of higher things; the legs and feet of clay calling for kind handling because of their poor brittle substance, and the head of pure gold catching a radiance from afar. Such had been *my* conception. And now, that old cynic had gone and left the mark of his canine tooth in all the rosy-cheeked apples of life, had poured his bitter *absinthe* into the *vin ordinaire* served at the table of "Frail Ord'nar." I will not sadden the reader by transcribing the tale as he wrote it. I only give a few of the mildest passages I came across, and I put them in italics to emphasise my sad chagrin. *Milk is the alpha, gall the omega, on man's menu card.* Of an old bachelor whom I had meant to depict as a dear cheery-cheeryble sort of fellow, he says: *He was an old bachelor who gave good dinners to male friends in the old style. And when the cloth was removed and*

the wine going round, it could be seen that his misogyny had not so fine a polish upon it as his mahogany. How jarring is such a sentence! Poverty is a hamper—an empty one. Now if I had written that, I should have added, No empty one, but constantly filled by the hands of kind friends. There is only one instance on record of a cupboard without a skeleton—old Mother Hubbard's; there wasn't even a bone in it. We each of us live in a Fool's Paradise, but the added bliss of making that Paradise a Hell to others is not given to each of us. In the spring-time of youth there be many who taste of the cup of brimstone and treacle; thereafter the roads diverge, and there be those who look for treacle and those who look for brimstone—nevermore may the two be quaffed together—and for the most part they find brimstone. In the game of Life spades are always trumps, for we can't get into our graves without them. Modern Scepticism would aver that the last trump will be a spade with which the grave of the whole Kosmos is to be dug, and which will flatten down the sod on the top of Eternal Nonentity.

I don't like this kind of writing. It depresses me. It horrifies me. And it was all so unlike what I had meant it to be. I flung the MS. into a drawer. I had no redress. One can't knock about an old man upwards of two thousand years old, especially an old man in a tub. Charlotte Corday might have done it. I couldn't. I could only go off, late as it was, to my office, and hope for better things with my next venture. A night's rest quieted my nerves, and I came down to my study resolved to show a brave and even serene front. The concomitants were all very quiet. Fortune was oiling her

wheel, and took no notice when I entered. Diogenes was dozing, Justice snoring loudly, and Modernité was standing on his head to restore circulation. Now for a good undisturbed spell of work, thought I, and seated myself softly before my materials, and headed my paper thus—

PROXIME ACCESSIT; OR, JOCK THE LAIRD'S BROTHER.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER I.

I entered life as *proxime accessit*, being the twin brother of a rich baronet with entailed estate. Ten minutes earlier would have seen me the heir, but Destiny had resolved that I was never to be the rose—only the next thing to the rose. *Gili khush bhui*, &c., as the immortal Saadi sings. I was to go through the world secure of some prize, but never of the first—secure of one wing of the chicken, but never the liver wing. I was to love some one else's first love; to marry a widow; and if I live long enough, as the Irishman says, I shall probably be buried next to a greater man than myself. In tracing my history from the cradle to the grave, the reader will note the subtle working out of "Kismet." It has been my fate to dree the weird of *proxime accessit* all through life. But I must not linger on the threshold of the chamber of Fate. Enter. I follow, being *proxime accessit*.

"*Mafish* (nothing) can come from *mafish*," said my eldest brother one day, emptying the whole contents of a perigord pie on to his plate, and a bottle of Chablis at the same time into his tumbler. He had just been up the Nile, and spoke the language. "*Masoup* and *mafish* used both to come up

from the kitchen in my young days," said my witty Scotch grandmother, who always lived with us. My brother, with that profound irreverence for old age which characterises the present gener—

At this point I, the writer, felt a strange soothing numbness creeping over me, a sort of loss of individuality quite unusual, and I heard Diogenes exclaim, "Hypnotised, by Jove!" "No, by Modernité," answered that imp. "You see," he went on, "we can't let this sort of thing go on any longer. We did the blanket trick yesterday, and now it's Fortune's turn to get her wheel in; so I've hypnotised him, and he'll write just what she likes." And so I did—will you believe it? Instead of *proxime accessit*, my hero, owing to incessant turning of Fortune's wheel, was alternately winner or loser of everything. To-day his horse wins the Derby. Tomorrow he himself is the loser of his seat in Parliament. He does marry his first love, but she runs away the year after. His brother dies, and he becomes the baronet; but a flaw in the title-deeds is soon after discovered, and the property lapses to the Crown. After being an organ-grinder on the Surrey side of the river for a year, he becomes Premier of England. And the final spin that jade gave her wheel finds him condemned to be hanged for the murder of his faithful valet. The man had been heard to boast that he had never cut his master's chin when shaving him. In order to put this assertion to the test, his master shot him through the heart while he was in the performance of his daily duty with the razor. The story closed without reprieve or commutation of sentence. The whole point of the thing was gone; nothing that I had intended had been brought

about. There was now no meaning in the name *Proxime accessit*. The MS. was worthless.

I woke out of my hypnotic state to a knowledge of these vexatious facts, and as usual I had no redress. I couldn't strike a woman, and I went to bed a sadder though perhaps hardly a wiser man. I resolved that I must make a decided stand the next day, and not allow any base advantage to be taken of me. But how to take Justice by the forelock was the difficulty, and, as before, I found myself baffled. On coming downstairs I found the old dame occupying my chair, while before her lay the sketch of a tale which I had hoped that day to advance towards completion. It was entitled 'Cam's Humiliations,' and was to be a really pathetic and artless relation of the unlooked-for and unaccountable disasters that overtook a young man of exceptionable character and abilities, by name Campbell. Born under an unlucky star, he was not only to suffer, but to become involved in disgrace and ruin. He was, while really innocent and praiseworthy, to bring dishonour on himself and family; to be checkmated at every turn; to be jilted; to marry the wrong woman, owing to a clerical error in the copying of a note; to have his house burnt down; his children born with squints,—and all for nothing, apparently. You can guess how very touching and appealing such a story might be made in good hands,—I use the words "good hands" advisedly. Well, there was Modernité with my ink-bottle and blotter in front of him, an expression of self-complacent mock modesty on his face, and an ear all attention to what appeared to be dictation. "What's going on here?" I inquired. "Oh, it's your story," said he, in a soft

of purring voice. "Madam Justice is doing it her own way. She says you've no notion of fair-play," and he shook his head gravely at me with an assumption of virtue and injured rectitude that fairly staggered me. "Sit down and be quiet," he continued; "don't disturb the old lady." "But it's *my* story, madam," I cried. "Please go back to your corner, and let me deal with Cam and his humiliations. I'm bound to see him out of the wood myself." "Justice, young man, is not to be tampered with," said she. "That young stranger in the corner, who seems to be all that a young man should be, has offered to write at my dictation, and I beg you will not interrupt. I hope you will show the same reverence for my age and infirmity which my nice young friend here does." "That's a nasty one for you," whispered Modernité, pursing up his mouth and looking as if butter wouldn't melt in it. "You atrocious humbug!" said I, "what do you expect to gain by this? Is your name down in the old lady's will? For that the days of Justice are near a close is evident." I got no reply, for old Dame J. began in a clear voice to unfold my tale in her own way, righting all Cam's wrongs, meting out strict justice to all the characters.

"Of dull uniformity I am the name,
And backwards and forwards I'm just
the same,"

was in truth the motto of the story. It *was* dull—deadly dull; not a spark of light and shade from first to last. Every one got his or her due—even the devil himself; every grain of evidence against everybody had been sifted and weighed. There was none of that delicious haphazard which to many constitutes the charm of

life. There were no humiliations. Cam had it all his own way. Share and share alike was the key-note throughout. What possible use could I make of a story which was now a contradiction in terms? *I* was humiliated, but Cam certainly was not. Again I found myself without redress, confronted by an adversary whose sex and age shielded her from the shaking my hands tingled to administer. The MS. found its way to the drawer with the other two.

That night, before going to bed, I got out my fourth and final ream of foolscap. "Was ever paper more truly named," quoth I, "as far as I am concerned?" Glancing upwards I saw that the unities were sticking close to the ceiling head downwards. I knew that meant sleep—sound sleep; for I had studied the habits of the Cheiropoda when a boy. "Now," said I, "I'll write the name ready, and come down very early in the morning and get possession of the field." So I took my paper and wrote very clearly—

SOLUS CUM SOLA.

A TALE OF ARCADY.

It was to be a graceful, classical story, full of fountains and grottoes and *tegmene-fagis*. You know the sort of thing, interspersed with apt quotations from Theocritus and Ovid and Propertius. Solus was to meet Sola in an ilex grove, and they were to go together to some festival in honour of Bacchus—a white heifer covered with garlands between them. Then they were to dance round a stone image of another god, and to twine acanthus round each other's heads. There was to be a great deal of grape-juice flowing, and a goat cropping up everywhere, and

a troublesome faun in the background trying to attract Sola's attention. It was to be a picture of that loveliest of all things, a *solitude à deux*; and of course that French "quote" was to come in, "Quelle belle chose est la solitude quand on a quelqu'un à qui on peut dire, 'Quelle belle chose est la solitude!'" Solus and Sola were to be quite inseparable dear things, and they were to totter downhill together like Baucis and Philemon, hand in hand, full of a sweet natural piety, humanity, and anthropomorphism—"Et sol crescentes decedens duplicat umbras."

I went to bed with ears that "rang to many a flute in Arcady," and was up before dawn. Creeping softly down-stairs, I was surprised to see a light under the door of my study. I opened the door and went in suddenly. Modernité bounced up like a parched pea off my writing-chair—there was no trace of the other concomitants; before him lay a pile of manuscript. "Sit down and let me hear what you have been doing," I said, as calmly as I could. "Oh, nothing," he replied, evasively. I glanced over his shoulder. He had written my story. There it lay, in that upright, square, *fin de siècle* caligraphy so unlike the time-honoured "hand as when a field of corn bows all its ears before the roaring east." I read it, wondering and puzzled as to its purport. The opening chapters reasoned high of providence, fore-knowledge, will, and fate as viewed by the *search-lights* of the nineteenth century. Could it be a religious novel? No; for the next chapter was devoted to pigeon-English as she is spoke at Hurlingham among the submerged upper tenth. Then would come a chapter in which Modernité had

mounted his hobby and ridden away to the borders of that discovered country from whose bourne far too many travellers return nowadays—that land where insoluble problems stalk and confront the unwary like highwaymen with the words, "*My solution or your life*"; a land of the bittern and cormorant; "an habitation for dragons, and a court for owls, where the wild beasts of the desert shall also meet with the wild beasts of the island, and where the satyr shall cry to his fellow." I will do Modernité the justice to say that he only rode to the borders of this doleful region, and, seated on his gaunt Rosinante of a hobby, surveyed the scene through the wrong end of his telescope; so that, after all, he couldn't see very much. But that he should wish to ride in that direction at all was what astonished me. When there is a fair, pure territory governed still by idealism, the entrance to which is guarded by no fierce lions, and where the wayfaring man though a fool may not err therein, why ride through a quickset hedge to reach that other, that debatable land, the republic of Realism?

"I can't make you out, Modernité," I said, looking at him fixedly. "You see," he answered, glancing at me furtively, "these are all burning questions of the day." "Burning!" I replied; "I wish they *were* burning in the fires of Tophet." "You haven't read the preface to the little story," he said, uneasily. "It might give you a clue to some of your difficulties." I turned to the preface, which had before escaped my notice. It was very short, and I give it *in extenso* as follows: "By a grimmer law than Grimm's, *s* and *z* are often convertible, and thus 'Solus cum Sola' becomes 'Solus cum Zola.' The *z* adds that savour of realism—

tic philosophy without which no modern novel is complete, and which the spirit of the age demands. Be sure you ask at all libraries for 'Solus cum Zola, not 'Sola——' "You have gone and ruined my story," I said; "you know it was——" "Truck? yes," said he. "Well," said I, "there's a Truck Act now which enables an author to——" "Stop, stop!" he cried; "I see you know as much about what goes on in Parliament as you do about what goes on in the world around you. My dear old boy, you're out of it. You think you've caught me, but it's just t'other way about. I've caught you, and I am hurrying you along *nolens volens*. You'll have to publish that last story. The others I don't think so much of. Old Di's *might* pay, but 'Solus cum Zola' would make your fortune. Why, every school-boy would wish to buy it." "Yes, you fiend," said I, "that's the pity of it." "And it's a book that no nice girl would like her mother to read," he added: "that's also a good advertisement." "Hush!" said I, and seizing the MS. I flung it into the fire.

There was dead silence in the room for three minutes. "All my pretty chicks at one fell swoop," thought I, glancing towards the drawer of unusable MSS. and at the ashes on the hearth. Then turning to Modernité I said, "It's never too late to mend. You have not very long to live; the century is nearly out, and your place will know you no

more. Couldn't you have kept a gallop for the avenue? No; you're too effete even for that. You're a poor, sickly, morbid, moribund, joyless creature; you're perforated with the fret-saw of civilisation—one can see through you in every direction. Have you brought with you seven spirits more wicked than yourself, or am I misjudging you? Spirits of unrest, of anarchy and confusion, of disorder and disrespect, seem to hover in your train. In the last century (in France, at least) society knew how to take off its head; in England, in this century, it hardly knows how to take off its hat." I was just warming with my subject when Modernité rose hastily, saying "Ta-ta. I always go out before the sermon, —most people do nowadays. I've done all I can for you. Bye-bye," and he skipped towards the open window, where the wind caught and carried him away, and I saw him no more.

To be eloquent without becoming a bore has always been *my* difficulty. And there is only one thing Modernité can't stand. He can stand garbage, fribbles, toys, booths, spooks, agnostics, religious novels, slums, Ibsen, good works, bad works, indifferent works; but he can't stand a bore—so they tell me. Shall we all become bores and thus get rid of him? The task might not be beyond our strength.

O. J.,

Author of "*Doves and Ravens*,"
"*The Muqaddam of Spins*."

IDYLLIC SWITZERLAND.

SWITZERLAND looks but a small country on the map. But if it could be rolled out, and its vertical as well as horizontal acreage fairly estimated, it would be shown to occupy a considerable space. Perhaps it represents about a third of the whole Alpine region, of which it forms the centre. Being the centre, it ought seemingly to possess the highest mountain, Mont Blanc, but does not. France and Italy claim the monarch between them. If they were minded to bring their international differences to the ancient and sensible arbitrament of single combat, instead of ruining each other and themselves by monster armies, their champions might fight it out before the eyes of the world on the summit, each standing on his own national ground. This popular country, where every one goes in summer who does not own or rent a Scottish moor, or possess the right of catching salmon in Norway, seemed to me to have become too decidedly public property to be longer attractive, and in August 1890 I was led, somewhat under protest, to the holiday haunts of younger days. But Switzerland, I soon acknowledged, possesses the charm of *Desdemona*, that "infinite variety" which "custom can never stale." In fact, there are many Switzerlands. There is one political and historical, another topographical. One speaks German, another French, another Italian, another *Romaunsch*. One is Catholic, the other Protestant. One is Radical, the other Conservative, for though both are Republican, there is all the difference in the world between a republic by the grace of French Revolution and the devil, and a

republic which has its roots in history, and may claim quite as much as the oldest monarchy to found its title-deeds on the grace of God. Then there are, to divide them according to the manner in which visitors regard and use them, four Switzerlands—Alpine Club Switzerland, Philistine Switzerland, Family or Idyllic Switzerland, and unknown or neglected Switzerland. Alpine Club Switzerland is all composed of peaks, passes, and glaciers, from which the valleys in which the Philistines (contemptuously called by the climbers the Subalpine Club) love to congregate, look merely like huge dark chasms which break the white continuity of the ice-regions. The capital of this polar district is Zermatt. The Philistine capital is not called Gaza or Ashdod, but Interlachen. Idyllic Switzerland is too rural to own a capital, but its termini are Appenzell and Fribourg, and its point of central interest is somewhere near *Château-d'Oex*. Unknown Switzerland centralises itself nowhere, but its best expression is the unfrequented Black Lake, about twelve miles westward from Bulle. It has been dragged to the light of publicity to some extent by the pleasant pen of M. Victor Tissot. If it must have a capital, I should place it at Gruyère, world-famous for its cheeses, which, though they look like millstones, are decidedly eatable.

At present our concern is with the region which we call, for various reasons, Idyllic, Arcadian, or Family Switzerland. It is entirely a pastoral country: the majority of its inhabitants are composed of goats and cows and sheep, named

in the order of intellectual precedence; and according to the democratic principle there seems no reason in the nature of things why, when all the women and children, as well as the men, have been admitted to the suffrage, they should not have votes for the canton. Their leaders wear bells on their necks, which make a more pleasant noise than the voices of human demagogues. We may say this, in fact, even of the voices of the swine, which, at all events, express content and not discontent with their condition. But as these good patient creatures are in a small minority, it is hardly likely that their political rights will be considered till the very last. The human inhabitants who form the bloated aristocracy that rules at present are principally herdsmen. The most typical class of these are found in canton Appenzell. These, to conciliate their subjects, or as a compliment to Darwin, are wont to go about with one-legged milking-stools strapped round their loins, which, sticking out behind, look like stumpy tails. Their rule is mild and just. When the time of day arrives for all the world to be taxed, according to Roman precedent, the she-goats and cows come up to be milked as their names are called, and their willingness to be taxed is as evident as that of those exceptional persons who send conscience-money anonymously to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. All the animals in Idyllic Switzerland seem to have great confidence in man. They do not run away or sheer off distrustfully to a distance, but either do not move, or run up to the passing wayfarer, sometimes so eagerly that timid ladies are frightened. Their familiarity arises, like that of human beings, from mixed motives—partly from curi-

osity, partly from friendliness, and partly from the hope of obtaining salt, which said wayfarer is supposed to have in his pockets. In this they resemble Eton boys in the times before the custom of the Montem was done away with. The engaging familiarity of the animals, and the almost perfect courtesy of their manners, suggests the reflection that this might be a much pleasanter world than it is if, in the case of all the gentler members of the creation, the fear of man, hereditary through the apparent necessity of his preying upon them in the struggle for existence, could be done away with. It is very mortifying to find one's self the object of general distrust and hatred; and most people, if human children—a great part of whose charm lies in the fact that they resemble other animals—were to fear them and shun their presence, would feel an unpleasant sense of being, for some secret reason, deservedly boycotted. One day while I was quietly painting in an unfrequented road at Château-d'Oex, something that seemed a dog came running up; but on passing me, which it did in a perfectly undemonstrative manner, it developed a large tail, or rather "brush," and revealed itself as a very fine fox. Evidently fox-hunting is unknown in this country, or reynard would have been more suspicious of my presence, especially if he had recognised me as an Englishman—a being who indeed holds the fox sacred, but as a sacrifice to his great goddess Diana. And my conscience recalled some of his kinsfolk at whose slaughter I had assisted in other days.

Another charm in Idyllic or Pastoral Switzerland is the perfect freedom of locomotion in any direction. There are only the

material obstacles of rivers, rocks, or ravines to prevent the wanderer taking a bee-line from point to point. The wilds have not been leased to American millionaires, who preserve them as deer-forests, and warn off all intruders; nor are there any crops which must be, with better reason, respected, other than the grass which is mown as it is wanted for the cattle, and not generally kept growing for hay. The naturalist or sketcher may go about as he pleases. The people are all civilised and civil. There are no beggars, or pestering volunteer guides who will not let a stranger take a walk by himself in the Philistine region, and which are such a drawback to the enjoyment of the exquisite valley of Lauterbrunnen. There are certain dispositions which find such comparatively unfrequented places full of charming society, and to which all great cities are but howling wildernesses. To them not only the sparse human population, but the whole animal and vegetable kingdom, seems affable and hospitable, while cities by contrast become chaotic collections of creatures whose existence is mutually repulsive. In walking through the pine-woods you carelessly stumble over an ant-hill, and the ensuing panic and disturbance is like that of a city taken by storm. Conscience tells you that you have brutally and recklessly invaded the peace of a model republic, where every citizen knows his own place, and law and order are supreme. Even the Swiss Republic does not set so good an example, for have we not just heard the news of a revolution in canton Ticino, which has obliged the central authority to send a large body of Federal troops to restore order? Such events may be a godsend to the newspapers; but do not news-

papers live on the faults and follies of men, as doctors live upon diseases? Without these the news would seem to the multitude of readers of the flattest and stalest description. Are not children sometimes better judges of the relative importance of events in the universe than grown-up people? When your little daughter, for instance, after a visit to the stable, runs in open-mouthed and open-eyed to break on your political studies with the news that Diana (not the goddess but the pointer) has six puppies, but the poor things are all blind, and when you console her with the assurance that they will gain their sight in a few days, the news may be of more importance in the economy of creation than the "battles of kites and crows" you are reading about, and, unconsciously to yourself, you are a prophet, and your prophecy a divine miracle. The Catholic Church is right in holding that miracles never cease, but she is wrong in claiming a monopoly of them for herself, or for any Church. As races of men are demoralised by slavery, and become thieves and liars through fear and misapprehension, so our senses are dulled and blunted by the perpetual impact of petty interests, and to see and hear and know clearly we must be born again, and, under the nursing of nature, regain the liberty of little children. The puppies are so far our betters that they are only blind at birth, while we are often blind in maturity and old age.

The sojourn in such an upland valley as that at Château-d'Oex is to the spirit what a sojourn at the fabled Fountain of Youth would be to the body. The spot is open, and in the middle of the wider part of the valley there is a convenient hill of observation, where

an ancient fortress has given place to a church. The air that circulates or stands still in the region is perfectly luminous, and seems to have the invigorating qualities of still or frisky champagne. By walking up a few meadows above the village to a certain knoll, you may get a glimpse of Mont Blanc and his companions, and better views if you make the ascent of La Craie, about 7000 feet high, and very easy till the last mound is reached; or clamber more adventurously up the rugged and treacherous sides of the Rocher du Midi, on the ascent of which a volley of boulders, possibly disturbed by a chamois, as the party passed a *couloir*, narrowly missed ending the existence of the writer of this paper—a young lady, whose head was grazed, happily but slightly, by one of the lesser fragments, being the only victim of the party, which was imprudently large for an expedition of the kind. The incident, alarming at the time, did not prevent the spirited sufferer or the rest of the party from reaching the summit. In fact, it was necessary to do so, if possible, as to have retraced our steps would have been more difficult than to finish the ascent, and return by an easier path. We were partly consoled, not precisely by the view we had expected, but by the glorious vision of a rainbow-coloured circular halo on the mist, in the midst of which the shadows of the heads of the foremost of our party stood transfigured, as if they had been canonised into Catholic saints. It was a phenomenon, doubtless, of the same nature as the so-called spectre of the Brocken in the Harz mountains. Light, says Schopenhauer, is the chief diamond in the treasure-house of Beauty, and the visions resulting

from its diffusion or decomposition are sometimes such as stamp the memory for a lifetime as revelations of an infinite hope, as if, in the beautiful words of Renan, a smile from the heavenly Father had fallen on the world. Another instance of the kind occurred during our stay at Château-d'Oex. It was a wonderful sunset, assisted by a haze in the western sky, whose reflection fused all the fantastic summits above the "Vallée des pierres" into garnets and rubies, and transmuted the white and grey limestone cliffs to the south of the village into palace-walls of golden and opalescent splendour. In this case it was the quality rather than the rarity of the phenomenon which gave it its surpassing interest. Considering that sunrises and sunsets are worth seeing above nearly all the objects that people travel far and take much trouble and go to expense to see, it is noteworthy how few persons of means and leisure care about securing the enjoyment of them for themselves, which they might do by inhabiting houses that command free and open views to the east and west. It is a pleasure to possess fine and costly pictures, but no landscapes, after all, can equal those framed by judiciously selected windows, and which, as Alphonse Karr prettily expresses it, are signed with the autograph of God. This indifference is probably owing to the fact that the majority care more for being seen than for seeing, and seek after things which are signs of their own wealth rather than those which unlock to them the stores of Nature, which all may enjoy.

At the beginning and end of these September days, which are not now too long, it is well to be in the middle of the spacious valley; but when the sun climbs up in

the sky, it is well to enjoy nature in the sequestered and umbrageous glens, of which there are many here. Their charm consists in great measure from their not being thoroughfares, as they lead to generally difficult passes, and not directly from one inhabited place to another. The most interesting of these is the "Vallée des pierres," which leads to the base of the curiously contorted and imposing rocks of the Gumfluh. So thoroughly classical is this valley in all its features, that we seem transported to Arcadia or the Vale of Tempe, and should feel not much more surprised than pleased to see Pan playing his flute to the nymphs on the mossy sward between the trees, with dryads and naiads flitting about and shyly peering through the foliage. We are reminded that we are in the Alps, and not in dear old Hellas, by meeting not with Pan, as did Pheidippides, but with a solitary hunter with a dead chamois on his back. The sight of his rifle, which he explained was of the newest and most improved pattern, and his nondescript modern dress, broke the spell. Chamois, in consequence of increased stringency in the laws, abound on the heights here. Some years ago this beautiful beast seemed to be threatened with extermination. The long valley, in a kind of basin of which Château-d'Oex is situated, winds away from the lake of Thun on the east to Bulle on the north-west, making a turn below Château-d'Oex, and branching off at the confluence of the Tine and the Sarine into a gorge which ends in a mountain-amphitheatre at Etivaz, but admits of the post-road pursuing its course over a low pass to the Vallée des Ormonds, and the region at the roots of the Diablerets. Near the entrance of this gorge in the bed

of the river there is an area which is strictly preserved by nature from all human intrusion of the ordinary kind, its gates being barred with impassable rocks, and its sides defended by perpendicular and overhanging precipices. Here animal and vegetable life seems to have entirely its own way, according to the laws of natural selection. One of its prettiest inhabitants is the black squirrel, which seems of larger size than the brown variety. This was seen among the tree-tops from the highroad, but the sanctuary whence it emerged could only be reached by ropes, scaffolding, or other engineering requisites.

The post-road, which goes from Château-d'Oex, past Rossinières and Montbovon to Bulle, leaves Gruyère and its castle a mile to the left as Bulle is approached. The castle is quite as well worth seeing as the guide-books, which amply describe it, affirm; but the paintings to be seen on the walls, and a collection of good Corots in the modernised drawing-room, are not to be compared with the views which the windows command. These natural landscapes are so perfect in composition as to seem almost artificial. Besides the diligence-routes, there is a short cut from Idyllic into Philistine Switzerland by the Col de Jaman, which drops down on Glion and Montreux. Montreux, though by no means in ruins, is ruined. There was a time when Byron visited it, and wrote his "Castle of Chillon," when it was about the choicest spot in all Europe. The castle of Chillon was then its most prominent artificial object, and in perfect keeping with the scenery. Now the castle of Chillon almost disappears in the crowd of huge pretentious hotels, kursaals, &c. There is a funicular railway to

Glion; and steam-trams, attended by a swarm of bicycles and tri-cycles, make the whole length of the one narrow road, which skirts the lake, like a noisy fair. One does not leave London or Paris in order to amuse one's self with getting out of the way of vehicles. Before we left, the news arrived that one elderly gentleman had been killed by the tram-car. As a general rule, it may be laid down that all places where children cannot play in safety in the roads are places to be avoided, at all events as health-resorts, one of which Montreux professes to be. As to Bâle, Geneva, Lausanne, and Lucerne, they have all now become congested centres of noise and bustle, but the necessary worry attendant on passing through any one of them only makes a sojourn in Idyllic Switzerland by contrast more delightful. So there is compensation in all things.

Until the end of the present century, which is quite long enough for some of us to look forward to,

the divisions of Switzerland seem likely to remain within the boundaries designated at the beginning of this paper. Whether they will remain so always is another question. I am sadly afraid that I saw a railway surveyor engaged in the nefarious occupation of making measurements in the valley which runs past Château-d'Oex. I fear not only for the beauty of the country but the morals of its inhabitants. At Lausanne, it is said, a handsome crosier, which was part of the luggage of a travelling Anglican bishop, disappeared in the railway *mêlée*. It is to be hoped that the thieves were not aware of the sacrilege, but supposed it to be the silver-headed alpenstock of some American millionaire. In Norway the same pastoral implement is said to have been taken for the salmon-rod which is inseparable from every Briton in that country, and is even occasionally wielded by the hands of our professional fishers of men.

GEORGE CARLESS SWAYNE.

THE TRAINING OF POLO-PONIES.

CONSIDERING the present popularity of polo, and the great development of the game within the last few years, it may not be out of place to consider the training of the animal whose qualifications do so much to make or mar the pastime.

To such importance has polo arisen, that no less an authority than the Commander-in-Chief in India, Sir Frederick Roberts, has deemed it worthy of a somewhat lengthy general order—a compliment which no other game has ever had paid to it. It is true that this order has been called forth partly in deference to public opinion, and the sentiments aroused by the number of lamentable accidents at polo that have occurred within the last year in India: but, anyhow, it demonstrates the importance that the game evidently possesses in the eyes of our military authorities; and if anything were needed to strengthen this argument, the speech made lately by Sir George Greaves, the Bombay Commander-in-Chief, at Poona, should be conclusive. Both Sir Frederick Roberts and Sir George Greaves touch upon the dangers of polo, and attribute the accidents that occur mainly to one very important point—viz., the too frequent use of untrained ponies. There is not the least shadow of doubt that these gallant soldiers and sportsmen—for they are both—are right in their conclusions; and that to the use of improperly trained animals are attributable the majority of accidents that occur at polo, many of which have had fatal results.

That the game *per se* is either more or less fraught with danger to players and cruelty to ponies is a very common argument advanced against it by its detractors; but a moment's reflection and calm consideration, particularly if based upon experience, will make it manifest that neither of these pleas will bear discussion.

If we analyse the dangers attendant on polo, statistics will go far to prove that they are not greater than those consequent on other sports, such as hunting, pig-sticking, racing, steeplechasing, and shooting, in the pursuit of which many men annually lose their lives, or break limbs; and as to cruelty, those who know what they are talking about—those who have watched the game, and followed polo-ponies in their career—will admit that they are not treated any worse than many a race-horse and hunter. A race-horse, it is true, is only called on to make a supreme effort for a moment or two, but in those moments he often gets fearfully punished with both whip and spur. A hunter has his endurance taxed still higher, for not only has he to undergo great fatigue, enhanced often by a thoughtless rider who never thinks of getting off his back or easing him, but he has to go without food for many hours, besides having to run the chance of severe blows and cuts if he jumps a fence carelessly.

Compared with either of these, a polo-pony's life is not an unhappy one, and that it is not so very trying as some would have us believe is attested by the fact that more than one celebrated

pony has played for eight or ten seasons consecutively. He may have to exert himself on occasions, and often drops in for a hard blow or two, but so do both hunters and race-horses; *ergo* the plea of cruel treatment must be dismissed.

To recur to the dangers of polo, however. There is no doubt that the majority of accidents, particularly in India, have generally arisen from the wild play and reckless riding of the sufferers, and to the fact that many of the ponies used are insufficiently trained or unsuited from temper to the requirements of the game.

A perfect polo-pony is not made in a week or a month. It requires many days, nay weeks, of patient careful training and handling before such a result can be attained, and comparatively few men have either the inclination or the leisure to devote themselves to the task; but where they do, the result is not only very apparent, but decidedly satisfactory.

Some ponies, and notably Arabs and Barbs, take to the game naturally, and from this cause can be played much sooner than others; but there are few, even amongst the most high-bred and high-couraged animals, that by the exercise of patience, kindly treatment, and firm but gentle handling, cannot be induced to learn and play the game, and these, like mischievous foxhound puppies, will generally turn out trumps.

To those that have hitherto not attempted the task of training their ponies let me give a few hints, which, if followed, will, I feel sure, be attended with beneficial results. Much, of course, will depend on the age at which a pony is taken in hand, for if its education is begun whilst young,

say at three or four years old, the necessary instruction will have virgin soil in which to take root, flourish, and bear fruit. As a rule, however, few men have the opportunity of buying ponies of this age, and fewer still have either the time or the inclination to commence and carry on their education by easy and gradual stages. As a rule, ponies, when bought for polo, vary from five to seven years old, and may have been used for all sorts of purposes before they are trained as polo-ponies. Consequently it is necessary that their education should commence *de novo*; and they will have to forget much that they have learnt, and learn afresh. One thing, however, must be borne in mind by those who would train their purchase into a perfect polo-pony, and that is, that a polo-pony's education has to be conducted on much the same lines as that of a child. It must be gradual, and he must learn his business step by step, without any undue hurry or cramming. An animal's brain is limited in its capacity; and moreover, you have the timidity natural in all animals, and especially in the equine race, to contend against; so, if you would impress your pupil, you must overcome this natural timidity, and lead him on step by step, and inspire him with confidence. If you attempt to do too much at once, and teach him in a week what should be the outcome of months of study, most probably your efforts will end in failure. Another, and no unimportant point, is to invest the lessons with interest to your pupil—in fact, make him *keen*; and this object can only be attained by kindness, gentleness, and patient handling, coupled with firmness.

Harshness or injustice—two things that the equine mind soon detects—should be abjured; and a few carrots, a lump of sugar, or an apple, when your charge has acquitted himself well during “lessons,” will associate those lessons with delicacies, and appeal to his senses, which, after all, are much the same in the human and brute creation.

We will suppose that you have purchased an animal which, for make and shape, promises well. What that make and shape ought to be I will not here enlarge upon. Ponies, as well as horses, go well in all shapes and forms; but presuming your purchase satisfies you on these points, and gives promise of being possessed of a fair turn of speed, the first thing to consider is what is required of him in his capacity as a polo-pony.

Briefly, these qualifications may be thus summed up:—

He should be able to start quickly, and strike off from the halt into a canter or gallop.

His mouth should be so “made” that he will be able to go at any rate of speed, from the slowest canter to the fastest gallop, that his rider may desire.

He should be able to be pulled up to a halt in a very few strides when at his greatest speed.

He should be able to change his leading leg the moment he gets a hint to do so, and able even to “passage” at a canter.

In very few owners’ hands can a pony be trained to do all this, but there is a course open to all who would have a really good polo-pony, and that is to send him to school; in other words, send him to a military riding-school, where he will be taught those primary and most important rudiments of his future profession. It

may be argued that very few men can go to all the trouble and expense of doing this, but where it is done the results will be very apparent.

And now, having got your pony passed as “broke” in the school, and after riding him about a few days to establish that feeling of mutual confidence that is necessary between teacher and taught, you will take him in hand yourself.

In order to prove that he has profited by his “school” training, it will be as well in this initiatory part of his education to canter him about in a figure of 8. Let the 8 be at first large, with wide curves; and when, in doing his circles, you find that your pupil answers to bit and leg-pressure, narrow the circles gradually until you can get him to do the smallest 8 at the greatest speed.

The “bending course” should be the next step. This, though very simple, needs perhaps a word or two of explanation. To make a “bending course” is not a matter of any difficulty. Two lines of sticks each seven feet high should be set up—say, with an interval of twenty yards—in parallel lines. These sticks should be about eight yards apart, and you can extend the length of the lines to any distance you like, though eighty to a hundred yards will be quite sufficient for all practical purposes. The sticks should be about an inch square, placed perfectly upright in the ground, but not too deeply, so that they can easily be knocked over if touched. Having made your “bending course,” canter your pony up it on one side, zigzagging between the posts till you reach the *last* one, and the rapidity with which he turns round this to

commence the return journey will be a great criterion as to his future powers. As your pupil shows an aptitude in turning suddenly to right and left, increase your pace till you can go up and down at a really smart gallop. This will have a most beneficial effect. It will teach your pony to turn, twist, and change his leg when going at speed—accomplishments which will be invaluable to him whilst playing in a game. If he can have a companion in the lesson—viz., a pony going up the other row of sticks—all the better, for a rival is always an incentive to learning of any description. Of course, if your pony has gone through the riding-school, and learnt all the mysteries of “passaging,” “reining-back,” “circling,” and “changing,” your task will be considerably facilitated; but even if he has had a certificate of proficiency from his academy, the “bending course” will still be found very beneficial.

We will presume that you have now got your pupil thoroughly handy, and that he obeys quickly and willingly your slightest hint to turn to the right and left. The next step will be to introduce him to the stick and ball, which, to some otherwise perfect animals, possess unknown terrors. Many ponies shy away at the sight of a stick, particularly if at any time they have been beaten or ill-used, and your object ought to be the removal of all fear from his mind in this respect. Walk alongside him with the stick in your hand, moving it about; let him look at it and smell it, giving him occasionally a carrot or an apple, so that he may learn to understand that neither stick nor ball will hurt him, and further, that he may associate them with delicacies.

Then get on his back, and move the stick up and down gently past his eyes, until he learns not to flinch. After this you may begin to hit a ball about at a walk. Probably the first time or two he will start away as the stick meets the ball, but his fear will soon be overcome. Then hit the ball about at a slow trot, increasing your pace by degrees to a canter, and then to a gallop. Remember one thing, however—do not attempt all these paces on the same day. Devote a few days to hitting the ball at a walk, a few at a canter, and a few at a gallop, and do not advance these steps until the last has been performed in a thoroughly satisfactory manner.

When your pony has thoroughly mastered this part of the performance, proceed to hit “back-handers,” making him turn directly you have hit the ball. Should he possess any intelligence, he will in time learn to turn of himself on these occasions. And now having got him fairly handy, canter him about with other ponies, in order that he may learn not to become excited during a game. If you can ride him about during a game in which you are acting as umpire, *tant mieux*. He will then learn to control himself, and get accustomed to being calm, whilst other ponies are galloping all round him,—for nothing is so detrimental to a polo-pony as getting excited, and wanting to *race* directly he sees another pony alongside of him, though of course he will often be called on to do so.

When hitting the ball, your reins should invariably be loose and your pony's head free. If the reins are held tight, ten to one the pony's mouth will be jerked and wrenched, which will not unnaturally cause him to associate

the fact of hitting the ball with pain to himself, and this will make him inclined to be ball-shy—the very worst fault a polo-pony can have. Some men endeavour to counteract this fault in otherwise good ponies by riding them in blinkers. In my opinion these are abominations, and should be forbidden on all polo-grounds, for they are a fruitful source of accident. If a pony cannot play without blinkers, my contention, which is borne out by the opinion of many first-class players, is that he is not fit for polo at all. One last lesson before playing your pupil in a game. Get two other ponies to *meet him* at a gallop—one on each side—first wide apart, and gradually decreasing the distance till as you pass between them you almost brush past. This will give your pony confidence, and teach him to meet an opposing force without flinching. When he has thus far perfected his education, you may begin to play him in an easy game, where it will not be necessary to call on him for much exertion, and where he will not be pulled about and turned too much. Once you can get him to *like* the game, and to take an interest in it, the battle will be won; for, after all, in the education of all young things, no matter whether they be boys, dogs, or horses, unless the subject possesses interest, they will never attain high proficiency in it.

A word or two on the choice of your training-ground may not be here out of place. The largest and most open space should be selected as a school-room, for if the ground be confined, a pony will get to know his way about it too well, and will probably pull or hang back, according to whether he is going in the direction by

which he has entered or the reverse. To counteract this, it will be as well for you to place your spare sticks, &c., in a different part of the ground every day, so that your pupil may never know the exact spot where he will begin or finish his lesson. This may seem a trivial point, but those who have had much experience in training polo-ponies will, I am sure, bear me out that it is not unimportant, for it is astonishing how cunning ponies become. Once you prove that you are the sharpest, and can puzzle him, the material advantage will have been gained on your part of making him understand that his will must be subservient to yours, and thus one of your primary objects will be attained.

With regard to the use of spurs, I am aware that opinions vary greatly; still I cannot but believe that the less they are used the better. Few men know how to use them, and fewer still use them judiciously; and unless your pupil is most pig-headed, you will accomplish more without them than with them.

Thus far I have endeavoured to sketch in broad outline the main principles that should be attended to in making a pony fit to play polo. It must, of course, depend a great deal on the rider how his charge is going to turn out, and whether the pupil will reflect creditably or the reverse on the instructor. One thing, however, cannot be said too plainly. Unless a man has good temper, and an almost inexhaustible fund of patience, let him not attempt to train a polo-pony, but let him relegate the task to some one who is fortunate enough to possess those attributes.

I cannot conclude without say-

ing one word in defence of polo—a defence from certain accusations made by a class of sportsmen whose very name should prevent them from doing or saying anything against a pastime which, as far as horsemanship and the many qualities that make both a good soldier and a good man to hounds are concerned, are so intimately connected with their own favourite sport. I allude to the plea put forward by many keen fox-hunters, that polo takes men away from the hunting-field. Doubtless this may occur in one or two isolated instances; but where such is the case, the man who gives up following hounds for polo is no great loss to the hunting-field.

Hunting and polo are both sports that call forth the exercise of all those manly qualities that make Britons what they are, and what, please God, they ever will be—and, as such, should not clash. Personally, I have a very wide circle of acquaintances who are both polo-players and hunting-men, and as far as my experience goes, they are hunting-men first and polo-players after—in fact, I could not name one polo-player of repute, and I know most of them, who is not a keen hunting-man. The two sports call forth so much the same qualities, that they should not in the least degree be antagonistic. Indeed they should be to a certain extent auxiliary; for at the time of the year that one flourishes the other is dormant, and *vice versa*. It has also been argued that, on account of its expense, a man cannot both play polo and hunt, and that therefore, in order to hunt, he should give up polo. I would answer this argument by asking—In what country a man, who wishes

to take part in both sports, means to hunt, and where he means to play polo? If he has but a moderate income, and desires to hunt in the Shires and play polo at Hurlingham, why, he will not last long. On the other hand, if he is content to hunt with his county pack, and keep his couple of hunters and couple of ponies who will earn their corn as hacks or harness ponies in the winter, why, he will see a lot of fun and enjoy both sports. We cannot all be Leicestershire "customers" or Hurlingham "Peats," and the majority must be content to take a "back seat." Yet, after all, the "back seat" is often very comfortable, very enjoyable, if we seat ourselves in it as we should—particularly if we be but humble individuals who have no *reputation* to keep up, and can enjoy our fun at our ease; for, once attained, the "keeping up a reputation" is an onerous and weary task as often as not. No—polo and hunting should go hand in hand; and he who would detract from the merits of the most ancient game of which we have any record—for it dates back to 600 B.C.—I would only say, "Be tolerant, and do not brand it as either a dangerous or cruel pastime because a few incautious votaries have lost their lives at it, or because now and then a pony breaks down or gets a crack on his head or his legs."

In these days of luxury any sport that tends to take away our youth from enervating influences, that trains their physical powers, and makes them *men*, ought surely to be encouraged and fostered; and those who have seen polo played as it *should* be played, and have mastered the scientific aspect of the pastime, will allow that few games are more apt to bring to

the front all those qualities which make the flower of our manhood what it ought to be. The mantle of Whyte-Melville has not yet fallen on any who, like him, could have done ample justice to the sport. Had the game been in his day what it is now, his magic pen and powerful rhetoric would have done much to dispel many of the illusions surrounding it, and we should have had, in all probability, a polo song that would have stirred the blood in the most lethargic temperament, and the "Royal game" would have been clothed with a halo that, till some worthy scribe arises, now only looms indistinctly in the future.

Well indeed may those who have once taken part in a good game quote, with a slight alteration, those stirring lines of Campbell of Saddell—

" We have *played a game* together,
We have ridden side by side ;
It binds us to each other,
Like a lover to his bride ; "

—for once the keen delights of polo have been tasted, and the game played on a perfectly educated pony, the mad rivalry, the stirring gallop, the *gaudia certaminis* of a hustle, and all its other entrancing charms been experienced, the remembrance will linger long, and the mere sight of a keen-fought match will be like the trumpet to an old war-horse, the horn and merry music of the pack to a worn-out hunter, and past triumphs will arise in the mind of the veteran poloist, who may well, as he recalls past days, exclaim, "*Hæc olim meminisse juvabit !*"

J. MORAY-BROWN.

FROM BANNOCKBURN TO POITIERS.

At a time when the efficiency of our army and the strength of our navy are being constantly called into question, and when battles are raging as to the wisdom or folly of short service in the ranks, and of converting our old men-of-war into floating forts, it is well to look back to the deeds done by our soldiers and sailors in bygone days, when, though their weapons were rude and their vessels cumbersome, they succeeded in making themselves masters of the world both on land and sea. A retrospect of this kind is now most opportunely afforded us by the appearance of an edition of a quaint chronicle of the fourteenth century, in which are recorded the victories won by our arms during that eventful period. The author, one Geoffrey le Baker of Swinbrook, in Oxfordshire, tells us that he finished writing the second part of his "Chronicle at Osney, on Friday, the festival of St Margaret [20th July] 1347; and that the work was done at the request of Sir Thomas de la More." The production of the larger and more important part was also doubtless due to the initiative of the same worthy knight, who himself took a part in the politics of the time, and who may not improbably have contributed some pages to Baker's Chronicle.

Popular report, indeed, credited Sir Thomas with more than a share of the larger portion of the work, and proclaimed him its author, on the faith of which reputation an extract from the chronicle was published towards the close of the sixteenth century, bearing the title of "*Vita et mors Edwardi Secundi*, Gallice con-

scripta a generosissimo milite, Thoma de la Moore." It happens, however, that the evidence on which this assumption was based proves exactly the opposite contention. The occurrence of the name of Sir Thomas More in the Chronicle is the only countenance given to it; but this appears in such a connection as pointedly to prove that he was not the author. In his description of the circumstances relating to the abdication of Edward II. at Kenilworth, Baker apostrophises Sir Thomas in these words: "*Quorum comitivam adherens predicto Episcopo Wintoniensi, tu, generose miles, qui hec vidisti et in Gallico scripsisti, cujus ego sum talis qualis interpretes, te dico, domine Thoma de la More, tua sapienti et inclita presencia decorasti.*" As Mr Thompson points out in his admirable introduction to the Chronicle, this can mean nothing but that the author was indebted to Sir Thomas More for the detailed account of the melancholy scene at Kenilworth. Stowe, of whose '*Annales*,' as also of the '*Brute Chronicle*,' we shall make use in the following pages, says that the work was written originally in French by Sir Thomas More, and was at his "request translated and more orderlie penned in the Latine toong, by Walter (*sic*) Baker, *alias* Swinborne, chanon of Osney, besides Oxford." But whatever may have been the extent of the help given to Baker by Sir Thomas More, it is certain that in the Chronicle we reach the fountain-head of authority for the events of the period.

It is always interesting to discover the authorities for history. It is like tracing a river to its

source. It enables one to estimate how much of the lower course of the stream owes its volume to the fountain of truth, and how much to the affluents of misrepresentation, party prejudice, and ignorance. But more especially it is interesting when the authorities cover a period so full of important issues and national triumphs as that which includes the last years of Edward I., the reign of his degenerate son, and the first twenty-nine years of the reign of Edward III. A contemporary chronicle which contains the record of such events as the battle of Bannockburn, the fall of Edward II. and his murder, the battle of Sluys, the march of Edward III. through the north of France and the battle of Crecy, the siege and capture of Calais, the Black Prince's march from Bordeaux to Narbonne and the battle of Poitiers, besides a host of other political and social matters, must always claim the attention of those who take a pride in their nation's difficulties and triumphs.

Fortunately for future generations Geoffrey le Baker was moved to write down as they occurred those events of his day which came to his knowledge; and it is on his Chronicle that all the later histories of that period are based. Unlike, however, the river's source of the above simile, this fountain-head is in many details infinitely fuller than the stream which has flowed from it; and supplemented as it is by Mr Thompson's notes, which are everything that notes should be, it contains an endless variety of curious national traits and romantic incidents.¹

It seems difficult to imagine that at an interval of time which might be covered by seven long lives the only two powers in the State were the king and the nobles; that battles between contending armies were sometimes decided by single combat; that lepers were burnt alive; that bands of robbers met in troops like armies and overran the country; that an annual tribute was paid to the Pope; and that the king was able at will to plunder and banish the Jews, and to appropriate so much of the money and plate of the monasteries and churches as suited his purpose. Yet such was the state of things when Geoffrey le Baker took up his pen, and when Edward I. sat on the throne as King of England and France and Lord of Ireland. At that time Scotland owed no allegiance to the English crown; but on the contrary waged a perpetual war against her southern neighbour, mainly on account of the constant interference of the English king in the matter of the Scotch successions. Those were days when "the good old rule"—

"That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can"—

was in full force, and when candidature for the throne was determined only by the armies which each competitor was able to bring into the field. Occasionally, however, native support was insufficient to carry the day, and then recourse was had to the King of England, who was commonly not unwilling to lend his aid on condition that his candidate should at all times pay deferential heed to

¹ *Chronicon Galfridi le Baker de Swynebroke*. Edited, with Notes, by Edward Maunde Thompson, D.C.L., Principal Librarian of the British Museum. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press.

his advice. In the latter days of Edward I. the country went through a prolonged crisis of disputed succession. Wallace had been cruelly executed on Tower Hill, and Bruce was intriguing to succeed him. Leagued with Bruce was a certain nobleman, John Comyn by name, who, however, in a moment of faint-heartedness revealed the conspiracy to Edward, at whose Court Bruce was then staying. As is common in such cases, the person most interested knows least of that which concerns him nearest, and it was not until a friendly English courtier sent Bruce a pair of gilt spurs and a purse of gold that he was aware that danger was hanging over him. Taking the hint he fled, and meeting with the treacherous Comyn in the cloisters of Greyfriars, Dumfries, he ran him through the body. When he came forth, his friends saw that something was amiss. "I doubt," said Bruce, "that I have slain the Red Comyn." Thereon one of his followers named Kirkpatrick, who would have no doubts about such a matter, said, "I mak sikar"—I make secure—and stabbed the dying man to the heart. From that day, as it is said, "I mak sikar" has been the motto of the Kirkpatricks.

The news of this murder, coupled with the escape of Bruce, roused the anger of Edward, who, with all the warlike impetuosity of his nature, at once made preparations to avenge the death of his ally and the flight of his foe. Before, however, he took the field, as it proved for the last time, he held high court in Westminster Abbey, which was even then growing old and hoary, when, with much pomp and ceremony, he knighted his son Edward, and invested him with the

Duchy of Aquitaine. At the conclusion of the investiture there followed one of those quaint ceremonies which carry us back into the classical ages. Two swans, covered with a net of gold, were lifted on high before the king, who vowed a vow, "*Deo cæli et cygnis*," that he would punish the perfidy of the Scots; and he further laid this burden on his son, that if he should die before he accomplished his revenge, the prince should carry his bones at the head of an invading army across the Tweed. There was something almost prophetic in his desire to provide for a posthumous campaign; and when, in the following year, he was called to his account, his son strove so far as in him lay to carry out his instructions. But the late king's mantle was as a giant's robe to Edward II., in whose character persistency had no place. He was everything by turns, and the mere tool of his favourites. Even before his father's death his devotion to Peter Gaveston had proved to be so mischievous that the favourite had been banished from the kingdom. But no sooner did he succeed to the throne than Gaveston was recalled, and thenceforward enjoyed the favour of his patron in an even greater degree than formerly. It is difficult to understand the bond which bound the king to his favourite's chariot-wheels. For there was nothing in Gaveston's character to inspire admiration, beyond his skill as a soldier and the ready tongue which distinguished him. Like most weak-minded men, he was completely demoralised by the great and sudden prosperity which he enjoyed, and assumed prerogatives which attached by right only to the king. Though created Earl of Cornwall and guardian of the king-

dom during the king's absence, he met with nothing but disdain from the nobles, who resented the airs he assumed, and were indignant at the contemptuous gibes he uttered at their expense. Lord Chesterfield, in one of his letters, says that a man will forgive being charged with a crime, but will never forgive being accused of a folly; and in this spirit the nicknames which Gaveston gave to some of the more prominent nobles created more offence than all the dignities which he assumed. The Earl of Warwick he named "the black dog of Ardene," and the grim remark of the earl when he was told of the appellation showed how deeply he was offended by it, "Si vocet me cavem, pro certo ego mordebo eum, quando videbo tempus meum." Another epithet which he applied to the Earl of Lancaster has been curiously misunderstood. He called him 'Viellers, porceo quil est greles et de bel entaille.' Misunderstanding the first two words of this sentence, Lingard and those who have followed him have asserted that Lancaster was nicknamed "Old Hog," whereas Gaveston had in truth gibbeted him as a "Fiddler, because he was slim and tall."

So bitter was the resentment aroused against the favourite that thrice was the king obliged to banish him from the kingdom, and as often with fatal folly he recalled him. After his last return, the nobles, feeling that negotiations on the subject were futile, took up arms to rid the country of his presence. At the news of the rising, Gaveston fled to the Castle of Scarborough, in which for some days he stood a siege. Hunger at length made a capitulation necessary, and Gaveston surrendered himself to the Earl of Pembroke,

from whose custody he managed to escape. "The black dog of Ardene," who followed up his trail, however, again secured him and bore him a prisoner to Warwick Castle. By tacit consent he was afterwards handed over to the "Fiddler," who carried him to Blacklow Hill, which lies about a mile north of Warwick, and there beheaded him. For two years the body of the luckless Peter remained unburied at Oxford awaiting the revenge which the king proposed to take for the murder. But, like so many of the king's projects, this one was finally abandoned, and the body was buried at Langley.

While these matters were causing division between Edward and his nobles, Bruce, who was ever on the watch to gain an advantage over his hereditary foes, took the field against the English garrison in Scotland. Left without supports, for Edward's energies were entirely consumed in fighting the battle of his favourite, the principal strongholds were taken one by one. St John's town (Perth), Dumfries, Roxburgh Castle, and Edinburgh passed from English into Scottish keeping. Not content with these triumphs, the Scottish king marched his troops over the Border and laid waste the northern marches. Now that Gaveston was dead and buried, this inroad roused the sleeping patriotism of Edward, who with a motley army of English, Gascons, Flemings, and Irish crossed the frontier and marched to the relief of Stirling Castle, which had already capitulated to Edward Bruce, and was by treaty to be yielded, if not relieved within a certain time. Recognising that this place would be the objective point of Edward's march, Bruce took up a strong

position before it, having the Bannock burn in front, a hill on his right flank, and a morass on his left. Here, with all the religious fervour which belongs to the Scottish nature, his men prepared for the battle with fasting and prayer. The English camp, on the contrary, was the scene of the wildest debauchery. Never had a campaign been conducted with such tender regard for the comforts and luxuries of the soldiers. The tents were filled with vessels of gold and silver, and the commissariat waggons groaned under the weight of the wines and viands provided for the army. Yielding to the temptation thus thrown in their way, the officers and men gave themselves up to feasting and revelling. On the night before the battle, "*Vidisses gentem Anglorum, non angelorum, more vivencium set vino madencium, crapulam erucantium, 'Wassayl' et 'Drinkhail' plus solito intonancium; econtra Scotos silentes sanctam vigiliam ieiunio celebrantes, et amore patrie libertatis licet iniusto, tamen acri et in mortem parato estuantes.*"

After a night spent in such rioting, it was not likely that the English troops would be in a condition to exercise due precaution in the attack. Their first line consisted of "light horsemen and heavie coursers"; their second of archers and footmen; and in the third was "the king and his bishoppes and other religious." With reckless indifference the cavalry advanced against the Scottish position, which was protected by a series of pits, three feet deep, which were lightly covered over with twigs and leaves. Into these the advancing horsemen floundered, and fell easy victims to the Scottish swordsmen. Seeing the overthrow of their countrymen, the

archers attempted to retrieve the fortunes of the day, but all in vain. The Scottish cavalry charged into the broken ranks of horse and foot and completed their discomfiture. Throwing down their arms, the English fled in all directions, leaving the Scots masters of the field, and possessors of spoil such as had never before been gathered together on a battle-field in Scotland. The broken ranks of the English were followed by the remorseless enemy as far as Berwick, and Edward only escaped capture by taking temporary refuge in Dunbar.

In the preceding year Edward had, by the advice of his bishops, appointed Hugh Despenser chamberlain in the room of Gaveston. A peculiar fatality attended this office under the second Edward; and Hugh Despenser, who, when he began his duties, enjoyed anything but the royal favour, quickly gained over his weak and irresolute master an influence which exceeded that exercised by Gaveston. Even his nobles were not allowed to see the king except in the presence of the chamberlain, who often took upon himself to make answer to them, ignoring the presence of his master. With the memory of the mischief wrought by his predecessor fresh in their minds, the nobles grew restive under this new usurpation, and the vial of their wrath was filled to the brim by a piece of land jobbery, by which, under the direction of the king, Hugh Despenser became possessed of an estate in Wales, which was claimed in portions by the Earl of Hereford, Roger Mortimer, and others. In those days land was as dear to an English noble as it now is to an Irish peasant, and to be wounded on this very tender point by a man whom they re-

garded as an intriguing upstart, was more than the forbearance of the barons was capable of enduring.

At that time there was only one way of showing political disapproval, and that was by taking up arms. This course the barons adopted, and only allowed the edge of their wrath to be blunted when the Despensers, both father and son, were sent into banishment. But though less active, the malcontents maintained for a time an attitude of watchful hostility, until some of their number, losing heart, yielded their submission. To the majority a free pardon was given; but Roger Mortimer, as a ringleader of the disaffected, was sent for safe keeping to the Tower of London. There he remained for a year, until learning that he "shulde ben drawe and hongede at Londone in the morne after seint Laurence day," he determined to make an attempt to escape. In furtherance of this object, he invited the officers of the Tower to a supper, "and when thei shulde take there leve of him, a squyer that men callede Stephin, that was ful pryve with the forsaide Roger, thurgh hire counsel gaf them all suche a drinke that the leste of them slepte ii dayes and ii nightes." With the ground so effectually cleared by Stephin's "drinke," flight was easy, "and in the mene tyme he skapede awaye by water" to France. Once again, at no distant date, he was destined to find himself within the precincts of the Tower, and on that occasion no friendly Stephin saved him from being "drawne to the Elmes, and there hanged on the common gallows."

But no sooner was peace restored between the king and the barons, than the Archbishop of Canterbury and the prelates of the pro-

vince pronounced the sentence of banishment on the Despensers to be illegal, and advised the king that the exiles should be restored to their former positions. Never was evil advice more inopportunistically rendered. War was immediately declared by the barons against the king, and the nation was once again plunged into civil contests. Nothing is more noticeable in the history of this period than the mischievous interference of the bishops and clergy in non-ecclesiastical affairs, unless it be the constant failure which attended their efforts, and the consequent discredit which they brought upon their order. This is a lesson which might with advantage be taken to heart at a time like the present, when, among the more sacerdotally minded clergy, a strong inclination is manifested to interfere in political issues, to meddle with legislation, and to pronounce *ex cathedra* judgments on social matters. During the new outbreak which followed on the release of the Despensers, a violent spirit of opposition sprang up against these blind leaders of the blind, who were accused of being the authors of all the evils which were afflicting the land, and more than one bishop lost his head at the hands of the justly infuriated mob. In these troublous times Queen Isabella, whose sympathies were certainly not with the king, undertook a diplomatic mission to France, which was destined to be of momentous consequence to the realm. At the Court of her brother Philip, to whom she was accredited, were collected a number of the disaffected barons, who, rather than submit to the insolence of the Despensers and the sway of the clergy, had betaken themselves into voluntary exile. Among

these was Roger Mortimer, a man who was conspicuous for his courtly bearing, graceful figure, and insinuating speech. This man quickly attracted the notice of the queen, who chose him as her adviser, and even went the length of accepting him as her lover. The political bond of hatred towards the Despensers which united the queen and Mortimer with all ranks of the English people, served to obliterate the recollection of the relations of the guilty pair, and the desire to rid the country of a tyranny which was fast becoming unendurable was powerful enough to dissipate all sense of loyalty on the part of the people towards their sovereign, and all consciousness of the natural feeling which should have existed between the queen and the husband whom she had so cruelly wronged. By secret communications a plan of invasion was arranged by which the queen was to land with a force of Hainaulters, and was to be met by as large an army as could be raised in the country. Everything turned out level with the wish of the conspirators. The queen on her landing was met by those "Baal sacredotes," the Bishops of Lincoln, Hereford, and others, and with their assistance at once marched against the royal forces. Without a check she advanced as far as Oxford, attended by her faithful bishops, one of whom, he of Hereford, took the opportunity of her presence to make "a public sermon touching the queen's coming, and cause of the army, taking for his theme, 'My head grieveth me,' which authority he brought to such a question, that a vaine and slouthfull head ought necessarily to be taken awaie from the administration of a kingdome."

Though, when subsequently on his trial as a traitor, the bishop denied having intended any reference to the king, it was generally felt at the time, and was so interpreted by the light of subsequent events, that the sermon was designed to indicate the policy which was to be pursued towards the luckless Edward. With Hugh Despenser and a few other followers, that unhappy king fled before the enemies of his own household to the western counties, hoping to be able to escape to Ireland. But the wind being contrary, he was obliged to conceal himself in Wales, where he was captured and carried a prisoner to Kenilworth. There he was persuaded by the Bishops of Winchester and Hereford to resign his throne to his son, on condition that he should be treated with all dignity and honour. But, like King Lear, he found that he had no sooner resigned his crown than all authority and honour were taken from him. At the instigation of that "cruell woman the queen" he was removed from the custody of the Earl of Lancaster into that of Thomas of Gurney and John Maltravers, who had orders to take him to Berkeley Castle, and do with him as they listed.

"*Eduardum occidere nolite timere bonum est,*" wrote the Bishop of Hereford of him, in imitation of the ambiguous answer of an ancient oracle. His jailers were men who were quite ready to take such a hint. With wanton brutality they made him ride bareheaded on his journey westward, and offered him every kind of insult. "When he would sleepe, they would not suffer him; neither when hee was hungry would they give him such meate

as he desired, but such as he loathed." Being fearful that he might be recognised on the road, and might excite the compassion of the people, they shaved off his beard, using "cold water taken out of the ditch" for the purpose; and on arriving at the castle they lodged him in the most insanitary and inconvenient chamber, hoping, no doubt, to kill him by ill usage. But finding this method too slow for their purpose, they, on the night of the 22d September, "came rushing in upon him sodainelie, as he laie in his bed, with great and heavy featherbeds, beeing in weight as much as 15 strong men could beare, wherewith they oppressed and strangled him by smothering. Into whom also they thrust a plummets sodring yron, being made red hot."

About this time death was busy with the princes of Western Europe. Charles de Valois, the uncle of the French king, forfeited his life by conspiring against his nephew, and, according to Geoffrey le Baker's account, suffered the penalty of his crimes by being chilled to death in a cold bath, his royal rank saving him from the shame of a public execution. The following year Charles IV. of France died, and in 1329 Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, fell a victim to leprosy, a disease which had long afflicted him. The death of Bruce and the succession of his youthful son David were seized upon by Edward's advisers as affording an opportunity for drawing closer the alliance of the two kingdoms. In those days it was a common custom for royal children to be married when still infants; and the fact, therefore, that David was only five years old, and Joan of the Tower, Edward's sister, was but seven, was not con-

sidered in any way an impediment to the marriage of the young people. The advisers of David received the proposal with approval, and the children were married with becoming pomp at Berwick. At the crisis of the ceremony the child David was lifted up above the altar, and was nicknamed "drite (dirt) on auter" ever afterwards. Neither the marriage nor the treaty which accompanied it were popular in England, and the article by which Edward agreed to restore the Stone of Scone roused so general an opposition that it was never carried out.

Possibly one reason why the alliance was so distasteful to the English was that it was chiefly promoted by Roger Mortimer, Queen Isabella, and the Bishop of Hereford. In all, however, but the favour of the people, Roger Mortimer increased mightily. Not only was he supreme in the counsels of the queen, but even the king appeared, at all events outwardly, to be favourably disposed towards him. He was present at the marriage of two of his daughters, and he treated him at all times with consideration. But it is obvious that at this time Mortimer, not satisfied with the unwonted power he possessed, was scheming for the reversion of the throne in case of the death of the king without a direct heir. In such a conjuncture the existence of the Earl of Kent, the king's uncle, might very possibly have proved to be a stumbling-block in his way, and he therefore set about to remove him from his path.

Throughout history there have constantly occurred instances of the reported survival of kings and others whose deaths have been in any way surrounded with mys-

tery; and about this time there arose rumours that Edward II. was still alive and concealed in Corfe Castle. At Mortimer's instigation a circumstantial report to this effect reached the ears of the Earl of Kent, who, being desirous of solving the matter, despatched a messenger to Corfe Castle to make inquiries. On receiving a full confirmation of the report from his emissary, the earl went himself to the castle, and was definitely told by the governor, Sir John Daverill, that Edward was alive and under his keeping. Upon which the earl handed to the governor a letter addressed to the king, in which the writer professed the unabated loyalty of himself and his friends, and proposed that an attempt should be made to restore him. This was exactly what Mortimer had schemed for, and Daverill lost no time in placing the incriminating letter in the hands of his patron. With equal speed Mortimer carried it to the queen. "Now certis, Sir Roger," quoth the quene, 'hath Edmonde done so? By my fader soule,' quoth she, 'I wol bene therof avengede, if that God graunte me my life, and that in a shorte tyme.'" And she was as good as her word. She at once impeached Kent before the king at Winchester. She was, however, by no means anxious that the king should have an opportunity of hearing the earl's story from his own lips, and induced him, therefore, to send the earl at once "bifore Robert of Hamond that was coroner of the kynges householde; and he assoctied unto him Sir Roger the Mortymer." Before such a tribunal the case could have only one issue. Death by beheading was pronounced upon the prisoner. And

because the queen's command was urgent, he was taken at once outside the castle of Winchester, according to the 'Brute Chronicle,' "and ther they made a yonge fermer smyten of his hevede, for none other man durste hit done. And so deyde he ther, allas! the tyme that is to seyn, the x day of Octobre, the thirde yeer of Kyng Edwardus regne. And when the kyng wiste therof, he was wonder sory and lete enterre him atte the frere minores atte Wynchestre."

After the death of the Earl of Kent, Mortimer's pride rose with his fortunes until he "was in such glory and honour that it was without all comparison. . . . A greater route of men waited at his heeles than on the king's person; he wuld suffer the king to rise to him, and wuld walke with the king equally, step by step and cheeke by cheeke, never preferring the king, but wuld go formoste, himselfe with his officers." But he had reached his zenith. His evident desire to "usurpe the regall majestie" aroused the displeasure of the king, who had long concealed his resentment. Mortimer, however, relying on the support of Queen Isabella, and the troops which he always kept about him at Nottingham Castle, scoffed at danger, and disregarded the cold demeanour of the king. But so well known was it that those who were his enemies were more than those who were with him, that the governor of Nottingham Castle had orders to take to the queen "the keyes of the gates of the castel of Notyngham, so that no man might come nother in ne oute by nyght, but thurgh the commandement of the Mortymer." But even this precaution failed to avert the coming danger. The governor,

when sounded on the subject of arresting the queen's favourite, though unable, for the reason already given, to open the gates to the king's friends, added, "But I knowe an alec that stretcheth oute of the warde under erthe into the castel, . . . whiche alec dame Isabel the quene, ne none of hire men, ne the Mortymer, ne none of his company, knowith hit nought." Up this "alec" he led the king and his men, who seized Mortimer in a room adjoining the queen's chamber. With scant ceremony, and in spite of the queen's entreaty, "Beal fitz, beal fitz, eiez pitie de gentil Mortymer," they carried him to London and lodged him once again in the Tower. On him a more august tribunal sat than had sat on the Earl of Kent. The king and all the "grete lordes of Engelonde" assembled at Westminster to act as his judges; and for fear of the "perel that myght falle to the reaume" if he were allowed to live, they with one consent condemned him to die. On the 29th of November 1330, he expiated his crimes at the Elms, afterwards known as Tyburn, by being there hung, drawn, and quartered.

No sooner was this domestic danger successfully overcome than Philip of France stirred again the ancient enmity which had existed between the two kingdoms, and made descents on the southern coast of England.

"On the fourth of October fiftie gallies, well manned and furnished, came to South-hampton about nine of the clocke, and sacked the towne, the townsmen running away for feare. By the break of the next day they which fled, by helpe of the country thereabout, came against the pyrats and fought with them, in the which skirmish was slaine to the

number of three hundred pyrates, together with their captaine, a young souldiour, the King of Sicil's sonne. To this young man the French king had given whatsoever he got in the kingdome of England. But he being beaten downe by a certaine man of the countrey, cryed 'Rancon!' notwithstanding, the husbandman laid him on with his clubbe, till he had slaine him, speaking these words: 'Yea (quoth he) I know well enough thou art a Francon, and therefore shalt thou dye,' for he understood not his speech, neither had he any skill to take gentlemen prisoners and to keepe them for ransome."

In like manner the fleet harried the whole coast from Harwich to Plymouth. News of these outrages reached Edward when in Brabant, and he determined to exact vengeance by laying waste the neighbouring districts of France. "The kingdome of France," said a certain French cardinal, who took upon himself to advise him, "is compassed about with a threede of silke, which cannot bee broken by all the strength of the kingdome of England." This boast was speedily to be falsified. "With banner displaid and twelve thousand men of armes," Edward rode across the frontier and put the whole country of Cambray, Tournay, Vermoden, and Landenew to the sword and flame. "Sir, doth not this silken threede, wherewith Fraunce is compassed, seeme to you to be broken?" said Geoffrey, Lord Scrope, to the gasconading cardinal as he showed him the whole country in a blaze. The invasion brought the French king into the field, who sent a challenge to Edward to meet in battle on a given day. Nothing loath, Edward accepted the challenge and prepared for the contest; but when the appointed morning broke, the French army had dis-

appeared with the dew, leaving Edward in possession of the chosen ground. For this hasty retreat, Philip found it necessary to put forward four reasons. "It was a Friday." "His army had marched five leagues." "His troops had neither eaten nor drunk the whole day." "The English were so posted as to make it difficult to get at them." To these lame and impotent excuses the King of Naples added yet another plea, "The stars were unpropitious."

Flushed with his bloodless victory, and at the instigation of the Flemings, Edward revoked the former homage which he had paid to the French crown as Duke of Guienne, and assumed the title of King of France, to which dignity he had always laid claim through his mother Isabella, the daughter of Philip the Fair. This assumption was not likely to mitigate the hostility of the French, who had also been wounded in their military pride by the retreat of their king before the English hosts, and they at once prepared a fleet which was to prevent Edward, who had returned to England, from rejoining his allies in Flanders. Sluys was the port chosen for the assembly of the combined Spanish and French fleets; and on the Feast of St John the Baptist the English ships were seen sailing down from the west on the combined navies. When in full sight of the enemy, the English fleet went about and stood away to the north-west, so as to get the advantage of both wind and sun for the attack. "Post horam nonam," says Baker, "quando habuit ventum et solem a tergo et impetum fluminis secum," the English ships closed with the French and Spanish navies. Historians have gene-

rally understood "*horam nonam*" to mean nine o'clock; but it is obvious that as the English ships came from the westward, the sun could not have been at their backs at nine o'clock in the morning, and Mr Thompson's suggestion that the words mean noon is therefore doubtless correct. The tide at Sluys was high on the day of the battle at 11.23 A.M., and the expression used by Edward in a letter to his son, describing the engagement as having begun "*bien apres heure de nonne a la tyde*," confirms Mr Thompson's reading.

At the onset "the whole fleet gave a terrible shout, and a shower of arrows out of long wooden bowes so powred down on the Frenchmen that thousands were slaine in that meeting. At length they closed and came to hand blowes with pikes, polaxes, and swordes; and some threw stones from the toppes of shippes, wherewith many were brained." The battle lasted until evening, when darkness and fatigue put an end to the fighting. The discomfiture of the French was complete. Two hundred and thirty ships were taken, and 25,000 Frenchmen were slain or drowned. So crushing was the defeat that the French Ministers were afraid to acquaint Philip with the disaster, and it was left to the Court jester to be the bearer of the evil tidings. "A battle has been fought, and the English have proved themselves cowards," said the buffoon. "In what way?" asked the king. "They had not the courage," answered the fool, "to leap into the sea like the French and Normans."

Crowned with laurels, Edward went on a pilgrimage to the church of Aardenburg to return thanks for his victory, and then once more took the field. In the true spirit

of the time, he proposed to Philip that they should submit their quarrel to the arbitrament of single combat. But Philip, who seemed neither to like to risk his army nor his own person, declined the challenge, and Edward returned to England after an exceptionally stormy passage. In the words of the 'Brute Chronicle':—

"In the hie see come the moost mysshapyn stormys and tempestes; thondres and lyghttynyngefell uppon hym in the see, in so moche that it was said that it was done, made, and araysed throgh evelle spretes, and made by sorcerye and nigramancye of thaim of Fraunce. Wherefore the kynges hert was full of sorowe and anguysshe, waylyng, and sykeyng, and said to our lady on this wyse, kneleyng uppon hys kneis: 'O blessed lady, saynt Marie, what is the cause that ever more in my going in to Fraunce alle maner thinges fallen to me joyfull and lykyng and glad-some; and now I wold have thaim, I may not, but whene I turne in to Englonde warde alle my thinges fallen unprofiteable and harmefull unto me? Bot, dere lady, now mercye.'"

Fortunately his prayer was heard, and he lived to land on English shores, and once more to prepare a fresh force with which again to cross the Channel. At first it appeared as though this new campaign would prove as futile as the former one. The two armies constantly approached one another, but never met. As Edward advanced, Philip retreated; and even the destruction of the suburbs of Paris by the English failed to entice the French into the field. Philip's Fabian policy was obviously a wise one. While Edward was advancing further and further from his supports, with gradually diminishing numbers, the French king was collecting and multiplying his forces with the intention of crushing with one blow his

adventurous enemy. When, however, week after week had passed away and Philip still refused battle, the danger of the isolated position of the English army became painfully apparent, and Edward determined to withdraw northwards. But just as an animal retreats when a beast he fears faces him, and follows at his heels the instant he turns his back, so the French were no sooner aware that the English were retiring than they marched in pursuit.

It was now Edward's turn to avoid battle, and with all possible expedition he moved towards the river Somme. But on arriving at the southern bank he found all the bridges either destroyed or guarded, and the fords strongly fortified against him. His position was now one of imminent peril. In his rear were the advancing forces of Philip, numbering 100,000 men, and in front was the broad stream of the Somme, which was unguarded only where it was supposed to be impassable. It so chanced, however, that a peasant named Gobin Agace offered for a reward to show the king a place in the estuary of the river where, at low tide, a crossing might be effected. Thither the king went, but was disappointed to find a considerable force in occupation of the northern shore. This was one of those occasions when the only choice lies between evils. To have hesitated would have been to have been lost, and Edward determined to run the lesser risk of forcing a passage. At the head of his troops he plunged into the water, and, after a desperate encounter in the stream, which was afterwards maintained on the northern bank, he defeated the enemy, and brought his army across in safety. When told of this defeat, Philip uttered the ex-

clamation, the latest echo of which has scarcely died out from our ears, "We are betrayed." With a certain resemblance in the later details, which justified the old historians in likening Edward's crossing of the Somme to the passage of the children of Israel over the Red Sea, no sooner had the feet of the last English soldier touched the northern shore than the vanguard of Philip's army appeared on the southern bank. The tide also, which had ebbed when Edward fought his way through the stream, was then flowing to the flood, and Philip, unable to wade through, was compelled to return to the bridge at Abbeville.

Meanwhile Edward continued his advance, and on the 24th August 1346, he took up a position "*sub foresta de Cressy*." On the morning of the 26th the van of the French army appeared in sight, wayworn and weary. The English, on the contrary, had been refreshed by rest, and were occupying a vantage-ground in the raised open field. There the army stood divided into three divisions, the centre commanded by the Black Prince, the left by the Earls of Arundel and Northampton, and the right by the king. The French advanced to the attack in some confusion, which was increased by the hasty retreat of the advance-guard, consisting of Genoese bowmen. The flight of these mercenaries threw the rear ranks into temporary disorder; but recovering their formation, they directed their main attack on the central division. For a time this part of the English position was in considerable danger, and the Black Prince at one juncture found it necessary to apply to his father for succour. A detachment of knights supplied the required help, and after many hours'

desperate fighting the French were completely routed. Horse and foot fled in the wildest confusion, and the English were left masters of the field. It is said that for the first time in European history cannons were used in this battle, and that the victory of the English was partly to be attributed to the employment of these weapons. But even the skies fought in their favour. At the outset of the battle a sudden storm of rain raged over the field, rendering the bowstrings of the Genoese useless, while the covered bows of the English escaped all injury. Against these influences even the sacred oriflamme, which, since its first use as a national banner in 1119, had invariably turned back the adverse tide of war, fluttered in vain over the French hosts. Philip fled with his discomfited soldiers, but not all those who fought under his banners were so careful of their safety. When the blind King of Bohemia was told that all was lost, he ordered two squires to fasten their bridles to his own, and to lead him into the thickest of the fight. Loyally they obeyed his commands, and the three fell dead fighting fiercely. After several vicissitudes, the body of the gallant king found its way into a private museum at Treves, from which degraded position it was rescued by the King of Prussia in 1872, and deposited at Castel, near Saarburg, where it now lies.

From the victorious field of Crecy, Edward advanced to the siege of Calais. The town was far too strong to be taken by assault, and the more wearisome measure of starving out the garrison had to be resorted to. So long as endurance was possible, the commandant held out; but the time came when he was compelled

to yield, and even to accept the condition, which has been presented on thousands of canvases, that six of the principal burgesses should come to Edward's camp carrying the keys of the city in their hands, bareheaded and barefooted, and with ropes about their necks.

Never probably in the history of England has there been two years more laden with victories in the field than 1346 and 1347. A triumphantly successful campaign in France, ending in the victory of Crecy and the capture of Calais; repeated victories over the Scots, and the leading away into captivity of David, King of Scotland, and Charles de Blois, besides a host of other notable prisoners, represent achievements which can rarely have been equalled in so short a space of time. But, as though to check the national pride, a dire misfortune was destined to overtake the country.

The Plague, which had its origin "amongst the East Indians and Tartarians," advanced over Europe in 1347 and 1348, and finally reached our shores in the spring of the last-named year. Though it travelled slowly through the country, it counted its victims by thousands, and according to the best authorities from one-third to one-half of the population of the country perished. Three Archbishops of Canterbury died plague-stricken in one year, and under the site of the present Charterhouse 50,000 victims of the pestilence were buried.

But neither this awful visitation nor the campaign of 1347 put an end to the strife between the two nations, and though the war was carried on with varying success, the balance of advantage was beyond question on the side of the

English. The strong castle of Guignes, among other fortresses, passed to the English crown in a way which reads like a chapter of a romance. An English prisoner who was employed in repairing the walls, "*cujusdam lotricis fedis amplexibus associatus*," learned from this Rahab that "from the bottome of the (city) ditch, there was a wall made of two foote broade, stretching from the rampiers to the brimme of the ditch within forth, so that, being covered with water, it could not be seen, but not so drowned but that a man going aloft thereon should not be wet past the knees, it being made for the use of fishers." Under cover of night the soldier passed in safety along this wall to the English camp, and returning with thirty men, led them into the town by the same passage, and "wan all the fortresses of the castle" before the townspeople knew "what had happened to them within the castle."

A truce soon followed, during which an incident occurred which is strangely illustrative of the state of society at the time, and of the prestige which English valour had established over the minds of Frenchmen. While the Duke of Lancaster was taking part in an expedition against "the heathens" in Prussia, Otto, Duke of Brunswick, laid a plot to take him prisoner. When accused of this unknighly scheme, Otto denied it vehemently, and charged the Duke of Lancaster with lying. A challenge followed, when it was agreed that the duel should be fought out in the presence of the King of France. On a fixed day the lists were formed at Paris, and the king and his nobles being present, the Duke of Lancaster appeared ready and willing to put the matter to the hazard.

"On the contrary part, the said Otto scarcely was set on his horse, and was not able decently to set on his helmet nor to weelde his speare (or else he fayned), whose unableness being perceived by the French king, the King of Navarre, and others, the king took the quarrel into his own hands; whereupon Otto was commanded first to depart the lists, and so went his way, but the duke abode still within them."

Both combatants were bound over to keep the peace, an unnecessary precaution so far as one was concerned, and the Duke of Lancaster, in recognition of his knightly bearing, was loaded with favours by the king. On taking his leave, Philip would have presented him with a casket of jewels, but "*nil horum voluit nisi solam spinam quæ fuerat de corona Jesu Christi*," and with this he departed.

The short-lived truce which made this incident possible was, however, no sooner over, than "grim-visaged" war again showed its front in the fairest fields of France. King Edward once again led an army into the northern provinces, while the Black Prince was commissioned to reassert his father's supremacy over the Duchy of Guienne. It is difficult to read the account of this expedition without a feeling of horror. No one who has visited the valley of the Garonne, and the districts watered by its affluents, can fail to have been struck by the beauty of the scenery, the fertility of the soil, the happy industry of the people, and the quiet prosperity of the towns. In this favoured region Nature has been lavish with her gifts. The choicest fruits and flowers grow in almost tropical profusion, and corn yields abundant harvests to the farmers. Such was also the state of the Duchy when the Black Prince

landed at Bordeaux, and advanced inland to fulfil his commission. In those days armies marched without commissariat and without hospitals. War was made to support war with a vengeance, and the Black Prince probably did only what every commander similarly placed would have done, when he burnt and destroyed cities, and laid waste whole districts which had formerly blossomed as the rose. Mr Thompson has for the first time successfully traced the line of march pursued on this inroad, and the frequency of such entries as "three neighbouring towns burnt," "capture and destruction of Galiar," "Plaisance burnt," &c., makes us content ourselves with the statement that the army marched from Bordeaux to Narbonne on the Gulf of Lions and back. The spoils accumulated were enormous, full licence having been given to the soldiers to take what they could keep.

Flushed with victory, the prince determined to march across France to join the king, and for a time there appeared to be every probability of his being able to carry out his intention. Without encountering any serious opposition, he advanced as far as the Loire, where he learnt that King John of France was marching to oppose him with a force of 60,000 men. To have encountered such an army with his small following of 7000 men, in the midst of an enemy's country, would have been an act of madness, and he therefore purposed to retreat with all speed to Guienne. But the rapidity of John's movements defeated the plan. For three days the two armies marched southwards on converging lines, and came within striking distance in the neighbourhood of Poitiers.

A battle having just become inevitable, the Black Prince drew up his army in array on the 19th September 1356. "The vaward of the armie he committed to the Earles of Warwicke and Oxford, the middle ward was guided by the Prince, and the rereward was led by the Earles of Salisburie and Suffolke." A long hedge and ditch which skirted the plateau where the English were posted, and followed the slope of the hill into the valley below, separated the French from the 1st and 3d divisions of the English army, while the prince's division was posted on a hill on the right front. The 1st division was drawn up on the slope of the hill and on the left, the 3d division was posted within reach of a gap in the upper part of the hedge. Baker's mention of this gap is important, and explains the commonly accepted error that the battle was a mere struggle in a deep lane.

The French attack opened with the advance of the cavalry, a division of which made for the gap, with the intention of taking Warwick in rear. There, however, it was confronted by Salisbury's troops, and was compelled to retreat before the arrows of the English bowmen. On the repulse of the cavalry, the Dauphin's division was ordered to attack. "Apparatus hujus aciei," says Baker, "fuit terribilior atque veemencior quam facies belli primitus repressi." With shouts of "St Denis for us!" they charged against the English ranks with a weight and fierceness which for a moment shook the English line. Hand to hand and steel to steel the men on both sides fought desperately. At length the Frenchmen began to waver, and finally turned and ran, pursued by the English, who "slue

them like as the wolves chase and kill sheep." According to the French historians, this rout was "non fugam sed pulchram retraccionem"!!

The discomfiture of the Dauphin's division seems to have exercised so terrifying an influence on the division commanded by the Duke of Orleans that it was never engaged, and marched off the field without striking a blow. But it was otherwise with the troops commanded by the king. Having bound himself by an oath that he would not leave the field unless he were taken or slain, he led his men against the English, who, having already sustained an unequal contest for hours, were faint and weary with the strife. Manfully, however, they met the onslaught of the enemy, and though the advantage of both numbers and condition was in favour of the French, the sturdy valour of the English prevailed.

"Then bestirreth himself the worthy Prince of Wales, cutting and hewing the Frenchmen with a sharpe sword," and "at length thrusteth thorow the throngs of them that guarded the French king. Then should you see an antient beginne to nod and stumble, the bearers of them to fall downe: the blood of slaves and princes ran mingled together into the waters which were nigh. In like manner the bore of Cornewall rageth, who seeketh to have none other way to the French king's standard than by blood onely: but, when they were come there, they met with a company of stoute men to withstand them. The Englishmen fight, the Frenchmen also lay on, but at length, Fortune making haste to turne her wheele, the prince preaseth forward on his enemies, and, like a fierce lion beating downe the proud, he came to the yeelding up of the French king."

With the king was taken his

son, and a host also of knights and nobles. Of the rest, 2800 men were slain, and the remainder were scattered in flight. Thus was inflicted on the French a defeat to which, for completeness and for the consequences arising from it, Waterloo and Sedan are alone comparable. Loaded with honours, the Black Prince, with "those few, those happy few" who had shared in his triumph, returned to Bordeaux, from which port he sailed with his captives to England.

Here Baker's Chronicle comes to an end, and there could not be found a more fitting closing scene to a historical drama than the account of so signal a victory. But the interest attaching to the Chronicle is not confined to its record of political crises and strik-

ing incidents. It takes the reader behind the scenes. It initiates him into the secret springs of Court intrigues and councils. It discovers to him the true motives of political adventurers and of meddling ecclesiastics; and it echoes in his ears the pæans of triumph from many a hard-fought field. Succeeding historians have drawn largely on its pages for the principal events of the period; but they have too often passed unheeded by those details and light touches which are essential to the right understanding of history. These are carefully illustrated by Mr Thompson, whose notes, which are full and accurate, supply an effective atmosphere and background to the picture which Baker painted with such vividness and force five hundred years ago.

AN INDIAN RING.

BUNKUMPORE is a big and important Indian station, with its English troops and its native troops, its general and his staff, its Resident, its magistrates, and other varieties of officialdom ; its Maharajah, with his Court and administration ; and last, not least in interest to the English society, its race-course and training-stables. The annual race week is one of its oldest and most important institutions. Many horses then come from the other Presidencies, bringing owners, trainers, and jockeys in their suite. The talk of the male portion of the community at that season becomes very distinctly based on the 'Indian Turf Guide' ; while the whole attention of the softer sex is devoted to devising the variety of toilet necessary to an effective appearance in the grand stand.

It is curious how at this particular time the consciences of all the great Panjandrums, who live in the hills, prick them into visiting and inspecting such portions of their departments as are located in Bunkumpore. The Panjandrums are kind and considerate, however, and the real business of the week is never interfered with. An off day or an unoccupied hour or two in the morning is found sufficient for the official business, and the Panjandrums see more of their subordinates at the race-course and the allied dinners and balls than anywhere else.

It was an off day nearly at the end of this festive period—in fact we had only one more day's racing before us—when a very distinguished officer having expressed a wish to see the gallant —th Hussars on parade, our colonel had

treated us for his benefit to a bucketing field-day, in the course of which we had executed many manœuvres, more or less satisfactorily, on the dusty and broken plain devoted to the instruction of the troops quartered in the station.

My part in the morning's proceedings had not incurred any of our commanding officer's choicest flowers of speech, and—except that I had been told in a grim undertone, when the distinguished visitor was out of earshot, that my method of commanding a squadron was like that of an old woman driving an apple-cart, a form of address so comparatively mild that I took it as a compliment rather than otherwise—I had escaped the somewhat severe criticism which not unfrequently followed my most strenuous efforts to show myself an incipient cavalry general.

I had breakfasted copiously and comfortably with my cheery brother officers at the mess, and was subsequently occupying a long chair in the cool verandah of my bungalow, clad in the lightest of shirts and pyjamas, smoking the Trichy of digestion and repose, and preparing to read leisurely the pile of newspapers which had just arrived from England.

The sun was as yet unable to dart its rays through the thick foliage and gorgeously coloured blooms of the creepers which spread over the roof of the bungalow, and twined in many knotted tendrils round the pillars of the verandah. The stillness of the coming heat was gradually settling over the compound, where a couple of lean bullocks, released from their water-cart labours, were lazily chewing the cud, and ineffectually flapping

with their tails at the flies which buzzed about them, and whose most serious enemy was the pert-looking king-crow, which had taken his perch on the most prominent bone of one bullock's back, and from time to time pecked at the wretched animal's persecutors. Two honey-birds gyrated lovingly round my favourite rose-bush; and a lizard, nondescript in colour, scuffled backwards and forwards in an aimless manner across the *chunam* floor of the verandah.

I had torn the wrapper off a copy of our old county newspaper, and before plunging into that record of justices' justice and the doings of my native Little Peddlington, had dropped off into that drowsy state, which so often and so easily comes to those who have been bumping for three or four hours of an Indian morning on a roughish horse, buckled with spur, sword, and paraphernalia of war.

"Salaam, sahib," from a mild and insinuating voice, made me start to consciousness, whose first effort was to restore light to my cigar with two or three vigorous whiffs.

It was a native pedlar, a *boxwallah*, whose noiseless approach had brought him *vis-à-vis* to me thus suddenly. It is one of the nuisances of Indian life that, when you think yourself most alone, the soft footfall and stealthy movement of the native brings him upon you unawares, and very often when he is least wanted.

"Go away: I don't want anything to-day." I knew the usual wares which *boxwallahs* produce, and did not feel inclined to be bored by seeing my verandah littered with sandal-wood boxes, dress stuffs embroidered with green beetles' scales, indifferent Chudder shawls, and Cashmere

goods. I had been sufficiently long in India to have got over the first inclination of the Englishman to buy everything oriental that he sees, and I had quite realised that all Indian wares can be procured of better quality and much cheaper in Regent Street than in Bunkumpore.

"Go away," I repeated. "Go to Skeffington Sahib's bungalow, if you want to sell anything." I knew that Skeffy, having only just joined from the depot, was in the acquisitive stage, and I trusted that I might be left in peace.

But my man was pertinacious. "I very nice joolry got, master. Master only looking. I never seeing master before. Plenty people telling me master very clever gentleman. My name Luchmun, master. Please look at *chits* I got." And, so saying, he thrust into my hands the usual bundle of half-sheets of note-paper, each saying that Commissioner this, or General that, or Mrs the other, had had dealings with one Luchmun, and found him honest and straightforward in his business.

While I was looking at these, and thinking that they reminded me of the persuasions of the fox that had lost his tail to others to follow his example, the pedlar had beckoned to him a small bright-eyed boy, who carried on his head a shapeless bundle, swathed in many folds of linen cloth. This, with a rapid manipulation of its various and intricate knots, he opened at my side, and produced many boxes, which he ranged round him as he squatted on his heels, and prepared himself to make good the inroad which he had effected on my *dolce far niente*.

There was no chance of getting rid of him except by the slow process of seeing his things, crab-

bing them all successively, and, if possible, hurting his feelings about their value so much that he would take them and himself away. This ought to be an easy matter, it seemed to me. I certainly did not want any silver-work or jewellery, and if I did, the —th had their pet artisan in the Silver Street of the local bazaar, who would provide anything that was required, and who knew full well how dangerous to his business it would be to sell anything to his military customers that was not of the best material and reasonably good workmanship. As the indefatigable Hindoo, therefore, opened case after case, and unwound wrapper after wrapper, I remained unmoved in my chair. Bangles, Cutch work, Cashmere tea-cups, Tanjore trays, everything in succession, only evoked the most contemptuous disapproval I could produce, and I began really to think that my friend would soon see the waste of time that he was perpetrating, and would move on to a more hopeful place of commerce.

"Master very difficult gentleman to please. Never see such bootiful joolry as Luchmun got. See here, master, I going to show something master never seen before." And plunging his hand into the voluminous folds at the bosom of his garment, he produced a small card-board box, and opening it, disclosed a very English-looking ordinary gold gipsy ring, set with two rubies.

Even my untaught eye could tell that, whatever the ring might be worth, the stones themselves were undoubtedly fine ones, of a deep rich colour, well cut, and of a brilliancy that told of the absence of flaw or blemish. As the dealer held up the ring so that the light fell favourably on the gems, their

lustre seemed to fix itself on me, and to follow every movement, like that of two living red eyes glaring on the scene.

The stones were really fascinating in their ruddy brightness, and it was impossible not to yield to the wish to handle them and examine their beauties. I took the ring from the pedlar and looked at it closely. The ring itself, as I had seen when it was first produced, was of a common English pattern, but of native make, and in no way remarkable. The stones, however, were undoubtedly very good, and, though not large, of singular beauty and purity. It was evident that the ring was of considerable value, and it was hardly with any idea of being a purchaser that I asked its price.

"That very bootiful ring, master, very bootiful ruby stones. These stones coming from Burmah country. Oh! plenty gentlemen asking Luchmun to sell them, but Luchmun keeping for master to see."

"You old humbug," I said, "don't tell me any of that nonsense! You've not been able to sell the ring yet. How many rupees do you want for it?"

"Oh, Luchmun very good man—very honest man. If master this time pleased, perhaps sending for Luchmun and buying more joolry. Suppose master give Rs. 100 for that ring."

I was rather staggered at the extreme moderation of the demand. If Rs. 500 had been asked, I should have thought the price, though beyond my resources, not by any means out of the way, judging from the prices which I had seen set on gems in England which were apparently no finer than those before me.

Could the never-expected mo-

ment have arrived when I was to distinguish myself by getting the better of a Hindoo jeweller at his own trade, and was I to have the chance of avenging myself, once for all, for the many occasions on which I felt that I had paid many times their value for articles which I had bought from plausible orientals?

I had learned one lesson in previous traffic, however—never to give all that you are asked in India for anything. “Come, Luchmun, it’s a nice ring, and the stones are pretty. I don’t mind giving you Rs. 80.”

“No, master, that not good business. I very poor man. Suppose master wanting ring, giving Rs. 95.”

The acquisitive spirit was upon me by this time in earnest, strengthened by the belief that I was in for a real good thing, so, after long chaffering, the ring eventually became mine at Rs. 90.

After the bargain was concluded, I thought it would be interesting to know where such fine stones came from, and I asked Luchmun where he had got them, hardly expecting that he would approximate to the truth in his answer; but the English form of setting was unlikely to have suited a native, and I wondered who the last European owner of my purchase might have been.

I was astonished at the promptness of the reply. “Please, master, I done buy that ring at Maxwell Sahib’s sale in Madas.” I remembered seeing something in the ‘Madras Mail’ a month ago about a Mr Maxwell, a merchant who had failed after some disastrously unfortunate speculations, and had been found lying in his house on the Adyar with his throat cut and a bloody razor grasped in his hand.

Poor fellow! and so this was his ring. And as I looked at it, somehow the rubies seemed to have borrowed some of their colour from the blood of the ill-fated merchant.

With many salaams the *boxwallah* collected his goods and departed, and I laid my ring on the little table at my side, while I relapsed into my interrupted study of English news.

An hour later my native butler came to say, “Master’s bath ready,” when his eye caught the sparkle of the jewels. He took up the ring, and looking at it, said inquiringly, “Master done buy this ring? Master going to keep?”

“Certainly, Ramasawmy; why not?”

“This bad ring, master; please not to keep. This bringing master bad luck.”

I had often heard that in this great Eastern land, which is occupied and ruled by a few thousands of the white race from far over the sea, and the private feelings of whose seething populations of many millions are really as much unknown to their rulers as those of people in another planet, there are many superstitious beliefs, and possibly some uncanny knowledge; but I had never heard any ill influence attributed to jewellery or ornament. Still it was interesting to ask about a matter on which my servant was so earnest.

“How do you know this ring is unlucky, Ramasawmy?”

“I hear talk about it in bazaar. Many people saying *boxwallah* never doing any business while keeping it. Master buying very cheap?”

“Well, I did not give much for it certainly; but I daresay Luchmun made his profit.”

“Luchmun this time making no

profit. Please, master, to throw away that ring. If master keeping he will be very sorry."

"Throw it away, Ramasawmy. Nonsense. You'd go and pick it up pretty quickly if I did." I thought the whole idea of ill luck attaching to a particular article was a piece of some childish Hindu superstition, and rather congratulated myself on being shrewd and lucky enough to profit by the depreciation in value of some good stones brought about by empty bazaar gossip.

"Then master will find bad luck soon. In two, three days' time master will know that I speak true word." And with this parting shot my butler left me to perform the mid-day toilet of Indian life.

I have said that the following day was to be the last of the Bunkumpore meeting. The great feature would be the race for the Maharajah's Cup, value Rs. 1000, one and a quarter mile, weight for age and class. For this I had entered a five-year-old Waler, which we had tried to be very good indeed, and which, for some months past, had been in training in the best training-stable in the station. Day after day had I been on the race-course before dawn to see Rufus have his gallops. Day after day he seemed to go stronger and better, and as I had secured the services of about the best, and certainly the honestest and most trustworthy jockey in India to ride him, I had a very reasonable hope that I would pull off the event, and add another to the many regimental trophies that glittered on the —th's mess-table. Thirteen horses were entered for the race, but of these only about six would start, and our trials made Rufus better than all of them, with the

exception of a horse belonging to a Greek merchant in Calcutta, about which we could get no reliable information, but which presumably was pretty good, or it would not have been sent to compete so far from home.

This horse had been entered as a four-year-old, and, as neither of them carried any penalties, would therefore carry 4 lb. less than Rufus. Its owner was not much known in the Indian racing world, but he was generally supposed to have all the sharpness of his countrymen, and to be by no means above taking any advantage on the turf which circumstances might place within his reach.

The lotteries on the next day's racing were to be held on the afternoon of the day on which my story opens, and I went to attend them, partly to put a modest sum on my horse's chance for the cup, but really more to hear the gossip of the week, and to meet the many friends who would be sure to gather at such a popular assembly.

I daresay most of my readers know that, in India, the lotteries which are held upon races take the place of the method in which betting is practised at home. I need not enlarge on the *modus operandi* of the system; but I need only say that it offers a very fine and sufficiently uncertain field for speculation, and that large sums may be thus won or lost quite as easily as by bookmaking in England.

The company were gathered in the room where the lotteries were held, a very mixed society, soldiers, civilians, owners, trainers, jockeys, high officials, and gentlemen of very doubtful character, some sitting, some standing round a long table, and all very busy with pencils and note-books.

"The next lottery is the Maha-

rajah's Cup," was announced as I entered.

"Ah, Wilmot, you're just in time to put your money on your own horse," said one of our majors, making room for me. "The lotteries on the other races have been very mild: the Calcutta people have been lying by, and I expect they are going to pile everything on Songster."

"All right, major; but I'm not going to do much. I shall only have enough on to show that my horse is meant."

"Well, a chap with a swagger ring like that looks like money, and you'll find you'll have to buy your chance pretty dear."

I glanced at my hand, on which my new purchase was sparkling, and it did undoubtedly look rather magnificent. The foolish thought came into my head that, perhaps, as I had bested a Hindoo *box-wallah* in a bargain, I might be able to get the better of the Calcutta Greek on the turf.

I am ashamed to tell the story of my weakness, but, before the lotteries closed, I had backed my horse for nearly Rs. 5000. My chance was apparently good enough, but I ought to have remembered, before it was too late, that a man is an ass who risks a crippling loss, when he has against him not only the possibility of ordinary racing casualties, but also the many combinations that astute and not too scrupulous men may carry out in an institution which nourishes as many black sheep as does the Indian turf. All that night and the following forenoon, if I did not actually repent of my gamble, I did not feel very proud of my rashness, and wished myself well out of its consequences.

Racing in India, even in a comparatively cool station like Bunkumpore, is not an amusement

that can be enjoyed in the middle of the day, and moreover, all the officials—judge, starter, clerk of the course, &c.—are soldiers or other amateurs, who have their daily private duty or business to get through. The sport never begins, therefore, till 4 P.M. at the earliest, and even then the sun is sufficiently powerful to make early comers arm themselves with sun-hats and white umbrellas, and there are frequent complaints that the judge has been detained unduly in his office, or that some other equally necessary person has not been able to get away from duty as early as was expected.

The brake of the —th started from the mess bungalow at three, carrying a large proportion of the regimental race-goers, many of whom showed that they were going to perform in the pigskin by the business-like cutting whips tucked under their arms, and the bags of racing kit which they stowed in the boot.

The road to the course was lively with all the various and eccentric conveyances to be found in an Indian station, and the equally diversified foot-passengers. Phaetons, buggies, *tongas*, bullock-carts, turbaned natives, smart dragoons, sturdy artillerymen, and disreputable European loafers, surged and jostled in ever-rising clouds of white dust. As we approached the course there were the usual loathly fakirs with carpets spread in front of them clamouring for alms, the beggars displaying their sores, the sellers of native sweetmeats with their fly-blown wares, and the motley many-coloured crowd which gathers in the East at any scene of excitement.

The native police kept the road clear with difficulty, and if man, woman, or child started at the

blast of our coach-horn, warning them to get out of the way, it was even betting that they ran exactly where they were least expected, and did their utmost to immolate themselves under the feet of our team.

We arrived at the gate of the grand stand, and our party separated on their various quests, some to dress and weigh for the first race, some to do a little business at the *pari-mutuel*, and some to speculate in gloves with the fair ones of society. I went off quietly to have a final look at Rufus, and ascertain whether trainer and jockey still felt confident of winning. The horse was in some temporary stables near the paddock, and though nearly covered up with light clothing, his kind eye looked bright and clear, and there was a bloom on his coat, wherever it could be seen, which told of health and condition.

The trainer was with him, and was passing his practised hand lightly over the horse's legs and sinews, making sure that, even at the last minute, nothing had gone amiss. He raised his head as I came into the stable.

"He's all right, Captain Wilmot; we'll pull it off to-day for certain, bar accidents. That Calcutta horse is the only dangerous one of the lot; but I had a squint at him when he was cantering yesterday morning, and I don't think he can quite beat us, though he may give us a little trouble. I'll tell Tom Ainslie he need not pay attention to any of the others, but just keep his eye on Songster, and he'll beat him from the distance home, if he does not do it before."

This was reassuring after my big investment on the race, which lay a little heavy on my mind, and I strolled back to the stand, thinking what a good time I would

have if Rufus fulfilled the trainer's hopes. The company had pretty well all arrived, and I was just in time to see the Maharajah drive up, attended by an escort of the cavalry of his State, and to take my place among the group which were standing, hat in hand, to receive royalty.

Although the Bunkumpore meeting is not Epsom or Ascot, it is very smart for India; and many of the ladies make their appearance in a get-up which would be creditable anywhere, and which tells a tale of recently arrived boxes from Mrs Mason, Doucet, or Kate Reily. Then everybody is known to everybody else, by sight at any rate, so there is an infinite personal interest in every detail, which is not to be found in the gigantic gatherings at an English race meeting.

The upper part of the race stand is divided by a railing into two parts, one of which is occupied by the Maharajah, the Resident, the most distinguished visitors, and some of the bell-wethers of Bunkumpore society. The other contains the rank and file, but even here there are gradations of precedence; and while the ladies who stand most upon their dignity secure seats as near the royal enclosure as possible, those who are less important, or have less confidence, gather towards the other end, where, indeed, they have the best view of the racing, and generally succeed in having the best fun.

One of the smartest of the smart in the station was a certain Mrs Fortescue, who, after the demise of an old, and, according to all accounts, a by-no-means-to-be-regretted husband, had come to Bunkumpore to superintend the establishment of her bachelor brother, the remarkably well-paid chief-justice of the native State. Still

young and very good-looking, she had swooped down on the local circles as a social free-lance, had utterly ruined and shattered many old standing devotions, and had enrolled the male devotees among her own personal followers. Once attached to Mrs Fortescue's train, she did not easily lose her hold on a worshipper, fascinating some by her wit, some by her beauty, and some by her genuine kindness and good-nature. And that she really was fascinating and kind-hearted was proved by her popularity with women as well as with men; for, except among those whose standards she had lowered—who were certainly bitter enough against her—no one was more sought after as a friend by matron and maid.

Like every one else, I had fallen a victim to her attractions, and, after having been for some months on the best of terms with her, I was now supposed, I presume on account of length of service, to be among her prime favourites, and I had, no doubt, quite my fair share of her countenance and her smiles. Of course I had been freely chaffed in the regiment about my constant attendance on the charming widow; but chaff made little impression, as I knew that my devotion was not of a very absorbing character, and though I believed she liked me well enough, I was not sufficiently conceited to think that she looked upon our intimacy, however *prononcé* it might appear to the outside world, as more than a very strong Indian flirtation. She had taken up a strong position in the stand, with her back against one of the pillars, and was, as usual, the centre of a very lively group, which was occupied in getting up a series of mild sweepstakes on the day's racing.

For a month past, I must now

confess that I had felt quite a different kind of interest in another quarter. The wife and niece of the senior partner in Clover & Co., the shipping and general agency firm in Bombay, had come for change of air to Bunkumpore, and I had met them frequently. The aunt was not very interesting, but the niece was charming. All the bloom and freshness of a late arrival from England in her face, all the sweetness of an innocent and unsophisticated English girl in her manner, and all the grace and culture of an English home in her mind, made her very different from most of the spinsters of the station, whose very accentuated habits and rather free conversation might be amusing, but were hardly permanently attractive.

Mrs Fortescue had taken the two ladies under her protection since their arrival, and they were now with her party, settling themselves down to make the most of the day's pleasure and excitement.

I was quite sure that Mrs Fortescue was sufficiently sharp to have detected that I was *épris* with Kitty Clover, and I thought I traced a little malice in the way she called to me, and said, "Now, Captain Wilmot, you must give me some of your valuable time. Everybody tells me that you think your horse is going to win the Maharajah's Cup, and you must tell me if it is true, and whether I may safely back it to win. I don't want to have to wear cleaned gloves for the rest of the year."

"I think Rufus has a pretty good chance," I replied; "but there is nothing certain in racing, and I hope you have something better to depend on for your supply of gloves."

"Oh! old women like me have to look after every chance pretty carefully. I'm not like Miss

Clover, who has all the world before her, and indeed" (this *sotto voce*) "has it, I think, at her feet already."

Mrs Fortescue was evidently in a mischievous humour, so I thought it best to "save" myself as quickly as possible, and responded energetically to an imaginary summons from a friend in the crowd below, after reminding the party that the —th had a tent in the stand enclosure, where five o'clock tea was to be found.

The first race was being run as I got into the owners' stand, away from feminine distractions; but it had little interest for me, as no regimental horses were running. Then came a handicap hurdle-race, which was run by all the most moderate screws in the station, most of which either fell or bolted, while the three that actually managed to get past the post were widely separated, though each of their riders flogged and worked his hands with all the air of performing in a close finish.

The next race was to be the Maharajah's Cup, and I spent a very excited half-hour in attending the preliminaries of Rufus's performance. I was not fool enough to attempt to give any instructions myself, but let my trainer do all the talking, though when Tom Ainslie had been jerked into the saddle, I could not help giving him a parting adjuration to do his best.

One, two, three, four, five starters, including Rufus, filed out from the paddock, and galloped down the course. Certainly, so far, I did not see anything to be afraid of, and my horse looked as if he had them all at his mercy. They were trooping down to the starting-post, and I almost hoped that the Calcutta nag had gone wrong, and been scratched at the

last minute. No such luck, however. He had been saddled quietly at some outlying stables, and I saw a big bay coming past the stand at the slowest possible pace that could be dignified by the name of a canter. Even so, however, I could see that he looked even more dangerous than I had expected; and as I caught my trainer's eye, its expression was not very reassuring.

The general, who always officiated as judge, was just stepping into his box, and said as he passed—"Holloa, Wilmot! you're looking rather pale. I hope you've not been plunging. You've got the best of the chances, and I'll look out sharp for your colours."

"Thanks, general," I replied; "I'm sure you won't let your division be beaten from carelessness in your 'look-out':" and indeed I was sure that the kind-hearted old soldier's best wishes were with me.

I got my glasses out just as a very cracked tinkle of a bell announced that a start had been made.

The field came sweeping past the stand, Rufus and the Calcutta horse lying third and fourth. Both were going very strong and well, and though their riders evidently paid more attention to each other than to the rest of the competitors, I fancied Rufus had a little the best of it. Round the end of the course, up the hill, the pace slackened a little; but the steam was put on again on the further side, and we could see that no one was losing any time. Rufus and his enemy had now only one horse in front of them, but neither seemed to have much advantage. At the last turn of the course, before they came into the straight run in, the race was lost to sight

behind some rocks; but when the horses again appeared, Rufus was leading, with the Calcutta horse about half a length behind. The remainder had been killed by the pace, and were quite out of it. At the distance Songster's rider made his effort, came level with Rufus, but no further, and the two came thundering along neck and neck. Tom Ainslie sat perfectly still, and I was sure he felt that he could shake off the other at the finish. I thought the race was as good as won, when a wretched pariah dog, excited probably by the noise, made a dash on to the course. Rufus, who was next the rails, saw him, swerved to one side, crossed his legs, and made a peck. He was in his stride again in a moment, but it was too late. He had lost nearly two lengths, and though he made a gallant struggle, and Tom Ainslie did all for him that a jockey could do, he could not get to the front in time, and the general's verdict was, "Beaten half a length."

I did feel disgusted. Such a crushing bit of ill fortune. That ill-fated dog, how I anathematized it; and I was not made more happy by Tom Ainslie saying, as I accompanied him into the paddock, "I had the race safe till the horse swerved, and even then I could have won, if we'd had another fifty yards to travel."

There was nothing to do but to look as pleasant as possible under the circumstances, and hope for better luck another time.

Evidently a whisky-and-soda was both desirable and allowable, so I made my way to our tent, whither I found everybody thronging in search of tea and gossip. The first people I encountered were Mrs Fortescue and her party; and I certainly could not com-

plain of want of sympathy with my misfortunes. "Pity is akin to love;" and though the losing a race invokes only a modified form of pity, I thought Miss Clover's expressions of sorrow had more of sincerity and feeling than her mere words conveyed. I know that I shook off my troubles tolerably successfully under her sweet influence, and passed the remainder of the afternoon with her very pleasantly indeed. Mrs Fortescue had the Adjutant-General of the Presidency army in close attendance, so I had a fair excuse for not attaching myself to her as much as usual. But she was not a woman to overlook any defection from her service which she had not directly sanctioned, and she made a most undoubted *mouse* for my benefit, as she drove away from the stand, having been carefully tucked in to her carriage by her general, while I was devoting myself to Miss Clover and her aunt.

One of the most important features of the Bunkumpore race week was the annual ball given by the European cavalry regiment at the station on the last day, by means of which we polished off all arrears of social civilities which were due from us to the local society. Neglected attendances at the very dull "at homes" given by the Burra Mem Sahibs of the cantonment, evasions of stiff dinner-parties, absence from the ladies' assemblages at the lawn-tennis ground in favour of the purely masculine delights of rackets at the club—all our social misdeeds and shortcomings of the year—were wiped out by the devotion and hospitality of this one festival; and when it was over, we were whitewashed from old sins, and started upon another

year with a renewed good character amongst the matrons and spinsters who had been entertained so freely. And even the most hypercritical person must have been forced to admit that our balls left nothing to be desired, that no essential quality was wanting, and that there was a finish about all the arrangements which could only be expected from a set of men who had unlimited supplies of the best appliances to work upon, and were little hampered by considerations of expense.

Let us in spirit squeeze ourselves in the front seat of the carriage, between the two cheery daughters, of Sir Christopher Lightbob, the much-bemedalled general commanding the division, and arrive at the scene of festivity.

As the fat Madrassee coachman turns the two slapping Australian horses off the *maidan*, down the road that leads to the mess compound, we dash between double lines of flaring torches, held high by white-clad natives, while the compound itself is quite sufficiently illuminated by many-coloured Chinese lanterns, distributed at every point where a lantern can be fixed.

At the main entrance to the mess-house, the smartest of Hussar guards of honour presents arms, while the regimental band plays a salute, and the officers of the —th, with the grizzled colonel at their head, stand ready to receive their guests. The party are greeted with much *empressement*, and the ladies are handed into an improvised bower, where two of the best-looking among the sergeants' wives superintend pins, combs, and hair-brushes, and aid in shaking out and rearranging the plumage of the fair ones.

Lady Lightbob is solemnly escorted by the colonel to a comfortable position at the end of the dancing-room, from which she can command the scene of the more active operations, and at the same time glance right and left into the adjoining rooms, which may present objects of interest to her inquiring eye. But though, from this post of vantage, she will doubtless see much in the course of the evening which will afford a theme for subsequent disquisition, it must not be supposed that all the most interesting incidents of the ball will pass before her gaze. We are not in chilly Europe, where the nights are few on which even the hardiest constitutions dare to expose themselves to the night air; but outside the mess bungalow an Asiatic moon is smiling serenely on a land where the calm soft air is scented with the warm fragrance of tropical plants, and woos with its tender kiss all who are wearied and heated with dance or revel, to enjoy its delights.

Every officer in a regiment has an equipment of two or three tents, and these are all arranged in the compound: comfortably carpeted, supplied with chairs and sofas, and just sufficiently lighted to offer the most tempting opportunities for *causeries à deux*,—opportunities which will be very freely utilised at the —th's entertainment, though, as tent walls do not offer much resistance to the passage of sound, they must be conducted in the lowest of whispers, and possibly lose none of their charm on that account.

Another rattle of presented arms and another salute tell of the Resident's arrival; and carriage after carriage — barouche, brougham, dog-cart, down to the humble bullock-gharry—discharge their loads

in quick succession. The rooms are filled, the band plays the opening bars of an initiatory waltz, and the fun begins.

Yes, the fun begins. But I don't suppose that anybody is so innocent as to think that even the best-arranged ball is all fun from beginning to end. We, at any rate, who were the entertainers, had perforce many duty dances to get through before we could relapse into idleness or venture to give ourselves up to real enjoyment with the partners whom each found most to his taste.

Besides the great official dames of local light and leading whose position claimed attention, there were many others, not very amusing or interesting in themselves, who could not be neglected by the officers of the —th in society. The Scotch surgeon—a real good fellow, to whom many of us had been indebted for assiduous attention and the tenderest sympathy—had two plain and rather dull sisters, whom we all made a point of dancing with. The daughters of the district official in the wilds of the province, who had been so kind and accommodating to the shikarris of the regiment in their expeditions after big game, had come to Bunkumpore for the race week; and though they did not shine in a ballroom, they received a far greater amount of attention than many of the local young ladies, who considered themselves much smarter and more fashionable.

Then there was a French lady—the wife of the *juge d'instruction* at one of the few remaining French settlements on the south coast—for whom much social interest had been made by the Resident, but whose insatiable curiosity and very far from polished manners had made her a *bête noire* to the officers

of the —th. On this particular occasion she distinguished herself, after inspecting our cosy arrangements for conversation in the small tents, by regretting loudly that she did not understand English—not that she did not find plenty of people who could communicate with her in her own language, but, as she said, “*Je voudrais bien entendre ce qu'on dit dans les bosquets.*”

In the early part of the evening I had done my fair share of active duty by these and others, finishing by escorting Mrs Crabbie, the station magistrate's wife, to the supper-tent. Beyond giving me rather plainly to understand that she considered that she should have had the attentions of, at least, a field-officer instead of a humble captain, she had not shown herself so disagreeable as she had the general reputation of being; and under the influence of much food, and, I may say, a corresponding amount of fluid, she had condescended to tell me that it was a really good ball, and the officers were very attentive, so we parted on the best of terms.

Having performed my public duties, I was at last at leisure to turn my attention to my own private affairs, which indeed required rather delicate handling. I was quite sufficiently impressed with the truth that “it is well to be off with the old love before you are on with the new,” and though my allegiance to Mrs Fortescue hardly rose to the dignity of an “old love,” I still felt that, if I cherished any hopes of winning Kitty Clover, I must withdraw from all devotion, however formal and meaningless, at other shrines.

When Kitty first arrived that evening, I managed to secure her for the first after-supper waltz and

two others later in the programme, while I hoped that, if all went well through the evening, all the sweet indefiniteness of extra dances would of right be mine. Supper was over at last, as far as my duties were concerned. Kitty had been properly looked after by Skeffington, who was too much absorbed in bachelor pursuits to cause me any alarm by his attentions, and we prepared to take advantage of the comparative emptiness of the room, where the crowd had been much thinned by the opening of the supper-tent.

I daresay almost every one who may honour me by reading of my experiences has, once at least, perhaps oftener, enjoyed a waltz with some one with whom he or she has just arrived at that delightful border-land between intimacy and affection, when the moments are all rosy-tinged by the gradual dawn of intense sympathy, and life seems, for a time at least, a golden dream. Well, all this was true in our case, and I believe that both of us felt that something might soon be said which would alter the current of two lives.

As we moved in rhythm to the last dying bars of the "Schönen Blauen Donau," Mrs Fortescue passed us dancing with the colonel, who, I was pretty sure, was anathematising the whole position, and longing for the hour when he could turn in and forget our guests in peaceful slumbers. To do him justice, he concealed his feelings bravely, and waltzed well enough to satisfy even a lady so *exigante* as his partner.

As we two couples glided past each other, Mrs Fortescue caught my eye over the colonel's shoulder, and said, "After this dance."

"What was that she said to you?" said Kitty, in a tone in

which I could detect the least symptom of pique.

"Oh, I promised to show her our ball arrangements, as she is on the committee of the station ball next week." I was horribly disgusted at being let in in such a way. In the first place, I had promised myself a delightful ten minutes with Kitty after the dance was over. Then this confidential form of communication seemed to mean a great deal more than the mere value of the words, and I had no idea of being ordered about in such an imperative manner, as if I was on such terms with any woman as to be obliged to obey her slightest whisper. To catch me in such a way was to give me no chance of escape either, and altogether I wished myself well out of the business.

There was an unmistakable pout on Kitty's face as I deposited her with her chaperon; and I felt that the *amari aliquid* had been decidedly dropped into my pleasures as I turned away to look for Mrs Fortescue.

"You'll find Mrs Fortescue in the verandah, Wilmot," said the colonel, whom I met mopping his face after his exertions. "She asked me to tell you she would wait for you there."

I hoped we might accomplish our interview in the publicity of the verandah, where so many couples were passing and repassing, that there was no chance of any overt display of emotion; but I was not to get off so easily. She jumped up as I approached, and said, "Now take me to some quiet place. I want to have a serious talk with you." We strolled into the compound, passing several of the small tents, the murmur of conversation from which told that they were occupied. At last we came to a vacant one, and took

possession of the two low chairs which it contained.

"Now, Bobbie, you had better confess, and try to explain your goings-on."

"My dear Mrs Fortescue——"

"You used to call me Clara."

"My dear Clara, then, what do you want me to confess?"

"What are you doing with that Clover girl?"

"I think Miss Clover is very charming."

"So charming that you are going to marry her?"

"I am not engaged to Miss Clover."

"Oh, I daresay. But you very soon will be. Now, look here, Master Bobbie. I don't think you have behaved quite fairly to me. Haven't you been sitting in my pocket for ever so long, and trying to make me believe that you are very fond of me?"

"I always thought you everything that is nice and kind, and naturally I took every opportunity of enjoying your society."

"That's all very well; and now you want to drop me quietly and enjoy somebody else's society."

"My dear Mrs Fortescue——"

"There, that shows it. Mrs Fortescue again. Now I don't intend you to drop me quietly like that, at your goodwill and pleasure. You shan't go an inch further with Kitty Clover without my permission, and I don't think I will give it. I think I'll put a spoke in your wheel, my friend, and then I shall drop you."

I felt that there was quite sufficient truth in what Mrs Fortescue had said to put me completely in her power, if she chose to assert it; but I was not going to lose my chance of winning Kitty without an effort, and I made up my mind that that effort should take the form of an honest appeal to

Mrs Fortescue's kindness and good-nature, which I hoped were sufficiently great to condone my misconduct, and to make her a friendly partisan instead of an active enemy.

"Clara, won't you hear what I have to say? I will confess to you that I am more than fond of Miss Clover, and I hope she likes me a little. It ought not to be much to ask you to forgive me for having admired you, for you know that nobody can meet you without admiring you, and I never thought that you considered me more than one of a number of your worshippers. Do be kind to me, and, shall I say, Kitty?"

"Well, you have put it very prettily, and I am not going to be hard upon you. I did, perhaps, think that you were nicer than the other boys, and I may have liked you better than most of them. However, it's all over now. I'm going to be your very good friend in the future, and perhaps I'll even help you with Kitty Clover. She's a dear little girl, and you must be very good to her. Now, Bobbie, you've got out of one scrape very easily. Mind you don't get into any more."

"Clara, you are an angel of goodness, and I shall never forget you."

"Now don't talk nonsense. Good gracious! take care of the snake!"

"Snake! where is it?"

"There; close to you. Don't you see its eyes?" and she started back, pointing to the side of my chair. I jumped up too, for a cobra is not a pleasant *tertium quid* in a *tête-à-tête*; and in the dim light of the Chinese lantern, at this period of the evening very faint and flickering, objects were barely discernible.

"Why, it's moved. It's some-

thing on your hand." I looked down, and saw what had caused the alarm. It was the red sparkle of the two rubies on my ring; and indeed they might easily have been taken for a snake's eyes glaring upon our colloquy.

"It's only a ring I bought from a *boxwallah* yesterday. I'm so sorry you were alarmed."

"How stupid of me! Never mind. Take me back to the ball-room now, and mind you behave yourself for the future."

The best of the evening was, I hoped, yet to come, and I went to claim another dance from Kitty, with the full intention of putting our mutual affairs on such a footing that it would be difficult for anything to come between us again. She, like myself, was only just coming in from the compound, where she had been with Skeffy, who whispered in my ear as I led her away, "You have put your foot in it nicely, my boy. Look out for squalls."

This was not a pleasant warning, and I could not think what he meant.

I was soon to be enlightened, however. As I turned towards the dancing-room, Kitty said, in a very stiff tone, "I don't wish to dance, Captain Wilmot, and I will not detain you many minutes. Please come into the verandah."

Everybody was dancing, and we had the place to ourselves, when she went on hurriedly, "I'm very sorry that I could not help hearing some of your conversation with Mrs Fortescue just now, as I was in the next tent with Mr Skeffington. I heard you calling her Clara once or twice, and you told her that she was an angel, and that you would never forget her. I—I congratulate you very much, and—please take me back to my aunt at once."

"My dear Miss Clover, you are really mistaken. Do stay and let me explain."

"No, no. Mr Skeffington heard you too. You need not explain anything. I must go back now."

I was in despair; but even yet I might have had an opportunity of forcing an explanation and putting everything right before we parted, if Mrs Crabbie had not come suddenly round the corner with a very flushed face, and bearing down upon me said—

"Really, Captain Wilmot, I cannot compliment you officers on your arrangements for the comfort of your guests. I went to get my wraps just now, and find that my shawl has been mislaid or given to some one else—a real Rampur Chudder too. I daresay one of these minxes in the cloak-room knows more about it than she likes to tell. You must come with me at once and find it for me."

This was the culmination of bad luck. I had to leave Kitty, still unpacified, and go off with this horrid old woman, who had herself the general reputation in the cantonment of making profitable exchanges of garments on occasions like the present, if the guardians were not very wide awake. Of course, when we did arrive at the cloak-room, we found her shawl without the smallest difficulty, and I at last packed her off, still muttering something about military carelessness.

But it was then too late. I caught a glimpse of Kitty and her aunt driving out of the compound, and was left to meditate upon my misfortunes. I had no heart to join the circle of choice spirits who were gathering to enjoy an *arrière soupe* after the departure of our guests, and, cursing my fate, betook myself moodily to my bungalow. As I undressed and

turned in, I laid my ring on the table, and could have sworn that there was almost a living look in the two rubies as they sparkled in the light of the solitary lamp which my servant had left in my bedroom.

"Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care" was nearly wooed that night in vain; but eventually I passed into a blessed forgetfulness of the misfortunes of the day. With the morning, when my servant woke me to consciousness by bringing me my early cup of tea, the full memory of my mischances came back in all its bitterness. I had certainly found myself the exception which proved the rule of the old proverb, "*Heureux en jeu, malheureux en amour.*"

My love and my gambling had been most unhappy, and I leave it to any of my readers, who have felt the pangs of disappointment in either, to conceive what I suffered from a simultaneous defeat in both.

The money that I owed could be paid, of course, but very few captains of horse can pay up £500 without feeling it; and I ruefully thought that some of my expenses for a year or two must be curtailed to procure such a sum of ready money. What an idiot I had been! and yet, after all, I could not quite convince myself that I had really been such an idiot. It was certainly not wise to have risked losing so large a sum, but my speculation was not in itself imprudent; and if it had not been for a piece of ill fortune which could not be guarded against, I should have been pluming myself on my sagacity. What really sickened me was the state of my affairs with Kitty Clover. I had not realised before how

much I was wrapped up in her, and the cursed *contretemps* of last night seemed to shatter all my hopes.

While I was thus moodily meditating, I heard the rattle of hoofs, and saw Skeffington cantering his tat up to the door, followed by a panting *syce* with a *jool* over his arm. Skeffy chuckled the reins to his follower, who squatted down in front of the little nag, à l'*Indien*, and proceeded to solace himself after his exertion with a portion of betel from the never-failing little box which lies concealed in the folds of the garment of every Hindoo.

"Well, old boy, you're not very chirpy this morning, I should think. You had a disastrous day yesterday. That defeat of old Rufus was a facer, and, Lord, how you put your foot in it with Miss Clover, whom we all thought you were so sweet upon, though it was too bad of you to be carrying on so strong with Mrs Fortescue all the time. I did my best to take Miss Clover away when we heard your voices in the next tent, but I don't think she quite twigged the situation; and she would not move till it was too late, and we had heard you swearing eternal devotion to Mrs F., or something like it."

"Oh, Skeffy, you're all abroad about what really happened last night. The whole thing was a confounded mistake all through. Mrs Fortescue and I are only the best of friends. I told her all about Miss Clover, and she promised to help me. It's a pity that everything I said was not heard, instead of only a word here and there."

"Your words here and there were sufficiently impressive anyway, Wilmot; and though I'll believe what you say, as I've no personal interest in your affec-



tions, I doubt whether Miss Clover will be quite as easily convinced."

"What a Job's comforter you are, Skeffy! It's enough to make one mad to see you sitting there wagging your head, and making everything out as bad as possible. Do try to make some reasonable suggestion, or let's talk of something else if you have nothing pleasant to say."

"Indeed, I have heard that women cool down sometimes wonderfully after they have been put out. Perhaps something may happen to make Miss Clover think rather better of you than she probably does at present. In any case the best thing you can do is to let things slide for a day or two. If you don't show in society for a bit, you may get the credit of being a little ashamed of yourself; and if you are not seen with Mrs Fortescue, you can't be supposed to be much devoted to her."

"Well, I hope you may be right. It won't be very difficult, under the circumstances, to keep myself pretty quiet. I don't feel as if I had the heart to speak to anybody."

"Don't be so down-hearted, man. Things will come all right, never fear. I want to know whether you will ride my grey horse in a small regimental paper-chase this afternoon. Mat. Langham and another of the Australian trainers will cut in with us and bring a couple of smartish nags. I want to see how my horses go in goodish company, and if you'll ride the grey I'll ride the brown. A gallop will do you good. There will be only our own fellows, and no outsiders but Langham and his friend."

Perhaps some of my readers may not know what a paper-chase, as managed in India, is. It is not every cantonment in our Eastern

empire which rejoices in the possession of even a "bobbery" pack of hounds with which to hunt the wily jackal, and some form of chase has to be organised which may give the possibility of a gallop across country, and furnish some outlet, however small, to the equestrian and sporting instincts of English men and women. This is generally done by a paper-trail being laid from a place of meeting, over a sufficiently broken country, till it finds an end at some hospitable tent or bungalow, where the field, who have followed it at a very mild pace, are comforted after their exertions by a morning *chota hazri* or an afternoon tea.

But this form of paper-chase is a social function, adapted to the capabilities of each hack and pony, which daily carries its male or female owner to "eat the air" constitutionally, and lacks sufficient excitement to commend itself altogether to people who, like my brother officers of the gallant —th, own really good horses, and like to give them a chance of showing what they can do. These bolder spirits arrange, for their private diversion, paper-chases with the rôle of the paper left out, in which the affair resolves itself into a race over a flagged-out jumping course, a steeplechase in everything but the name.

To take part in such an amusement as this had been Skeffy's proposal, and I was only too glad to agree to it, as it seemed, at any rate, to promise enough action and excitement to take me out of my own gloomy thoughts for a short time.

"All right," I said. "Bring the grey round here in time, and we'll jog over to the course together."

The day passed. There was

nothing to be done but the most ordinary routine regimental duty. Even the most *exigeant* commanding officers respect human weakness sufficiently to order no unnecessary work for the day after a regimental ball. I believe that there was generally a great exposition of sleep in most of the bungalows in our lines. I must confess that I, for one, had an extra siesta, after I had managed to get into that philosophical frame of mind when one's troubles are regarded as things past and irrevocable, and there is a faint dawning of hope on the mental horizon.

Five o'clock in the afternoon brought Skeffy with the nags. The paper-chase had been timed for 5.30, so that we might ride in the cool of the departing day, and we had between two and three miles to cover before getting to the rendezvous. I had not before seen the grey horse that I was to ride, as he was a new purchase of Skeffy's. He was very taking-looking, nearly sixteen hands high, with all the best blood of Australia coursing in his veins. His sire, old Snowdrop, had won the Melbourne Cup, and his dam's pedigree was nearly equally pure; at least so said the dealer from whom he had been bought, and his appearance bore out the tale of his high descent. He seemed a little wanting in condition, however; but this was hardly to be wondered at, as he had not been landed more than a couple of months. As I got on his back, it could not be doubted that his manners were perfect, as he shook his game lean head, and bent his graceful neck at the first touch of the rein, without, at the same time, giving that slight premonitory arch of the back, which is the habit of so many Walers when first mounted,

and which too often initiates a buck or two, playful perhaps, but sufficiently discomposing and disagreeable even to a practised horseman.

Quietly we made our way through the regimental horse lines, where the men were just turning out for evening stables, and then got on the long stretch of sandy waste which lay between us and the great tank, round the edge of which the paper-chase course had been laid out. What a glorious evening it was! and as we cantered along, how our spirits rose, as they never fail to rise when a man is on a well-bred horse, and he thrills with all the pride and joy of controlling the noblest and kindest of animals. The declining sun threw a golden glow over the plain; while the purple shade cast by a solitary mass of grey rocks, and the dark green of one or two small mango *topes*, stood out in picturesque contrast. As we passed over a crest of rising ground we saw the placid sheet of the tank spread before us, edged with feathery palms and emerald-green paddy-fields on the further side; while a broad belt of less vivid green on the nearer bank showed where the waters had ebbed during the hot weather and left some sparse vegetation on the damp soil. Some made-up fences showed black against this green belt, each marked with two little red flags; and in the distance, near a native village, we could distinguish a small group of horsemen, evidently waiting for the fun to begin.

We bustled along, joining company *en route* with one or two other laggards, and made our way to the village, from a spot near which we knew that the start was to be made.

The meet was not as bright or dandy-looking as the collection at



a cover-side at home ; but if rather seedy shooting-jackets and pot-hats took the place of pink coats and shiny castors, no one could deny that the horsemen were a very sporting and workman-like looking lot, and that their steeds were as much like business as themselves.

I have already told something about my mount. Skeffy was riding a brown, about 15.2, whose rather plain head and substantial general appearance did not show quite so much quality as Snow-drop's offspring, but the great muscular quarters promised unusual jumping power. It was full of condition, and even if it would probably fail in speed for a short spurt, it looked like staying for a week at its own pace, if necessary.

Maberly, one of our majors, whose reputation as an artist in the pigskin was as widely spread as the quarters of British cavalry, or indeed of the British army at home and abroad, was riding an extraordinarily clever pony, which could be trusted to get quickly over any obstacle however serious, and, under his light weight, would not be left very far behind in a struggle across country in any company however good.

Mat. Langham was on a well-known old steeplechaser, which, if it had not won the most distinguished laurels on the Indian turf, had paid his expenses well by picking up many minor stakes, and was generally supposed to be a very reliable trial horse for his master's stable.

But the horse that we all took most interest in was a ragged-looking chestnut, whose mysterious character had been much discussed in sporting circles at Bunkumpore, and which had never appeared in public on a race-course. It had been in Langham's stable for some months, but was sup-

posed to be a little uncertain in its temper, and indeed Langham had been sufficiently communicative to say that he wanted to see whether it would try in company, and that he was going to let it go round our paper-chase course with us for that end.

Of course we knew well enough that though the chestnut might gallop with us, we were not likely to get much inkling of its real powers, and that, whether it did its best or took things very easy, we should not be much the wiser. Still we hoped to pick up some small item of information about it, which might be of use on a future day when it appeared on a race-course.

Its rider was a typical Australian jockey, long, thin, with sloping shoulders and fallow beardless face. His head crowned with a battered wideawake, his body clad in a well-worn tweed jacket of which he had outgrown the sleeves, and his legs in a pair of equally parsimonious-looking cord trousers, bound with a strap under each knee. But this queer figure had won his spurs as a horseman over the fearful steeplechase courses of Australia, and had been brought to India especially to ride Langham's dark horse. There was no mistaking the calm determined look on his shrewd face, and the perfect understanding which he had at once established with his mount.

Two or three brother officers, on animals more or less estimable, completed the assemblage, while the spectators were confined to two sporting non-commissioned officers of the —th, who had ridden out to see the paper-chase on their tats, and a small group of the inhabitants of the village, who were squatted near their dwellings, looking on and prob-

ably wondering at the eccentricities of the Sahibs.

Maberly, who generally took the lead in all sporting arrangements, after giving a look round to see if any one else was coming, reminded us that we were burning daylight, and that we should ride in the dark if we did not start soon.

We gave a final look to our bridles and girths, and formed up more or less in line. Maberly gave the word "Go!" and off we started. No one put on much pace at first, but we cantered easily up to the first fence, which we knew was an in-and-out, across a rather deep-cut road leading to the village. One great comfort we enjoyed, plenty of room to ride as we liked. With such a small party there was no hustling, and each could choose his own place. I pulled the grey together, and found, as we negotiated the road, that he was what an Irishman would call "an intricate lepped one," never putting a foot wrong. All got over successfully but one of my brother officers, whose horse had managed to put his foot in a rut and came down. No harm was done, however, and a glance behind showed him struggling again into his saddle. We were now on ground which was the best of going, and we could sit down and ride with confidence. A built-up clay wall, between four and five feet high, showed itself in our front, looming very big, as the setting sun was behind it. We all raced at it, and I felt the grey bound over it like a deer, lighting with a soft thud on the further side. The other horses did the same, with the exception of Maberly's pony, which seemed nearly to stop when it arrived at the obstacle, and then threw itself over with short bound almost like a buck. On we went and still on.

Nearly every fence was a narrow bank or wall, some with ditches, some without, and as both take off and landing were always sound and trustworthy, there was nothing to think of but to sit down and do our best. The grey had undoubtedly a turn of speed, and began to draw away from the regimental horses, but I could not manage to shake off the ragged chestnut. As we left every fence behind, there it was still lying level, and apparently lollopping along in the easiest and most collected manner. "I must try to find out what you are worth, my friend," I thought, and a naughty spirit of emulation began to rise within me. We had still about a mile and a half to travel, and it would go hard if I did not manage to cut him down soon if it was to be done at all. I caught hold of my horse and set him going his fastest. We positively seemed to be flying through the air, and each jump as it came was taken in one stride, apparently almost without an extra effort. To no purpose. The chestnut still kept level, though I think it also was about doing its best. We were coming to the water-jump. Twelve feet of open water with a small bushed-up fence on the taking off side. Down we came at it together, stride for stride. The grey rose, and I saw the blue gleam flit below us as we swooped across. We seemed to land all right, when something failed. The earth rose up to meet me, and I felt a numbing shock. . . . When I regained consciousness, I found myself lying on the ground with Skelfington supporting my head, while Maberly was wiping my face with a handkerchief wetted with the rather muddy fluid from the water-jump. Langham was holding the grey, which had a head and chest

plastered with mud, and was looking very blown and scared. I must have been knocked out of time for a minute or two, as the paper-chase had evidently been stopped, and everybody wore an air of concern. I felt very sick and faint as I tried to get up.

"Take it easy, old man," said Skeffy, "you've had rather a crumpler, and we've sent for the mess *tonga* to take you home. The grey was a bit done when he came to the water, and slipped upon landing. Just take a mouthful of this," and a cup was put to my lips. It was weak whisky-and-water, and the draught revived me a great deal, only to impress upon me that I was remarkably stiff and sore all over. I tried to pick up my hat, which was lying by my side, and found my left arm helpless. Everybody was very sympathetic, my arm was put into an improvised sling, and I was helped into the *tonga*, which had carried some drinks to the place where the paper-chase was to have finished, and which had now been brought up to the scene of my accident. A *tonga* is a vehicle more practical than comfortable at the best of times, and my drive home was very far from pleasant, bumping in my disabled state over a very rough track, in which every separate rut and hole seemed to assert itself in a most aggressive manner.

Our excellent surgeon was already at my bungalow when we arrived. "Eh, Wilmot, man! I thought I would have you in my hands sooner or later. You laddies are just terribly reckless. Come away in here and lie down on the sofa till I have a look at you."

Skeffy's friendly support aided my still very shaky footsteps, and I was quickly taken out of my

clothes and boots, and stretched out for old MacTavish's examination.

"Well, my man, you've got off very easy this time," he said at length. "You've broken nothing at all, but your shoulder is dislocated. I'll put that all right in a minute. Make your mind easy. I'll not hurt you much."

As I knew this was a consolatory form of speech which an operator always employs when he is about to put you to the acutest agony, I did not feel altogether happy; and when MacTavish took his coat off and then removed one of his very useful boots, revealing a massive foot clad in a stout grey knitted stocking, my spirit rather sank within me at these unusual and rather ominous preparations.

He sat down opposite me, and, putting his stockinged foot into the armpit of the injured arm, he took hold of my hand, and with the leverage of his leg stretched my arm to the fullest extent, and, giving it a slight turn, I felt the displaced joint slip into its socket.

The operation was in itself not particularly pleasant, but I really think the worst of it was a pang in my hand from MacTavish's muscular and determined grip.

"Confound it, doctor!" I said, "you've driven something into my hand."

He looked to see what he had done. "Eh, laddie, laddie! if ye will deck yourself with bonny things like this, you'll find they'll bring trouble sometimes," and he pulled off my ruby ring, of which the stones had been jammed by his grasp into the next finger.

Ramasawmy, who had been holding the lamp during the operation, poked his head forward, and said, "That what I done tell master. That ring always bringing bad luck."

"Stop your havers," said Mac-Tavish, as he deftly swathed my shoulder in bandages; "your master's had enough bad luck for one day anyway. Now, Wilmot, my man, you'll just get into your bed, and you'll bide quiet there till I tell you to get up. You've had a fine shake, and you're not going to be allowed to run the risk of fever."

I did not pass a very comfortable night, as my arm was bandaged up, I was a good deal bruised, and, with my bodily infirmities, my mental troubles had returned in full force. The Indian noises of the night also, which are little regarded when a man is strong and well, were perfectly maddening in my shattered state. Why should there have been such a prolonged festival in the neighbouring Hindoo part of the cantonment, which involved such a continuous *charivari* of pipes and tom-toms? Why should the king-crow, locally known as the Scotch nightingale, have done his best to make night hideous with his discordant chatter? And why—oh, why!—should my native servants have held a "tabak's parliament" in the back premises till the small hours, discussing the follies and weaknesses of master, in the lowest of tones it is true, but even then inexpressibly irritating in their unceasing and fitful murmur?

But there is an end of everything. At last "morn broadened on the borders of the dark," the night-prowling mosquito retired to rest for the day, driven away by the cool air of sunrise, which flowed gratefully through the bungalow, and, with Ramasawmy's assistance, I managed to get to the sofa in my sitting-room. Sleep asserted itself, and I dropped off into an easy and refreshing doze.

"Master at home?" woke me up. An early visitor was hailing my peon, who was going through his daily task of dusting in the verandah. I heard the reply—

"Master sick. Doctor Sahib say nobody seeing."

"Dear me! I'm very sorry. Give your master my salaam."

I recognised the voice as that of the excellent chaplain, who weekly denounced our shortcomings at the church parade service, and whom we all knew as a good, earnest, hard-working fellow, who was busy early and late in his sacred calling, and had acquired great and legitimate influence with many of the men of the —th.

"Holloa, Padre! Do come in," I shouted. "I'm delighted to see you. Have a cigarette, and tell me how you are getting on."

I knew that the good priest, who was the cantonment agent of the Total Abstinence Society, and fulminated energetically against alcohol in every form, admitted human weakness sufficiently to countenance tobacco, and enjoyed the weed at all times and in every form.

"I hope this isn't a bad business, Wilmot. What's the matter?"

"Oh, I've only had a smash riding, Padre. I shall be all right soon, I hope. But what are you doing paying visits so early?"

"I knew there was nothing going on this morning, and I thought I would find some of you officers at home. We've been very badly off for music at St Peter's at the afternoon services, when we don't have the band to play. The bishop was talking to me about it the other day at his visitation, and suggested that we should get up a fund to buy an organ. Your colonel has given me a hundred rupees towards it, and told me I might ask you all to contribute;

so I am going round to see what I can get out of you. But I won't bother you to-day. I'll wait till you're better, and then, perhaps, you'll assist in what I think is a really good work."

"I'll do as well to-day as any other time, Padre; but you're unlucky in not coming to me last week. I was stupid enough to lose a lot of money at the races the day before yesterday, and I've very little loose cash in consequence."

"That's a pity, Wilmot. I can't understand why you men can't enjoy all the amusements you have without risking your means, and perhaps preventing yourselves from doing some good when you have a chance."

A brilliant thought struck me. I knew that the taxes of the Church had, in old days, been as often paid in kind as in money, and I did not see why I might not revive the custom.

"I tell you what it is, Padre. I can't give you a cheque, but I've got a very good ring that I'll give you, and you can convert it for the benefit of your organ. I warn you that I've been told it carries bad luck with it in some mysterious way, and certainly I've come to grief in everything since I've had it."

"Oh, I don't believe in any of that nonsense, and if I did, the ring's bad luck would disappear in the Church's service. I'll take it gladly, and I'll put your name down in the subscription-list for whatever I get for it."

"All right then, Padre. Hi! Ramasawmy. Bring my new ring from my dressing-table."

The ring was brought, and the chaplain departed, delighted with his acquisition, and saying it was the best subscription he had yet received.

"Master done give ring to Padre Sahib?" said Ramasawmy, after he had showed my visitor out.

"Yes, Ramasawmy. He's going to sell it for his church."

"Master done very clever thing. I speak true word. That ring bringing master bad luck. Now good man got it, bad luck going away."

I did not believe much in the connection between my misfortunes and the ring, but I certainly hoped that my late bad luck would change.

Half an hour later, old Mac-Tavish paid me his promised visit, on his way from his morning duties at the hospital, and proceeded to look at my shoulder, feel my pulse, and generally take stock of my health.

"Well, Wilmot, you're just a deal better than I expected, or indeed than you've any right to be. There's a Providence watches over you daft boys, I'm thinking. Your shoulder's doing nicely, and you've no fever. If you keep quiet till to-morrow, I daresay I'll let you go out for a drive, and you'll be off my list in a week, though you'll have to be careful with your arm for a while."

"That's good hearing, doctor. I'm awfully obliged to you for your care. Won't you stop and have some breakfast?"

"No, no. I've three or four more visits to pay yet, and maybe you'll eat better, if I'm not here to tell you what will disagree with you."

My spirits were rising. The shifting of the bandages on my shoulder, and a certain amount of toilet, had made me much more comfortable, and as I had had little dinner on the previous night, I prepared to do justice to the breakfast which my butler had brought me from the mess.

I was just beginning, when in dashed Skeffy, in boots and breeches, fresh from his morning ride. "Holloa, old chap! How are you this morning? You can't be very bad, if you're going to eat all that. There's plenty for two, and, as I've lots to tell you, I will stay and breakfast with you."

"You can't do better, Skeffy. Help yourself, and open your budget of news."

"Well, the news is the best anyway, and will improve your appetite. I've just come from the race-course. There was a meeting of the stewards this morning about the race for the Maharajah's Cup. It seems that it was suspected something was shady about that horse Songster, and his history was inquired into, and they have the best evidence that he is five years old instead of being four as he was entered, so he carried 4 lb. too little in the race. Of course he has been disqualified, so your horse won after all. I congratulate you on winning the cup and taking all the money out of the lotteries."

What a reprieve! I felt as if I had been relieved from an oppressive and inordinate weight that

had loaded me for the last two days. Skeffy's rather homely and matter-of-fact countenance seemed surrounded with a halo of light, and I blessed the stewards for their prompt and energetic action. If only the disasters of the regimental ball could also be reversed, there would be no happier captain of hussars in her Majesty's service.

"One peon brought *chit* for master," and Ramasawmy handed me a note, on whose envelope was a cipher that I knew well. I opened it.

"DEAR CAPTAIN WILMOT,—I was so sorry to hear of your accident last night, and hope you will soon get over it. It may help your recovery to tell you that I have just been riding with Kitty Clover, and we had a long talk about you. I was able to explain a misunderstanding that seems to have occurred at your ball, and, if you call, I think she will be glad to see you. You have my best wishes.—Yours very sincerely,

"CLARA FORTESCUE."

I believe there must have been some truth in Ramasawmy's ideas about that ring, after all.

TALLEYRAND.

I.

IN the midst of the rumours that on all sides arose on the announcement of the forthcoming 'Memoirs' of Prince Talleyrand, no truer words seem to have been uttered than those whereby M. Jules Simon has characterised the effect produced by the long-deferred publication of the work.¹

"Talleyrand," said the gifted French philosopher and critic, "makes as much noise at this present moment as he made at the moment of his death half a hundred years ago—nay, perhaps even more! At the identical hour affirmed by report to have been fixed by his own will for the publication of his own autobiography, other writers from the outside seem to have resolved to furnish the world with their descriptions of his life and his political career. Nor does the one in any way apparently injure the other. The so-called 'Memoirs,' edited by the Duc de Broglie, diminish in no degree the interest excited by the volumes put forth by M. Pallain and others; and the reason is an obvious one: Talleyrand held more or less *all* the strings of *all* the Governments (however various) that successively ruled France for the space of fifty years; he passed with incomparable ease from one to the other, always borne as by necessity to the foremost rank of each, and always, whatsoever the sway of events (or of accident), to outward observation appearing to be their propeller and their guide."

Thus far Jules Simon is right, but there are other causes which make the intense interest attach-

ing to Prince Talleyrand both a permanent and a personal one. You may like or dislike what he did or made others do—it is no question of sympathy or antipathy; but you cannot do without him—you cannot ignore him. If you desire to seize the *raison d'être* of the history of modern times (of your own times, remember, and what immediately preceded and produced them), you are obliged to take cognisance of the deeds and thoughts of the unescapeable Proteus who was a bishop (and a diplomat to boot!) in 1792, a Conventiionnel in '97, a Bonapartist Foreign Minister in '98, a Court chamberlain in the "pit full of kings" of Erfurt in 1808, whilst being the indirect collaborator (as French ambassador in England in 1832) of Lord Grey in the campaign of the Reform Bill, after having been the indisputable precursor of Cobden in 1786, the original initiator on the Continent of free trade, and the would-be promoter of cheap food!

These are titles to the interest of public men whatever may be their countries or their creeds, and, call him Bishop of Autun, or Prince de Benevento, or Duc de Valençay, or by whichever of the many names he may go down to posterity, you will find it quite unavoidable to study the personal character of the man by whose thoughts and opinions the external

'Memoirs,' edited by the Duc de Broglie (Calman Lévy, 1891). 'Correspondence,' edited by M. Pallain (Plon, 1889-91). 'Napoleon at Alexandria—Talleyrand at Erfurt,' by M. Vandal (Plon, 1891).

¹ "Mon Petit Journal," Jules Simon, 'Le Temps,' March 15, 1891.

policy of Europe was so influenced for a long succession of eventful years. This, therefore, makes plain enough why, after a lapse of over fifty-eight years, this man, who might be supposed to have entirely lost touch with the present age, survives, and is in reality an explanation of so much that remains unexplained in the past, and of so much that was fated to be the future of that past, and is in fact our present. Talleyrand is really the thread that binds events together, and for half a century never entirely breaks. He winds through the entire web of political history—one reason whereof being that his intense vitality is for ever equal to itself. For all the years of his mere duration on earth he lives. Except, perhaps, the first fifteen of early youth, his life is ever at its highest. Whenever he acts, rightly or wrongly, it is in the fullest consciousness of what he is doing; his "highest" may be reprehensible, but it is invariably his highest, and you note in him no intellectual hiatus; the faculties of action are for ever on the alert without being on the stretch; they are true capacities, and they generate other and succeeding results. From his first youth to his latest year Talleyrand is a statesman busy with nothing save statecraft and the task of governing nations; knowing the most of men, and getting the utmost to be got out of them at the moment of the most dominant expediency.

As our limits will not admit of a minute research into the various details of so long and perpetually active an existence, we will choose three points of the career of Prince Talleyrand which seem to us to contain the largest amount of what we may term the causalities of the rest:—

His early life before the Revolution of 1789, with its passage from the old to the new *régime*.

His steady preference of civil institutions to military despotisms, leading in the end to the sincere adoption of British parliamentary forms and usages.

His curiously keen insight into the genuine value and characters of the men who were either associated with or opposed to him, and some of whom, to the judgment of less unprejudiced politicians, appear as the perfect opposites of what they proved themselves to be.

Now the 'Memoirs' just published will help us in this respect far less than was supposed, to the accurate knowledge we need, but will in some degree be of more use than has been assumed.

They are, as is now on all hands admitted, not strictly authentic, but they are not distinctly apocryphal. They are of a confirmatory nature, and where borne out by autobiographical testimony are by no means to be disdained. By the side of other more reliable chronicles—whether furnished by the evidence of State Papers or by the assertions of incontestable collective witnesses (in each event duly controlled)—the facts related in the 'Memoirs' give, when sufficiently attested, a manner of actuality, a kind of liveliness, to the narrative, and, as it were, an accent to the precise and duller utterances. For it must never be lost sight of that, on most occasions, Prince Talleyrand has the world for his collaborator, and is made real and unquestionable as much by the words of others as by his own. Witnesses are everywhere, so that in what they confirm you can with reasonable security consult portions of the

'Memoirs,'—not discarding them, at all events, *in toto*.¹

But at the same time, if we resolve to pin our faith solely on the written proofs contained in the public archives or in the official collections guarded by the Government *surveillants* of foreign capitals, we must either resort to the liberality of Vienna, Berlin, London, or Rome, or restrict ourselves to the original documents consulted and textually reproduced by M. George Pallain, who had free access to them all.²

In all fairness it may be stated that in many places the 'Memoirs' do furnish the reader with confirmation, and on several points there is also to be found the testimony of public notoriety not to be disputed. We shall take, for instance, Erfurt, and the interesting narrative of Napoleon's excursions to Weimar (after Jena), and his literary discussions and general conversations with the great writers and thinkers of Germany. The truth of these is to be controlled in the souvenirs and reminiscences of the illustrious interlocutors themselves; and, in spite of the just and natural suspicions attaching to the handlers and transcribers of the 'Memoirs,' there is much still left that has not been (because it *could* not be) tampered with.

Guaranteed, therefore, and protected as we are, let us see what the evidence obtained from a sincere study of the many sources,

direct or collateral, now opened to us, gives forth touching the earlier years of the involuntary Church dignitary first heard of as the Abbé de Périgord.

"Ce petit Abbé de Périgord," says Madame du Barry in 1776, "is full of penetration and good sense;" and this particular description of him we shall meet with under a great variety of forms during the earlier years of his existence.

It is well at once to note that before the Revolution of 1789 what should be called the preparatory period of his activity is to be sought for amongst his contemporaries; and this preparatory period is not only very remarkable, and absolutely necessary to the complete comprehension of the man himself in his later career, but has been too much neglected by the historians and patented biographers who have assumed the task of giving an official account of his life and of his political career.

No one depends more upon his surroundings than did Talleyrand for the initial part of his activity, and no one is more influenced in reality, though somewhat indirectly so, by his past. He is absolutely inextricable from the circumstances of his birth, and only to be clearly depicted to the mind of the looker-on in the testimony of his associates and friends. His birth, indeed, and the surroundings of his infancy, saved him from ever becoming an Abbé Dubois. Here

¹ Perhaps the most perfect estimate of relative authenticity is to be found in the remarkable article by M. Francis Charmes ('Débats' of 16th March)—altogether one of the most complete and splendid historical summings up of our present time.

² M. Pallain's official situation sufficed to give him access to all the State correspondence of ambassadors or other public servants with the special Ministers to whose service they happened to be attached. Consequently, no doubt of authenticity can exist with any statement printed under his name.

the first sections¹ of the 'Mémoires' now published by the Duc de Broglie are often of genuine utility; for the collective action of the episcopal diplomat² is chronicled on almost all occasions, either by contemporary documents deposited in State archives, or by autobiographical papers addressed by the writer himself to Ministers and high public functionaries, and strictly guarded under Government surveillance.

What has never perhaps been minutely enough taken into account are the peculiar characteristics of the first years of the Prince, for from the strong impression they left on the boy's mind came the still stronger antagonistic impulses that responded to them. Let us for a moment examine the situation of this young scion of the lofty Périgord race when ushered into the world, not above twenty years after the death of Louis XIV.

When Charles Maurice de Talleyrand Périgord was born in 1754, the manner of what ordinary chroniclers class under the general term of *l'ancien régime* was an entirely different *ancien régime* from anything our age has conceived under that denomination, or anything that has been handed down to us from the traditions of our grandfathers or great-grandfathers. The so-called splendours of the reign of Louis XIV. left an after-glow on all society in France, that endured till the epoch when the men and women who were adults in 1715 had died—namely,

till about 1770 or 1775; and it must not be forgotten that men were adults on reaching the age of fourteen or fifteen.³

In spite, then, of the irregularities and scandals of the intervening space of time (perhaps in some degree even because of them), the *ancien régime* of illustrious houses between the demise of the Crown in 1715 and the overthrow of all constituted authority in 1789-1793, left most of its customs and usages, and above all, those regarding the ways and habits of childhood and earliest youth, immovable, on what had been the platforms of a quarter of a century before. Versailles was still only *la Cour*, and the large majority of all the French *noblesse* lived in the provinces, and their offspring were educated in the stiffest and severest of social conventionalities, unmodified by the brilliant immoralities of the regency of Philippe d'Orleans, or the pretensions to artistic and scientific culture of the reign of Louis XV.

The childhood of the little lame Périgord was cast on these lines, nor was there any exceptional hardship in what befell him as the latest bearer of one of the highest names of France; but if ever the child was father to the man, that most surely was the infant who from his cradle was consigned to the care of his maternal grand-dame, and stowed away in 1760 in the austere ancestral Périgourdin home of Chalais.

Madame de Chalais was born of the far-famed Mortemart lineage,

¹ We particularly allude to the portions lying between 1760 and 1775 and onwards, until 1807-1808.

² M. de Narbonne, Minister of War in the Ministry that succeeded Mirabeau's death, never consented to call his colleague in the London negotiations of 1792 otherwise than "the Bishop."

³ Men of the class of the Duc de Fronsac (Richelieu), or D'Ayen (Noailles), and others married at fourteen! and far later still, Madame de Genlis in her novels speaks of "*les femmes de 14 ans!*"

and preserved many of their most distinguished attributes; but her provincial residence was one in which the vague traditions of *Le grand Roi* were still, for many reasons, rigorously and quite naturally kept up.

Now here the record of infantine impressions is so thoroughly borne out by those of every contemporary writer of the time (mostly related or allied each to the other), that it would be easy to "control" every word of the first two hundred pages of the present 'Memoirs,' which, in fact, only reproduce the diaries and journals of other kindred families.¹

It would be easy to quote passages that clearly prove how curiously certain dispositions, much wondered at, and indeed cavilled over, in the famous statesman, sprang directly from the determined antagonism implanted in him by the cradle teaching of the boy.

At the period when the future arbiter of European policy was born, the family relationships of the *grand monde* were of the most utterly unnatural description. There existed, as we should understand the term, no natural affection between the different members of the same family; above all, in none save the most exceptional instances was there anything in the shape of mutual affection between parents and children. The parent was the absolute superior (and mostly that alone)—the child, male or female, the inferior, the object to be disposed of (of course for the advantage of the family); but there was no appreciable link that might justify opposition, or discussion

even, still less resistance, between the two, any more than between the sovereign and his subjects. As a matter of fact, the offspring were subjects, and as such *taillables corvéables à merci*. Family, until the close of the eighteenth century, was a hierarchical institution.

This was the existing state of things accepted by the most dignified (not to say independent) minded individuals for full two hundred years, from the end of the wars of religion to the assassination of Henry IV., and from the iron rule of Richelieu to the creation of the Court supremacy of Versailles after the definitive defeat of the Fronde. In itself the Fronde, which displayed perhaps the latest remnants of the brilliant individualism of France, was never a constituted society; and when the homogeneity of what became society under the Bourbon dynasty was once established in all its pomp and all its narrow Spanish theocratic authority and etiquette, it lasted, such as it was, until it was overturned by the Revolution. That was, in truth, the society that was destroyed by the growing and yet undefined spirit of the new era. Broadly stated, it was under the shadow of *Le grand Roi* that the customs and ways of modern life were struggling for existence. The life that grew to what Mirabeau dreamt of, and Napoleon consolidated in conquest, was embryonic from the disorder and confusion of the regency till the ill-defined epoch when Charles Maurice de Talleyrand was born. No elements had yet attained to maturity or coordination, but a changed atmo-

¹ The annals of any of the leading French houses will serve to exemplify this. Take D'Escars, or La Rochefoucauld, or Braucas, or any high and mighty name you choose—you will everywhere find the system of education to be the same.

sphere was beginning to be felt, and seeds were being mysteriously sown, even as those that the wind-impelled pollen scatters upon the air.

There were presentiments of injustice in undeveloped minds, and these were, at the dawn of the coming social disturbance, rather found in the higher than in the less elevated classes; and the original divination of what was unbearable in the conditions of civilised life was first of all, and perhaps most strongly, guessed at by the generation whose youth was most pitilessly compressed and deprived of all expansion by the still surviving habits and hard formalities of the past. None rebelled as yet, though hearts were already to be found that questioned, and though the subtler thinkers and philosophers—what may be termed the “humanity” of the race—condemned.

The children of the time were among the first to recognise the unnaturalness of a compression that bore upon them on all sides. The obstacle met them everywhere; not the obstacle to ambition or vanity—on the contrary, privilege gave every satisfaction to the desires or aspirations (when they had any) of the high-born—but the obstacle to life, to the healthy life, that is the first, the inborn necessity of men.

The vast *perruque* of the great king and the towering hood of Madame de Maintenon were not congenial to the budding energies of boys, especially when so-called “glory” had faded away and the unjustifiableness of French war-like achievements was a theme often broached by foreign disputants. The stern shadow of the severities of the late Court at Versailles was unconsciously sought to be set aside, for it lay still too

heavily on young heads to be tamely or contentedly submitted to, and it is a matter of wonder to present students of French history why comparatively so little attention has been devoted to the early psychology of a man like Prince Talleyrand, and to the sources whence he derived so much if not all the undoubted preference he manifested through the various acts of his later political career for the constitutional practices on which Conservative Liberalism (there is no other fitting name to give it) had established its efforts at power in the British empire.

The impressions made on the boy's mind during his stay under the roof of Madame de Ohalais were, like most such very early impressions, too unconsciously vivid not to be lasting; and not only did they engrave themselves on his brain, but the solitude in which he grew up till the first period of adolescence was entered upon at the age of ten or twelve, gave him the habits of reflection and self-examination that mainly conduced to the originality of thought never denied him in the more prominent acts of his subsequent life by those who cared to study him closely and impartially. It was precisely this strong reliance on his own views, this belief in his own judgments, acquired involuntarily from his earliest years, and never weakened by a premature or too familiar intercourse with the crowd, that gained for the Bishop of Autun such a host of adversaries, not to say detractors (these came far later), and made his associates so easily accuse him of imposing on others his overbearing will.

Yet at the same time it must be noted that although he had a settled disdain for the collective ban-

alities of the general public, no man was ever more convinced of the force of combined action, or of the invincible support to be found for any State policy in genuine public opinion. We shall indeed almost always find a group of political friends collected by Talleyrand around himself; and his whole correspondence, wherever we have it before us as emanating from his own hand, goes to prove how his entire strategy was based upon the identically harmonious but strictly subservient co-operation of a certain number of agents whom he could guide and trust. He must frame the plans and direct their execution, but his instruments must never confuse or thwart him by foolish notions of their own. He is, and is resolved to be, a chief there where he *can* be so. Where this is not attainable, he retires and waits, without ever losing sight of his object.

Like many other men of determined or even obstinate will, he begins by choosing a leader, to whom he adheres with such remarkable tenacity that he never needs to declare his allegiance, but shows it distinctly by acts visible to whomsoever can see beneath the surface. Talleyrand's leader is Mirabeau, whose whole statecraft springs originally, as does his own, from deep-seated repulsions, and the revolt against the useless excesses of authority,

offending the eager instincts of youth, before reason has asserted any sway. Mirabeau was more impulsive, but Talleyrand's judgments followed all his friend's inspirations; and any reader of that monument of statecraft entitled the '*Correspondance de Mirabeau avec M. de Lamarck*,' in which are published the famous "*Notes pour le Roi*," is obliged, in spite of himself, to confess that there exists nowhere any authentic document avowed by the Prince de Talleyrand that does not embody or imply the theories proposed by Mirabeau to be adopted by Louis XVI. as the formulæ of his national monarchical policy.

When Mirabeau died, Talleyrand's instantaneous impulse was to become Mirabeau, and without any hesitation he set to work to carry out his scheme.

His innate enmity to the whole preliminary order of things existing until the outbreak of the Revolution, is chiefly influenced by the strong impression made upon him by all the aspects of life surrounding his dull and lonely youth, undistinguished by any very congenial occupation or intellectual enjoyment; and his sudden transformation into the one modern reformer in France upon Mirabeau's death is, after all, a manner of progress easy enough to understand towards opinions shared in by most of the younger men of his generation.

II.

Apart from the immediate importance of the authenticity or non-authenticity of the '*Memoirs*,' what concerns the British public most is to establish clearly the character of the man himself, and to discern the obvious reasons for which, in the various phases of his

existence, he acted in this or that sense, and brought his influence to bear in this or that direction on the intersectional policy of Europe; for, long before it resulted in the eventual combinations of internationalism, the policy of Europe was becoming, mainly un-

der Talleyrand's unceasing (though often hidden) suggestions, distinctly intersectional.

We have attempted to show how the formation, as it were, of Talleyrand's mind and opinions (social and political) was made subservient to the pressure of his earliest experiences. The activity that we have termed "preparatory," and which, as a matter of fact, extended from 1760 to 1792, takes the protagonist of the 'Memoirs' from the time of his quitting the Collège d'Harcourt and the Séminaire de St Sulpice till the moment when, after the failure to found the monarchy in France upon a solid alliance with England, he exiled himself from Europe and settled in the United States, learning the English language and some little knowledge of English underlying unofficial opinions from William Cobbett, the Radical professor of 'Cottage Economy.' This is for many reasons not unworthy of remembrance, for it points out with precision the considerable space of time during which Prince Talleyrand remained whatever nature and his own thought had made him, and during which no external circumstance directly obliged him to serve his own personal ambition, or in any way to pander to the ambitious intrigues of others. It is instructive to see, as clearly as we can, what the original churchman was before the necessities of public life and the suggestions of self-interest could by any possibility have fashioned him into what history tells us he became. He was and remained for over forty years a "churchman."¹ To represent and promote and defend the Church of France was his

profession: it was as a prelate charged with upholding the ecclesiastical institution that he entered on his self-invented diplomatic functions, and started for England on the eve of the events that drove the Revolution of 1789 to its fatal close.

At Mirabeau's death in 1791, the Bishop of Autun was still officially and by profession a bishop, and there was no particular cause that could lead him to discern any immediate advantage likely to accrue to himself from suddenly plunging into the vortex of political agitation or place-hunting. Spite of all the daily recurring mistakes, faults—nay, even crimes—of the time; spite of emigration, and even the flight to Varennes,—monarchy, in a kind of form, still endured; and a certain number of cooler-headed, wiser, more cultivated men turned their thoughts to the study of what had a hundred years previously transformed an impossible absolutist royalty in a neighbouring nation into a constitutional Government founded on parliamentary practices.

Mirabeau's teachings had left their mark, even though countermined by the weaknesses and popularity worship of Lafayette; and Talleyrand, spurred on by his unqualified admiration for the plans that Mirabeau's daring spirit had conceived, resolved to carry out what the famous tribune had been prevented by death from achieving. Hence the determination, so prodigious for the time, and the situation, and the characters of the actors concerned, taken by M. de Talleyrand to proceed at once and in his own person to London, and (even though unaccredited) ne-

¹ He was still classed formally as belonging to the Episcopacy of France, and could perceive no personal advantage foreign to that class.

gotiate for an understanding of some sort — commercial *entente*, neutrality treaty, or what not — a standing-ground, in short, with Parliament or nation, with Ministers, Government, or, who shall say? with the Crown itself! The real *trait de génie* in the bold priest who, unbidden, seized on the heritage of the dead patriot (and it was indisputably a *trait de génie*!) was its very undefined vagueness. It was based on no preliminaries or drawn-up documentary papers, connected with no protocols, nor in any way made practically “diplomatic.” It was essentially the product of a gifted individual brain, and as such pre-eminently modern, — so much so, indeed, that the very instrument (if such a slip of paper might be so called) by which his Minister introduced the negotiator to the British Prime Minister bore merely the certificate that “a bishop of distinction wished to be enabled to communicate with Lord Grenville on his own affairs.”

And hence the entire and intensely interesting correspondence with the Foreign Minister, M. de Lessart, every detail whereof we owe to M. Pallain, and which, preserved in the archives of the French Foreign Office, reveals to us, under the handwriting of the authors themselves, what the thoughts and the endeavours were, for over six months, of a small knot of earnest, hard-working politicians, who were banded together to

save their country from impending disaster, and recruited from the highest ranks of official society, under the inspiration and by the energy of one amongst them whom all were ready to obey.

Here let us pause to note what is the principal characteristic of the whole — namely, the unconcealed leadership of the Bishop of Autun.¹ It is, in fact, the only time in which we find Talleyrand the admitted chief. He bounds forward upon the death of Mirabeau to take his place, to do his work, because he feels with indomitable self-consciousness that it is the place to be taken, that he perhaps alone can take it, and that on its being filled as the originator filled it depends the salvation of a people. We must not forget that Talleyrand had been already associated with Mirabeau, and knew beyond all others the strength of will, the reliability in action, of his dead colleague. He had laboured in 1786 (six years before) at the Commercial Treaty with him, when he was in Berlin and the “Bishop” in Paris; and there are letters signed by the latter on the advantages of free exchange that might easily bear the names of Cobden or Rouher, and be dated in the year 1860.²

And this short and closing period of what we must still term M. de Talleyrand’s preliminary political activity (as preceding the more chaotic era of the Revolution and its consequences, with his own entrance on more strictly defined

¹ As is well known, and as the ‘Memoirs’ confirm, Prince Talleyrand’s method in his whole later period of political activity (from 1798 to 1814) was a suggestive one. He preferred wire-pulling to any form of downright command.

² We are in no degree attempting to discuss the merits of free trade or protection; we are merely setting forth that at the end of the last century Talleyrand was a disciple of Adam Smith, and in his own letters (1786, to Mirabeau and to M. de Choiseul Gouffier) are to be read the arguments resting on the principle of increased revenue produced by the larger numbers of smaller taxes raised on definite and various articles.

official authority),—this short period brings to view a Prince de Talleyrand whom we shall never meet again, but whose peculiarities—whatever the later estimate we may form—it would be manifestly unjust to leave unnoticed.

We have already stated what an opinion prevails amongst the habitual associates of the Bishop of Autun of his haughty, domineering ways, and of his dislike to accept the guidance of others. Now here, during his whole struggle to form a possible constitutional monarchy in France, we find him, on the contrary, soliciting the incessant aid and co-operation of his supporters—of those whom he has persuaded to be his supporters, to act with him cordially and unreservedly. He is the guiding spirit of all the rest—of that there can be no doubt. His inspirations are autographed in the perpetual letters which M. Pallain's valuable book brings to our notice;¹ but the value of combination, the recognition of the power to be alone secured by various but collective and strongly united energies, presses upon us in every line. It is on a combination of opinion and thought in the Governments of Europe that he builds his best chances of success; it is by public opinion, in reality secured through the agency of diplomacy, that he aims at a kind of foreign consensus to avert the excesses which, once committed in France, he foresees must inevitably bring on war.

From spring to autumn he leaves in sober earnest no "stone unturned" to obtain this species of counter-coalition, and the ardour of his perpetual efforts does from

time to time animate, and all but inspire, the more hesitating forces in the great reactionary centres. This is a chorus, a whole concert, of the different voices that, in the name of France, and of what still remains to her of self-styled government, speak to Europe of the means yet to be employed to save the ancient monarchy. From north to south, from west and east, we have the minute and urgent explanations of the non-accredited negotiator in England, and the often equally lengthy replies of his "colleagues" in Vienna or Brussels, in Constantinople or Berlin. From Constantinople there come some of the most modern of all, signed by M. de Choiseul Gouffier, and containing projects for the internal reorganisation of France on parliamentary lines, provoking from "the Bishop" one of the most remarkable proofs he ever furnished of his civil and administrative superiority. In spite of his appreciation of the modes of British government, Talleyrand never hesitates to say: "Above all, no imitations! Follow out the spirit where you will, but leave all mere formal modifications untouched. Preserve national foundations as ages have left them, and remember no good can come of what destroys the origins of a people,—and to us French, every possible good is contained in the popular customs and usages of our earliest history. The utmost capacity for all reform or improvement lies grounded there."

Curiously enough, this theory will be best discovered some half a century after in the pages of more advanced historians, and most of any in Michelet; but it is

¹ M. Pallain's own untiring labours to procure the original manuscript of the *De Lessart Correspondence*, lodged at last in the French archives, are amply described in his preface, and constitute a remarkable chapter of modern history.

not without surprise that it is so plainly recognised in Talleyrand.

In Vienna he has his friend, M. de Noailles; in Paris, for the time as permanent Minister of War, the *spirituel* Louis de Narbonne; in Valenciennes, Biron, holding command; in Berlin, M. de Ségur, who is the object of his infinite anxiety. "We cannot do without Berlin," is one of his constantly recurring phrases; "we must be quite sure of Ségur!" For from the outset (six years previously) Talleyrand never once loses his hold on the importance of the Prussian co-operation with France. Potsdam is the completion to his policy of Versailles, and, as against the retrograde instincts of Austria and the union of northern autocracy, the more liberal ideas of the great philosopher-king and *confrère* of Voltaire stand out to his sense as a manifest resource to be invoked at the latest hour.

But when Frederick has disappeared and the philanthropic *Schwärmer* Joseph is succeeded by Leopold, the sheet-anchor of the threatened vessel is, before every other stay, England, and, in truth, England only. There is, improbable as it may seem to narrower minds, the one great hope to be sought for, to be forged into a reality. Talleyrand's was never (above all, under the still undefined circumstances of the epoch before '98) a narrow mind; and, once his imagination—of which he was plentifully possessed—was set in motion, he saw without hesitation the real truths touching men and things which others neither perceived nor ventured to divine. When the Bishop of Autun, who in childish years had been familiar with the histories of Richelieu and Ximenes, and other lordly churchmen, came to acknowledge the tremendous power of

British will and its dogged obstinacy, together with the latent faculties of wealth lying beneath them, he at one glance discerned the man who would invincibly rule the whole country, and sway the life of the nation if it ever came to resolute resistance. He had a marvellous power of seeing beneath surfaces, and guessing at hidden power; and he foresaw William Pitt as his first and determined aim. In the situation, this is also a fact not to be neglected. It is easy to dispute the consequences of Pitt's policy; but of his predominance over the statecraft of the world and of his own time no man unblinded by prejudice ever doubted, or could doubt.

The Bishop of Autun never swerved for an instant from his conviction. He went over to London, after Mirabeau's death, to see, not Lord Grenville or any other Minister of easier access—he went to see Pitt himself, and talk to him about the "affairs of France." And with no small amount of difficulty, this was exactly what he did. "You are not accredited," said the great English leader with a smile, and knowing as well as did his visitor the value of those with whom he had to do, and disdaining (no one more) the worth of credentials or etiquette. "I know it," was the reply, "and am not going to propose anything to you. Je veux causer avec vous des affaires de France."

And this they did to so much purpose, that the Neutrality Treaty was obtained and signed in the following month of May. We know all the rest, and what European convulsions ensued. But there was no fault on Talleyrand's part; no blame can attach to him. What the most convinced and decided champion of a cause could at-

tempt, he attempted. He tried every issue—he forced every resistance; brought such influence, direct and indirect, to weigh upon the reluctant king, that the famous letter to Louis XVI. was written in his own hand; so roused the anger of the chiefs of the Opposition, that the effect was undisguisedly appreciated by haughty Chatham's haughtier son; and when every ray of hope had vanished, and failure was the unescapeable doom, sentenced himself to banishment in the distant and uncivilised West, of whose future development, long before the poet Chateaubriand, he was the first European to guess.

When Talleyrand returned from America in 1797, still as a Bishop, it was as a disappointed, unbelieving, utterly altered man. His period of real, eager, public activity is over; public life is at an end. What lies before him during the Directoire is a monotonous, uneventful existence of the dullest, and all notion of helpfulness has collapsed. Under the impulse of Mirabeau, we had a man the precise reverse of what historic records afford us—a man so full of zeal, that he can supply a dozen other men with his indefatigable strength. After the meeting with Barras and Bonaparte, and the 18 Brumaire, Place, attained to by mere individual ambition, appears to be the sole future employment of a subordinate manner of life. We have before us the systematic professor of "*Messieurs, pas de zèle!*"

The first part of the Talleyrand, of whom the world comparatively knows so little, ends here, where the Bonapartist usurpations and dreams of empire begin, gradually forcing upon England her inevitable fame, and condemning her to Trafalgar and Waterloo; the second part opens in '98, and continues

through the Italian and German campaigns, until all the sins of Imperial France provoked all the retribution of 1814-15—*et le reste!*

This epoch from 1815 to 1840, through the restoration and "July Monarchy," when occurred the Prince's own death, is presumed to be familiar, more or less, to the entire political world, and its importance is simply revived by the publication of the present '*Memoirs.*'

The personal knowledge of the famous statesman is, we again affirm, most distinctly shown in its true colours by the earlier acts of his life; and this is a "life," not a "career," a term but ill defining it.

For the forty years elapsing between Chalais and St Cloud, on the return from the United States, we have hitherto imperfectly known Charles Maurice de Talleyrand, and his natural *raisons d'être*. If we watch him more closely, we have to admit what a genuine and considerable part of himself lay here, and helped to create the future man. We find—no matter what may be changed or obliterated later on—a bitter sense of injustice and oppression; an unmistakable contempt for hypocrisy and weakness, allied to a real regard for courage (wherever undeniable); a desire for truly merited distinction; a keen perception of all those unlimited capacities for freedom such as the United States may eventually produce, and an ineradicable esteem for British institutions, and British character and public qualities.

With the remainder of the Prince's career, with what the '*Memoirs*' offer to us "under control," there is still a good deal to study, though infinitely less; and what there is has been made subject for discussion in nearly every country for the space of fifty years.

III.

"Under control!" that is the word applied by every one of those who handle the volumes just published in Paris;¹ but this implies more the immediate inaccuracies of which the actual edition is accused, than any alterations or misstatements attributed to the original author himself. And after minute examination, we are obliged to recognise that a very large mass of confirmation is to be discovered in various portions of the volumes before us, and that, in reality, a manner of "control" had been exercised already by the writer himself.

There is, amongst others, an exceedingly curious reason for this fact.

Up to the time of Prince Talleyrand's death, few ministers or great official dignitaries would have imagined diplomatic documents buried in the recesses of the Government archives being brought to light in order to confront the autobiographical records of their own writers. They were, at all events, safe, hidden away, often forgotten. Taking, for instance, the precious correspondence recovered with such pains half a century later by M. Pallain, and by him presented to the French Foreign Office (the invaluable "De Lessart Correspondence")—this was as much in reality a secret to its principal author at the period of his demise as to any other ordinary mortal; was almost as much as to any one else a chronicle of bygone events carried away, swamped by the Revolution!

Alluding to the length of time,

in many cases unaccounted for, blotted out by this frightful confusion of the direst, most bewildering events, M. Sorel also notes the confusion of men's own minds, the whirling flow of incidents that often swept more precise landmarks from the troubled expanse of their own memories. He adds—

"I will not affirm that on several points I do not share many when not all the doubts of my *confrères*! . . . but I will try to confine my comments to the matter printed in the pages of the 'Memoirs.' . . . No one wrote more than did Talleyrand; c'était un faux paresseux—he was a tremendous worker, and wrote prodigiously! . . . Few ministers or public men ever wrote so much, or crammed the official archives so full of autographs, . . . and those of all kinds."

But the blank spaces left by events, the gaps impossible to have foreseen—these, as M. Sorel so sagaciously observes, brought about disturbances even in the rolls of Ministerial State Papers.

"Talleyrand," he adds, "provided against many things, revised a good deal, guarded as much as possible against imitations or falsifications, or mistakes made by copyists, against anything apocryphal, but he did not guard against history! (Il ne s'était point prémuni contre l'histoire!) He had not foreseen that, pending the long seclusion of his own 'Memoirs,' the State archives would be opened, and that all and whatever he should have left—manuscripts, autographs, authentic despatches, innumerable documents—all would be laid bare that he had believed sealed up, and had lost count of: and that, when the time for publication prefixed by him had come, the public would already know every-

¹ The expression is quoted as specially to be noted in the last most telling review of the work by M. Albert Sorel, 'Temps,' 26th March 1891.

thing, and be in a position to judge competently, weighing the good and bad, and passing sentence on the acts that lay before its eyes."

Here M. Sorel's is the fairest and truest judgment passed, and for that reason we have given his own words. It is in fact before the history he himself contributed to make that M. de Talleyrand to a large degree stands judged.

Now, without attempting to enter upon the chaos of incidents familiar to all politico-historical students from Jena to Leipsic, and from the Congress of Vienna to the coronation of Charles X., there are two points on which it seems to us something is to be said not without interest to the British reader. Why did Prince Talleyrand compile the materials for his 'Memoirs'? and what was the lesson (if any) that, after a certain lapse of time, he wished to leave on the minds of the public of his age?

A very generally adopted notion is, that when he commenced his work—in 1818-21-23 (the Restoration still enduring, and Louis XVIII. being still alive)—he intended to prove (indirectly to show the sovereign to whom much was communicated, and who was an appreciator of extraordinary worth) that in real truth one man had foreseen all,—had, from the first sign of Napoleonic folly, pre-judged the inevitable end, and had contributed mainly to the retrieval; that, in short, Charles Maurice de Talleyrand had been the General Monk! This, until 1830, was the opinion of more than one politician; and when from 1836 on-

wards the restrictions were placed on the date of publication, it was supposed that they had for their motive the desire of avoiding any future offence to any member of the Orleans family. Let us accept either or both explanations, which contain nothing whatever very improbable or particularly unworthy. There are still reserves to make as regards the relative sincerity of Talleyrand's later career.¹

A controversy of which we have not yet reached the end has, from 1822-30 until the present day, been waged throughout the continent of Europe in order to decide what were the *bond fide* political opinions of the man who was reproached with having served all masters. Was he an adherent of conservative principles, or had he been genuinely converted to what are termed "liberal" ones? Did he believe in any principles whatsoever, or had he in turn been false to all? And in the latter hypothesis, who were the parties he had the most and oftenest betrayed?

There is in the best controlled portion of the 'Memoirs,' in the passages that are most strongly confirmed by the autobiographical documents, a not unimportant number of attestations proving Talleyrand's adoption of certain modern liberal doctrines, though as against this must be largely admitted the declaration made by his enemies of the complete untrustworthiness of his character, and the all but certainty of his adoption of any party opinion or creed that should serve his own interest or ambition.

¹ We discard the legend of the Talleyrand Papers said to have been carried away from the Prince's deathbed by Louis Philippe and Madame Adelaide, for it seems to us manifestly not to hold together. If taken and in positive possession, why was it neglected, at the same time, to secure the frightfully damaging portrait of *Egalité*—the worst of any of the historic presentments, and undisputed by any serious authority?

Without deciding in favour of this extreme view, we think it just to premise that in the average political beliefs of M. de Talleyrand—those most apparent throughout the longest consistent sections of his existence—there must evidently be set down a vast sum of indifference and a great share of contempt,—indifference for the deeds done, and contempt for the doers of them. Both, we must however in all fairness say, are more distinctly visible during the latter than during the former part of his career.

After his return from America in 1797, we have little difficulty in accepting the estimate of his detractors touching his moral worth. It is perhaps of less importance to the ultimate result than might be supposed.

One fact, as a fact, must be stated at all hazards—it is this: throughout the evidences of Talleyrand's life from first to last, the proofs of his liberal modern tendencies outweigh numerically those of any retrograde or absolutist sort. But "do not rely upon that," cry the enemies with one acclaim; "it is all pretence—a mere blind, meant to beguile and take you in!"

Let it be so. Granted. It is the conviction not of the Bismarck but of the Metternich school, with whom Talleyrand had, as a matter of fact, nothing in common, and who for that reason mortally hated him.

"The Emperor," says Prince Talleyrand, relating a conversation in 1807, "had more than once evinced a great desire to talk to me about his plans regarding Spain, but I invariably eluded the subject, knowing well whither tended his rapacious ambition; and when it even came to a point, I never failed to show him the

profound immorality and the dangers of the enterprise. . . . I foretold to him the mortal regrets and disasters that must ensue, . . . but I failed to convince him, and he ever after mistrusted me."

There was added to this the argument of the danger that is inseparable from all invasion, the declaration of "the incomparable difficulties attending the attack of a "nation of patriots by a foreign Power alone."

These were the very theories resorted to under the Restoration in 1822-23, and employed to prevent the campaign of the Duc d'Angoulême in Spain, and this was the tone of the Opposition in Paris, redounding to its utmost credit, be it said.¹

What prevented Prince Talleyrand from resorting to these same methods of resistance in the same identical moment, and placing under the date of 1807 as opposed to the omnipotent Emperor the liberal language meant to encourage the English proclivities of Louis XVIII.?

The adversaries knew of but one form of abuse: Liberalism or Conservatism, it was all deceit! He had always had a personal plan—a plan for his own advantage, and for some one else's eventual undoing—in every single assertion he had ever made, in every single proposal he had ever initiated.

Let it be so. When the blindness of Charles X. and the insanity of his ministers produced the fatal, and, as time has proved, irremediable catastrophe of 1830, the immediate necessity was to save what remained, to prevent a total destruction. "Sauvons en les morceaux!" was the last cry of hope, and Talleyrand was despatched to London.

¹ *Vide Mémoires du Duc Victor de Broglie. 4 vols. Paris, 1886. C. Lévy.*

That both countries owed him a distinct debt of gratitude for his exceeding coolness of judgment and moderation during a period of by no means utter tranquillity even in England, cannot be denied; and it is but just to recall the circumstance of the praise awarded him by the "great Duke," who invariably bore witness to "the services rendered by the French ambassador's straightforwardness."

And here we come to the crowning proof of Talleyrand's perspicacity and impartiality: his world-famous dispatch to his own Government in 1830 upon the line of foreign policy to be adopted by France. At the end of the year (27th November 1830) the Prince writes to his chief—Marshal Maison was succeeded by Count Sebastiani—in the following terms:—

"Europe is assuredly at this moment in a state of crisis. Well, England is, with ourselves, the sole Power sincerely desirous of peace. Other Governments recognise divine right, whereas of us two neither sees therein its origin. . . . I believe that our duty is to use all our several points of unity to give to Europe the peace whereof she stands in need. There may be other States inclined for war; but we two must declare peace, and impose it as the two strongest. . . . Certain Cabinets entertain, no doubt, dreams of coalition, and may come to an understanding, for they are based on common principles. These are being weakened every day, it is true, but they still exist, and when these Cabinets speak together, they agree with each other quickly: they sustain divine right with cannon. We two (England and France) have only principles wherewith to back public opinion; but a principle can penetrate everywhere, whereas cannon

has a limited range. . . . The forces are pretty equal on both sides; for whilst opinion and principles find allies on the side of their very opponents, the latter count no adherents save in the Faubourg St Germain. . . . There is a way of inclining the scale towards our system,—there is but one,—namely, to win over Prussia to our ideas, her own being far less distant from ours than those of her northern neighbours. . . . I took occasion yesterday to develop these theories at great length with Lord Grey, and did so also to-day with Lord Palmerston. Both adopt them entirely, and will send corresponding instructions in this sense to their agents in Berlin."¹

Nor is this all. On presenting his credentials to William IV., he took occasion to address to his Majesty a short speech, that was welcomed by universal favour in the English press. He urged its reproduction in the 'Moniteur'; but Count Mole, then Prime Minister, threw obstacles of every kind in the path of such publicity, and all the ambassador's vehemence could be of no avail, for Louis Philippe backed his Minister in his resistance. At last, after publication in the 'National,' the leading Opposition organ of the time, the speech of the French ambassador was admitted to the 'Moniteur.' But it is not the least curious episode of the moment that difficulties of this description should have been placed in Prince Talleyrand's road by the head of his own Government.

Now, to condense the heterogeneous materials from which the many sources now before us have furnished the portrait of the celebrated French statesman, suppose we deliberately adopt the

¹ Always the old combination of 1792, the original notion of Mirabeau: the constitutional tendency—"We must secure Berlin; . . . mind you don't lose your hold on Ségur."

most unfavourable view—that of his worst detractors,—the view that his whole life admits only the vicious, the false, the unscrupulous, the perjured, the incarnation of all evil, making the man of whom it was said that “il ne pouvait pas craindre le diable puisqu’il l’était,”—suppose we accept this estimate of him as the true one, there still remains one qualifying circumstance to be taken into account: if he did not, as he asserts, advise Napoleon in the height of his omnipotence to abstain from his unjustifiable and insane aggressions, and if he never on any occasion attempted to stay the ruthless flood of violence against the weak; if he never raised his voice to prevent useless wrong, never tried to avert or mitigate the excesses of either the Prussian, or, above all, the Spanish “robber raids”; if he merely pretended to have done so when long years afterwards it might conduce to his credit,—there is always the one reserve to be made—that he knew and distinctly acknowledged where the right and proper and honourable line of conduct lay,—knew in his inmost conviction what he ought to have done,—had the respect a public man should have for what a public man should do, and proved he had it by pretending

to have done it! That much it is obliged us to concede him.

Whatever else we may deny, we must grant him his intelligence, and his absence of blind or narrow prejudice. His sense of the fitness of things, as of his own personal ease, was much injured; and, aggrieved from his very cradle by the foolish avoidances of Progress in the civilisation whereinto he was born, he was undeniably of a far-seeing spirit, cast in the modern mould—more modern even than simply intelligent, his modes of perception being decidedly more in accord with the usages and forms of what lay before than of what lay behind him. If, therefore, we ask no grandeur of moral thought, no rectitude of principle, no preference, from a higher point of view, of the grandness of man’s dignity or the stateliness of freedom, we may still, in his intellect, in his fine appreciations of men and things, see the determining cause for a belief in the expediency of progress, in the superiority of free institutions over the depressing barbarities of absolute rule. He is not led astray by words; he looks into the inmost minds of men. He is to the last the same man who so admired the unyielding will of the English nation and the splendid character of William Pitt.

LABOUR *VERSUS* CAPITAL IN BRITAIN.

A FORECAST BY A WORKING MAN.

[THE author of this article writes thus: "I am no writer, having been a working man—now, I rejoice to say, able to live in retirement on my saved earnings. Beginning life very low down, I have had three or four hundred workmen at times at work under me, so know them pretty well. My schooling terminated at twelve years old." We trust his fellow-workmen will weigh the thoughtful and temperate views of so creditable a member of their own class, against the wild suggestions of the agitating demagogues whose exploitation of the interests of labour is producing such wholesale misery and trouble.—*Ed. B. M.*]

ALL men are cognisant of the everyday disputes now prevalent between employers and employed. These quarrels are not new—they have a long pedigree in this free country; and the fact that such disquieting incidents occur, while it testifies to the exercise of freedom on its broadest basis, exposes also one of the inseparable drawbacks thereto, and is but one of the perils which beset the course of a free self-governing people. At present these differences are notable by reason of their increasing magnitude and frequency, as well as for their widespreading significance. The old bone of contention—wages—has fallen into the background, though this is only temporarily and for the moment. Now, the power of control has come to the front. Hours of labour and details concerning regulations form but secondary subjects now, and always the vital and formidable question emerges at last—viz., power of control. New leaders of confederated societies of workers have arisen, who conceive and foresee that (success in the past having been obtained only by power) they can get power fully developed only by a universal enrolment of workers in their ranks; so their design

is to compel all and every individual workman, skilled and unskilled alike, to become a fellow-member with them, and, all acting together, to become irresistible; and in order to carry out this new system of conscription, they are boycotting non-society men by putting pressure on employers to abstain from employing such men in selected places, by withdrawing from employment all the society hands at those places, then establishing a system of picketing, or, plainly speaking, annoying, molesting, or anyhow terrorising over the men remaining at work, to whom they apply the disgusting appellation of "blacklegs." This is the scheme which succeeded in the London Dock strike in 1889. It has been tried and failed since at Southampton, at the South London gas-works, at the gas-works at Manchester, and recently on the Scottish railways. The success at London Docks came about from sympathy and outside support: the true springs of action have there been since exposed, and the experience of similar attempts at domination in Australia, which our colonial cousins overcame easily, precludes the possibility of outside help from that quarter in future.



Disputes have often been carried to the extremity of a strike or lock-out by the respective parties, with varying results. Sometimes one, sometimes the other, has given way, under the pressure of loss and suffering entailed. But with few exceptions (of which the Sheffield outrages a quarter of a century ago was the most flagrant case) these contests have been waged and settled within legal bounds, and without violating the established customs of fair dealing which characterise the British nation. Latterly, alas! we get very noisy demonstrations, as they are called, and ebullitions of clamorous impatience of the laws of the land, acting under which the police do—as they are bound to do—keep a watchful eye on exhibitions of brute force, and check illegal domination. Men in all public spheres are too apt to forget that freedom cannot thrive in an atmosphere of impatience. Irritability engenders a perpetual growth of insubordination, and that is the weed which chokes the growth of freedom. The adjustment of the rights of controlled and controller in this country is the eternal problem of the legislator of each succeeding age and generation. To abandon the peaceful study and reasonable solution of the difficulty, and to resort to force, is for a free people to despair of the special gifts bestowed by freedom, and to plunge into revolution.

The growing power of workmen, resulting from and appertaining to larger combinations of them; the diffusion of information and broadening of scope; the quickening of their apprehension of their own interests; the stimulated taste for and enjoyment of luxuries; the holiday and leisure times established by law and custom; the first-fruits of national education among the younger men, shown

in their especial excitability, and, it must be confessed, frequently exhibited self-conceit; more common association and discussion; the cheap press, of which they are the great supporters,—all these new conditions of life and environment have transformed artisan society, giving to it a fermenting ingredient which must work itself out in some way or other. Let us hope that out of the seething in this huge body will evolve *suitable* heads or leaders. Such leaders as have from time to time in the past arisen, have on the whole been no discredit to their origin or to the body of British workmen; and this warrants the belief that suitable men will arise in due time, gifted as heretofore and duly recognised, who will lead their fellows with a true instinct in a right course. But just now we must expect to have to do with movements and aims of a rough, crude, and even rashly ambitious kind. Such are the natural excesses of youth and inexperience. The majority in every walk of life is always the younger members, but somehow the wisdom of the elders maintains its sway.

Turning now to the capitalists, which is the proper term for employers to-day, we contemplate a race of giants. Gigantic are the proportions to which the establishments or concerns have grown in mining, manufacturing, carrying by rail or ship, docks and warehouses, and all the various modes of industrial enterprise; and the small ones are constantly merging into larger ones. Each enterprise is thus becoming more and more a concentration under one head of wealth, power, scientific and mechanical skill, and a mastery over all the obstacles arising in a free-trade competition with all the human race. At the service of

these powers electricity throbs every second of time its messages, conveying their commands to every part of the world, obliterating the old barriers of time and space. No wonder, then, that wielders of such powers grow despotic!

Bearing in mind, then, the new resources and characteristics, such as these, of both employers and employed, one realises the nature of the contest impending; and if it come in earnest, how like it may be to real modern war—short, sharp, and terribly destructive! Yes; let us carry on this comparison, and venture to hope that industrial chiefs, learning from the national chiefs a studied carefulness of the maintenance of peace by all possible means of compromise and forbearance, because of the awfully terrible horrors of modern warfare,—let these men also, we say, as guides and counsellors among masters and men, forecasting the horrors of strife, by dwelling wisely upon it, realise its misery and horror, and the barrenness of any victory they can gain for either side in comparison thereof. Thus they will fertilise their minds for the raising up therein of peaceful suggestion and compromise.

In aid of such reflections, it will be profitable to analyse the forces on both sides—to examine into their systems of organisation and the extent of their powers, either for aggression or resistance, keeping in mind always the certainty that the result of any possible contest which may be waged will depend most likely—nay, surely—upon the capability for endurance. The side which is strongest in this sense will in the upshot win.

WORKMEN: Forces.—It is estimated there are 40 millions of us in Great Britain and Ireland, and that 5 millions are

about the number of skilled and unskilled working men. Of these about 1 million belong to trade societies of all kinds. Up to now it has been impossible to get a quarter of these to act together. It may shortly be shown that half a million can and will do so, therefore we must reckon that to be the number as an active force. Now, taking roughly these men to be heads of families, and five as the average family number, we get $2\frac{1}{2}$ millions of persons who would be involved in a strike directly by this body of workmen. Large enough in all conscience, but not so big as appears to be wished for; and we may infer that to rule and direct so large a body will prove a difficult task, when it is remembered how long and persistently the best organised men, the miners, have worked at their system, which yet greatly lacks cohesion, splitting up, as it does, at critical moments, not from inefficient generalship—for it has produced and is led by really able men. The fact that these veterans deprecate the new departure shows that if these ideas prevail among enlightened unionists, the four-fifths of the gross number, the non-society men who hold aloof, may be considered wholly out of active sympathy, and standing as armed non-combatants, ready and willing to serve the other side.

Organisation.—Workmen's societies are voluntary memberships under simple rules, based on payment of periodical subscriptions, and of special strike levies, for the purpose of mutually aiding and sustaining the members in certain cases of strife; and there are rules to be observed for furthering the interests of members. Some unite sick pay and benefit to this primary work. Non-payment of calls or dues results in dismissal.

So the combination is a loose one, easily dissolved. An examination of some of the books of these societies would tell a tale of extreme fluctuation in number of members. Public lamentations by leaders on this score occasionally throw a gleam of light on this inherent weakness, especially among the unskilled workers. The discipline of such an army must necessarily be of the mildest. Influence can only be exerted by appeals to self-interest, to fears, or to some of the many allurements held out in the relaxation of toil or the supposed increase of happiness from higher wages. Now, if it could be supposed possible for the societies to desire to get by law some greater hold over their members—say, that a man should be bound to continue a member, or that, in default, his goods and chattels became liable for his dues—one can conceive how quickly such a move would extinguish them altogether. The forfeiture of interests therein is at present the only sacrifice entailed, and is so often undergone as to show that it is lightly esteemed. It must be remembered that these societies have been created by the working men themselves, and the fundamental looseness of the bond may be expressive of the ineradicable hold which freedom has on the mind and instincts of the men. So we must perforce admit that Liberty herself takes care that her sons shall not easily be beguiled back into a self-imposed bondage. Societies such as these, therefore, for purposes either of aggression or resistance, are inherently weak in their organisation; and hence it follows there cannot be sufficient financial preparation for a widely extended movement.

Resources.—The powers for aggression and endurance possessed

by working men cannot be contemplated without a feeling of pain and sorrow. The earnings of artisan and labourer, it is too well known, are needed week by week. Each recurring strike or lock-out, fresh in the mind of the observer during many years, has left its record of want and destitution. The 5 millions of our workmen compose, with their families, quite 25 millions of our population. Statisticians tell us that the wages earned and expended amount to 400 million pounds annually; and our temperance friends aver that 100 millions at the very least of this sum goes in drink and tobacco, which, again, say the hygienic economists, is purely wasted. The Savings Banks reports, on the other hand, have a modest tale of a little sum put by yearly, and this little increases. So a short study shows us that our workmen have a propensity for wasting their resources, and that they virtually live from hand to mouth. Strikes hitherto have depended for success on the fund available for paying the strikers, and their organisation precludes the accumulation of sufficient funds for large operations. Levies on men at work have been utilised in aid of these funds; but the voluntary nature of this impost shows how little it can be depended on, and at a very critical time an act of a hostile kind by employers can cut it off. The sympathies of public feeling have added to the funds on some occasions, as when the dockers struck; but in the case of the gas-workers, which followed immediately, the way in which this support dries up was rapidly shown. Therefore, in case of half a million striking, the weekly pay of even 10s. a-head—which is the very smallest sum possible to maintain five persons alive—requires £250,000 a-week; and two weeks of this would entirely exhaust all

accumulated funds. None but those who know by experience can thoroughly realise the strain of a strike when it has gone on for weeks. If the end is gained, the effects of the struggle which remain on the character and resources of the men, are in no way estimable; but if failure follows, a sullen despair is added to the miseries undergone in vain. Enlarging the numbers and the area is only widening one or the other of these inevitable evil consequences.

EMPLOYERS: *Forces and Organisation.*—The employers as a body cannot be first weighed in the scale as single individuals like the workman, nor as having voluntary associations loosely held together, but for the most part have to be viewed as legally constituted companies, whose members are held together in legal bonds as co-partners, having mutual claims legally on each other in the support of, and liability for, their undertakings. This forms a fundamental union, vitally active and sustaining, which has no counterpart among the workmen. The modern expansive joint-stock principle has laid hold of every branch of industry and enterprise, bringing into its ranks, one might say individually as shareholders, almost the entire nation by membership under the limited liability system. It is a small step indeed for such a very mutually interested community of capitalist employers to advance to federation of interests for self-protective purposes. Such a movement must naturally evolve under threat of danger or hostility. Indeed we see it in progress in the shipping trade, and its extension and universality is as certain as the next sunrise to-morrow. General sympathy and support thereto from such as may be disinterested

is to be expected, because of a universal dread of a breakdown of the only system yet found to answer to most people's wants in this imperfectly self-governing world—a system that is rooted in all our laws and customs, and which is identified with the rise and progress of civilisation.

Working men find themselves massed into large concerns by employers. One of our railway companies employs 60,000 persons. It owns 110 millions in value of capital invested by 34,000 shareholders. But look at the figures and you find each individual holder of shares does not seem much of an employer, for there are not two men to each shareholder. Yet how much closer and firmer is the tie betwixt the 34,000 than that which binds the 60,000! The payday for the smaller body comes only twice a-year; could the others subsist at all under such a pay system? A gas company employing 10,000 hands is no matter for surprise, and concerns which command 5000 are common affairs. The amalgamation of smaller into large combinations proceeds now, as a matter of course, under the operation of recognised economical laws. Working men of all others experience this most, and do not apparently grasp all its effects upon themselves. It congregates them in masses, and appears to promise strength from mere numbers when thus they are brought together, but with their loose associations there is an absence of real strength. No army stands all-powerful by reason of its countless host of combatants; on the contrary, its very numbers constitute its special weakness in warfare, if its discipline, organisation, and commissariat are anywise imperfect or unequal to its requirements; and the genius of good generalship is always manifested

in the supply beforehand of these vital qualifications.

This view of the matter may be summed up as regards force by taking Mr Giffen's recently published figures in his book on the growth of capital in Great Britain. He says ten thousand million pounds may be taken as the sum total of our industrial capital. Deducting working men's savings in banks and clubs as a mere flea-bite, he tells us 200 millions is *added* yearly. Therefore we get a sum amounting to about half of the gross yearly wages saved, and reinvested by the capitalists. No figures could more strikingly exhibit the disparity subsisting in force.

Resources. — The resources of employers are, then, all stores of accumulated and invested capital, which comprises all the stocks of everything material which the earth produces at the cost and will of man. Law and customs surround the holders of these necessities and luxuries of life with a power of possession which is practically brought home to us by every policeman's uniform. The penniless workman knows very well he can get none of his wants supplied for long on credit: the smallest comfort of life is soon withheld from him by the small capitalist, a shopkeeper, who in his turn gets but a limited amount of credit from a wholesale dealer, and he again has his credit account with the import merchant or manufacturer. And if a disruption of the course or current is brought about by the penniless working-man consumer at bottom, it speedily reaches the top and supplies are stopped. This happens on rather a large scale in slack times; and in some localities, as in Lancashire and Coventry, it is well understood and has been keenly felt by all, but most

by working people. But at such times public sympathy in the form of liberal and timely help has been a bright feature, which will be entirely absent if a hostile course of action is pursued. Then to the employer belong all those mechanical producers, machinery, which do the work of 50 millions of hands, at least, in England alone, and whose powers increase at a greater ratio than those of workmen—than all animal power; and over and above the visible form of wealth in which property is seen in this country, there is the shipping at sea and abroad, and the foreign investments belonging to our countrymen, which are not tabulated in any reliable form, but are known to bring in at the least 85 millions of pounds a-year. Let any working man compare a railway map of Great Britain with that of any other country, and see how close a network of lines intersects every bit of our country, far beyond any such provision elsewhere, and he must feel how much this country has grown into one huge workshop specially equipped with these its rapid means of communication, and all brought about by voluntary enterprise under force of circumstances, for these roads are none of them contrivances of State, but all the outcome of capitalist enterprise. Now, let the worker also remember that some of these roads pay no profit at all to their owners, and never have done so; that to all of their owners there are but two pay-days in the year, and that what they are to receive they seldom know beforehand,—and this is but a type of the prevailing system among capitalist employers. He will understand in this manner the powers of resistance of his new giant masters, and take care, let us hope, how he picks a quarrel with them.

TO SUM UP, we find that Labour, aggregate it as we will, has only a self-paralysing power. It can suspend its labours, and bring machinery and other forces of employers to a standstill, and cut off income from capitalists. To go beyond this constitutionally it cannot: such are its limits. To continue in this attitude long is impossible for working men, as we have shown. The Scotch are a frugal people, but how short was the time the railway men found it possible to hold out! yet at bottom they had a good cause for action, and it enlisted much public sympathy. But while some persons sympathised all were much inconvenienced, and some much injured in pocket, by the interruption it caused to business. The railway worker really is the iron-horse, and the public will never submit to have his services given or withheld at the caprice of his driver or attendants, be they as few or as many as they may. The owners are tightly meshed in Acts of Parliament, and by-and-by the whole business of railways may fall under like dominion. It only needs a little more striking and disturbance to bring it about; and so much more is the public convenience becoming involved in the transactions of these huge masses of employees and their employers, that we need but one initial step to be taken, say in railways, when the time will be ripe for a general following up such new mode as may be adopted. Whether they will be advantageous to the masses of workers, time will show; but the power to deal with them lies latent, and is dormant now. The widening of interests has been shown; the capabilities of the people would be seen in a hostile labour contest. We see now butchers unloading ships; office clerks

willingly assisting as stevedores: not long ago, in a few hours, fifty thousand middle-class volunteers sprang to the side of our metropolitan police as specials, in an emergency caused by turbulent workmen. It is not hard to foresee how new modes of substitution would be volunteered and organised by willing people rather than be stinted of the necessities of life, and by many it would not be unwelcome as a healthy interlude in the self-indulgent dream which modern life has developed into in this luxurious age.

A solution of the present difficulties may be sought for, but will be sought for, I believe, in vain, in parliamentary action. If arbitration councils or courts could settle it, so much the better, but arbitration has long been tried, and does not satisfy either side: its decisions last no time. It will be found to be one of those problems beyond human wit to arrange a permanent method of settlement, which, while preserving individual freedom, shall enforce submission to authority in such matters as the precise amount of a man's daily wages and his hours of labour. These matters are subordinate to laws, certainly, but they are laws akin to those which govern the operations of nature transcending human powers. Present symptoms point to an electrical condition of the industrial atmosphere; energies of an excitable kind have, as I have shown, been evolved out of new conditions, and storm alone will dissipate them. The duty of outsiders is plain—to act impartially and sustain the law, to study to be self-helpful where the old service fails, and hold well together, never fearing for the result, while abiding the issue of the struggle.

H. R.



JOHN MURRAY AND HIS FRIENDS.

"METHINKS," says George Heriot to Sir Mungo Malagrowther, in the 'Fortunes of Nigel,' "it were unseemly that I, who have furnished half the cupboards in broad Britain, should have my own covered with paltry pewter." It would have been equally unseemly if John Murray, who had in his lifetime published so many excellent biographies, should have been denied a good memoir to himself. The career of a man whom Lord Byron had dubbed the "Anax of Publishers, the Anak of Stationers," and whom his fellow-publishers hailed with acclamation as the "Emperor of the West," must necessarily form an important chapter in literary history, full of interesting recollections of mighty authors, and recording the inner history of our closest friends, the standard volumes on our library shelves.

The history of literature from the publisher's—that is, from the practical—point of view, has been much less illustrated than is advantageous. The life of the author is a debt claimed by the world, and only too readily paid even when the obligation is not overwhelming. Naturally in such a record the publisher, indispensable as are his functions, does not always figure in the best light. It is he who subjects genius to base mechanical measurement; who keeps the key of the gate between it and a public eager to greet it with open arms; and who will by no means allow it to pass without taking toll of its effects. The publisher is the sharp point of contact

which the author or the poet first encounters in his descent from the spiritual ether to the grosser mundane atmosphere. Mind is confronted with matter; sordid realities are weighed against intellectual ideas, and the lead almost shakes the quicksilver out of the balance; there is a shock and a disillusion. The publisher arrogates to himself the attributes of Justice, and we willingly concede him the bandage. We have only too many precedents for impugning his verdict; literary history teems with examples of his fallibility and his rapacity. The Ourrls and the Griffithses have given a character to their craft which their more righteous successors have with difficulty lived down. And even such a work as lies before us—a plain tale of honourable and generous dealing in literary wares—will only go a certain length in vindicating the "trade" in the auctorial imagination. There is a good reason for it: the number of successful authors is small, very small; the crowd of ambitious and disappointed writers is numberless as the sands on the sea-shore. The former may complaisantly allow the publisher to be a *Mæcenas*; the latter will assuredly revile him as a *Shylock*.

The position of a publisher, while it exposes him to extravagant and unreasonable expectations, also lays upon him obligations from which all other classes of traders are happily exempt. We may dismiss the idea that it is his duty to recognise genius in

the germ, and to nurse it as in a hothouse through the bud and blossom until the fruit is ripe. In literature as in horticulture, forcing is not always attended by success. But we may justly demand that the publisher shall be able to recognise a work of genius when it is brought to him, and that he shall aid the author in placing it before the public. But here comes in the publisher's difficulty. He may be quite alive to the merits and worth of a work, but he is also aware that these will not appeal to public opinion and public taste, which make up the gauge that he has to go by. We have a very good instance of this in Murray's dealing with Carlyle and 'Sartor Resartus.'

Carlyle came up from Craigenputtock with the MS. of 'Sartor Resartus,' and with a letter of introduction from Lord Jeffrey to Mr Murray. Some delay occurred in examining the work, and Jeffrey called and induced the publisher to venture upon an edition of 750 on a "half-profits" agreement—a liberal enough offer, considering that Carlyle was only known as the author of 'Schiller' and the translator of 'Wilhelm Meister,' and the contributor of some Review articles. But Carlyle had meanwhile taken his MS. round the Row, with very indifferent success; and when Murray heard of other refusals, he was naturally unwilling to proceed with the book upon trust. The MS. was read, evidently by Lockhart, whose opinion, in *quasi-irony*, has been since permanently appended to the work. "He thought it might be a translation. The work displayed, here and there, some felicity of thought and expression, with considerable fancy and knowledge, but whether or not it would take with the public seemed doubtful."

It is not to be wondered at, under the circumstances, that Murray was indisposed to give Carlyle the benefit of the doubt, and that the work had to be taken back to Craigenputtock, and find its way to the public in course of time through the pages of 'Fraser.' But as Dr Smiles truly observes, "Carlyle himself created the taste to appreciate 'Sartor Resartus.'" Had it then been published, it would probably have proved a blank in the literary lottery; Carlyle would perhaps have been discouraged from further work in his native vein, and Murray would most probably have lost his money. It requires the cumulative force of Carlyle's books to enable us to appreciate them individually, and it is the publisher's daily experience to meet with works holding out a promise that is never justified.

The publishing house of Murray dates back to the year 1768, and its contemporary head is John Murray III. of that name. The business began coevally with a great change in the profession of literature, of which Johnson's indignant denunciations of the patron, and Goldsmith's vindication of the craft of letters in his 'Enquiry into Polite Learning,' were certain key-notes. With this change the establishment of the house of Murray was coincident, and it is to its renown that it has done much—none more—to elevate the literary calling to dignity and independence. In that year a young Scotch lieutenant of marines, thrown out of active service by the peace, and despairing of promotion, quitted Chatham for Fleet Street and became a "bookseller." We have an affectionate liking for this ancient term, for its more modern substitute is often not coextensive in import. The shop he went into was the "Ship," opposite St Dunstan's



Church; and here for twenty-five years he carried on a solid business, publishing a number of works of which scarcely the names linger in our literature, except Isaac D'Israeli's 'Curiosities of Literature,' Whitaker's 'Manchester,' Mitford's 'Greece,' and Lavater's 'Physiognomy,' his last and worst enterprise, over which he lost £3900 for the engraving of the plates. He also made some essays in periodical publication, an annual 'London Mercury,' written mostly by himself, and the 'English Review,' in which he had the doubtful assistance for some time of the notorious and unfortunate Gilbert Stuart. Lieutenant Murray was still a young man when he died, and his son, who was to succeed him in the business, was only fifteen at the time.

Although the heir to an established house, John Murray II. was far from finding smooth water under him when he was launched into business. He had a partner, Mr Highley, whom he felt to be an incubus upon his views, and he early showed his firmness and decision by getting rid of him. His earlier letters indicate a remarkable grasp of business, enterprise, determination, and great consistency of purpose and principle, which were the dominant characteristics of his successful life. He had had a fair education at Dr Burney's and other good private schools; and he had that discriminative literary instinct and taste which, whether the product of education or a natural gift, is the note of all great publishers. His correspondence from the beginning proves how readily he had mastered his position. The author looks to his publisher for a plain, matter-of-fact, sensible opinion; he will not tolerate the language of superior criticism; and while

welcoming genuine and spontaneous appreciation, he resents nothing more than flattery from such a source. Murray understood this well, and his letters were undoubtedly as pleasant as valuable to the recipients. Writing to him on one occasion, Isaac D'Israeli thus compliments him:—

"Your letter is one of the repeated specimens I have seen of your happy art of giving interest even to commonplace correspondence; and I, who am so feelingly alive to the pains and penalties of postage, must acknowledge that such letters, ten times repeated, would please me as often."

Lord Byron's appreciation of Murray's letters had long ago made us familiar with their merits, and in the volumes before us we find even fair and fashionable dames like Lady Caroline Lamb and Mrs Norton hanging on his accents, or rather on his pen.

The two great facts in John Murray's career, which, by their importance and wide-spreading consequences, throw into the shade all his other literary acts, important as they are intrinsically when viewed by themselves, were his association with Byron and his publication of the 'Quarterly Review'; and naturally both these subjects occupy a large portion of Dr Smiles's volumes. Those who expected important additions to our "Byroniana" will, however, feel considerable disappointment. We are merely again led over the same old ground that we have already traversed with Moore. This is not surprising; for the great bulk of Moore's materials, including all the letters from poet to publisher, were supplied by Murray, who, in a jocular balancing of accounts with Moore, credits himself with £2000, for "contributing one-half of the work myself by Lord Byron's letters to his publisher." It is in

these letters—the frankest of all Byron's outpourings, whimsical, riotous, querulous, biting, and affectionate, a delightful medley of mixed feelings—that we like to find the “dear Mr Murray,” who was

“In a d——d hurry
To set up this ultimate canto;”

and to whose account it was laid that

“For Orford and for Waldegrave
You gave much more than me you
gave,
Which is not fairly to behave,
My Murray.

Because if a live dog, 'tis said,
Be worth a lion fairly sped,
A live lord should be worth two dead,
My Murray.”

The Murray who is the interlocutor in the Byron correspondence has a better charter of immortality granted to him than even Dr Smiles has been able to make out in his elaborate work.

We have now the counterpart of this correspondence presented to us in many of Murray's own letters; and while they do not present us with many fresh facts, they strongly confirm our previous opinion that it was a piece of rare good fortune for Byron to have Murray for his publisher and literary adviser. In a letter which we do not find quoted by Dr Smiles, Byron mentions that he had never met but three men who would have held out a finger to him, and of these Murray was the only one who offered it while he *really* wanted it. The Memoir before us renders Murray's good offices and Byron's gratitude quite intelligible.

The connection began with “Childe Harold.” Dallas, to whom Byron had presented the MS., brought it to Murray after

Miller had refused it on account of its sceptical views and an attack on Lord Elgin in the original. Murray consulted Gifford, whose opinion was favourable, and six hundred guineas were given for the copyright.

“That Mr Murray was quick in recognising,” says Dr Smiles, “the just value of poetical works and the merits of Lord Byron's poem, is evident from the fact that at the very time that Miller declined to publish ‘Childe Harold,’ he accepted a poem by Rosa Matilda (Temple) which Murray had refused to publish, and that it was sold the year after as waste-paper, whilst Murray jumped at the offer of publishing Lord Byron's poem, and did not hesitate to purchase the copyright for a large price.”

From the first, Murray was a critic as well as publisher of Byron's poetry; and fortified by the opinion of Gifford, against which his lordship was at first disposed to rebel, although he afterwards came to regard Gifford as an oracle, Murray is often found applauding, deprecating, and suggesting, as the sheets passed through the press. We quote at length from the first letter to Lord Byron given in these volumes, as it gives the key-note to Murray's intercourse with his noble author, and may serve as an excellent sample of numerous other admirable letters which want of space prevents us from even referring to.

“I have now the pleasure of sending you the first-proof sheets of your poem, which is so good as to be entitled to all your care in rendering it perfect. Besides its general merits, there are parts which, I am tempted to believe, far excel anything that you have hitherto published; and it were therefore grievous indeed, if you do not condescend to bestow upon it all the improvements of which your mind is so capable. Every correction already made is valuable, and this

circumstance renders me more confident in soliciting your further attention. There are some expressions concerning Spain and Portugal which, however just at the time they were conceived, yet as they do not harmonise with the now prevalent feeling, I am persuaded would so greatly interfere with the popularity which the poem is, in other respects, certainly calculated to excite, that in compassion to your publisher, who does not presume to reason upon the subject, otherwise than as a mere matter of business, I hope your goodness will induce you to remove them; and with them perhaps some religious sentiments which may deprive me of some customers amongst the orthodox. Could I flatter myself that these suggestions were not obtrusive, I would hazard another,—that you would add the two promised cantos, and complete the poem. It were cruel indeed not to perfect a work which contains so much that is excellent. Your fame, my lord, demands it. You are raising a monument that will outlive your present feelings, and it should therefore be constructed in such a manner as to excite no other association than that of respect and admiration for your character and genius. I trust that you will pardon the warmth of this address, when I assure you that it arises in the greatest degree from a sincere regard for your best reputation; with, however, some view to that portion of it which must attend the publisher of so beautiful a poem as you are capable of rendering in the ‘*Romaunt of Childe Harold*.’”

We have an amusing sketch of Byron at this time as he was wont to call at Fleet Street on his way from Jackson's boxing lessons, walking up and down the room delivering carte and tierce at the book-shelves, while his admiring publisher was venting his raptures over the poem. “‘You think that a good idea, do you, Murray?’ Then he would fence and lunge with his walking-stick at some special book which he had picked out on the shelves before him.” We can easily

understand that Murray was “often very glad to get rid of him.”

Then followed that splendid burst of song, beginning with “*The Giaour*,” “*The Bride of Abydos*,” “*The Corsair*,” and “*Lara*,” in startling rapidity, which Byron continued to pour out with little intermission during the rest of his life, ranging over all the fields of poetry, lyrical, dramatic, and satirical. The correspondence marks the ripening intimacy; and when Byron finally left England, Murray remained his faithful correspondent, and the chief link between him and the world which he had abandoned. Flattering as the connection was, we can easily understand that it had an alloy of anxiety and doubt. It was impossible for the publisher of the ‘*Quarterly*,’ a chief *ensor morum* and guardian of the literary proprieties of the day, not to have grave misgivings when he read the MSS. of “*Cain*,” and of the successive cantos of “*Don Juan*,” how these works were to affect his own reputation as well as the public mind. It is not an agreeable situation for a publisher to be called upon to consider whether a work is moral enough to carry copyright; and we find some indication of these perplexities in Dr Smiles's work, and a still clearer reflection of the publisher's scruples in Byron's own letters. It took a stout heart to stem the torrent of literary abuse—not all unmerited—that centred round the name of Byron, and Murray deserves all honour for his stout courage, while posterity has wholly justified his fidelity. The case was altogether an exceptional one. Byron's genius was sufficiently powerful to impose his poetry upon the world—a feat that has been predicable before or since of no other poet.

Moore, on his visit to Byron at

Venice in 1819, was presented by the poet with the MS. of his *Memoirs*—his ‘*Life and Adventures*’ he called it—on the condition that it was not to be published until after his death, though he had no objection to Moore’s at once disposing of it. This, with a continuation which he received in the course of the following year, he endeavoured to dispose of to Longmans, but eventually he accepted Murray’s offer of 2000 guineas, on condition that he should edit the MS. and write a *Life*. Murray informed Lady Byron of the *Memoirs*, and offered to submit them to her in case “she might wish to confute any of his statements;” but she declined to read them, and considered their publication at any time “as prejudicial to Ada’s future happiness.” “For my own sake I have no reason to shrink from publication; but notwithstanding the injuries which I have suffered, I should lament more of the consequences.” The *Memoirs* were shown to several persons—to Lord John Russell among others—and the general verdict was that they were unpublishable. Lord Holland “seemed to think it was in cold blood—depositing a sort of quiver of poisoned arrows for a future warfare upon private character.”

On Lord Byron’s death, the *Memoirs* became Murray’s absolute property. Lady Byron had offered to redeem them for the sum which Murray had paid to Moore, but the latter naturally reflected that such an act would seem like treachery to the memory of his deceased friend. He offered, however, to place the MS. at the disposal of Byron’s sister, Mrs Leigh, “to be done with exactly as she thought proper.” The result of much correspondence and deliberation was that a grand council was held in Murray’s drawing-room,

when a scene took place worthy of being commemorated by the brush of a great historical painter.

“There were present Mr Murray, Mr Moore, Mr J. C. Hobhouse, Colonel Doyle representing Lady Byron, Mr Wilmot Horton representing Mrs Leigh, and Mr Luttrell, a friend of Moore’s. Young Mr Murray, then sixteen; the only person of those assembled now living,—was also in the room. The discussion was long, and stormy before the meeting broke up, and nearly led to a challenge between Moore and Hobhouse. A reference to the agreement between Moore and Murray being necessary, for a long time that document could not be found. It was at length discovered, but only after the decision to commit the MS. to the flames had been made and carried out, and the party remained until the last sheet of Lord Byron’s *Memoirs* had vanished in smoke up the Albemarle Street chimney.”

As events turned out, we are justified in saying that the decision was a mistake. Had these *Memoirs* been in existence to appeal to, we should probably have never heard of the atrocious Beecher Stowe allegations. There was no reason for publishing them, but every reason for their preservation; and Moore’s own opinion, that parts of the MS. which were objectionable should be suppressed and the rest retained, was obviously the only proposal that did justice to all parties concerned.

The establishment and skilful management of the ‘*Quarterly Review*’ is the next great characteristic of Mr Murray’s career. The ‘*Edinburgh Review*,’ started in 1802, had had a brilliant success from the beginning; but in the course of six years its autocratic conduct, its clever but reckless criticism, and its unscrupulous politics, had made many literary spirits ripe for revolt against

it. It was for Murray to "bell the cat," and the project of a Quarterly of equal critical weight, and of more patriotic political principles, was conceived by Murray. He took Canning into his confidence, who sent his brother Stratford to consult with the publisher. Murray had a formidable array of able contributors to pit against the talent of the 'Edinburgh.' Through Canning he was able to muster all the wits of the defunct 'Anti-Jacobin.' His aid to a number of Eton youths who had got entangled with the conduct of the 'Miniature,' a volume of essays, had given him a claim upon the friendship of Stratford Canning, Gally Knight, the Marquis Wellesley's sons, and other clever young men, whose assistance could be counted on. But it was on Walter Scott that Murray placed his chief reliance; and Scott, who had long patriotically borne with much patience the onslaughts of the 'Edinburgh' on his poems, eagerly entered into the enterprise, and was indefatigable in beating up for recruits. Scott brought in Southey, whose name, more than any other save Croker, was most associated with the 'Quarterly,' which afforded him the very outlet he needed for his marvellous range of reading, and for the opinions of his maturer years. Gifford was selected for the editorship, and in many respects a more fortunate choice could not have been made. It is true he suffered from bad health, and he lacked the punctuality necessary for securing the regular appearance of a periodical; but no man of his day could so readily detect the false amid the true coin of literature, or with more skill harmonise and co-ordinate the materials which came to his hand. It is not the least valuable feature

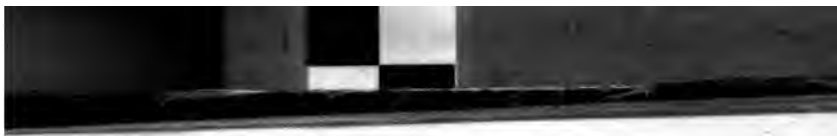
of Dr Smiles's volumes that they have at last done something like justice to Gifford, whose sharpness and acidity of utterance have been remembered, while his more brilliant services to literature have been overlooked. Whether in the 'Anti-Jacobin' or the 'Quarterly Review,' no man in his generation did more for the conservation of a true and manly tone in English literature, or to put down the shallowness, affectation, and false sentiment that was threatening to pervert English taste in the transition period between the two centuries.

The 'Quarterly' did not create any great impression on its first appearance, and Murray's friends were somewhat of the nature of Job's comforters. Every one naturally had some fault to find with some article or other, although Scott, Ellis, and Canning were among the most active of the earlier contributors. Murray became anxious and Gifford pettish; and with No. 8 the circulation fell from 5000 to 4000, a decline with which the dilatory appearance of the number had probably something to do. With No. 9 Southey became a steady contributor, "and there was scarcely a number without one, and sometimes two and even three articles from his pen." In whatever measure the change was due to Southey's pen, from the date of his accession the prospects of the 'Quarterly' improved, and its circulation increased. No doubt much of the credit of the success belongs to Gifford, for we are told that "the interest and variety of its contents, and the skill of the editor in the arrangement of his materials, made up for many shortcomings." Other recruits began to drop in: Barrow and Croker, both from the Admiralty, the latter to become one of Murray's most ac-

tive and valuable writers; the "poet-priest Milman;" John Taylor Coleridge; Philpotts, afterwards Bishop of Exeter; Thomas Mitchell the Grecian, and others of not less note. It was not, however, until 1817—that *annus mirabilis* in which 'Maga' first burst upon an admiring world—that the 'Quarterly' could boast a sale of 12,000 copies, rising soon after to 14,000.

Gifford was a most skilful editor, conscientious as he was careful, and his drastic handling of accepted contributions frequently roused the ire of the writers—especially Southey and Croker—who were not always disposed to kiss the rod of correction. What Gifford called abridgment, Southey regarded as mutilation. Southey and the rest were not only contributors to but critics of the 'Quarterly,' and their opinions, if profitable, were not always pleasant to the editor and the publisher. "Southey is quite pleased with the *whole* of our number" (36), writes Gifford to Murray, "which he thinks a most amazing one. This was praise indeed from Southey, and never, I think, was so given to us before." "I am happy to tell you that your 'Review' is abominably bad," writes Croker of a subsequent number; "happy for your sake, because—as you will, I daresay, sell 12,000—it only shows that you have an estate which produces wholly independent of its culture." And after disposing of the contents *more suo*, he winds up thus: "In short, my dear Murray, bless your stars you have sounded the bass string of humility, and you may be assured that your next number will be better than the last, and so good-bye." Gifford, it may be remarked, contributed only one article to the 'Quarterly,' though he added largely to the contributions of others; and even in this article,

which had ominous consequences, he was assisted by Mr Barron Field. It was a paper on 'Ford's Dramatic Works,' in which, with his usual scathing scorn of some blasphemous maunderings, he spoke of Charles Lamb as a "poor maniac," quite unconscious of the force of the sting which the epithet conveyed. When Gifford was made acquainted with the malady of the Lambs, he was greatly shocked. "All I ever knew or ever heard," he wrote to Southey in the deepest contrition, "of Mr Lamb was merely his name. Had I been aware of one of the circumstances which you mention, I would have lost my right arm sooner than have written what I have. . . . I pray God to forgive me, since the blow has fallen heavily, when I really thought it would not be felt." Gifford himself seems to have pruned the cutting articles that came into his hands, and to have toned down all critical violence,—a novel occupation for the editor of the 'Anti-Jacobin' and the author of the 'Baviad.' Gifford may be said to have died in harness; and as his health declined, the subject of his successor became an anxious question. Among others, Nassau Senior was thought of, but finally choice was made of Mr Coleridge, afterwards Sir John Taylor Coleridge, the eminent judge. Coleridge's term of editorship was, however, short, and his prospects at the bar, too good to allow him to be tempted by a literary career, soon induced him to resign. Then came Lockhart, the greatest of all the 'Quarterly' editors, standing a head and shoulders above even Gifford himself. Connected with the importation of Lockhart to London, there is related in Dr Smiles's work a pleasant little comedy, although no doubt Murray, at whose ex-



pense it was got up, felt it to be tragical enough when he came to settle the bill. The short and fateful career of the 'Representative' newspaper is an incident of which the details, as given here, are little known.

The 'Representative' was Mr Murray's sole essay in daily journalism, and it was enough for him. It originated in the fertile brain of young Mr Benjamin Disraeli, who was at the time sowing some of his wild oats among City speculators. He was then a Tory, and had not entered himself as a disciple of O'Connell and Joseph Hume, as he did some years afterwards. Disraeli was connected with a City financier of the name of Powles, whose enterprises he had been aiding by writing pamphlets, and he approached Murray with the project of a new daily paper, which was to be at once a Tory organ and a City oracle. Murray, who appears to have had a hankering after a newspaper venture, fell into the snare; but as he had consulted Scott before starting the 'Quarterly,' he wished to have his advice likewise on this occasion. Benjamin was duly accredited as envoy to Abbotsford, to enlist Scott's sympathy and perhaps induce Lockhart to become editor; and he set out with all the pomp, circumstance, and secrecy attending a secret mission. In his despatches to his chief, ciphers are affectingly used to cover the names of the principal parties in the negotiation. "The Chevalier," of course, stands for Sir Walter; "M" from Melrose rather obscurely points to Lockhart; Barrow is "Chronometer"; "X" Mr Canning; and "O the political Puck" doubtless Disraeli himself. Dizzy flattered himself that he had managed everything,—conciliated

Sir Walter, and appointed Lockhart editor on a salary of £1000 and a percentage upon the profits, with a seat in Parliament.

"He cannot be a representative of a Government borough. It is impossible. He must be free as air," he airily writes to Murray. "There is no harm of Lockhart's coming in for a Tory borough because he is a Tory; but a Ministerial borough is impossible to be managed."

"I read repeatedly the third letter of our young plenipotentiary. I know nothing against him but his youth," writes Isaac D'Israeli with paternal partiality—"a fault which a few seasons of experience will infallibly correct; but I have observed that the habits and experience he has acquired as a lawyer often greatly serve him in matters of business. His views are vast, but they are based on good sense, and he is most determinedly anxious when he sets to work."

But young Disraeli's mission had not been so successful as he imagined. Sir Walter Scott was not likely to counsel his son-in-law to risk his standing and prospects on the doubtful waters of London journalism; and had Murray not resolved to offer Lockhart the editorship of the 'Quarterly,' Disraeli's charming would have been in vain. The negotiations entailed a second embassy by Disraeli to the Tweed, before Lockhart was finally persuaded to go to London. To Disraeli Murray seems to have intrusted the whole of the preliminary preparations, and young Mr Benjamin threw himself into the work with feverish energy, purchasing premises, planning offices, engaging foreign correspondents, providing a staff, and even decoying away 'Times' reporters. He fixed the name of the new paper, 'The Representative,' and then—he disappeared from the scene. Neither he nor Powles turned up to deposit their respective quarter parts of the cap-

ital; and Murray was left alone to carry out the enterprise, to which he stood committed to the public. The paper was launched, but from the first it was doomed to failure; and though an endeavour was made to save it by the aid of Maginn, it succumbed after six months, having absorbed not less than £26,000 of Murray's money. It is not surprising to be told that there was a coldness afterwards between Murray and Disraeli, for whom the only valid excuse is that he had at the time little more than escaped from his teens.

Lockhart's assumption of office naturally excited misgivings and some hostility among the 'Quarterly' Reviewers. As the "Scorpion" of 'Blackwood,' some of them had even felt his sting; and it was somewhat of a revolution to find Murray committing the editorship of his 'Review' to that contributor against whose articles he had not so long before solemnly cautioned William Blackwood. Croker seems to have been especially nasty, and, both by his writing and his not-writing, to have given both Murray and Lockhart much trouble. But Lockhart soon showed that he could not merely manage the old but recruit new contributors; and some of the 'Quarterly's' most distinguished Reviewers were added to the roll under his editorship. It fell to his lot to pilot the 'Quarterly' through the two most difficult political crises that Tory editors have ever had to face, and he managed to keep the 'Review' on a consistent and honourable tack. When the Duke of Wellington came in in January 1828, Lockhart foresaw that Emancipation must be faced. "The fact is," he wrote to Murray, "we all feel that the accession of the

Tories, which gives light and life to so many concerns, is a damper on the poor 'Review.'" Later on he writes:—

"I found that the 'Quarterly Review' had all along kept neutral on the Catholic question, and have considered it due to *your* interests not to be in a hurry to propose any change as to this matter. My own feeling, however, is, and always has been, that the question *will* be carried in our time; and my only difficulty as to advising you results from the sense I entertain of the extreme delicacy of thought and language that would be requisite for handling the subject with manliness, and yet without needlessly alarming and outraging a great body who have hitherto, for aught I can tell, been the best and steadiest friends of the 'Review.'"

In the Reform difficulty, and amid the political confusion which it caused, the circulation of the 'Review' began to fall, and we find Lockhart proposing to Murray the reduction of his own honorarium, but the publisher instead faced the crisis in his own way by increasing both the editor's salary and the rate of payment for contributions. Under Lockhart and Murray's vigorous management the 'Review' eventually held its ground.

"Lockhart," says Dr Smiles, "had the knack of greatly improving the articles submitted to him. By his knowledge of language and mastery of English style, he added grace and point to even the best written papers, and by a few touches he would develop a half-expressed thought and give life and spirit to the solid sense of a heavy article. He did this, too, without unnecessary curtailment, so as not to offend but even to gratify the authors of the papers. He was also most punctual in his correspondence with the contributors; nor was he less prompt in the publication of the successive numbers of the 'Quarterly' at the appointed periods—so different from the irregularity of its appearance in the time of his predecessor, William Gifford."

The presence of Lockhart at Murray's hospitalities in Albemarle Street always attracted the study of strangers, and in the letters and journals of many distinguished visitors we find surprise recorded at the difference from their preconceived expectations. Cold and reserved on the surface, he was found to be cordial and genial when once the ice was broken. His warmth of heart and genuine friendship were qualities full well known to 'Maga.' He was the very concentration of quiet power. His lofty contempt for all that was sham and spurious, in literature as in the world in general, the outspoken expression of which had procured him the *sobriquet* of the "Scorpion," were too deeply ingrained in his character to be ever shaken, but he learned through experience when to manifest it with propriety and effect. We find him even interposing between "such poor deer as Lady Morgan" and the scourging of Croker. In every way Lockhart was the worthy successor of Gifford, and a most valuable literary ally to Murray's business.

It was in 1812 that Murray removed westward to Albemarle Street, and that his house became one of the great literary *salons* of London; and his drawing-room, famed as the meeting-place of Scott and Byron, and adorned with the portraits of 'Quarterly' Reviewers and the great authors for whom he had published, has been made familiar by description from many pens. It is beyond our space to run over even the names of the celebrities who were attracted thither as to a common centre of literary reunion. Nor were the gentler sex unrepresented. Mrs Grahame, afterwards Lady Calcott, Mrs Norton, Lady Caroline Lamb, Mrs Hemans, Fanny

Kemble, Lady Franklin, and Mrs Shelley, were all of the house; and one of them, Mrs Norton, has handed down a graceful memorial of these meetings:—

"John Murray! Dare I call thee John?

Yes; for who calls thee Mister Murray?

The first familiar name's the one

Which puts us authors in a flurry:

The first familiar name is that

Long linked with memories bright and pleasant;

With hours of intellectual chat

O'er claret, venison, grouse, and pheasant;

And all the sunshine, clouds, and blame

Which hang round Byron's chequered story,

Whom thy discernment led to fame,

When fools denied the wreath of glory."

Murray was certainly well sung, as befitted the publisher of many bards, and not the least happy is Theodore Hook's improvisation, which the publisher vainly tried to check by chasing him round the table:—

"My friend John Murray, I see, has arrived at the head of the table,

And the wonder is, at this time of night that John Murray should be able.

He is an excellent hand at supper, and not a bad hand at lunch;

But the devil of John Murray is, he never will pass the punch."

In the beginning of the century the fame and enterprise of Constable were the envy of all the "trade"; and in those days, when publishers divided their risks and admitted other houses to a share in their profits, every one was anxious to be associated with him. The success of the 'Edinburgh,' and the rising prominence of Scott's works, both of which Constable held in his hands, made every publisher eager to be admitted to a

share in his joint adventures. Murray and Constable were early associated together, and it was one of the former's pieces of great good fortune to obtain a one-fourth share in the publication of "*Marmion*," which, in addition to its profitable results, brought with it the still more important advantage of an intimacy with Scott, and a life-long friendship. The transactions and correspondence between Murray and Constable occupy considerable space in these volumes—they bear out the impression which Lockhart's '*Life of Scott*' has already established, of Constable's ambitious and sanguine temperament and reckless financial management. From the beginning of their intercourse, Murray was troubled with difficulties arising from the "accommodation bills" on which the Edinburgh business was carried on; and as Constable's London agent, and for a little time as London publisher of the '*Edinburgh Review*,' he was kept in a state of constant suspense by Constable's failures to meet his obligations in time. Remonstrances were of no effect, and quarrels and reconciliations were of frequent occurrence. With the Ballantynes his experience had been much the same. They too had their share of Scott, and to receive any benefits from the wand of the Great Magician, it was necessary to become a participant in their reckless bill transactions, and to take an interest in their unsound trading operations. Murray could not save himself from participating in the embarrassments of the Edinburgh business, but he seems to have kept his head amid the enchantment which Scott had wrought around him, and to have followed Bailie Nicol Jarvie's sage principle of "never putting out your hand farther than your arm will

reach." So long as assistance was procurable James Ballantyne was all complaisance, but the printing business was a bottomless pit, and when Murray began to draw back, which was not easily done, quarrels too followed with him. When the Ballantyne printing and publishing partnership was formed, the responsibility of allocating interests in Scott's works fell to James Ballantyne, and he used power solely as a means of providing money for the two businesses, and of propping up their credit. Murray, to his great disgust, found himself for these reasons excluded from a venture in the "*Lady of the Lake*," and the consequent controversy between them led to the transference of the Edinburgh agency of the '*Quarterly*' and Murray's publications from the Ballantynes to William Blackwood, who was then rising into note as a publisher. It was Murray's good fortune to free himself of the meshes of Constable and the Ballantynes before he fell under the spell of the "*Waverley Novels*," for when the inevitable crash came, he was not only secure himself, but was able to reach out an assisting hand to less fortunate members of the "trade."

The connection between Murray and Blackwood, though not of long duration, was marked by pleasant intercourse and mutual services, which are duly recorded in Dr Smiles's volumes; and its memory is, we are assured, still highly valued by the Edinburgh house. Murray's frequent visits to Edinburgh had early developed an intimacy between the two publishers which ripened under frequent correspondence and business intercourse. Both were active in mind and ambitious in their views, and both felt that they were weighed down by the preponderating incu-

bus of the Ballantyne-Constable operations. Blackwood, says Dr Smiles, "was a man of great energy and decision of character, and his early education enabled him to conduct his correspondence with a remarkable degree of precision and accuracy." Among the earliest results of this union was the introduction of Hogg to Murray, who became the London publisher of the "Queen's Wake," and subsequent poems, which led to some very characteristic letters from the Shepherd that are now given entire. A letter from Blackwood to Murray, written in 1815, is remarkable as giving the former's opinion of Wilson, who was then only known as the author of the "Isle of Palms," and who was now disposing of his "City of the Plague":—

"Wilson is a very extraordinary kind of person; he is a man of strong mind and powerful talents, but so *outré* and unsettled that one can never be sure of his having taken sufficient pains upon anything. You have probably done right in declining his poem, though I have no doubt of there being a great deal of genius in it, and that if he were to take more pains he is perfectly capable of producing a beautiful and interesting poem."

This view, a quite correct one, as most of William Blackwood's first impressions were, did not need much modification, even when Wilson and he were drawn much more closely together, and when his appreciation of Wilson's brilliant powers had been enhanced by personal friendship and constant contact. We notice that Dr Smiles has fallen into an error, which we had thought was long ago obsolete, in supposing that Wilson was ever editor of the Magazine. When William Blackwood was once "cornered" by an

inquisitive inquiry whether Wilson or Lockhart was not editor of his Magazine, his reply was: "It is unnecessary for me to say who is the editor, but whoever the public thinks equal to being the editor—that is the man for me." 'Maga' has always edited herself. She has, and has always had, her cabinet councillors, her high executive functionaries, from the chancellor and keeper of her conscience and lords of her ever-open treasury, down to the able and efficient *custos* of the Balaam-box, but never has she delegated a jot of her sovereign power even to the most trusted of her ministers. Murray had no share either in the projection or in the launching of the Magazine, which was entirely William Blackwood's own conception. As to its success Murray was not very sanguine. "If you succeed with a magazine," he wrote to Blackwood a few months before the first number appeared, "which you ought not to be rash in attempting, you will effect what I have been trying to do for these five years past." When the Magazine was fairly established, and under Blackwood's own control, Murray became a partner, and rendered it valuable assistance with his London customers. But his investment did not bring him happiness. The howls of the aggrieved Whigs produced an alarming echo in Albemarle Street—for Murray with commendable liberality published for both Whig and Tory; and when the articles on the "Cockney School of Poetry" began to appear, in which Hunt, Keats, and Hazlitt were flagellated, his friends alarmed him by their denunciations of the audacity of the new Magazine. He remonstrated again and again against the "personalities" of 'Maga'; and Blackwood did his best to soothe

and appease his alarms. Shoals of pamphlets, all intended to exterminate 'Maga,' were forwarded to Mr Murray, the writers evidently believing that if Murray withdrew, 'Maga' was doomed. There were a venomous "Review of 'Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine' for October 1817," by Campbell Kidd; "Letters [four in all] to Dr Thomas M'Crie and the Rev. Mr Andrew Thomson on the Parody of Scripture lately published in 'Blackwood's Magazine' by Calvinus"—who was James Grahame, advocate; and "A Letter to Mr John Murray of Albemarle Street,"—in short, the anti-'Maga' publications of the day would make a couple of goodly sized volumes. But the weakest as well as the silliest production of the enemy was "Hypocrisy Unveiled and Calumny Detected," which obtained some notoriety through the challenges which Wilson and Lockhart forwarded to the author, more for the purpose of unmasking the calumniator than in any hope that he would prove worthy of powder and shot. Blackwood, however, knew quite well what he was doing in giving a free hand to Wilson and Lockhart, and it was not to be supposed that he would restrain the buoyant spirits that were making 'Maga' a power more and more every month. A glance at the state of contemporary criticism will show that strong writing was called for, and that the "personalities" only consisted in bringing before the public the men who were doing their worst to pervert the literary taste of the age. The very men who were lashed were themselves the greatest offenders against the decencies of letters; and the literary Flibbertigibbets who even in the present day glorify their sufferings, have reason to be grateful that they

have been born under a milder régime. The lead which the new Magazine speedily began to take in both politics and criticism, must, more than any other consideration, have brought home to Murray, as the publisher of the 'Quarterly,' that the two interests were somewhat incompatible; and in the beginning of 1819 he withdrew his interest in 'Maga,' and his Edinburgh agency was transferred to another firm, Blackwood's increasing business as a publisher being now quite sufficient to demand his whole energies.

After the year 1830 Murray made it a rule to decline all original poetry; and indeed, in the years that have succeeded the deaths of Scott, Wordsworth, and Byron, no great sacrifice was involved by its observance. He had been princely in his remuneration of poetry, and the large sums which he had given for copyrights had not always been repaid him. Eight or nine years later he further severed his connection with *belles lettres* by disposing of his novels and romances—the most notable of which were 'Anastasius' and 'Hajji Baba,' and Disraeli's 'Contarini Fleming'—to other publishers. The business was then narrowed down to the solid class of works with which the name of Murray has been chiefly associated during the present generation,—“voyages and travels, biographies of distinguished individuals, works of science and art, and general literature.” This field of literature though of the most practical importance, does not give the same prospects of sensational success—although we believe the sale of 'Lux Mundi' in our own day may be fairly said to rival any of the successes of the *ancien régime*; and with the banishment of the

bards from the Albemarle Street Parnassus, the romance of the house subsides into dull though doubtless remunerative prose. In our times "Murray" is the motto of foreign travel, the "Hand-book" which is as essential to the British tourist as a Cook's ticket or a Foreign Office passport—the book which we scarcely know whether to ban or bless; for if it betrays your own nationality, it is equally serviceable in warning you of the vicinity of your dear compatriots. These useful volumes originated with the third John Murray, who through a long and honourable career has sustained the position of his house down to our own day; and Dr Smiles in his work gives us many pleasant glimpses of the Continental journeys undertaken by him while collecting materials for the Hand-books, of the first series of which he was himself the author.

To John Murray the elder, William Blackwood said with much justice,—“In your connections with literary men, when I consider the books you have published and are to publish, you have the happiness of making it a liberal profession, and not a mere business of the pence. This I consider one

of the greatest privileges we have in our business.” In the view which both these publishers took of their calling, the author will cordially agree. The privilege which is given to the publisher of serving the interests of literature, of recognising and promoting the aspirations of genius, of enjoying the friendship and confidence of the most talented and brilliant of his contemporaries, is the only advantage which he possesses over the ordinary trader; and it is the account to which he turns this privilege that must determine the claim which his memory is to have upon posterity. “Authors have been my dearest friends and companions all the days of my life,” said John Blackwood, speaking at the Scott centenary banquet. “To them I can turn in joy and sorrow for safe and certain sympathy.” In the present day, when publishing, equally with a brewery or a coal-pit, is regarded as the fitting subject of limited liability speculation, it is useful to have an ideal, higher and more honourable to the literary profession—which is, in the ultimate, the exploited subject—of the relations between author and publisher brought back to our recollection.

DESPOTISM, ANARCHY, AND CORRUPTION IN THE UNITED STATES
OF AMERICA.

THE popular outbreak at New Orleans to remedy the corruption or inefficiency of the courts of law by an act of self-assertive justice, and the perilous position in which it has placed America's relations with Italy, has revealed a feebleness of administration in the United States constitution, not indeed unknown to those who have watched its working, but manifesting itself in situations hitherto wholly unexpected. The central Government has already been compelled to make a humiliating confession of its powerlessness to control its individual parts, and to offer any except pecuniary redress for an outrage which, however justified upon abstract grounds, is clearly a violation of international law and treaty assurances. The position of the United States Government is not an agreeable one. It has received what, had it been a European State, would have been equivalent to a declaration of war; and though in the present day we may anticipate that the difficulty will be got over without the blockade of New York or the burning of New Orleans, it is difficult to see how, even with the aid of the friendly mediation that will doubtless not be wanting, America can beat a dignified retreat from the *imbroglio*.

But the effects of the incident will not end with the patching up of the present disturbance. The example which Italy has set of calling the United States to account for the treatment of its emigrants will not be lost upon other European Powers. Every

State in Europe is largely represented in the population of the United States; citizenship is not always sought by the emigrant, and consequently every European Power is interested in the ability of the United States Government to afford adequate protection to the lives and property of those who have been induced to seek its hospitality. If we are not mistaken, the difficulties to the central Government of Washington arising out of the New Orleans incident will not terminate with its settlement. The mass of uncitizenised Germans, Austrians, Russians, Dutch, Scandinavians, and French, as well as the Italians themselves, have been forcibly reminded that their fatherlands are still interested in their welfare, and that they can look beyond Washington for protection and redress. The European Powers have had their eyes opened to the confession which America has made of her incapacity to exercise that authority over the different members of her confederation which the law of nations demands of every civilised State, and it will be their duty to watch more closely than before over the fortunes of their emigrants. We have credited the United States with possessing a latent despotism which could be effectively used in the public interests in times of emergency; but on closer examination we come to the conclusion that the republican despotism is only employed as a selfish and anarchic weapon, the tool of political parties and the auxiliary of private interests, and,

worst of all, it is not in the executive power that despotism is always vested.

Citizens of the United States of America may pooh-pooh, or with more or less vehemence deny and perhaps resent, an assertion or suggestion that there is at least as much despotism in the United States as in any other country, civilised or uncivilised. It can be asserted, and is asserted, that pure republicanism does not pay in the United States, and is ignored; that most of the citizens are hoodwinked and deluded, and take a shadow for reality; that the population is divided into classes, and each class has "bosses" who see to it that they eat the oyster, their party members get the shells, and those not of their party can fight for the odour thereof. These "bosses" are tyrants, the majority of the others slaves. The United States, and each state, claims to be a republic, but each is practically an oligarchy of an objectionable form. Money and political power are ever in the thoughts of the people—with the exception of a small minority of noble men and women. The great idol of the country is "Self," and modern civilisation is moulded accordingly. It may be said, and practically it is true, that the present inhabitants of the United States are not descended from the heroic founders of the Republic, and do not possess the self-sacrificing qualities, the honesty of purpose, which carried the revolutionaries unflinchingly through all difficulties. Unless a change of policy comes timeously, the history of the Rise and Fall of the Republic of the United States of America may be written within the next century.

It is unnecessary to trace the circumstances which developed

and brought about the issuing of the famous Declaration of Independence of 4th July 1776, or to relate how the thirteen original states became forisfamiliarated, entered into an impracticable confederacy upon 9th July 1778, and upon 17th September 1787 entered into the Union which still exists in terms of the then adopted Constitution of the United States of America as amended by fifteen articles. There are now forty-four states in the Union (not counting territories), and the United States have grown and developed, and now rank as one of the most powerful nations upon earth. Each state in the Union is a distinct country, perfectly independent of all the other states, except in so far as it in common with all other states has restricted its powers, privileges, and immunities in terms of the Constitution of the United States as amended. Each state has its own constitution, adopted by vote of its citizens, and each citizen retains his inalienable rights of man except in so far as restricted in terms of the state and federal constitutions. The citizens of each state are entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several states.

The legislative powers of the United States are vested in a Congress of the United States, which consists of a Senate and House of Representatives. The Senate is composed of two senators from each state, chosen by the state legislature, who serve six years, and have each one vote. Every second year one-third of the whole number of senators has to be rechosen, their seats becoming vacated. The members of the House of Representatives are chosen every second year by the

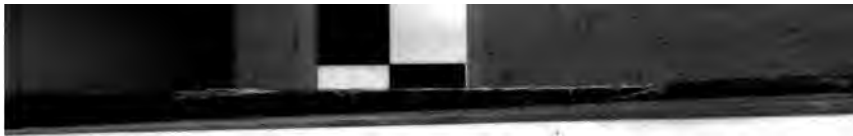
people of the several states; and the representatives are apportioned among the several states according to their respective numbers, counting the whole number of persons in each state, excluding Indians not taxed. The number of representatives for the then thirty-seven states was restricted, after 3d March 1873, to 292, and such additional representatives as should be assigned to a new state upon admission to the Union. The apportionment of the 292 representatives to the thirty-seven states is made according to the federal census taken every tenth year. The last census returns acted upon were those of 1880. Certain states have an additional state census taken, so as to have an enumeration of inhabitants every fifth year; and these federal and state censuses regulate the apportionment of assemblymen to counties, and of senators to districts. In most of the states the legislature consists of a senate and an assembly, the assemblymen and senators being elected by vote of the citizens.

By the Declaration of Independence of 4th July 1776, which is incorporated in the constitution of each state, the citizens of the United States "hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed, by their Creator, with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its

foundation on such principles, and organising its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness."

The civil war, which ended more than a quarter of a century ago, seems to have established the point that might is right, and that no form of government, however destructive, shall be altered or abolished in states or in the Union, unless the party making the change be sufficiently strong to overcome the active opposition of all citizens of the United States. Had the natural resources of the seceding Southern states been as well developed then as now, or had the Union party not enlisted mercenaries or newly arrived immigrants, it is believed that the Confederate states would have succeeded in seceding, and that the above-quoted clause would have received a different construction. As it is, there is no apparent likelihood of further civil war between North and South; but there is the writing upon the wall in another direction. The inalienable rights of citizens are being whittled by partisan politicians, and the Republic cannot exist when these rights are gone. Can man exist without these inalienable rights? There seems to be an inconsistency somewhere. But the Declaration of Independence, which is incorporated into the constitution of each state, declares that citizens have the right to alter and abolish destructive governments. Were they to try to get rid of the evils of political "bossism" and the corrupt and corrupting system of partisan machine politics, there is no saying what form of government may be instituted.

A new race of men and women now inhabits the United States.



It is a people peculiar to the United States, of cosmopolitan derivation, having the customs and habits, the characteristics and idiosyncrasies, of no particular nation, but a conglomeration of all into new and original forms, modified by the requirements of particular localities and by circumstances. The development of trade and commerce, the enormous wealth supplied by the natural resources of the country, have rendered the United States not only self-supporting, but capable of asserting its mighty power for good or for evil in the councils of nations. Its vigorous and ambitious population toils unceasingly, and attracts wealth from abroad; its accumulations of wealth are rapidly making it the financial centre of the world; its rich citizens are of a different stamp from those of European countries, but live luxuriously and revel in all that wealth can purchase; they are assuming the airs of a favoured class, and already some disdain social intercourse with those not rich; the gap between rich and poor is widening, and causes constant bitter comment on the part of the poorer citizens; the necessities of poorer citizens lead to despair and crimes and suicides, all of which might be obviated were the accumulated and accumulating riches of the wealthy class distributed. It is becoming more and more difficult for individuals with limited capital to establish themselves in business, or to save their established business from ruin because of the competition or malicious underselling of wealthy corporations, companies, or monopolists. Money gives power, and is freely used in corrupting those in need of it. The state legislatures are

somehow subservient to the influential men and wealthy corporations, and so is Congress. Capitalists are unscrupulous in methods of increasing their wealth, and workers are treated as machines and as heartlessly; bread-earners and workers combine together in unions in order to fight employers and capitalists, and also seek to starve out non-unionists, and to "boss it" in particular trades or businesses; the numerous strikes of employees, political animosities, and other hindrances, are serious obstacles to business success. The habits and customs, ideas and associations, manner of living and necessities of individual citizens, are very different from what they used to be.

Individual citizens have the theoretical right to assert their inalienable rights at all times and in all places, provided these rights have not been expressly or impliedly qualified by the individual or by others representing him. A good deal of blood is spilt in individual self-assertion, and in those states where it is not unlawful to carry weapons, it is customary for citizens to go about armed. Even where it is unlawful, many carry concealed weapons. The favourite weapon of white men is the revolver; but rifles, knives, and sometimes razors are carried. Negroes are partial to large razors (the blade being stuck in a wooden handle) carried in a sheath. This instrument is very effective at close quarters, especially in a crowd, doing its work unostentatiously and silently. It is impossible to keep count of the innumerable cases of self-assertion by citizens in the way of lynchings, settling quarrels and grievances, and "getting even" by shootings at sight or otherwise, by duels and by

"difficulties" of all kinds involving bloodshed and possibly the death of one or both combatants. Numbers may be involved in these affairs, while they assume the character of a skirmish. Sometimes the inhabitants of a township, village, or county are arrayed against the inhabitants of neighbouring counties, villages, or townships, and the opposing forces may camp out, and fight battles, and even sieges may be undertaken. In some mountainous parts of Kentucky and of several other states, the white inhabitants are lawless and almost beyond control of the authorities, and it is a matter of great difficulty and danger, if not impossible, to enforce obedience to the law and punish crimes. Fierce and fatal fights frequently occur between the officers of the law and offenders. Brigands and murderers occasionally get elected to fill township and county offices in order the better to terrorise and keep under control such of the inhabitants as are not in league with them. There are men amongst them who have killed ten, twenty, thirty or more men, and go about freely, and the animosity of such men is naturally not aroused by the intelligent citizen who is not confident of getting the first sure "drop" on him. The daily newspapers contain long lists of the day's doings in the way of murders, burglaries, thefts, holdings-up of trains, highway robberies, assaults of all kinds with more or less violence to the person, incendiary fires, swindles, embezzlements, such heinous crimes as brought destruction upon Sodom and Gomorrah, indescribable and awful outrages upon women and girls—all indicating that civilisation in the United States is not anything extra, and that the in-

alienable rights of others take second place when the individual citizen is in a self-asserting humour.

As politicians, citizens are, generally speaking, gourmands. As patriotic citizens . . . well, patriotism does not require to be paraded by individuals, except upon occasion, and then the patriotism is the screech of the American eagle, whose beak and talons, it must be remembered, are hardening all the time. Very few citizens are statesmen by special training, but they have usually considerable tact, and always that kind of diplomatic skill which has become a second nature in them, and is the growth of social habits and education. All citizens, as a rule, are worshippers of "self." It is the idol of their lives, to which they sacrifice everything. Self-gratification, self-indulgence, self-aggrandisement are sought in every direction, and extracted whenever and wherever possible, regardless of consequences to others, without scruples, without remorse. Next to self, the partisan politician worships his political party, which erects its "self" as an idol to be worshipped, to be served with unswerving fidelity, and supported through thick and thin. Political parties are regularly organised bodies, and may lawfully have members sworn in. Those who do not vote the straight ticket of candidates nominated by their party may not necessarily have to be expelled, but are subject to reproof, or what may be called a mist envelops their influence with the party; and a denser mist falls upon those who offend in a greater degree. No member is permitted to select his own candidates, and those who vote against their party commit political suicide so far as



that party is concerned, and deserters to another party are always looked upon with suspicion. Deserters have been given the name "mugwump" as a term of reproach; but these mugwumps have shown backbone, and can probably boast of purer principles, and a desire to assert their inalienable rights as citizens. No assemblage of men can act without some one or more coming or being pushed to the front as spokesmen or leaders; and in like manner, among themselves these leaders give rank to each other. The one acknowledged to be the chief leader is called in America "boss"—in colloquial language any one may be called "boss" whom it is wished to flatter in an unobjectionable way. The power and influence of political leaders and bosses are indefinable, and may extend over the United States, or only a little outside of the local sphere. The first step in elections is to hold primaries in townships and villages, and the local leaders of each party put their heads together and select candidates for local offices, whose names are brought before the citizens, members of the party, assembled in primary meeting. The members discuss and vote, and by majority nominate the candidates of their party to be voted for at the coming township election. It then becomes the duty of all members of the party to vote for these nominees of their party. It is true that scandalous wrangles have occurred in primary meetings, and that ill-concealed or open bribery has been resorted to and succeeded in getting nominations. What was the secret understanding between the leaders and nominees before the primary meeting is carefully guarded, and can be merely conjectured by subsequent devel-

opments. Delegates from all the township and village primaries of each political party meet in convention and nominate their party's candidates for county offices. Of course it is the case that many of the township leaders and bosses may have little influence in county conventions, and that county leaders and bosses have a much more extensive influence than belongs to any mere village or township boss. In like manner candidates for state and federal offices are nominated by conventions of county leaders and bosses sent as delegates, and thus the reputation and influence of these county leaders and bosses spread all over the state, and begin to get known to the boss magnates, whose influence may be traced in almost every nomination, from that for the lowest township or village office to that for President of the United States. The President and Vice-President of the United States are the nominees of these magnates sent as delegates to special conventions held for the nomination of the President and Vice-President. Of course these delegates are most of them but small magnates, but the great boss magnates are delegates. The real governing power in the United States is held by this irresponsible oligarchy, composed of the greatest of the political bosses. The President is a figure-head under control of these great bosses of his political party. These great bosses are naturally very able men, of sufficient capacity and force of character to take and retain the position they hold not only among the many millions of their fellow-citizens who support their party, but in the face of every conceivable opposition, detraction, and unscrupulous accusations on the part of political ad-

versaries, and the envy, hatred, and malice of the ungodly.

There are several recognised political parties in the United States—the Republican, the Democratic, the Abolitionists (temperance), the Labour, the Farmers, the Women's Rights, and others of less note; but the Republican and the Democratic parties have hitherto alone succeeded in electing members of their respective parties to be President and Vice-President of the United States.

It seems inconsistent for the citizen possessed of inalienable rights to remain perfectly passive in the thralldom of political bosses who enforce implicit obedience, and cause the political machine to crush all individual inalienable rights into resounding nothingness. Individual rights are the food of this insatiable monster, but ought to form an impenetrable shield under which the citizens should dwell in the enjoyment of the greatest happiness attainable upon earth. Instead of bringing happiness, the rival machines embitter the lives of citizens, act as disturbers of their common weal, clothe and feed hosts of public leeches, whose vocation is a curse to mankind, and cause endless trouble and mischief and crime of all kinds. Political machines are the great American Jugger-nauts, and priests and Levites, and all concerned therewith, practise the principle of diamond cut diamond, not only in politics, but in outside matters. The individual man is, in the United States, worked harder and meets with less consideration than in any other country. Those who show sympathy are scoffed at or imposed upon. Works of charity are perverted into bribes to attain some selfish and maybe evil end.

Honesty of purpose is at a discount. Goodness of heart and of deeds is reckoned hypocritical. Credit is not given, and those who have not good clothes or money are very generally treated as useless tramps or suspects, to be driven out of the world. The New World is a bed of thorns to thousands of deserving poor; but the march of modern civilisation progresses around the world, and America is merely a stepping-stone in the way of the Israelites on their return to the Holy Land.

Very few children are destined from infancy to lives of ease and luxury without being called upon to take an active part in business affairs. Whatever the future may seem to promise, however vast their fortunes, and however safely their wealth may seem to be invested, or their pecuniary wants provided for, it is the custom of all citizens to educate at least the boys in business habits, as bankers, lawyers, brokers, or anything else, so that they may be fitted, when of proper age, not only to look after their inheritance, but, if so inclined, to take an active part in business or in politics, and to feel that the door is open to them to figure as prominently in their circles as their capacities warrant. The vicissitudes of lives are so great and so sudden, and very often quite unavoidable, that a man or a woman may be worth millions of dollars to-day and penniless to-morrow, or a penniless person become suddenly possessed of millions. It seems easy and proper for any one to change his manner and style of living as it pleases himself or falls in with his circumstances; and a change of vocation, be it from one profession to another, from profession to business, or business to trade, or one

trade to another, or *vice versa*, is made whenever prompted by circumstances, self-interest, or other personal motives. If success is not met in one place, another is tried—and changes of place and vocation are made until success is won, or despair of success creeps over the unfortunate one and brings the battle to an end. Honest labour of all kinds does not lower man, and the citizens recognise this fact, and do not spurn any one with contempt. Exceptions prove this rule. Foreign-born citizens can rise to any official position except those of President and Vice-President of the United States; and any native-born citizen, however lowly his birth or upbringing, is eligible to rise to every office, including those of Vice-President and President.

The limits of the field open for women to work in are being constantly extended, and it may come to pass that the President of the United States shall be a woman. Some short time ago a petition was presented for the appointment of a woman to fill a vacancy upon the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States. Women have served in many official positions, and since they can acquire the necessary professional education, there is no saying what position they may not aspire to and attain in the United States. It may seem a calumny upon the male sex, but it is a question whether the women of the United States have not shown business aptitude and other qualities sufficient to rank them quite as high as men in most of those occupations which men used to claim could be handled only by men. The manner in which boys and girls are brought up together, and go to school together, until of an age when a greater amount

of mischief than does take place would result were they not separated, and the never-broken free social intercourse between them, no doubt tends to educate the girls in the ways of the world, in the twists and turns of both female and masculine minds and resources, to give self-confidence and readiness to parry home-thrusts, to give return thrusts, and to enable them to conceal their feelings and purposes, and to detect the feelings and purposes of others, and generally to hold their own against all comers. But there are drawbacks and consequences which may wreck the whole future lives of the girls, and the greater part of the enormous number of divorces are, it is believed, attributable to lapses in behaviour or to habits formed long before marriage, which cause both man and wife to look with indifference upon matters involving strict moral principles. And the boys, on their part, gather feminine ways, and acquire more or less tact, and learn to exercise diplomacy in intercourse with others; they become ready and fluent talkers, and learn to conceal their motives and to excuse themselves so as to escape detection. When they get older and go into business, they are ready to become travellers, canvassers, anything, and can make speeches upon almost any subject, although their information be shallow and inexact, and chiefly derived from newspapers. They lack, very many of them, sincerity of purpose, and are gay deceivers and Lotharios. In a celebrated case affecting the sanity or insanity of a merchant, one of the witnesses stated upon oath that it was certainly the habit, and, he believed, absolutely necessary, for all “drummers” and business men to lie and lie and lie—that he himself lied as

it suited his purpose, and that he would consider himself insane if he did not lie. It is also true that a witness under oath made a statement which he acknowledged contradicted flatly a statement previously made by him, and upon being asked to reconcile both statements, coolly shrugged his shoulders and said it was not necessary. The youth have, of course, access to the daily newspapers, and through them learn all manner of things, and acquire a relish for spicily written up moral filth. Their imaginations are drawn upon, their lusts excited, they fail to resist their curiosity, they make a wrong turn, cannot go back, and fall. It is the same with both sexes. It is as well to drop the curtain here.

Popularity is a Moses' rod. The citizens look up to it, dance and caper around it, crawl and squirm before it, dig intrenchments and besiege it, and are restless until they gain the coveted popularity. There is nothing too good, too dear, too sacred to keep from sacrificing at this altar. The quality of the popularity does not count so much as the quantity. One does not know what changes may take place in any one's financial standing and social surroundings, and it is deemed better to be on the right side. Court all, slight none, take no offence, quietly bide your opportunity to get "even." Few citizens care to seclude themselves where they cannot be seen or where they cannot see. There is little objection—much less objection than desire, for newspaper or other notoriety. To do something unique, to get spoken of, to beat the record in any particular line, to be the hero of the day, hour, or occasion, is a pinnacle of delight.

But there are many citizens who entertain better ideas, and who have no desire to push themselves into undue prominence, and who shun everything tending to lessen their self-respect, and the esteem and respect of those who realise that outward show is a delusion, and appearances may be fig-leaves to cover hidden secrets and skeletons. The credulous are deluded, and amused while deluded. It is remarkable how smart and yet credulous citizens are. There are old families and rich families who use reserve towards others in order to heighten their own self-calculated importance. There are many, very many, good and true men and women of all classes and of all religious persuasions—according to the 1880 census there were then forty-four recognised religious bodies—who strenuously seek to do good in this world, and work hard to lighten the loads of sin and misery carried by others, and clothe them, feed them, care for them by providing instruction, hospitals, homes, missions, doctors, nurses, everything necessary and expedient, including employment, and, when all is ended, a grave. There are no better men and women than can be found in the United States; there is no nobler or harder-worked class of men than the American clergy. Church organisations are made so as to do the most good both in and outside the immediate circle of the congregation. The congregation itself is often very similar to a social club, as the members constantly meet together in church social ways, stand by each other, and in time of need seek to promote the welfare of each other. The church committees do their work, and as the Year-books show, the work done

by the numerous committees is far-reaching and arduous. One great and important, and perhaps more peculiarly American feature, is the Sunday-school of each church, attended not only by the young, but also by many of mature years, even by the middle-aged. Owing to the separation of Church and State, the great mass of the people would get no religious education but for these Sunday-schools and mission work.

For practical purposes the citizens are about equally divided into Republicans and Democrats, distributed unequally throughout the country, so that certain states are called republican, others democratic. Since the war, the former Confederate states have been solid in returning democratic representatives and senators to Congress; and this puts bitterness into the hearts and minds of the republicans, especially those of the North. The Southern whites have to be democratic and to hold together because of the negroes, who are mostly republicans. For self-preservation the whites have to keep the negroes in check—particularly in those districts where the negroes nearly equal the whites in number or are in the majority; but they deny “bulldozing” the negroes in elections. At first the Northern republicans sought to coerce the Southern whites by means of “carpet-baggers”; but failing in this, they made promises of forty-acre farms for each family, and of other things, to those negroes who voted the republican ticket. Year after year passed, and these promises failed to materialise. The negroes gradually became indifferent in politics, and got into the habit of selling their votes to the highest bidder. At present the condition of the negroes in the South

is not so good as when they were slaves and carefully looked after as valuable chattels. No one troubles himself to take care of them—the republicans do not,—and the negroes live as best they can. They, however, by living, serve the republicans as pegs on which to hang up campaign lies. The negroes are not getting fewer in number, but the white vote is increasing by reason of immigration.

Since the civil war ended, twenty-five years ago, the republican party has held the federal reins of government at Washington, with the exception of one term of four years—from 1885 to 1889—when Mr Grover Cleveland, a democrat from the State of New York, served as President of the United States. President Cleveland was a lawyer, had not been a soldier, and was not a member of the Grand Army of the Republic. As President, he was Commander-in-Chief of all the United States forces. All the republican Presidents since the war have been soldiers, and were members of and influential with the Grand Army of the Republic, which is composed of soldiers, sailors, and volunteers who have served the United States and been honourably discharged. It is not an incorporated body, but is a voluntary association conducted upon military principles. By its rules the Grand Army of the Republic eschews politics altogether; and so, being unpartisan in politics, it has as a body retained the respect and admiration and gratitude of the citizens of all political parties. Most of the members, however, are republican. Very great prominence is given to the veterans whenever they appear in public. It is an instructive but somewhat

melancholy pleasure to see them march past in parades, and to note the changes in number and in appearance. The newspapers record at length what takes place at their encampments, and the republican Presidents are not wanting in paying respects to their old comrades. No one begrudged proper pensions to deserving soldiers, and liberal pensions were granted by Congress. But politicians and pension agents recognised their opportunities, and the soldiers were not averse to take all that was offered. From time to time these bribes—for they were in reality bribes provided by the republicans in power—were renewed by increasing the pensions until they exceeded all precedents, and grew out of proportion to the services rendered. But the republican politicians did not care how the people's money was spent, provided they could secure their party's tenure of office. From natural causes the number of votes and the influence of the old soldiers were growing less; so in order to influence the families of all those who had served the Federals for however short a period during the civil war, Congress was got to pass, and the amiable President to sign, what is popularly known as the Dependent Pension Bill, by which the fathers, mothers, wives, children, aunts, cousins, and others might possibly take benefit. \$109,357,534 were paid for pensions during the year ending June 30, 1890. The year before \$87,644,779.11 were paid, and the year before that \$80,288,508.77. The cost of the United States army is \$30,000,000. It has been calculated that the Dependent Pension Bill will add over fifty million dollars to the annual expenditure for pensions.

It can scarcely be doubted that many republicans—some of whom are not above flaunting the "Bloody Shirt," and trying to keep alive old war animosities—take a malicious pleasure in forcing the people of the Confederate states to pay their full share of these pensions; and it is a fact that the republicans, for campaign purposes, denounce the whole democratic party as rebels at heart and sympathisers with the old Confederacy, and further, accuse the democratic leaders and other free-traders of being the tools and allies of the corrupt Tory Administration of England. It may be added that each of the Confederate states gives pensions to its own deserving soldiers and to others who served the Confederacy; but no one not in want and not deserving gets a pension. It would disgrace an old Confederate to take a pension if it was not because of his infirmities and need.

For a number of years unsuccessful efforts were made to get some of the territories admitted into the Union as states. Recently five new states were admitted, one territory—Dakota—being divided into two states. Each of these new states was admitted because it was certain to return republican representatives and senators to Congress. The paucity of population did not count. It was a partisan political move.

A bill popularly known as the Lodge Force Bill was passed in the House of Representatives, but had to be shelved in the Senate because of the determined opposition of democratic senators and the increasing outside clamour against the bill. This bill provided that upon the requisition of a limited number of voters the control and supervision of elec-

tions should be taken out of the hands of the local officers, and federal troops could be employed. The object of the republicans in passing such a bill was to obtain control of elections when the democrats were known to have an overwhelming majority, and particularly in the Southern states. The solid democratic representation in Congress of the Southern states could be broken in this manner.

But the republican representatives, having a majority in the House, were already masters of the situation, and ousted from their seats a number of democratic representatives duly elected from Southern states. Charges of bulldozing of the negroes, &c., were made, and by strictly partisan votes the white Southern representatives lost their seats. The proceedings were exceedingly arbitrary, and in two cases democratic representatives were unseated by vote without any discussion. It has been said that the republicans claim that all Southern negroes are republican, and that every democrat elected where the negroes outnumber the whites must have been elected by bulldozing, and therefore the election was void. The thus vacated seats were given by the republicans to republicans in an equally arbitrary manner, some of those who got seated being said to have no claim to be elected.

The republican majority had opened the session by electing one of themselves to be Speaker, and by passing certain rules of procedure with the object of riding rough-shod over the democrats. It is not to be wondered, then, that when the democratic minority found that because of so many republican representatives

having left Washington a working quorum of the House could not be counted without including them, they took every opportunity to impede objectionable business by leaving the chamber to avoid being counted in. These tactics were very aggravating to the republicans, and the Speaker naturally fretted and thought how to prevent their leaving before the vote was taken. At last, thinking to detain them, he ordered the officials at the various doors leading out of the chamber to lock the doors and let no one out. After the doors had been locked a representative from Texas quietly walked to a door near the Speaker and demanded that the door be opened to let him pass through. This was not done, so he kicked it open and passed out. Other representatives, including one from New York city, then went to other doors, got the keys, and unlocked them, and all the democrats passed out. The Speaker was helpless.

When Mr Grover Cleveland was President the national debt was being rapidly reduced, and as the war taxes were still being collected, he took the position that the people ought not to pay war taxes in times of peace. Afterwards the democratic party adopted this reduction of taxation in their platform. Up to this time the republican party had not taken any decided position one way or the other; but after the democrats had declared for reduction of taxation, the republican leaders decided to advocate protection of manufactures, &c., on their platform. Had the democrats not decided in favour of reduction of taxation, the republicans would have favoured reduction. The two parties could not have platforms with any great difference.

It therefore behoved the republicans by purely party tactics to pass what is called the M'Kinley Tariff Bill, by which the United States may be said to have erected a Chinese wall to keep out importations. This bill revolutionises and unsettles the trade and commerce of the United States, and also of European countries, but it is too soon to estimate its full effect. It is a crude, ill-digested measure, and has acted rather as a boomerang upon the republican party than as an injury to the democrats. It was a strictly partisan measure, conceived without due regard for the inalienable rights of those citizens who could not be benefited by it; and it has been said that it was intended to reward by its provisions wealthy and influential individuals, through whose pecuniary assistance the republican party succeeded in defeating the democrats at the last Presidential election, when Mr Cleveland was elected by a majority of the votes of the citizens of the United States, but was defeated by a majority vote in the Electoral College.

1890 is a federal census year, and the republicans made all the arrangements for taking it. It was taken, and the manner of taking it caused very general dissatisfaction, as it is claimed to have been made with fraudulent intent. It certainly was very defective, and those who took the enumeration must have been at least either incompetent or culpably negligent. Somehow, according to what is heard from various states, and from cities and districts, it does look as if it had been fraudulently managed, so that the number of democratic representatives in Congress should be reduced and more republicans elected. In terms of the State and Federal Constitu-

tions, the representatives are apportioned according to the census returns. The city of New York was so dissatisfied that it made a second count, and claims that the number of inhabitants omitted in the federal count is nearly 200,000. This would deprive the state of one vote in the Electoral College, and the city of one representative in Congress, and would affect the election of state senators. It has been openly charged that the whole business is a fraudulent device of the republicans to more effectually intrench themselves in federal offices and in democratic states.

As another instance of how politicians manage to ignore a vote of the majority of the people: A few years ago the people of the state of New York voted in favour of a revision of the state constitution, but the legislature omitted to pass an appropriation to cover the necessary expenses, and the matter of revision was shelved. In Louisiana certain parties had been given the privilege of running a lottery for a term of years, they paying a large sum to the state. Last spring a further term was desired, and a still larger sum was offered to be paid to the state. Strenuous opposition was made, but somehow the lottery men got a renewal. The matter was taken up in Congress, and laws were passed whereby the U.S. mails could not be used for lottery mail matter, and Express companies were also debarred. It was intended to render nugatory the privileges granted by the state of Louisiana.

The number of representatives is increased from 332 to 356. If Missouri be counted as a Southern state, 6 of the new representatives will go to the South, and 18 to the North—the north-west getting most

of the 18. The Electoral College will in 1892 consist, as hitherto, of 420 members; but in 1896 the number will, under the new law, be increased to 444, when 223 will be the majority necessary to a choice of President. Should the states go politically in 1896 as they went in 1888, the republicans will get 17 of the new representatives and electoral votes, and the democrats 7.

It may be presumed that senators and representatives in Congress are of a better class than assemblymen and state senators, but that is not necessarily saying much. In the city of New York, a City Reform Club (connected with no party) was organised a few years ago, and issued a 'Record of Assemblymen and Senators from the city of New York in the Legislature of 1887.' This pamphlet states that—

"Upon the whole, the New York city delegation in the Assembly of 1887 was less dishonest and incompetent than that of 1886, and contained fewer nonentities. The improvement, however, was not great. As with the city's representatives of 1886, the chief objects of most of the New York members were to make money in the 'legislative business,' to advance their own political fortunes, and to promote the interest of their factions. . . . Fortunately the worst of the city members were also the least intelligent. . . . The senators from New York city, having been elected for a term of two years, were the same as those of 1886. In ability they were considerably above the assemblymen; but in character, with the exception of — and —, they cannot be said to have been much superior to the New York city men in the lower house. . . . The fact that one of the assistants to the corporation counsel is kept constantly at Albany during the session is generally known; but it is not generally appreciated that this has been found

necessary, to prevent legislation which might almost be called robbery—to save the city from the assaults of the legislature."

The city of New York is preponderatingly democratic, the legislature is republican in both branches. The composition of the city's delegation of 1887 was as follows: Of the 24 assemblymen 12 were county democrats, 7 Tammany democrats, 4 republicans, 1 independent democrat; 12 were born in America, 3 in Ireland, 2 in Germany, 1 in England; the parents of 12 were Irish, 5 American, 3 German, 1 Hungarian, 1 Scotch, 1 English, 1 Scotch American; by occupation 9 were lawyers, 5 liquor dealers, 3 politicians, 1 accountant, 1 real estate agent, 1 machinist, 1 manufacturer, 1 printer, 1 butcher, 1 surveyor. Of the 7 senators 4 were Tammany democrats, 3 county democrats; 4 were born in America, 3 in Ireland; the parents of 5 were Irish, of 2 American; by occupation 4 were politicians, 1 lawyer, 1 merchant, 1 harbour-transportation. The city newspapers of the day were outspoken and almost united in denouncing the legislature. As samples:—

The 'Sun.'—"A more corrupt and discreditable legislature was never assembled in the capital of any civilised community."

The 'Staats Zeitung.'—"The legislature got itself into bad odour by stooping to the lowest kind of corruption. . . . If it is called the most miserable legislature which the parliamentary history of the state has to show, it cannot complain that the criticism is too severe."

The 'World.'—"Yesterday closed the work of one of the most reckless and unprincipled legislatures that ever disgraced the state of New York, and this is saying a great deal. From

the beginning of the session until its close, partisan objects have pushed aside all consideration of the public interests. The lobby has plied its business without a check, and has had equal privileges with members on the floor of the Assembly chamber. The taint of venality has been found on most of the measures that have come before the Houses. The corporations have been superior, and have practically controlled the action of both Senate and Assembly."

The legislature has been on occasions denounced from the pulpits of city churches, and congregations have engaged in silent prayer for the conversion of the members.

As a "lobby" is an American institution, and is found at Washington, at every state capital, and, indeed, universally throughout the United States in some shape or other, and under some name or other, it is interesting to read the following description given by the City Reform Club:—

"*The Lobby.*—The lobby is that indeterminate body often called 'the third house,' composed of men" (women can be useful lobbyists) "who make it their business to influence by corrupt means the official action of members of the legislature. The methods of exerting this influence are various; but the simplest and commonest is the payment of fixed sums to legislators for their votes. The lobbyist stands ready to defeat or to pass any bill for a consideration. Good citizens who would not think of offering bribes to members of the legislature directly, will pay money to lobbyists with knowledge that it will be used to corrupt senators and assemblymen in the consideration of measures in which the good citizens are interested.

"The lobbyists were organised during the session in two gangs,—the 'Kenmore gang' and the 'Delavan House gang.' The leaders of these gangs are notorious, and their calling is matter of common knowledge at Albany. The dealings of these men

with the corrupt members of the legislature were so open and constant as to become matter of daily comment in and about the capital. In several instances distinct hints of the connection between the lobby and the members were uttered in the Senate and the Assembly.

"Before the new member of the legislature has been a week in Albany, and in some cases even before he arrives, the prominent lobbyists of the city are thoroughly informed as to his exact moral calibre, and what arguments and inducements are most likely to be of use in their work upon him. With some it is good-fellowship and sociability, with far too large a number it is cold cash, and with others political preferment; while there is always a small, very small, number who are absolutely inaccessible. When the lobbyist has thus studied his ground and made up his list, he knows just how and when to go to work, and can figure pretty closely as to whether it will cost much or little to pass or to defeat a certain bill, the amount being dependent largely on the popular interest in the measure and the attention paid to its progress in the public press. The amount of money that annually passes through the hands of these men must be hundreds of thousands of dollars. An indication of the proportions to which this business of the lobby has grown is the fact (well known to all who have had experience in legislative matters in this state) that in the Assembly a year or two ago 94 men out of the 128 were open to 'influence' of one kind or another, and that over 75 per cent of these stood ready to sell their votes for money on any bill in which they were not otherwise interested. So shameless in this respect are certain members, that (as in the case of one of the New York senators last winter) they openly complain of the lack of opportunity to make money, and are dissatisfied with 500 dollars as a payment for services on one measure.

"The Black Horse Cavalry is a well-known body which exists in greater or less strength in every Assembly. It is composed of assemblymen banded together for the purpose

of exacting tribute from persons or corporations interested in legislation. Their combination gives them the power to wield a compact body of votes for or against a measure, and makes it worth while for those interested in bills to propitiate them."

The people pay salaries to all senators, their representatives in Congress and state legislatures.

The description of the lobby tells a melancholy tale of impure republican institutions, and the following address, issued previous to the 1890 elections by the People's Municipal League in the city of New York, does not seem overdrawn:—

"We make no charges against individuals, for we have confidence in many who are now in official positions, but we distinctly impugn the methods and habits that have for a long time prevailed in almost every department of our city government.

"Men are placed in important posts of honour and trust who are notoriously of depraved life, the frequenters of liquor saloons and houses of vice, and educationally unfitted for any municipal duties. They manage their official influence solely for their personal profit, or for the furtherance of the party that gave them their position.

"All public interests under such control either languish or are directly injured. The immense income of the city is fearfully squandered, and under pretence of urban improvement, jobs are created which never realise the improvement, but put thousands of plunder into the pockets of contractors and their governmental allies.

"But this waste of money is the least evil. Loose views and practices are popularised. Dishonesty in many forms pervades the community and loses its disgraceful stigma.

"The police, who should be the picked men of character in the community, are notoriously in the pay of the law-breakers, the high officials and the courts of this department being thoroughly tainted with public suspicion.

"The Excise Board make it easy for the disturbers of the peace to ply their vocation, and protect them against the complaints of outraged citizens. Money is found to be the key to open any difficulty and to shut off the efforts of justice. The poor are therefore oppressed, and have no measure of relief.

"Every position, however humble, under the Government, must be bought. The poor man who cannot obtain the hundred or the thousand dollars necessary has no chance. Fitness for the place is of no account. Money and party are the only watch-words that gain an entrance. The effect of such an administration on public morals cannot be overestimated.

"In commercial circles the young men are tempted to follow the example of the officials who flourish by fraud, and as a consequence we have constant robberies by trusted clerks and defalcations by esteemed bank officers, so that public confidence is shaken in the institutions erected for public security. The whole tone of intercourse between man and man, as seen from the records in the daily papers, is lowered, and false dealing is looked upon as a trifle."

The People's Municipal League was started by clergymen and prominent citizens. It embraces clergymen of all religious beliefs, Roman Catholic, Jewish, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Reformed Dutch, Congregational, Methodist, &c. The address is more or less applicable to every township, village, county, city, and state in the Union.

To instance the extent to which the moneyed class can manage to escape their full share of public burdens, and consequently force the poorer classes to pay more than their share: The personal property of the city of New York was for taxation purposes valued at \$1,638,000,000, and was, in terms of law, got reduced to

\$229,000,000 by those liable to pay tax, who "swore off," as it is termed. Thus, of over 24,000 who were assessed, only 13,980 paid tax on personal property. The population of the city is about 1,700,000, so it would appear that only one out of every 120 of the inhabitants pays personal taxes. It has been said that the rich man pays what he pleases, and makes his own terms with the authorities.

The above skeleton of what might be written plainly shows that the inalienable rights of man are no more respected in the United States of America than in any other civilised or uncivilised country upon the face of the earth. Republicanism as practised there is a snare and delusion. There is no worse tyranny or despotism to be found in any other country. How long shall it last?

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THE POPE AND HIS WRITINGS.

IF we would know the true inner nature of the present occupant of St Peter's throne, Leo XIII., we should turn to his written utterances, and study the man as he reveals himself in his writings. Above all, this can be done in the poems which the Pope indites. It is evident that he has recourse to writing them whenever anything rouses him or moves him deeply; hence they form the most intimate expression of his being. True, out of these verses there issue none of those universal harmonies which would lead us to seek a world within the confines of one single personality; nevertheless, they are so integral that we gather from them the just impression of a life that is in itself a unity, complete and entire, and which throughout all outer phases has never changed its inner and harmonious character. The history of the Pope is that of a man who, thanks to his own character and endowments, has raised himself to the giddy height of papal power—a position in which he

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has distinguished himself by solid capacity rather than by brilliant qualities.

In Latin distichs this Poet-Pontiff has told the story of his life. The poem was written by him while Bishop of Perugia—a position he filled for thirty years, his hold on that diocese coinciding with the pontifical reign of his predecessor, Pius IX.

"Umbros en iterum fines, urbemque
revisis,
Quam tibi divino flamine iungit amor."

What an epoch that was! Rich in battle, in suffering, in victory, and in defeat—eventful and ever memorable for Italy. And just as Pecci's pastorals distinguished themselves from those of the other Umbrian prelates by the vigour of their thought and expression, so did the man himself range head and shoulders above these same bishops by the manner in which he conducted the struggle of the clerical party against the military might of young Italy, which was ever pressing onwards from Pie-

mont, and which demanded as its last triumph the abdication of the papal temporal power.

On the breezy heights of Perugia, Pecci could contemplate the genius of Christianity in all its various forms. As Bishop he sat on the seat occupied in the great past by men around whose forehead history and legend have woven the wreaths of martyrs. He could see them before his mental vision, not only feeding their flocks with the humility of shepherds, but driving back barbarians with the strength of heroes. If he left his episcopal palace for the neighbouring Cathedral of San Lorenzo, he could pray beside the ashes of three Popes, one of whom had surpassed all his contemporaries in power and energy—namely, Innocent III., who deemed the world too small to hold the Church, and who now sleeps his eternal sleep in one single little coffin in company with two pontiffs of minor fame. “*Sic transit gloria mundi.*” If he visited the picture-gallery, he beheld works of art radiant with the mild beauty of religious fancy, bathing the soul in a warm elysian stream of eternal peace. Perugia’s multitudinous churches and cloisters were all eloquent to him of the riches and splendours of the Romish Church. In his continual intercourse with monks and nuns, he could note innumerable examples of family-like union among those who had renounced their natural families, and had learned to love each other under the protecting roof of their common mother, the Church. Every stone in Perugia preached history to its learned Bishop. And the nature that surrounded his See, how splendid it was! When he gazed down into the valley at his feet, clad with vineyards and olivegroves, his eye could range far

away over one of those rich landscapes that fill the soul with yearning. Lost in dreamy solitude, Assisi sits throned upon her proud height, and many a holy place is there which Dante’s muse has sung, and many a spot which the brushes of master-painters, saturated with rich colour, have rendered glorious and immortal in fresco and on canvas. The very air of Umbria seems permeated with religious thought; for has it not been the great domain of the Romish Church—the province aptly termed the “Italian Galilee”?

The history of Perugia from 1846 to 1878, the years during which Pecci held its bishop’s crosier, is the history of Italy in miniature. When the Bishop entered it, it formed a portion of the States of the Church. When he left it, it was an Italian city, one of the hundred cities that united Italy can boast. As might be expected, Leo had little sympathy with the national spirit then awakening in Italy. He only recognised it as legitimate so long as it was hostile to the stranger who was still holding the Peninsula in subjection; but when it put itself into antagonism with the Church, which refused to renounce its temporal power, he condemned it entirely.

“*Iure sacro imperitas ter denos amplius annos;
Et pleno saturas ubere Pastor oves.*”

*Romano incedis Princeps spectandus
in ostro,
Belgarumque equitum torquis honore
nites.*

*Te pia turba, Deo pubes devota,
Sacerdos
Officiis certant demeruisse suis.*”

In these words, written shortly before he assumed the papal power, the Cardinal refers to his

long residence in Perugia, and to the purple which he had received from the hands of Pius IX. Such contemplative reflections pervade the outpourings of Leo's muse, and also distinguish his autobiography.

In order to understand Leo's character we must peruse his poems, which form a veritable diary of his personal emotions and struggles. This poet never sat laurel-crowned with floating mantle at the feet of Apollo and the Muses. He never took part in the inspired dances of the favourites of the gods. He sits humbly at the feet of the grave muse of the Church, and with the Gospel in one hand, and the palm-branch in the other, sings religious hymns, and indites laudations to the Almighty and the Saints. Instead of the waving mantle he wears the cassock; Apollo's laurel wreath would harmonise but ill with the tonsure. The mightiest impulses of the human heart, the desire for love and the desire for knowledge, live in him as in all of us. A priest, so to speak, from his boyhood, in the first flush of youth, Leo had known none of the pleasures of life. As is often the case, the poet puts his own woes into the mouth of others, but it is not difficult to recognise the author himself in the heroes of these sufferings. A considerable number of his poems treat of sensual love, and they are all alike frosty. Once he comments on the words in St John's Epistle: "Omne quod in mundo est concupiscentia carnis est et concupiscentia oculorum, et superbia vite," stringing together a number of poetical meditations on this verse. And this is not the work of the young priest or of the older bishop, but of the grey-headed Pope.

After he had issued from the Conclave as Pope, he threw him-

self on his knees, and prayed St Constantius to aid him in steering the ship of the Church safely into harbour.

"Possit o tandem, domitis procellis,
Visere optatas Leo victor oras;
Occupet tandem vaga cymba portum
sospite cursu."

He never ceases imploring God and the Madonna that he may find a way to heaven through the paths of virtue, for what are mortal honours worth? His poetical autobiography closes with the words—

"Verum quid fluxos memoras, quid
prodis honores?
Una hominem virtus ditat et una
beat.

Scilicet hanc unam, ævo jam labente,
sequaris,
Ad Superos tutum quæ tibi pandat
iter,

Æterna donec compostus pace quies-
cas,
Sideræ ingressus regna beata domus.

Ah! miserans adsit Deus, eventusque
secundet:
Aspiret votis Virgo benigna tuis."

While Bishop of Perugia, Pecci maintained intimate fatherly relations with the youths of the Theological Seminary, and was in the habit of addressing poetical epistles or epigrams to one or another of these students. Already at twenty years of age he had expressed his intention, when ill, of giving utterance to his grief in song. He rarely succeeds in giving plastic form to his feelings: his emotions are deep, for they are religious, but as a poet he is neither lyric nor dramatic enough. His poems have more of the character of metrical exhortations of the bishop to some member of his flock, of the master to his pupils, of the man to himself. The elegance and correctness of the Latin, however, compensates for the poverty of the colouring.

It is the language, not the imagery, which interprets the wavering of the human heart betwixt purity and passion. The writer's dearth of fancy prevents the struggle from ever reaching a tragic climax, yet, notwithstanding, these poems are touching as the prayers of a soul that has been bruised and scorched.

In the poem "*Ricorso alla Vergine nella tentazione*," one of the few written in Italian, which is addressed to a young theological student, Bishop Pecci recommends him to have recourse to the Virgin in the temptations of the flesh:—

“ Quando impudico demone,
D'ogni nequizia pieno,
In te col sozzo anelito
Sparge il suo rio veleno,

E adombra già dell' animo
L'almo natio candore,
Alla incorrotta Vergine
Leva la mente e il core.

Bagni pietosa lacrima
Il verecondo ciglio,
E a lei, che è madre, supplice
Di': 'son, Maria, tuo figlio!'

Poi si converta il gemito
In affannoso grido:
Madre, deh Madre, campami,
In tua virtù m'affido:

Nato pel ciel, tra gli angeli,
Dei gaudii eterni erede,
Non sia giammai che immemore,
Spergiuro alla mia fede,

Ceda all' immondo Asmodeo:
Vergine casta e pia,
D'ogni più lieve macola
Preservami, Maria! ”

The Madonna to whom our poet applies in his struggles is not the gentle Madonna whom Gioacchino Pecci had seen for more than a generation in the paintings of Perugia. She is no tender maidenly flower after the fashion of the Virgins of the Umbrian school, she is a matron who inspires awe and respect. The Immaculate One of Leo's poems stands before us as

a stern teacher, a warning mother. We long to taste the sweet fruits of the passing moment, we are on the very threshold of the crime. Then we hear the relentless call of the mother whose sufferings gave us life, and we pray to her: "*Madre, deh Madre, campami, in tua virtù m'affido.*" Our Mother leads us, and our desires are healed. There is truth in this matronly Madonna, but she is not the Christian ideal Virgin: we do not tremble before the latter as before our Mother. True, we recover before the charm of the former, and our recovery is perhaps even more lasting, for the maidenly Madonna enters into our life like a young dream of love.

Many of Leo's verses express a horror of sin. Would that he also gave us a picture of true, pure love, in happy contrast to sinful fleshly lust! But such love is unknown to this son of the Church. His only true loves have been abstract Catholicism and the philosophy of St Thomas Aquinas: the heroes of his poems are all Christian martyrs, pious priors and abbesses, Dominicans, Jesuits—in short, those who have the care of souls. There is among them no shepherd blowing his reed pipe, no shepherdess toying with her swain. And yet this ecclesiastical poet, who from time to time, perhaps unwittingly, uses Virgilian phrases, might have caught some of the idyllic and bucolic spirit of the Roman bard. The poet Pecci considers as true men only those vested in monkish cowl; he does not comprehend them when they don a simple dress. As Pope he is diplomat and monk; as poet, monk only. His martyrs sing praises to the Christian God, to the Immaculate One, and to the Son of the Virgin. The accents of careless pleasure, drinking-songs,

joyous harvest strains, the touching tones of children, the sweet whispers of love, never drop from his pen. We hear rather Stygian wailing, lamentations concerning all things that recall the evanescent nature of life and the nullity of our being. Under the title "*Damnatorum ad Inferos lamentabilis vox*" he wrote—

"*Auditus stygiis gemitus resonare sub antris:
O detur miseris, hinc procul, hora brevis!*"

*Quid facerent? Imo elicerent e corde dolorem,
Admissum et scelus abstergeret hora brevis.*"

Our poet has never indited a spring song: this son of Italy never consciously beheld the splendid Nature of his land flaunt in bridal bloom; he ever beheld Italy enveloped in snowy, wintry dress,—a sight but rarely seen, for even among the Umbrian mountains, amid which the cardinal bishop lived for thirty years, the earth is seldom wrapped in wintry linen. Yet never does the Italian sky smile on our clerical poet,—for him it is ever covered with clouds; and when he gazed on the unfathomable night-sky glimmering with silver stars, he saw in these stars the shining lights of the Church, the holy ecclesiastical luminaries of the middle ages, such as Dante, Francesco of Assisi, Thomas Aquinas, Albertus Magnus, St Dominic, or Bonaventura. Our poet's wintry character is specially marked in his hymn to St Constantius. This and the song to St Herculaneus have become popular throughout the whole Catholic world, and innumerable priests have translated them into Italian, French, German, even into Greek, though none have succeeded in reproducing

the strength and poetic beauty of the Latin original. In these hymns Leo appears in all the dignity of his Catholic and medieval convictions. Written but a few days before his accession to the papal throne, they were finished soon after. They celebrate gloriously these two martyrs who held fast to their faith in spite of their torture. As we read, we cannot withhold our reverence for the author who, from the historic connection of his own dignity with that of his predecessors, gained strength and consolation. In the framework of a winter landscape is brought before us the predecessor of Leo XIII., Constantius, the legendary Bishop of Perugia, who died a martyr in the reign of Marcus Aurelius. The saint, the snowy landscape, the closing day, the metallic ring of the language, and the spiritual emotion of the poet welded together, form a harmonious whole. True, the brush-strokes are distinguished rather by force than by richness of colour. In the following lines Winter himself seems adumbrated:—

"*Hyems rigescit, asperis
Montes pruinis albicant,
Solisque crines frigido
Irrorat imbre Aquarius.*"

That January day, 1700 years ago, may have been as cold and rigid as the breath of the icy incisive words which emanate from this hymn. A cold pomp of language, truly! Even when painting the torments of the martyr, Leo depicts them coolly, objectively, as in some historical legend, but never loses sight of that central idea he seeks to enforce, that the power of martyrdom is greater than that of individual might. The enthusiastic believer defies the despotism of his sovereign, the martyr laughs to

scorn the foolish heathen customs, the empty thunders of Jupiter and Quirinus. Iron and fire cannot harm him :—

“Impios ritus et inane fulmen
Risit indignans Jovis et Quirini ;
Obtulit ferro juvenile pectus,
Obtulit igni.”

This is not the language of fear. This is neither the wail nor the moan of the crucified,—it is the vigorous speech of Christian Rome, a proud earth-subduing summons, to which force is given by the stately tongue of Latium. Verily, we tremble when the Christian martyr exclaims—

“I lictor, calida rebellem
Merge sub unda.”

The last strophe of the hymn to Constantius takes the form of a prayer spoken by the Perugian Bishop for his diocese. The light which streams from the martyr, as he says, ever led him while holding his post in the capital of Umbria : now he is no longer Bishop, but Pope.

“Dive, Pastorem tua in urbe quondam
Infula cinctum, socium et laborum,
Quem pius tutum per iter superna
Luce regebas,

Nunc Petri cymbam tumidum per
æquor
Ducere, et pugnae per acuta cernis
Spe bona certaue levare in altos
Lumina montes.”

As the tutelar genius of Perugia and Umbria, he called on Constantius—

“O Dive, præsens o tuæ
Salus decusque patriæ !”

and in the same manner he turns to *Herculanus* with the words—

“Tutela præsens patriæ
Salve, *Herculane* : filii
Adsis.”

Herculanus defends *Perugia* with the weapons of religion against the barbarian *Totila*, encouraging the sons of *Umbria* to strenuous resistance. The legend is culled from the third book of the dialogues of Pope Gregory the Great. The central idea of this poem also is to show that the martyr's crown compensates for passing suffering : death is evanescent, immortality eternal ; *St Herculanus* now sits enthroned in the Court of Heaven, looking down on his beloved *Umbria*. It is easily comprehensible how *Leo's* poems are not decked with the colours of life, the brighter and merrier side of which he does not understand. This Pope has never laughed ; he is devoid of either wit or humour. He once wrote a “*Scherzo Poetico*,” but it is weak. *Æsthetic* emotions he never knew. The pale face of a saint is sweeter to him than Italian maidens fair as spring. His kingdom is not the garden of this earth, with its flowers and fruits ; his realm is adorned with shadows and skeletons. “*Dies iræ, Dies iræ*,”—this voice has pursued him from his cradle to *St Peter's* throne. A few years ere he became Pope, Cardinal *Pecci* wrote the elegy in which he passed in review his whole life. Reading it, one is tempted to recall *Ovid's* poetical autobiography :—

“Ille qui fuerim tenerorum lusor amorum
Quem legis ut noris accipe posteritas.”

Of a truth this is not *Ovid* ; this is no toying love-bard : this is the poet of disease and death.

“Quam flore in primo felix, quam læta
Lepinis
Orta iugis, patrio sub lare, vita fuit !”

Did our poet ever know the joys of youth ? Those who never were young imagine they have

been so once. Pecci was born mature; he has never enjoyed life or known youth. His poems breathe the spirit of the grave. A retrospect of our own life no doubt renders us sad; but those who possess eternal youth, as all true poets do, revive the past with the reproductive power of creation. Our poet harps upon the string--

"Omnia fui, et nil expedit."

He is burying not only his past but his future. The elegy "*De se ipso*" is unspeakably melancholy. Yet Leo XIII. is no pessimist: he does not jest ironically, comparing our degenerate spirits and the aging culture of our century with the immutability of the mountains, or with the historic glory of times gone by; nor does he break into lamentations like one who has been young and has grown old, for he was ever sad and serious. This disposition of mind is the keynote to his character and to his verses. In him the poet never issues forth from the dim obscurity of a cathedral into the bright sunlight of the day. In the Church he is in his element. It is the only thing a priest may love. The Church, in Leo's opinion, overmasters nature. The middle ages are as eternal as eternity. Life is the image of the Church, not the Church that of life. The world for Leo is built like a cathedral in which we pray, and this building is not a representation of one aspect of life, but life itself. That which the cathedral is architecturally, the philosophical edifice built up by St Thomas Aquinas is spiritually. The sun of Aquinas has been more potent in Leo's life than that sun which shed its light over Joshua and Ptolemy, and which shines on us. The little sun which darts forth its rays from

out the breast of the medieval Dominican is more to him than the eternal huge sun-ball which matures fruits and men and ideas.

"*Fortunata soror Superum quæ vinceris aura,*"

exclaims the poet at the death of a nun. He compares life to a ship traversing unsteadily the ocean of eternity: the feeblest storms overwhelm the fragile boat; death threatens us unceasingly during our voyage:—

"*Mors instat jam jam nos vorat unda maris.*"

He envies the pious nun who has reached the haven in safety:—

"*Portu jam tuta beato.*"

The cure of souls, Catholic science, ecclesiastical charity—in these lies the happiness of Pecci. He is no common character: neither in his actions nor in his verses is there a trace of egotism; his only ambition is for the Church, his love. No modern philosopher is he, seeking cheap popularity; he is not devoted to science as a sport. If he is not an artist either in the highest sense of the term, he is perchance something higher,—he is a man, a complete man, living and acting within his narrow world of solid ability. He is as self-contained as some Christian house of worship which forms a harmonious whole,—self-contained and at the same time restricted.

In the episcopal letters of Cardinal Pecci we encounter the champion of a religious cause, who draws forth from the dusty arsenal of the old Church fathers and the medieval scholastics his weapons of attack and defence. That which distinguishes the Church fathers and the scholastic theologians also distinguishes the Pope; what they do not possess he also lacks. He

has, in common with them, the sense of mystic spiritual union with the martyrs of the Church in all times and ages; the need that is rooted deep in the history of the Church to see its future continued in the spirit of its past; the belief in a supernatural basis for the laws that rule in states and in nature; the yearning after a spiritual communion between the State and the Church. Pecci is by instinct as apologetic and polemical as the Church fathers: he fails entirely to possess the sense of justice that marks the philosophical observer; his attitude towards heathen thought and antique art is purely offensive; he has no comprehension of the healthy and life-pulsating attitude with which the pagans regarded life; yet, nevertheless, in true scholastic and clerical mode, he for ever places heathendom and Christianity in juxtaposition. His philosophy, like his scholasticism, is formulated and regulated by theology. The masters he reveres most after the Evangelists are the Apostle Paul and St Thomas Aquinas: ever and again we behold him turning to their writings, and re-reading their pages. Centuries have passed since these sages trod the earth, but for Pecci their opinions and dicta remain unimpeached and unimpeachable. Like to them he proclaims the Gospels as the best political system extant, forgetting that the Gospels do not contain a political system,—that it has but been artificially read into them. For him St Augustine's 'Civitas Dei' is still applicable to existing conditions.

Nevertheless, even he cannot fail to see that the times have changed; but by skilful scholastic tactics he succeeds in persuading himself that all our modern life of culture and thought can be laid at

the feet of the apostles. He beholds around him a culture that was seen neither by the early Church fathers nor by the holy men of the middle ages: he sees how men in the name of this modern civilisation carry on an implacable war against the Church, and this makes him unwearied in asking how mankind can dare to find modern civilisation in contradiction to the spirit of the Church. He insists that such an assumption is a contradiction between cause and effect—between the foundation and the building that is up-raised upon it. To him the Church appears as the true mother of modern civilisation. He claims as the work of the Church a large number of such reforms, even such advances as have been brought about rather in despite of the Church than by her aid. In an episcopal letter written a year before he ascended the pontifical chair, Leo contends that the epithet Christian is so indissolubly bound up with civilisation, that even the most modern and persistent efforts to divorce the two words have proved ineffectual. He deprecates the modern use of the word civilisation, which implies that between it and the Church there exists an innate contradiction and irreconcilable enmity. With just pride he quotes Montesquieu and Macaulay. The former, he says, praised the Christian religion as that "which, having apparently as its goal felicity beyond the grave, in reality is founded on happiness in this." He points with satisfaction to the splendid and eloquent tribute to the Catholic Church indited by Macaulay in his famous essay on the Popes. He remarks that it is the bastards of true civilisation who feel themselves called on most frequently to at-

tack the Church as the enemy of civilisation.

In perusing the prose writings of the present Pope, and especially in reading his episcopal letters—for his encyclicals are more polemic and dogmatic in character, as becomes his changed position—it is interesting to observe how extensively Pecci read during those years of his tenure of the Perugian diocese. His reading was of course limited to French, Italian, and Latin, for he is ignorant of Greek, and is unacquainted either with German or English. The French writers seem especially to have attracted him, and he would appear to have been a regular reader of the '*Revue des Deux Mondes*.'

His pen, when speaking of some of these writers, is not always urbane, and his judgments on some of the finest spirits of our age are often sweeping and unjust. Thus he tilted, in an episcopal letter dated 1863, against one of the most eminent writers of our day, Ernest Renan, whom I should like to call the Raphael among authors. Pecci speaks of '*La Vie de Jésus*' as "*un libro inverecondo e blasfemo*," reproaching its author with *sacrilegie bestemmie*, and calling him, not certainly without reason or without wit, an *Arius redivivus*. For the modern philosophers he has no sympathy: he calls them lying philosophers, and Taine he considers as "one of the most impious of this ruthless school."

Nevertheless, it may be contended that the Pope has better understood these modern thinkers than the Greek philosophers. He has combated the former, but at least he has understood them; the Greek authors, on the contrary, whom he often cites, he has scarcely apprehended aright. As a rule, the Italians are not strong

in the matter of Greek; and philologists like Comparetti and Piccolomini, who hold an honoured place in philological sciences, or a Bonghi, who has admirably translated some of the works of Aristotle and Plato, rather form exceptions. Leo XIII., too, is ignorant of Greek; and, medieval-feeling thinker as he is, he lacks the poetical power to transport himself in imagination into the Greek spirit, as has been done by Giosuè Carducci, the great modern Italian poet. The latter lives in spirit like a veritable Hellene, holding intimate communion with the Dryads, Oreads, and Naiads. Dante, too, who is Leo's poetical ideal, also stood aloof from Hellenism.

In vain does one search in Leo's writings for any mention of English and German classical writers and thinkers. The literary world his spirit embraces is the Latin. Of the Teutonic he has evidently no knowledge, nor would he be able to sympathise with it. And even in reading French and Italian authors, it is manifest that Pecci peruses them entirely for polemical purposes, and that he fails to extract from them æsthetic enjoyment.

There is Roman force in the present Pope, but no trace of heathen tendencies. The Apollo Belvedere and the Venus of Milo fail to stir his pulses. Leo XIII. does not even feel a spiritual kinship with the pictures of Leonardo and Raphael: he respects in them the expression of religious feeling, but not as the ideals of art.

The episcopal letters of Pecci are eloquent testimonies of a disposition that has for its centre the medieval idea of the conformity of all thought with the Church; and however much this doctrine may clash with our modern point

of view, we cannot withhold our admiration from a character that is able in this age to move with sincere conviction as in a closed circle in such a scholastic world of thought. In matter Leo is, as I have said, a medieval thinker; in formula he is somewhat modern. As a modern man he accepts the triumphs of science, while striving to make us forget that these have issued forth from conflict with the Church.

For modern inventions, especially those that conduce to comfort and to more rapid communication between men, he has a keen interest. In one of his letters, for which the text is taken from Genesis, in which man is bidden to subdue the earth, he panegyrises man as the lord of creation, to whom it has been given to penetrate into the very heart of nature, and to discover and acquire the treasures that are hidden in the bowels of the earth. He holds that man is never more impressive than when he thus utilises and subdues nature to his service; and he goes on to pen a tribute to electricity and its uses. He observes: "That most loving mother the Church, which sees all this, is far removed from putting hindrances in the way of man; rather she is glad and rejoices at this sight." Remembering that his predecessor, Pius IX., in the eightieth paragraph of the Syllabus, had cursed a reconciliation between modern civilisation and the Church, Leo goes on to explain that, in so speaking, Pius IX. had only meant the false and not the true civilisation. Certainly Leo XIII. himself would not have been capable of inditing such an attack upon science as the Syllabus. At the same time, the sense of solidarity with the thoughts and actions of the Papacy is so strong in him, that he prefers

to explain, and, in a manner, to apologise for the attack made by the infallible Pope, rather than ignore its existence.

One of Pecci's favourite arguments in speaking of scientific matters, and in trying to prove that they are not necessarily at variance with the Church, is this, that all great naturalists have worshipped God; and he quotes in support of his argument the names of Copernicus, Kepler, Galileo, Linnæus, Volta, and Faraday, as well as Bacon's saying that "A little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth man's mind about to religion." He fails to see that the God of the Church and the God of these great minds is not precisely the same entity, and that hence the deductions he draws from his statements cannot always be maintained.

As might be anticipated, Pecci thunders against the modern theories of natural law as the basis of all being and all phenomena. "Why should we induce the people to pray before the altar of God and His saints, if everything that happens is but the fruit of various certain and inevitable laws?"

With the gospel of work, too, he has no sympathies. He still regards labour from the old scholastic point of view, as an expiation for sin, and in support of this dictum he quotes St John Chrysostom. He admits of work in his cosmic system, but "as an exercise in order to strengthen the moral fibre of our nature," and he defends it against its ancient detractors—Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, and Terence. But at the same time he falls into the error of seeing an actual moment in an historical one. The ideas of these old thinkers concerning work have been overcome long ago. Pecci, however,

cites St Ambrose and St Augustine with tragic earnestness, who praised work for the sake of its ethical utility. In connection with this subject, Pecci lauds the monastic system, which he says has done so much in the cause of work on earth: he commends Italy, upon which have fallen the greatest blessings, thanks to the work of the Church. These are indeed antiquated views. The modern spirit combats monasticism rather on account of its ascetic, idle attitude. Undoubtedly the monks in barbarian days kept alive not only the worship of God but also a feeling for art and letters; but to see in them nowadays the ideal of work is clearly absurd. Modern Italy, above all other States, is carrying on a fierce warfare, in the name of modern law and order, against the representatives of this purely contemplative and inert life; and Italy will certainly one of these days draw the last consequences from its inimical attitude towards the monastic system. Pecci is more correct, and we can be more in sympathy with him, when he speaks of the spirit of renunciation that has so often inspired the messengers of the Church, and which inspires them to this day.

It is impossible to read the writings of the Pope and the episcopal letters of the Bishop of Perugia without recognising and admiring the true religious spirit that pervades them—the manner in which Pecci holds high the banner of the Church without any undue presumption for his own person, without any clerical arrogance. His writings are like a portion of the spirit of the Church; many of her servants have exercised a similar influence over the minds of men by the manner in which they have spoken to the world. Nothing

touches the hearts of men more easily than when they see that the chief of a great institution feels himself in solidarity with the joys and sorrows of minor mortals. I will not go so far as to say that modern institutions working for the good of peoples and nations show less solidarity with national and general griefs than the Church or the Popes; I will not go so far as to say that modern parliaments, modern states, modern social benefactors, have less sympathy with public misery; and I am entirely persuaded that they are more positive and productive factors than the Church dignitaries and beggar monks. But there is one thing that parliaments, delegates of the people, and modern spokesmen and guardians of the oppressed could learn from the Church, and that is, not only to think in solidarity with the misery of which they are the defenders, but to let their speech and style be in unison with the character of their clients. The need for this Pope Leo has grasped most perfectly, and herein, no doubt, lies much of the secret of his success. In studying the writings of the Pope—his prose writings, of course, I mean, for his poems are rather penned for himself than for the world—we cannot fail to be struck by the terminology employed, and its exact and careful adaptation to the audience for which it is intended. The personality and tendency of the Pope would cause him to be rather practical than formal, rather arid than flowery; nevertheless, when he speaks to his flocks it is clear that he makes an effort, and a successful one, to conquer this predilection towards a quiet and chaste style, and decks out his thoughts in the florid and insinuating language of the Church. He speaks to his believers as a father who seeks out his children.

and tries to penetrate to their heart by using the language that is most familiar to them. In this astuteness, this calculation if we like, lies the great secret of the success of the Catholic Church, and of the success personally achieved by its head. Indeed Pecci's power of wielding his pen has had much to do with his worldly success.

It had been generally anticipated that Cardinal Pecci would be Pius IX.'s successor: he had ruled his Perugian diocese with so vigorous a hand; he had not only conscientiously fulfilled his calling as priest, but had also been active as teacher and benefactor in the community intrusted to him. These qualities could not fail to tell in a papal capacity. But, besides this, it was hoped that he would couch in chaste and classical style his encyclical addresses, which under Pius IX. had been conceived with injurious asperity, and in a tone far from statesmanlike. It was hoped, too, that his masterly language would not come as a battle-cry, but descend from St Peter's chair as from a supreme and dignified judgment-seat. That Leo XIII.'s Latin style is masterly even the most perfect humanists of Italy confess, who are repelled and shocked at the Latin written by northern philologists. The style of the latter is condemned as more than dubious, in no wise resembling the Latin of the ancient Romans. If Leo XIII. indites his medieval thoughts in a Latin style which is not that of the golden age, neither is it the Latin of the scholars; it is rather the Latin of the Renaissance. Imagine a disciple of St Thomas Aquinas, who is clothing his meditations in the speech of the classical world, which has risen again, and the poet and writer Leo XIII. stands before us. This Leo XIII., however, has nothing in

common with Leo X. The present Pope wears nothing but the Latin dress of the Renaissance; he is separated from its spirit by a world of differences. The distance from Leo XIII. to Leo X. is as long as that from 1300 to 1500.

Even opponents cannot fail to be impressed by the proud tone that emanates from Pecci's Perugian episcopal letters, — letters that have been recently issued in book form. In order to appreciate them fully, they should be compared with the encyclicals of Pius IX. The latter beats about him wildly in his rage against his adversaries like an impotent old man, and uses language far from dignified; the former stands forth in stately calm, singing with unwavering decision in ringing tones: "*Gloria patri filio et spiritu sancto in sæcula seculorum.*" In Pecci's encyclicals his language is not always so just and free from asperity. There are a few, like those against the Protestants, that would seem to have been penned in the spirit of Pius IX.; still, even in these it is always evident that Leo is deeply sincere, fully penetrated by a belief in the eternal character of the Papacy, and not inclined to abate one tittle of the historic rights of the Church to the Italian Government.

A room in the house at Caprineto, the smoke-blackened little town among the Volscian hills where the Pope was born, is shown as that where slept the Cardinal on the rare visits he made to his family from Perugia. Upon the wall hangs framed an autograph letter in which for the first time is written the historical name of the Pope. It runs thus:—

"DEAR BROTHERS, — I give you news that the Holy College of Car-

dinals has this morning raised my unworthiness to St Peter's See. This is the first letter I write. It is directed to my relatives, for whom I beg all happiness from heaven, and to whom I lovingly send my episcopal blessing. Pray much for me to the Lord.
LEO XIII."

The newly elected Pope wrote this letter with trembling hand to his family at Carpineto. At the moment in which he had climbed the highest peak of earthly ambition, he felt drawn to remember the benefits which the intimate relations he had ever maintained with his home had shed over his earnest, strenuous life. When, succeeding to the throne of the last Pope who had held temporal power, he faced a future full of anxiety and uncertainty, aware that he now for ever ceased to be a person to whom are permitted private inclinations, joys, and pleasures, he drew consolation from a living, grateful remembrance of his parental roof. At that solemn moment of emotion in which a thousand thoughts pressed hard upon each other, and the bells of the Eternal City which had formerly called him to the worship of the supernatural Being now proclaimed his own name in melodious harmony *urbi et orbi*, he took mental flight to Carpineto in order to collect his thoughts. He trembled, as all deep natures will, before the mighty word of Fate, which had made his little ego the symbol of belief for many millions of mortals, and he found his personality again in that tender writing to his brothers. In one of his poems he sings the happiness of that home.

All through his life Leo XIII. kept up good relations with his family, and has always remembered his birthplace, on which he

has already spent several millions of francs. He has restored old churches and erected new ones; he has built a school in which pious sisters educate the village children, and a hospital in which pious brethren tend the sick.

They were a devout family these Pecci, centred in a quiet domestic life, having little contact with the outer world. The boy's early impressions were confined to the family circle, the world of mountains that surrounded him, and the peace of dogmas that pervaded the establishment. At Carpineto, Nature does not reveal herself in Italian wealth and Italian glory of colour. The boy's visual horizon was circumscribed by rugged hills, whose slopes are clothed with olive-gardens, while chestnuts and beeches overspread the upper portion. In the shadow of these woods the future Pope and his brothers and sisters played in the days of their early childhood. No orange or lemon trees thrive here, —in this high spot winter is rigid; hence the Nature which surrounded Leo's infancy was stern rather than tender, and the nature of his parents resembled that of the mountains. Their portraits show lineaments full of serious gravity: that of the mother especially, though not indicative of special intelligence or spiritual gifts, reveals solid ability and strong religious sense.

In this gloomy hamlet, nestling amid these sombre mountains, the house, or castle as it is ostentatiously called, of the Pecci family is the most considerable building; and just as it towers above the wretched houses of Carpineto, so tower above its inmates the Pecci family, hereditary lords there for centuries, and distinguished from among the other inhabitants by their wealth. A certain tradi-

tional Catholic piety seems to have descended together with this wealth from father to son. Among such surroundings, such traditions, the young Gioacchino, for that was his pre-pontifical name, passed his earliest tender years, — those years in which impressions are so readily taken, and so easily become indelible. They were a numerous family circle in those days, consisting of four brothers and two sisters. One brother, Giuseppe, dedicated himself also to the spiritual career, and it was his brother the Pope who was later to invest him with the purple.

In the house at Carpineto is still to be seen the room in which Anna Prosperi Pecci of Cori brought into the world the Cardinal in 1807, and the present Pope in 1810. Two Latin inscriptions written in distichs adorn the walls of the room. One lauds the "Pope crowned with the triple diadem, who was glorious on earth as the thirteenth Leo"; the other the man "who has devoted himself to the study of Thomas Aquinas, and has won the eternal honour of being among the purple clad, and who shines more for his wisdom than for his purple."

The boy Gioacchino gave early signs of wishing to serve as a servant of God. He often stole from his home out of the circle of his loved ones, and, Bible in hand, would wend his way into the open country to read the Scriptures. A chestnut-tree is still pointed out near Carpineto which stands before the casino belonging to the Pecci family, in whose shadow the boy, studious of high things, used to lie and read. From his home and from Carpineto, shut in by its mountains, he first imbibed the ideas of an orderly and self-controlled existence.

Happy is he whose childhood is

passed without superfluity and without want, permeated by an ideal! Happy is he the horizon of whose thoughts and life in his first youth is narrow! Gioacchino drew in an atmosphere limited perhaps in ideas, but full of earnestness; and a boy who rises with God and the saints upon his lips, and retires to rest again with the same inspirations, will, if his mind unfolds at all, develop a heartfelt zeal which will enable him to tread the paths of a dogmatic religion in such wise that it takes shape and form in his spirit, and become to him the personal, almighty, omniscient, perfect sum of things. A boy is not lost who prays before the altar; who holds solemn intercourse on holy days with the inhabitants of another world, unknown to him, but decked in his mental vision with the mystic crowns endowed them by the fancy of a religious brotherhood; who listens to songs telling of resurrection and of pardon; who plucks in joyful hope from the grave of his loved ones the flowers of the second, better life men dream of.

When a boy of eight, Gioacchino left his native town of Carpineto to go to Viterbo, in company with his brother Giuseppe.

"Altrix te puerum Vetulonia suscipit
ulnis,
Atque in Loyolæ excolit æde pium."

So he sings of Viterbo,—"Loyolæ ædes" being the Jesuit college which he and his brother entered on reaching the city after a five days' journey. In this seminary Gioacchino gained that intimate knowledge of the Latin tongue which he was afterwards to write in such masterly style. This change of abode was of immense importance to his intellectual development: from the prosaic borough of Carpineto he had suddenly stepped

into a world full of historical remembrances. Here at Viterbo he was enveloped by the breath of past ages of popes; here he could wander in the tragic footsteps of popes who had come thither as fugitives from glittering Rome, fleeing from the misery which is so often combined with power. Here he could stand by the grave of many a pontiff, and that holy awe would fall upon him which men feel when they find themselves face to face with the monuments of history. For six years the lad remained at Viterbo, pursuing a careful routine of studies.

At fourteen years of age he became a scholar in the Jesuit college at Rome. Leo XII. had mounted St Peter's chair a year before. The personality of this Pope, whom the youth would see from time to time, made so deep an impression upon him, that he took him as a model of his own life, and in remembrance of his youthful admiration for this pontiff, he assumed his name when he himself was called upon to bear the tiara.

His sojourn in Rome is described in the following terms:—

“ Mutia dein Romæ tenuere palatia ;
Romæ
Florentem studiis docta palæstra tenet ;
Tempore quo, meminisse iuvat, MANERA,
Patrumque
Ingenio et fama nobilis illa cohors
Mentem alit, et puro latices de fonte
recludens
Te Sophiæ atque Dei scita verenda
docet.
Præmia laudis habes ; victrici præmia
fronti
Parta labore comas laurea condecorat.
Addit mox animos et vires SÆLA se-
cundas,
Princeps romano murice conspicuus ;
Auspice quo cursum moliris, mente
volutans
Usque tua tanti dicta diserta senis.”

In the year 1825 it fell to Pecci's lot to hold a Latin discourse in the great hall of the Roman college,—a discourse in which he compared Christian and heathen Rome. Such comparisons have ever since been a favourite style of literature with Leo. He makes them constantly in the pastoral letters which he wrote as bishop, and they reappear in his papal encyclicals. It cannot, however, be truly maintained that he is quite just to the pagan genius. As a student, Gioacchino occupied himself zealously not only with theology and the dogmatic branches of study, but also made great progress in mathematics and physics. In the “*Collegium Romanum*,” that late citadel of the Jesuits in Rome, which now, as the seat of a modern educational establishment, has become the abode of free-thought, he forged his first aggressive arms, the arms which he afterwards used so ably in the wars he waged as bishop and Pope. As a youth of nineteen he carried off the first prize for physics.

At the age of twenty, having tried a weak constitution by overwork, he fell seriously ill, and feared for his life. In his need he bewailed his illness in Latin distichs:—

“ Nocte vigil, tarda componis membra
quiete,
Viribus effetis esca nec ulla levat
Languentem stomachum ; depresso lu-
mine ocelli
Caligant ; ictum sæpe dolore caput.
Mox gelida arentes misere depascitur
artus
Febris edax, mox et torrida discruciat.
Iam macies vultu apparet, iam pectus
anhelum est ;
Deficis en toto corpore languidulus.”

But his sufferings did not cause him to despair. To this youth of twenty there was familiar another

home more enduring than that of earth, on which man rests but for a while on his pilgrimage. He longed after so brief a voyage to steer his boat happily into this everlasting haven.

“ Non trepida frangar formidine : mortem,
Dum properat, fortis, lætus et opperiar.
Non me labentis pertentant gaudia vitæ,
Æternis inhians nil peritura moror.
Attingens patriam, felix erit advena,
felix
Si valet ad portum ducere nautaratem.”

But he recovered from his sickness, and at the age of twenty-two held a public disputation, which was so remarkable that it led his teachers to prophesy great things for his future.

The Pope's personal appearance is what we should suppose from his poems. The writer saw him for the first time in the Sistine Chapel, when he was praying for

the soul of King Alfonso of Spain. After the Mass the Pope turned to the congregation, and gave his papal benediction. I kept my eyes fastened on the high priest. A cool diplomat, a rigid monk, a medieval thinker stood before me, and blessed the assembly. The voice with which he spoke the benediction was like himself, firm, severe, hard. Was this really the benediction of a gentle-hearted priest? It rang in my ears like “Dies iræ, Dies iræ.” What a duet there was in that chapel! the voice of the Last Judgment which spoke to us in tones of rich colour from above, and the blessing of that monkish diplomat who wears the tiara. Was he speaking to us ordinary men? Was he not rather blessing those gaily dressed diplomatists and black and brown cowed friars? No passionate Italian stood before me, but the writer of the poems in which the Holy Father reveals himself.

SIGMUND MÜNZ.

CONTRAST.

PERHAPS there never was a question less creditable to the discernment of the mind which gave it birth than one lately propounded, Which is more essential to beauty, harmony or contrast? It is about as reasonable to ask, Which is longer, a mile or a month? or (to choose a more faithful illustration) to inquire, Which is more worthy of praise, virtue or honesty? Just as virtue exists not without honesty, so harmony implies the presence of contrast, the absence of which means sameness; and just as a character, in so far as it is honest, partakes of virtue, so contrast is indispensable to harmony, which is the essence of beauty.

But contrast means more than mere difference, and is generally somewhat loosely defined. The fine arts being the exponents of beauty, there is a tendency, in discussing its nature, to slide into the use of technical terms in the arts—a habit which, so far from tending to elucidate, only serves to confuse and conceal sense. This inconvenience is increased when the expressions proper to one of the arts are applied to works in another. Thus the calculated eccentricity of a certain English painter has accustomed the public to the paradox of “symphonies” (that is, harmony of *sound*) in such and such colours; we read of pictures executed in a high or low “key” of colour; while, on the other hand, it is common for critics to praise one piece of music as “sparkling” or “brilliant” (that is, shining, reflecting much *light*), and to depreciate another as being deficient in “colour.” Here is a paragraph from a musical review in the newspaper nearest at hand, published yesterday.

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day: “This suggestive subject was treated in most thoughtful and artistic fashion, shaded with pathos and tenderness, and developed into sentences of great character and brilliancy.”

At what point is this licence of language to stop? As reporting becomes more and more realistic and personal, such piracy of phrase may be indefinitely extended. Thus we may have to read some day that “the right hon. gentleman resumed his seat amid a perfect panorama of applause. In the speech, which even political opponents must admit was a masterpiece, his well-known vigour of *impasto* was not permitted to interfere with sobriety of colour: the fingering in the intricate financial *obligato* was a consummate piece of dexterity, and almost led the audience to imagine that two human instruments were sounding,—an illusion intensified when the speaker permitted himself an occasional scumble of local allusion. The *staccato* was well marked, and led up with incisive effect to the stately *chiar’ oscuro* of the peroration, which closed in a grand crash of harmony.”

The Court journalist will revel in this linguistic elasticity: “Lady Lydia Fetterless wore a charming ballad in French grey, illustrated with delicate vignettes in pale-blue and pink ribbons. This simple but pleasing melody is the composition of Madame Mirliton of South Audley Street: and the diamond movement on the bosom and hair was admirably executed by her ladyship’s *femme de chambre*, Mlle. Jane Schoking.”

All this, if not mischievous, is unnecessary, for every art has by

this time a complete terminology of its own; and although it would be pedantic to deny that occasionally a term borrowed from a single art has become indispensable to all, yet it is worth remarking that what is gained for the art which borrows is lost in definite meaning to that which lends. The word "tone," for example, is not only constantly used in painting, but in the compound "monotony" has extended far beyond the arts altogether; and the art of music has now no precise word to express the sound emitted by a stretched string, to define which the word "tone" was originally formed from the Greek *τόνος*—*τείνειν*, to stretch. In revenge, artists have laid claim to a monopoly in certain words, or exact, as it were, a royalty on their use, as if, which is not the case, such words had been devised by them. Thus musicians have laid violent hands on the excellent words "harmony" and "discord." The filching of the latter word has been made easier by a supposed connection with a chord in music; but in fact the real meaning of concord and discord is a far wider one—namely, the union and jarring of *hearts*. As for "harmony," it is a Greek word meaning the joining of things fitly together, yet it has long ago become difficult to separate its use from the idea of melody. In the "Testament of Love" Chaucer says—

"There is a melodye in heauen whiche clerkes clepen armony,"—

and one should be slow to grudge the clerks the use of such a well-chosen expression; but the fact that they have chosen well so to "clepe" melody should not be allowed to narrow the scope of the term proper to what is the chief element in all beauty.

These preliminary paragraphs have the object of making clear that contrast, discord, harmony, and such terms are not used here in the limited or technical sense in which they are often found, but in the essence of their own meaning.

Contrast is sometimes understood to imply suddenness or violence of opposition, but such is no essential part of its nature. Contrast consists in the balance of qualities,—those which are absent in one part of a group, organism, scene, or work of art, being present in another part. In respect of suddenness, contrast possesses every variety of degree: for instance, it is as much present when the full chord is struck as when the notes of it are sounded *arpeggio* or consecutively; as much in the grey dawn stealing slowly over the dark sky as in the blinding flash of lightning at mirk midnight. Each is part of that harmony, or fitting together, which carries out the scheme of beauty. Human beings, perhaps from impatience for sensation, seem unconsciously to prefer those passages in nature where the contact of extremes simplifies the contrast and makes it more vivid. The operation of this instinct is sometimes the cause of what seems merely fickle fashion, which is owing, however, less to a revolution in taste than to altered conditions. A curious instance of this is recorded in connection with a certain beautiful park on the Firth of Clyde, which was laid out by "Capability Brown," the great landscape-gardener. There is a steep hill in full view of the house, clothed with wood, save where a precipitous grey crag shows its impracticable front through the foliage. This shred of savage nature in the midst of peaceful greenery is a charming feature in



the landscape; but it was not so regarded by Mr Brown, who, it is said, considered it a blemish, and urged that it should be painted green, so as to look like a grassy slope! Now, in Mr Brown's day, the surrounding country being all heather and rock, the artist's object in designing the park was to create a green oasis in the brown wilderness; hence his proposal, though in dubious taste even then, might be more plausibly defended than now, when all the land for miles around is under cultivation, and the eye turns gratefully for relief to the hoary precipice.

The great charm of water in scenery consists in the wonderful contrast it affords to the solid earth. Your child strays from you in the grounds; if there is a brook or a pond in the demesne, it is there you will turn to look for him, and it is by the margin that he will assuredly be found. The same impulse prevails with grown people. The Londoner's idea of a holiday is to get to the seaside, where lands and waters meet. It would seem, indeed, as if absolute and sudden contrast were necessary to the highest beauty in landscape. The place where perfect scenery may most surely be looked for is where mountains rise from the plain. Artists know this well. It is not among the restless outlines and unquiet foregrounds of an Alpine valley that great subjects offer themselves. Studies there are in plenty, such as the deep-browed chalet with luscious warm hues among the timber joints and exquisite greys on the shingle roof; the copious crystal of the mill-stream dashing over the wheel, and hurrying away among the mossy boulders below. The grass is nowhere of so clear a green, nor set with flowers of such pure hues,

as where the steep mountain lawn loses itself among the crowded pines. All this lavish colour and vibrating growth, this play of falling waters and comfort of securely built homestead, is enhanced by the motionless, colourless, inhospitable snow-field above. But to imbibe the magic which transfers to a piece of canvas measured by inches that sense of space which is the true charm of landscape art, the painter must descend to a plain, such as that, for example, lying round the city of Turin. Here the level land, deeply farmed and set with ordered rows of trees garlanded with vines, spreads for miles to where, afar and widely on the north, rises sudden surge of many-crested Alps. Here is not merely the opposition of level plain to jagged horizon, of shadow of flying cloud to sunlit peaks, but something that rouses the fancy as well as excites the eye. Insensibly the mind compares the rich, busy, easily traversed plain with the impassable barren solitude of the heights. So long as paint and canvas endure, generations after the hand that united them has mouldered into dust, so long will one beholding such a picture be thrilled by the eternal harmony of such a scene.

Every one deplors the lack of beauty and interest in contemporary portrait-painting, but allowance is not always made for the enormous difficulty to be encountered by our painters, in that far more than half the portraits executed in each year are those of men; and never in the history of the world was the dress of the civilised male so hideous as it is among ourselves. The Chancellor of the Exchequer expressed this well in his speech at the Royal Academy banquet last month, when, in apologising to the

artists for the humdrum and commonplace subjects supplied for representation by nineteenth-century civilisation, he said that the impression left on his mind by the portraits in the Exhibition was that of "a blameless record of duties comfortably performed and of taxes punctually paid." It is doubtful if Adam and Eve, when, still acalypt, the necessity for some covering first dawned on their perplexed senses, can have endured such poignancy of shame as must overtake an educated man when he reflects that it is *his* example that has caused the Japanese to fling aside their delicately tinted silks and exquisite embroidery, and to don the odious envelope of a nineteenth-century European. The bombardment of the Parthenon was not a more vulgar outrage upon the beautiful. One is reminded of a burlesque called "The Happy Land," which was put on the stage some twenty years ago, and the whole town crowded to see. It was a bitter piece of satire on the administration of the day, and included such wicked caricatures of three of the principal Ministers, made up to the life, that the Lord Chamberlain interfered to prohibit the performance. One of the characters thus held up to ridicule was the late Mr Ayrton, then First Commissioner of Works. The Ministers were represented as transported into Paradise; the scene was aglow with lovely colour, which proving intolerable to the official mind of the First Commissioner, he promptly ordered everything to be painted "Government grey." It is perhaps not generally known that a monument of this policy remains to this day. The inner lobby of the House of Commons, which, whatever may be held to be the merits of the style, is at all events

a consummate example of our native Tudor architecture, has fretted walls of stonework and a wooden roof. Some difficulty was found in keeping this stonework clean, owing to the smoke from numerous gas-burners. Mr Ayrton settled the matter by ordering the whole of the walls to be painted stone-colour, and the roof yellowish brown, so that the effect now is exactly the same as if the whole affair was stucco and pasteboard!

Well, to return to portrait-painting. Broadcloth seems to have spread the same blight upon our canvas that coal-smoke has brought upon our scenery. Black garments did not prevail, it is true, to numb the consummate hand of such a master as Franz Hals; but in his day, at least, there was still some beauty in tailors' designs; even he might have felt daunted if, instead of trunk-hose, his subjects had concealed their lower limbs in shapeless tubes of cloth, and had crowned their persons, not with the broad-leaved beaver, but with the chimney-pot hat, or —*grande nefas et morte piandum*—the billycock.

There seems only one device (if one unskilled may speak and live) by which portraits of eminent males in this age may be conceived so as to earn such reverent contemplation from posterity as we freely bestow on the works of dead painters; only one plan suggests itself to cause our grandchildren to recall us as creatures more worshipful than smug railway directors or tobacco-consuming mole-catchers. Of these two ideals, the former is preferable; for when the reaction against broadcloth brings about, as it sometimes does, a resort to homespun and suits of dittos, it is a sight to make the angels weep. It is nothing less than a broad-

cast insult—a posthumous affront—that a man should dare to transmit his portrait to generations to come, unless dressed in the best of his wardrobe. It is a profanation of the art of Tintoretto and Velasquez—of all the masters who rightly revelled in costly textures and glowing dyes—to employ it on coarse and common fabrics. Ugly as our “Sunday best” may be (and the gods know that nothing more unsightly could be devised!), let a protest be lodged in the name of all that is decorous against that ignoble horror of these latter days, the portrait of a country squire in shooting clothes. The doom is harsh indeed which deprives our eyes of the sight of well-turned legs now swaddled by fashion’s decree in shapeless trousers; but more vicious than trousers is the knickerbocker, which wrongs proportion, distorts shape, and, in virtue of the material being, as a rule, ostentatiously common, carries an air of hilarious vulgarity, which in portraiture is wholly unendurable.

No: the day may yet be distant when our tailors find themselves “filled with wisdom of heart to work all manner of work of the embroiderer, in blue, and in purple, and in scarlet and fine linen;” but nothing is more likely to hasten the much-needed æsthetic revolution in men’s attire than insisting that every one sitting to a painter shall wear the best clothes he has. Artists should be resolute in this matter; let them patiently continue to depict the smugness of black frock-coats and sticking-plaster boots, for we shall never be converted if they fly for relief to rough fabrics and neutral tints.

What, then, is the device (consideration of which has been postponed to a spasm of honest indignation) by which the spirit of

beauty is to be infused into portraits of the disfigured men of this day? Some means must be found to invest the “portrait of a gentleman” with effects more subtle than those yielded by a black waistcoat and a white shirt-front. Recourse must be had to the commonest, yet the noblest, of natural contrasts—that of the sexes: that balanced harmony of which the lion’s mane, the pheasant’s glittering neck—nay, humbler still, the perianth of the wayside weed—are as much a part as a man’s beard or a woman’s bosom. Thus, if the merit of two isolated portraits of husband and wife be represented by any value you choose to put on them, the merit of a picture in which these two portraits form a single composition is infinitely more than double that of either of them singly.

A remarkable instance of the delightful result of this use of contrast was to be seen in the last winter exhibition in Burlington House. It was a picture by the Spaniard, Francisco di Ribalta, representing the artist and his young wife, life size. Francisco, who is fair, with light-brown hair, stands in a black dress, embroidered with the red cross of Santiago, showing a painting to his wife, who is seated, wearing a rich robe with gold embroidery and white sleeves. She is exceedingly beautiful, very dark, with heavily fringed eyes and massive coils of hair, which russet gleams redeem from absolute blackness. Through these coils has been elaborately plaited a white satin ribbon. Hardly could two individuals of similar age present a more striking contrast with each other—in attitude, in dress, in expression. The composition is a masterly example of the well-known device in heraldry call “*counter-chang*—

ing," by means of which brilliancy is obtained by the division of the field into two parts of different hues, those parts of the figure or principal charge which fell on the first being of the colour of the second, and *vice versa*. The painter stands, fair-haired, grey-eyed, and darkly clothed, looking intently on the brilliant brunette in light-coloured raiment sitting at ease before him. One cannot help constructing a theory of the relations between these two. Ribalta seems to be waiting so wistfully for some expression of sympathy for his art—to be hungering for some word of approval or sagacious criticism. It must be confessed that she looks a little indifferently on the picture he is showing her. What might he not accomplish if he could excite in her something more than polite interest in his work? Will the fire slumber for ever in those languorous eyes,—the fire *ie used* to know how to waken not many summers ago—nay, that he *saw* glow so hotly only three nights since, as the young Count Fernandez whispered to her under the oleanders at the Duke's ball?

Three hundred years have rolled away since this canvas was painted, and still Francisco stands waiting, waiting for the light that is never to shine for him again. Admitted that this is all pure surmise (in this particular case it happens to be misleading surmise: there is nothing of revelation in it), the painter and his wife might have been the most humdrum of couples—he intent on pot-boilers, she wrapt up in narrow household cares, or the petty problems of millinery—yet there is something in the juxtaposition of the figures to stir the imagination as portraits in separate frames never could do. Herein is an echo of the eterna

concord of marriage—man and the help-meet created for him, "the melodye in heauen whiche clerkes clepen armony"—not less thrilling because it is in the mournful minor key.

By the by, it is not more than just to Ribalta and his wife to end this allusion to them by explaining that they were very far from being either humdrum or dissatisfied with each other; on the contrary, their love-story ran on a high level of romance, as the writer discovered when, his interest in them being excited by the picture, he hunted up what is preserved of their history. It is not the least likely that the artist's wife ever showed indifference either towards him or his art, for she was herself the daughter of a painter, of whom the young Francisco became a pupil. He incurred his master's displeasure by falling in love and carrying on clandestinely with the lovely daughter. Love-making being peremptorily interdicted, the young painter left the country and worked for three or four years in Italy. Coming home thence to Valencia, he strolled one day into his old master's studio, and finding an unfinished painting on the easel, coolly set to work to finish it. The old man, returning, was struck with admiration for the excellence of the unknown painter's work. "Ah!" he exclaimed, turning to his daughter, "here has been some one whom, if I could find him, I would gladly welcome as a son-in-law—an artist, indeed, very different from that idle dauber Ribalta." How wickedly those dark eyes must have flashed as the maiden explained to her sire the trap into which he had fallen!

Would that some of the many scores of couples who sit each year for their portraits would act on the lesson drawn from the Spanish

painter's composition! the interest and beauty of family portraits would then be multiplied manifold. Instead of a series of persons obviously posed to be painted, hung at regular intervals upon the walls, we might enjoy a succession of realistic studies of bygone lives; husband and wife—lovers still—playing chess or piquet, or puzzling over their household bills; mother and daughter busy together in one of their countless common occupations—anything to escape from the dreary impression inseparable otherwise from a portrait-gallery, that of a waiting parlour, full of people showing no shred of interest in each other or anything else, condemned to be for ever dumb and idle.

With statuary the case is somewhat different. Here colour is sacrificed to enhance the effect of form; there is nothing to confuse the eye in contemplation of the contrasts which abound in the ideal human body. Hence it comes that the most beautiful statues are those of single figures, and much of their fascination is owing to isolation—to the contrast of the white unchanging marble, raised above the eye level, with the crowd, chattering, whispering, perspiring, and elbowing through the gallery. It is not often that the presence of living human beings, and the incidents of modern life, serve to enhance the sentiment of a picture, yet it sometimes happens that this is so. Two such occasions occur to remembrance while these lines are being penned. The scene of the first was the picture-gallery at Bridgewater House, where the Conservative party assembled after their disastrous reverse at the polls in 1880 to take counsel with their chief, the late Earl of Beaconsfield. Midway between the two ends of the saloon hung a full-length Ma-

donna by Murillo, and it was immediately in front of and below this picture that the ex-Premier rose to address the assembly. Many of those present must have been struck by the singular group thus formed: the colouring of the man and the effigy were one; the same brush might have laid the fallow flesh tints and painted the black raiment of each. The Virgin's pose—spreading her hands over the statesman's head and bending her mournful gaze upon him—seemed to express her concern in what concerned him, and there was little in the restrained gestures and passionless expression of Disraeli to dissociate living flesh from simulacrum. But this unison served but to accentuate the contrast between the sorrow of *Mater Dolorosa* and the senator's anxiety for the fortunes of a political party.

The other example referred to occurred at the Royal Academy banquet last month. Those who have seen Mr Calderon's picture representing St Elizabeth of Hungary's great act of renunciation, can surely never forget the terrible scene depicted. Light streams into a dark chapel from a narrow window behind an image of the crucified Christ, and falls on the shoulders of the queen, who, having laid aside her garments in token of absolute abnegation of parents, children, friends, and everything else that endears itself in this world to our human nature, kneels clinging to the altar, her dainty head bowed low between her outstretched arms. Behind her, ill defined in the gloom of which he seems an embodied part, stands Conrad of Marburg, who devised and imposed this mortal sacrifice. Altogether the piece is one of unutterable anguish, only to be endured in virtue of unfaltering faith in the wickedness of the world, and the sure reward for

those who have fortitude to cast away the good things of this life. Now for the contrast—the strange “uncanny” contrast—presented to all who had eyes to see. This weird picture hung immediately behind the gilded chair occupied by the President at the banquet. On his right and left sat Royal Highnesses, right honourables, men distinguished by birth, by position, or by achievement, and the feast proceeded with all the luxury that civilisation and wealth enables men to enjoy. As if to emphasise the queen’s sacrifice by a living example of the pomp she was laying aside, there was drawn up, according to custom, behind the chairs of the principal guests, a line of scarlet-coated, epauletted, powdered lackeys, whose function is to stand still and do nothing while the company is served by less gorgeous attendants. Far be it from these lines to convey the lesson that stately hospitality is an evil thing in itself, or that a good dinner is to be avoided because there are many who have to go to bed without any dinner at all.

“We hae meat, and we can eat,
And sae—the Lord be thankit!”

But we are none of us any the worse, while we delight our souls with fatness, of being reminded that there have been those to whom the Word of God has proved sharper than any two-edged sword, “piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and body.” Never was this lesson more poignantly brought home than in the manner described above: it was soothing to take counsel after it with an easy-going philosopher, and to hear what comfortable words Xavier de Maistre saith in this matter: “Et pourquoi (mon âme) refuserait-elle les jouissances qui sont éparées sur le chemin difficile de la vie? Elles

sont si rares—si clair-semées, qu’ils faudrait être fou pour ne pas s’arrêter, se détourner même de son chemin pour cueillir toutes celles qui sont à notre portée.”

To return for a moment to the consideration of wherewithal we choose to clothe ourselves. In the art of dress the right use of contrast is as essential as in any other art, and by observing its laws it is possible to mitigate the evil effects wrought by the prevailing mode. One vital principle to be insisted on is, that no natural feature or limb should be so clothed as to seem a distortion. The chimney-pot hat is, in itself, about as ugly a device as could be conceived, yet it is better than the “billycock” for this reason—that by no illusion can one be betrayed into thinking that the head which it clothes is so shaped as to require that peculiar form of covering. Its lines are opposed to the lines of the human skull. But it is otherwise with the billycock: here we have a black dome like an exaggerated cranium, distending the form of the head beneath it in such a manner, that one landing from a distant planet among a Sunday mob in Hyde Park would imagine that he had come among a race of “swelled heads.” In like manner the dress of women, which has passed through many beautiful phases of late, is liable to this discordant treatment. Shoulders that by nature have a sweet and delicately modelled contour are suddenly concealed—nay, distorted—by hideous puffs, not made to look like freaks of millinery but like swelled joints; and the waist—ah! why will fashion not permit it to remain in appearance where it is in reality, just under the bosom, as Romney and Raeburn loved and knew so well how to depict?

Orators rarely speak as if they understood the value of contrast—perhaps because very few public speakers ever are at the pains to learn the rudiments of their art, but tumble haphazard into whatever style of speech they happen to be naturally inclined to. Hence the hums and haws which mar the listener's interest; hence the unrelieved flow of eulogy or invective, according to the subject. Montaigne tells us of the more æsthetic practice of the countrywomen of his day:—

“En une contrée près de nos montagnes les femmes font le prestremartin, car comme elles agrandissent le regret du mari perdu par la souenance des bonnes et agréables conditions qu'il avoit, elles font tout d'un train aussi recueil, et publient aussi ses imperfections. . . . De bien meilleure grace encore que nous, qui à la perte du premier cognu, nous piquons à luy prester des louanges nouvelles et fausses; et à le faire tout autre, quand nous l'avons perdu de veü, qu'il ne nous sembloit estre quand nous le voyions.”

So it is in literature; the unrelieved gloom of such a work as Count Tolstoi's 'Kreutzer Sonata' defeats its proper aim, which is to depict the blackness of guilt. True, there is plenty of black used, but the absence of one brighter touch not only fails to give the full effect of darkness, but oppresses the senses with the intolerable sameness of denunciation. The effective moralist knows how to make use of tender and humorous passages to bring out true pathos and rouse indignation against evil.

Unconsciously we derive much of the interest and pleasure of existence from the contrast between the past and the present. But, oddly enough, we invert the relation which would naturally be expected to present itself between

them. The formula given by old-fashioned drawing-masters for composing a landscape was: “Distance—mystery; middle-distance—gloom; foreground—brilliance;” and thus, not inaptly one would think, the scene of history might be summarised. The early tradition of our race lies dimly seen and nebulous on the horizon, merging into the shadows of superstitious ignorance of the dark ages, and light increases steadily and lies more brightly on the records of later times. After men have been toiling and scheming for so many ages to compass the comfort of their kind, and to store up riches and knowledge, it cannot surely be but that life on this earth must be lighter and brighter than of old. But it is notorious that few people will admit that to be so—none, indeed, except lovers and children, and they, being creatures not in full possession of reasoning powers, are hardly worth consideration. None, that is, that can get anybody to listen to what they say, so we need not take the prophets into account, for no one has ever paid more than passing heed to them. Even a remark on this subject by Solomon himself, the wisest of men, seems to have attracted no attention: “Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this.”

“The good old times” hold their place well in the popular sentiment, in spite of all that can be proved against them in the matters of intolerance, violence, tyranny, cruelty, ignorance. We sigh with Hood's young lady:—

“O days of old, O days of knights,
Of tourneys and of tilts,
When love was baulked, and valour
stalked
On high heroic stilts,

Where are ye gone? Adventures
 cease,
 The world gets tame and flat,
 We've nothing now but New Police—
 There's no romance in that."

The fact is, that they do contribute beauty to history by contrast with the present. Men and women dimly recognise this, and attribute all the beauty to the past alone. It is not difficult to find an illustration of this. Acts—even crimes—that we should read of in the morning paper with horror or disgust as happening among ourselves, often lose their repulsive aspect after the actors have been long laid to rest. As Théophile Gautier observes: "*Il se fait d'ailleurs d'étranges revirements dans les réputations, et les aureoles changent souvent de têtes. Après la mort, des fronts illuminés s'éteignent, des fronts obscurs s'allument. Pour les uns, la posterité—c'est la nuit; pour les autres—c'est l'aurore.*"

"*Les aureoles changent souvent de têtes*": for one person who has heard of Elizabeth of Hungary, and been touched by the sorrow of her living sacrifice, thousands have mourned for the fate of Francesca da Rimini; yet the one, in renouncing her earthly crown, fulfilled the highest act of faith, and crucified the affections of the flesh, by yielding to which the other won for herself a place in undying story. Strange justice this! it will seem the stranger if we reflect on the relative judgment passed by contemporary opinion upon Father Damien, whose self-abnegation was as complete as St Elizabeth's, and the leader of the Irish parliamentary party, whose undoing has been the same in kind as that of Paolo and Francesca. The first has won for himself unstinted eulogy—the other has been denounced as for-

feiting all claim to that position among his colleagues which his talents had secured to him.

Less than a century is sometimes required to effect this re-gilding of tarnished fames. History owes much of its charm to the foibles of great men and the frailties of fair women: we hoard relics, the only value of which consists in their association with persons whose manner of life would exclude them from modern respectable society, and affectionately preserve even the garments of those, from contact with whom, were they to come among us again, we should bid our daughters draw aside their skirts lest they should be contaminated. Much of the love and regret that we bestow on the past are of the nature of rightful affection; but much is owing to the fact that it is past, and is lavished on those things which, were they among us still, would be objects of distrust or contempt.

An attempt has been made to show that true contrast is indispensable to beauty, and therefore can never produce discord. Contrast, that is to say, as distinct from mere difference, for there are acts and qualities the very nature of which exclude them from the scheme of beauty—the presence of which inevitably creates discord. These qualities are mainly two—stupidity and cruelty; perhaps if this pair were cast out, this would be such a sweet world that we should cease to look for a better one to come.

"Moreover, the dogs came and licked his sores." The presence of Lazarus at the gate of him who was clothed in purple and fine linen was no true contrast, it was a hideous discord—a loathsome taint in the existence of one who planned and paid for luxurious living, and neither planned nor

paid for help to the poor. Was this stupidity or cruelty? Was the mind of Dives so lulled by comfort and dulled by an overfed carcass as to be incapable of realising the sufferings of Lazarus, or of perceiving what an ugly footnote his presence on the premises furnished to the gorgeous text of the rich man's life? or did he actually derive pleasure from the evil contrast between his own ease and the beggar's misery? If the latter was the case, then it was only an extreme instance of what may be commonly observed, that the delight of possession is enhanced to base minds by the fact that others have to go without. No man can eat his own weight in much less than six weeks: the motive that makes a rich man load his table with provisions far beyond the capacity of his guests (as is commonly done) is not hospitality but ostentation. A. has a dinner of six courses served, so B. is unhappy unless he can amaze his guests with one of seven. A. cannot afford six courses: B. accomplishes seven, and the only gratification he gets out of the feat is that he has done what A. has to deny himself.

But it is more likely that stupidity—inertness of intellect, either innate or acquired—was the source of Dives's wickedness. Observe, it is neither the poverty and suffering of Lazarus that it is impossible to bring into harmony with the wealthy establishment; poverty and pain are necessary ingredients in many a beautiful composition. The rich man's gate should be the surest place for the poor man to go to for succour; his presence there completes the picture. The irreconcilable discord lies in the fact that his condition was uncared for, his wounds untended, except by the dogs. Sympathy is

but the action of healthy imagination, causing one being to feel for and with another. Imagination itself is but the offspring of memory and experience; what we have never known we can only depict in our minds by comparison with what we have known. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man to conceive" things which transcend his experience. We could imagine neither joy nor sorrow had we never smiled or wept; and it is incredible to those who have not watched the process, how dwarfed or warped the imagination may become in one accustomed to have everything done and found for him; who has never known what it is to feel a want without the means of satisfying it. When the imagination is dwarfed, the result is stupidity; when it is warped, cruelty: and it is the peculiarity of these two vices, that they are devoid even of that quality which permits the employment of other kinds of guilt as artistic material. Unlovely in themselves, they do not even by contrast enhance their corresponding virtues. Stupidity is of no service as a foil for wit and wisdom; cruelty adds no whit to the sweetness of mercy. Therefore it behoves every one who concerns himself with the harmony of this world to wage unrelenting war against these two "loathely worms."

It ought never to be forgotten that man is not naturally stupid: he has a reasonable soul, and, in modest recognition of that gift, naturalists have dubbed him *Homo sapiens*. There are born fools, of course, but these are abnormal cripples; the law is, *stultus fit, non nascitur*—the fool is made, not born. But it is otherwise with cruelty. There remains in every

human character the core of a savage, vengeful nature, the heart of the predatory animal, dominated and in some degree concealed by Christianity (the one creed which softens men's hearts), civilisation, and education, but neither dominated nor concealed among certain races where these have had no sway. It may be asked of those whose habit it is to extol the past at the expense of the present, whether some progress has not been made in teaching men to be merciful not only to their fellows but also to the lower animals. A couple of centuries ago—the very heyday of the good old times—it seems hardly to have dawned on men's minds that the sufferings of brutes were worthy of serious consideration. Great scandal was caused when, in 1722, the Rev. James Granger (the eponymous founder of the school of Grangerites) preached a sermon against cruelty to animals, and printed it under the title of 'Apology for the Brute Creation, or Abuse of Animals censured.' His parishioners were indignant, and it is recorded that the mention of horses and dogs was resented as a prostitution of the dignity of the pulpit, and was thought to be a proof of the excellent man's insanity.

All honour to Mr Granger, and grateful honour to the men and women who work so diligently now to carry on the work he so well begun. There is plenty left for us all to do. Many cruel practices have been put down by law, and there prevails among most people such a degree of tender mercy towards their speechless fellow-creatures as would make Mr Granger's parishioners rub their eyes and wonder what kind of finikin folk we had become. But from time to time one gets a painful reminder that men

are born cruel, and that mercy is a matter of education. Many a fair day is darkened by one witnessing a cruel act. Such was one of the first bright mornings of the present laggard spring. On a common near London a couple of clowns were observed intently watching some object in the grass. Four or five decently dressed people had been attracted to look on, and the curiosity of one passing having been excited, he also joined the group, only to witness a piece of brutality the recollection of which haunted him for many days. A lizard, than which there is no more shapely or harmless creature (with a pedigree, moreover, that puts to shame the proudest human families, for it is the heir of the mighty saurians of Pleiocene times), had come out to bask in the welcome sun. These trousered monsters had caught it and *cut it in two*, in order to watch the movements of the mutilated parts, and laughed (Lord! is there anything so cruel as laughter?) as the head and tail moved in different directions.

So these two, cruelty and stupidity, remain, the perpetual foes of sweetness and light, each an intolerable discord in the harmony of creation. The hatefulness of cruelty makes many people doubt the possibility of eternal punishment. They feel it impossible to believe that God would permit the existence of creatures whose whole occupation is to be the infliction of torment. Let any one who has visited, say, the marble-quarries of Carrara, and witnessed the life-long misery borne by the wretched oxen hauling the heavy blocks, doubt, if he can, that men are sometimes as relentlessly cruel as any devils. Nay, but there is worse than this and nearer home. The following ugly little vignette ap-

pears in this day's 'Standard,' giving an awful glimpse into that hell which human beings create for each other in this life:—

"William Walters, a labourer, was yesterday, at Cardiff Police Court, charged with murdering his wife. One witness said that he saw Walters kick the woman twice in the back. She was then lying upon the floor, and cried, 'Oh, don't, Bill; I am gone.' Another witness stated that Walters dragged his wife through the passage, holding her by the hands and rolling her over with his feet. He left her upon the pavement, and she died."

It often occurs to some of us to doubt whether much of the time and money we spend in afflicting young souls with compulsory education is not sheer waste. One result seems to be the rearing of children to aspirations far beyond the humble callings of their parents, and by so much to unfit them for lowly duties which must be exacted somewhere; but perhaps this is only the initial jar incident to novelty. The true end of education is to equip the student, not to unfit him: surely toil may be lightened to the workman whose senses are trained to apprehend the scale of nature's contrasts, the

mighty and grand—as in the contrast of continent with ocean, or floating cloud with massive mountain—as well as the small and exquisite, as in the bursting of scarlet flower from grey bulb, of tender leaf from harsh twig, or brilliant insect from dry chrysalis. There is no room for stupidity in the mind that has been awakened to this limitless harmony, and penetrated by the light of beauty, in which cruelty cannot exist, for it is the dark places of the earth that are the habitations of cruelty. There is plenty of needless suffering inflicted upon animals still; but any one who remembers agricultural life as it was five-and-twenty years ago, must have observed gratefully the greater consideration shown to work-horses and cattle by the present generation of farm-servants, especially in the northern part of this island. Scotland has for centuries led the van of education, and her people seem still to maintain that honourable place, inasmuch as they display in a greater degree than their southern fellow-subjects that sure token of true culture—gentleness to dumb animals.

HERBERT MAXWELL.

WAYS AND WHIMS OF FRESH-WATER FISHES.

SOME authorities on matters pertaining to angling would have us believe that the fish are more wide-awake than they used to be, and that tackle on finer and more scientific principles, with far more elaborate baiting, is now required. This is certainly made to perfection; and yet there is something far more necessary to success than all this, and that is a knowledge of the haunts and the habits of the fish angled for. As a rule, fish are very much like "humans" in having varying ways of living and of behaving themselves in different localities. What will serve the angler in one county or even in one part of the same county, will be quite useless in another.

This is why the rustic angler, an agricultural labourer perhaps, will, with his primitive fishing-gear, get a good basket of fish, to the great astonishment of those less fortunate fishers who may be using the latest of modern appliances. The rustic knows the run and the lie of the water, accurately to a yard. From his childhood he has been familiar with it; he knows, too, the favourite foods of the fish as the seasons vary. He is well aware, also, how necessary it is to hide himself by all possible means from the sight of the fish: as he says, "They eyes is mortal quick; they sees you lots o' times afore you gets a glint on 'em." His knowledge of woodcraft gives him the knack of moving quietly; and what a valuable habit or gift that of quiet action is, either in gentle or simple folks! The latter may not practise it at all times, but they can when it is necessary. To see a great fellow come through

the tangle and lay himself down by the brook for a side-cast upstream, without so much as startling the moor-hen that is feeding near at hand, is an interesting and common enough sight with us.

If pike have come out of good waters they are a fine enough fish for the table, but as a game sporting fish the pike is all that can be desired. When he has smashed up everything, and left me considering the vexatious incidents that are apt to attend his capture, I have found him more than I could desire. Now and again great brutes, about which the rustics have legends, rush from their haunts in the roots of flag, reed, and tangle, and seize a jack of three or four pounds by the middle—one that the angler was in the act of landing—close to the bank. Then, for a brief space, may be seen a tearing struggle; smash go the first and second joints of your rod and a part of your line, with the hooked jack,—and all is over. I have known some younger members of the rustic angling community to be so unnerved by mishaps of the kind that nothing could induce them to fish again in or near the water where this had occurred. They sum the creatures up as "dangerous to get near with either hand or foot." For my part I prefer the middle-sized fish for sport and for the table.

One of the pike's favourite haunts I know well. Changes have taken place since I first remember it, but it is not greatly altered. The old mill, as grey and as dusty as of old, stands yet surrounded by woods. There is the road winding between heath and

bracken towards the upland moors; and there, too, is the other road, lined on either side with forest-timber, which leads to a secluded hamlet. The large rush-and-alder-fringed mill-pool is as it was, but the causeway—"cawsey" the rustics call it—with its sloping weir-boards—"splash-boards"—exists no longer. On each side of this stone-covered cart-road, which was protected by posts and rails, the pool extended, and a plank foot-bridge running directly over the sloping splash-boards was used by the customers who came from the hamlet to the mill. As a general rule the water on the causeway was about six inches deep, but sometimes it was more. The miller's horses and cattle were constantly passing to and fro over it during the day.

On this waterway in the daytime the small fish delighted to congregate, for food and warmth were there; but in the gudgeon season these little beauties would come in shoals just at the dusk of the evening from a small stream that ran in near by, and they fed on the stones of the causeway, which had been warmed by the sun. Aquatic insect-life was there in great abundance. As the small stream ran round a little bend direct on to the cart-track, the gudgeon had no occasion to swim in the mill-pool; it would have been fatal for them to venture there. The pike knew, however, when the toothsome, luscious little fishes were feeding on the stones, and they would gather on both sides of the causeway for the purpose of better acquaintance, if possible. When the head of water in that particular season was high enough in the pond to cause a run over the splash-boards into the pool, certain friends of mine, who,

as they put it, "knewed what they was arter," would gather on the foot-plank bridge, with the full consent of the miller, who was wroth about a lot of his young ducks that had lost the number of their mess through those voracious pike. The lads had noticed that when the gudgeon shoaled on the stones the pike were on the watch. Now and again a small pike would sail on the causeway, poise himself for a moment, and then make a rush for them, causing a dire commotion. Some threw themselves clean out of the water, others made for the pond never to return again. You could see fierce rushes and swirls where the pike were quite ready for them. Some, in their fright, would venture too near the current that ran over the splash-boards, and, after vain efforts to recover themselves, would wriggle down, tail first, into the other side of the mill-pool, to be instantly snapped up by the pike there. Roach and small trout the monsters could have in abundance; that was their common food, easy enough to get whenever they required it; it would have been useless to try to capture them with either of these: but gudgeon were a luxury which they tried their hardest to procure when it was possible.

Now gudgeon are, at certain times—troubled by some law known to themselves—compelled, like eels, to make down-stream. Let any one curious in such matters, who knows their haunts, watch them gather for days—if there is any fall in the water—before they will finally allow themselves to be carried over, tail first, into the current below. They do not all go over at the same time—a few, the finest fish, slip over first, in small companies, as if to show

the main body the best method of doing it. At such a time those observant rustic anglers would gather on that bridge. Their rods were of the most primitive description, simply a hazel stick about 6 feet long, split into a fork at the top, and bound below the split with a wax end. A small twig lashed on to each end of the fork formed a run for the line, which consisted of thin water-cord, terminated by a gimp-hook. The other portion of the line that ran from the fork was coiled round the angler's hand—the one which held the rod. After the gudgeon had been hooked on just below the back fin—the bait-kettle of the whole party was a large flower-pot—it would be dropped on the top of the splash-boards. Down it wriggled in the run of the water into the pool below, where large mouths were ready for it. They did not use a float of any kind, considering it best for the bait to run free. Before many moments elapsed you would hear one or another of the company bidding his neighbour move a bit, to let him pass and land his fish. There was a good-tempered comradeship amongst those rustic anglers that is somewhat unusual, I fancy, among the so-called more polite classes. After a little the pike would leave off feeding in the sudden abrupt fashion which is their way.

This was the only method of capture pursued at the causeway of the old mill. Those pike had always been accustomed to watch for the gudgeon coming down to them from the boards above, and they would only take the bait in that fashion.

One evening I remember a visitor arrived with a trolling-rod of the latest manufacture, and he

tried his luck there without success. The four friends alluded to were at their accustomed place; and with more directness than nicety of expression, one of them asked when he intended "to leave off heavin' an' pitchin' about?—they'd come to catch fish, and if he wanted to act the fule, he'd better git lower down the pond."

Although the pike has been credited with indiscriminating voracity, he is, at certain times of the year, very "picksome," as our folks say, if not dainty. That is when the water-fowl—the swimmers and the waders—leave their homes to paddle and run amongst and over the weeds that cover and line the waters which the pike frequents. You can see his alligator-like head just clear of the masses of weed that surround the fish; and you may try him with anything you like—roach, dace, gudgeon, or minnow—he will have none of them. He is intent on other game. You can hear the bird-life that is all about more than you can see it—coots clank and click, moor-hens call, little grebes chatter, and the water-rail grunts and squeaks; but you will see little of it, for in the breeding season they keep very close. One might be easily forgiven for taking the nest of coot or moor-hen for a mere heap of sedge-drift, or that of the little grebe for a lump of green stuff a trifle higher than the surrounding weeds,—so artless, apparently, and yet hidden with what seems such consummate art, are the nests, if the slight platform of damp weed-tangle can be called by that name. In the case of that of the little grebe or dab-chick, it is absolutely wet from the time the eggs are first laid, up to the moment when the little creatures burst from their shells.

All these birds know well that the pike is on the watch for their broods at this season, and they use the greatest precautions. I have watched them exercise these repeatedly. In spite of all they can do, numbers of their progeny come to grief. Even the kingfisher becomes uneasy when the pike is on the watch; and he will not rest, as is usually his wont, on any twig so low down as nearly to touch the water, when the great fish is on the alert for feathered prey. There he lies; he has not moved one inch from the spot where we first noted him; but, as we look, there is a stir in the rushes, and now a moor-hen appears, followed by her dark-looking fluffy chicks. She is making her way to the bit of open water that is free from weeds. Out of one corner of that very spot the broad snout has been poked so long. She looks all round very cautiously, but neither sees nor hears anything to alarm her. Off the weeds she slips into the water, her chicks following closely, making a pretty sight as they cluster about their mother, like so many dark corks afloat.

The ugly snout has vanished; but with a rush that causes the water to boil up and stirs the rushes all round, its owner makes for his prey, taking in three of the fluffy little creatures at one snap—for, as a rule, the pike seizes from below. The old bird herself has a narrow escape; she barely misses being included in that vicious snap.

The water-rail is very wary of swimming over any water at this time, for his slim compressed body goes down the pike's gullet as easily as that of a dace or gudgeon.

Frogs, too, dread and avoid the water now. If you catch one and

throw him into it, his frantic efforts to gain the bank again are very curious. When his tribe visit the ponds and pools in spawning-time, the pike will have nothing to do with them. The rustics will tell you "he hates 'em like pisen then." Only when the frog has left the water and gone to live on the land, making himself plump and handsome, the pike becomes enamoured of him again; and at that season you will hear the rustic angler say, "I shell try summat else; I shell go an' kick up a chawly off the moor." When he has kicked him up, as he terms it, he proceeds with his frog as follows: Holding the "chawly" by the hind legs, he takes him to the water. Any one that has held a frog in this fashion knows that in the creature's struggles to escape its body is held upright. Whilst the man has it so in his left hand, he brings the first joint of the second finger of his right hand down to the middle of the thumb, and, holding it at the back of froggy's head, lets drive, or, as he says, "snicks him," killing him at once. So effectual is this operation that I have never known a frog to move after it. From those horny fingers it acts with the force of a catapult. This is the first part of the proceeding. The next step is to fix a double hook in the frog's back—in the skin. Tie his fore feet in front of him with a bit of thread, and his hind legs above the hook in the same way, and he is, as they say, ready for diving. The same rod or long stick is used that our rustic had on the foot-bridge over the splash-boards, only he goes to work now in a different manner. With his frog suspended head downwards, he cautiously walks along until he finds a hole clear of weeds in the

middle, and close to the side. Into this he very gently drops his frog, and he pulls him up in the same manner. Presently away shoots the line, he gives the fish time to get the full flavour of that diving "chawly," and then he lets him have it. Says our rustic, "They sees lots on 'em go in head fust, an' swim right away; but they jacks don't often see 'em cum up agin, feet fust, arter their dive. They wonders what's up, an' they goes fur it."

I can vouch for the truth of this, for I have watched the proceeding. "They jacks is like my young uns in apple-time," continues the man; "they be free to blow their kites out in my orchard as much as iver they likes,—an' there's plenty there. But no, thet don't suit 'em; they must git in neighbour's orchard, just because they apples there be a leetle different. That 'ere chawly was a leetle different, an' the jack snapped him."

Before dismissing our pike, I would just state that where they are kept in proper—that is, moderate—number, they are valuable enough, and, as a rule, large where the food is good. I have, however, known waters where, owing to some mistaken notion, it was not allowed to angle for them, and in such they dwindled down to little more than the size of a large herring; and so many of them were there, that not a sign of other fish was visible. Fish of prey they certainly are, and when they have to feed on one another the diet does not in any way suit them. When things get to that pass, the only thing to be done is to sweep the lot out, run the pool dry and clean it, and then after a time introduce fresh stock.

A great outcry has been made against pike getting into certain waters; yet I think they are beneficial in moderate numbers in preserved waters. They keep coarse fish, such as roach and others, in proper proportions. When a pond is overstocked with roach, dace, and tench, the angler will often get a day's annoyance instead of a day's fishing.

Where you find pike, you will generally come across perch. It is not invariably the case, perhaps, but it is the exception otherwise. From some cause or other the perch has become scarce where he was at one time to be found in plenty; and I can only account for the fact in one way. The bottoms of streams, ponds, and rivers, are not so clean as they once were. It is now only in very remote districts, as a rule, that you find any one of the above waters without a deposit of mud, more or less odorous. The food-supply has altered; it is a long time now since I have seen a large gathering of that nimble little fellow, the fresh-water shrimp. At one time one might watch the sandy bottom boil up, all alive with countless myriads of them, where the water ran clear through the meadows; but this has not been so of late years. They were fine food for the perch. He could revel then in loaches, gudgeons, minnows, water-snails, and shrimps. Then he existed in numbers; and more than that, he reached a good size.

Only once of late years have I seen what could be called a good perch, perfect in shape, condition, and colour. That one weighed nearly two pounds. When found, I made a note of him by placing a canvas on my easel and painting him full size. One hears anglers

of limited experience, when looking at fish pictures—even by such a prince of fish-painters as Rolf—say they have never seen such pike, perch, trout, or grayling as those before them. I have not the least doubt of it, for it is only in the best waters, both as regards quality and quantity, with a first-rate food-supply, that fish arrive at perfection. From certain waters I have had pike and perch that looked nearly as thick as they were long, hog-backed, and with pouches like the throats of the jolly, well-fed monks of old. As to the trout, they were short, thick-set, crimson-speckled beauties.

It is not always, indeed one may say it is rarely, possible to visit such waters. It needs much persuasive power on our part, and many manœuvres, to obtain permission even for a very limited time. So say my rustic friends, and I can endorse their experience. It is a matter of no small moment to get permission for even one half-day. And old mills and ancient flood-gates are disappearing fast, and some mill-streams are becoming choked up with mud and aquatic vegetation. Then there is the bother caused by new owners through whose grounds the water runs. These and other difficulties have caused the millers to make use of steam-power. This is the reason why those old timbers, and the rough walls surrounding them, are no longer frequented by perch with erected back fins, examining the stones for loach and minnows. He was once, as we know, a bold biter; but in some waters he has become very fastidious—so much so, that recently what was formerly a famous perch-hole in my younger days, was declared to be perchless;

and the assertion was believed, because no one had ever fished there with anything but live bait. A friend of my own, who is a firm believer in the efficacy of well-scoured dew-worms, having had good sport in various counties with them, tried them in this hole, and to the surprise of the owners of the property, he landed four fine perch, one after the other, in quick time.

For a glorious combination of colour, give me a fine perch in good condition from good water. Where a moderate rush of water runs from a sluice over the mill-apron among stones, winding hither and thither, and ultimately resting in a deep hole at the foot—that is the place where perch love to gather. I have known them congregate formerly in great numbers in such a spot, so that there was hardly comfortable moving room—that is, where they kept to the hole itself. “Oh, they are only perch,” said my friend, once, as I stood watching them flash about. Just to give me some idea of their numbers, he got his large cast-net and threw it into the hole. The result was a fine haul of perch, nearly all one size—half-pounders. “What will you do with them?” I asked. “Why, turn them out in the water above the mill,” was his reply, “and let them grow larger;” and he proceeded at once to the business.

Things are changed now, indeed, and perch have become conspicuous through their entire absence. I should like to see them back again in their old haunts; for one’s earliest reminiscences are associated with perch, and paddling as a boy in the mill-stream in the evening, after the water had been shut off, to get loaches for baits. What very strict in-

junctions our rural fishing instructors gave us not to get little ones, only big loaches, because "they'd ketch the biggest fish, fur the little uns couldn't swaller 'em"! Well do I remember the first time they let me catch a big perch and get him out, "all by myself." My rod was an osier wand, costing one penny at the basketmaker's. I can feel now the funk I was in after my fish was firmly hooked. Then they told me I had lost him in the weeds, just to tease me; and when I had got him out, I put him in the skirt of my old-fashioned gaberdine and bolted off—too happy to sleep for hours that night because I had caught and landed a good perch.

Concerning trout, I feel inclined to say but little, for the ablest pens have written so much about them that I am on ticklish ground. Of the different varieties of the common brook-trout I will not speak, because I have seen such differently shaped trout, and ones so variously coloured, taken from the same stream within one short half-mile of one another. I once saw six trout, all half-pounders, and some of them larger, captured one evening at the very height of the season under an old bridge. Not one brace was alike: each fish differed more or less from the other. These were the common trouts of the brook; no cross had ever been introduced into that water to make hybrids of them. The man who caught them told me that, a mile and a half lower down, there was a greater difference still. I visited the latter spot, and found he was correct. Some were quite silvery, others were inclined to a golden-brown tinge; the rest were toned in olive-green on the back.

Sometimes a large trout will

make his home on some bit of water that is connected with the main stream, or in the stream itself. One weighing four or five pounds is not so very rare in certain districts. If a rustic discovers such a one in a stream, he keeps the knowledge of it to himself; if two know of it, they generally agree "to save him for somebody as wants him," and they share the proceeds. When once a large trout has made his hover in a stream, it takes a great deal to move him. He may be seen and fished for, too; but that is a long way off getting him.

One day a well-dressed man visited a certain hamlet, carrying the newest of fly-rods; he intended to fish for trout. Could any one give him information as to the best place for his day's sport? As he asked for it at the bar of the small inn of the hamlet, the information was soon forthcoming. One of the customers there told him he knew where there was a big one, and no mistake; he could show it to him, and then all he had to do was to catch it. The bait took. After a generous "liquor up" and the tip of a shilling, away they started. He saw the fish, and for nearly the whole of a day he threshed that water hard enough to frighten all the trout that ever swam in it. But not even a fish the size of a sprat did he capture. At the inn, before his train started, as he rested for an hour, his guide of the morning appeared and asked him what sport he had had. "Not a single fish," replied he; adding, "I would spend half-a-sov. in drinks if that trout lay in my basket, or give the same sum to any one who would put me up to getting it there." Five minutes later the native whispered to him, "Did ye

mean what ye said?" The angler pulled out half-a-sovereign and showed it to him. "Bide here a bit," said the man; "your train don't start yet." In less than half an hour the stranger was beckoned out of the bar to see the big trout, still alive and kicking vigorously, on some flags in a basket. He had a hook attached to a piece of broken gut in his upper lip; not a bruise or a mark was on him.

"Take him, basket an' all, fur what ye said," quoth the native; "he's a precious sight too big to go into that consarn o' yourn. And I be werry much obleedged to you for this 'ere half-sov'rin, and no mistake."

I was informed afterwards that the fish had been so frightened by the threshing of that would-be angler, that he had retreated to the utmost limit of his hover under the bank, and there he had remained, as only a trout will remain. The cute rustic knew this would be so, and he had simply gone down to the spot, taken off his shoes, and tucked up his trousers, and "groped him out." That is how most of the great trout are captured, but I never saw one that had been groped for that was not shown with a hook in his mouth. A gut hook does not cost much, and it looks so very much better. "Vile poaching?" No, that was waste land where the big trout was got out.

And after all, when a fish of that size is in a stream he becomes entirely carnivorous, and feeds on the smaller members of his own species, to say nothing of the way he gobbles up spawn when it is the season for the trout running up for the spawning. So the sooner the great fellow is out of

a brook or pond the better. I have seen many large trout captured, beautiful fish. Some of them had made their homes in places where you would be more likely to look for water-voles than for trout. But, with very few exceptions, they were frightened to their hovers, and then groped for.

Grand fish are caught by our Thames anglers, in a fair fight between man and fish; and the skill and patience needed to capture a wary Thames trout can only be appreciated by those who have fished for them. That style of angling is unknown to the rustic, yet I have seen a farm-labourer catch a first-rate lot of fine trout with rods and lines that were not worth twopence.

The silvery quick dace is a great favourite with me, not only on account of his sporting and edible qualities, but for a still stronger reason. He brings back some of the happiest of my angling memories. I see again that bright stream that ran into our river. Huge burdocks, water-docks, and great masses of purple loose-strife, together with sedge and meadow-sweet, grew on the banks. Its sandy margin was the feeding and playing ground of the nimble sand-pipers that ran about and flirted their bodies up and down, the whole day long. In that lush tangle I have seen rare specimens of moths and butterflies. The clear-winged hawk-moth was not rare in the perfect little jungle of aquatic growth. How often he has hummed round my head, and then settled on a blade of sedge close to, looking more like king-hornet than a moth! I admired him, but never attempted his capture. Insects, to my mind, are most beautiful, in fact only in

their true beauty, when seen alive. I would that I might write a whole book about the natural life in and about that stream. As it is, I may only give a very slight idea of it.

As a food-stream for fish it was not to be surpassed. The general run of the bottom was sand and bright gravel, studded here and there with large stones. Bright-green weeds waved in long streamers to and fro in the current—so thickly in some parts that they only left a clear channel about a foot wide in the middle of the stream. Where a large stone was bedded, the weeds would wave round it on either side. Below it would be a hole about three feet in depth, and, as a rule, six feet in diameter, scooped out by the current that ran round the large stones. In these holes—and they numbered about a dozen down the whole length of the stream—the finest fish congregated.

We had our choice of fish in those days; if we meant to get perch, we had them or nothing. It was the same with dace. Now these bars of living silver, if of a large size—say up to half a pound and a little over—are the most fastidious feeders in existence when they come from the river to a clear sharp stream. I knew once that a nice lot were in the stream, yet we had not discovered their haunt. I was determined to find it; and after some searching in the deepest hole, nearest the river, I chanced to see a flash of silver—a momentary sight it was—shoot to the edge of the bright gravel and then back again. It was enough, they were found; but how to capture them was the next question. It was a subject for deep consideration.

What were they feeding on?

Two silver flashes next, and then they were at it. Lying down, well back, I could just see the wriggle of water-shrimps about a yard above that hole. It was enough; my light rod was put together, the finest of my gut lines attached, and then I got from a rill that ran into the stream some fine water-shrimps, which I placed in a tin box perforated with holes in the lid; some sand and water, and all was ready.

Not quite. A water-shrimp jumps along when he travels; it will never do for him to go into that hole as though he had got the gout. As I consider the matter, a small piece of sedge comes bobbing and jumping, down in the current. The hint is at once acted on. I break the tip off one of the sedges, and fix it about eight inches above the hook by simply making a slit in the middle of it. Then on the small hook I very carefully fix a shrimp, and hidden from sight by a huge burdock, cast up-stream above that hole. Down comes the sedge-tip dancing up and down, it nears the hole, is over it, and for one brief moment down goes that tip of flag. Snick! we have him, and at once get him out and down-stream. I got six of the finest of dace that I have ever seen out of that hole. Then they left off biting, and I left the stream. They had begun to look suspiciously on the bit of flag-tip; and when fish begin to get shy, they are best left.

Fine eels lived there—sharp-nosed or silver eel, and the broad-nosed or frog-mouthed eel. The last named is a ferocious feeder. A large eel of this species will make his home in a place that one would never suspect. To give an illustration of his ways, a man with his boy, one I knew well,



had gone out for a fish. The boy was little, and he teased his father so much to let him fish also, that the man put a dead gudgeon on part of a broken jack-line, placed the child on the bank where the water was so shallow that he could not possibly drown himself if he tried to do so, and then left him. Close to the boy's feet was part of a broken wattle, kept in place by a couple of stumps, for the bank was a little loose just there. Whilst the boy was drawing his dead dudgeon to and fro—fishing, as he termed it—something poked its head out and nipped his gudgeon, leaving the hook bare. The boy just caught sight of the head, and it puzzled him. Off he ran to his father. "Dad," said he, "I want another gudgeon, for a great toad hev got the fust un."

His father walked back with him to see the place where the toad took the fish. On the boy's tackle he fixed another dead gudgeon, and he drew it backwards and forwards as before. Out shot the head, took the bait, and vanished; but he was hooked this time: not captured, however, for when a strain was put on him, he threw his tail over a bit of the wattle—it was nearly level with the sand—and then with a vicious dart he shot into the stream, breaking the rotten gimp like a thread. Later on he was captured; his weight was five pounds. When the time for migrating came round, I have known enormous eels caught in that pure bright stream, which I grieve to say exists in the same happy condition no longer.

A SON OF THE MARSHES.

CHRONICLES OF WESTERLY: A PROVINCIAL SKETCH.

CHAPTER XI.—BLOWS.

"But who his private character can blame,
He served the Crown."
—CHATTERTON.

THE brilliant assemblage which has taken up so much of our time broke up at last, as the band struck up the familiar strains of "God save the Queen."

To avoid the crush, Tiptop, Fitz, and the other familiar spirits "of ours," after having duly performed escort-duty, crossed over to the other side, to light cigars and pipes, preparatory to a brisk walk to barracks.

"I don't see the major," said Fitz; "we must wait."

"I do," said Tiptop; "there he is—last out."

They watched him with various degrees of interest, made up of regard and curiosity, as he slowly emerged from the doorway, Aunt Polly on one arm and Lavinia on the other, and conducted them to their carriage.

"Look!" ejaculated Spinner.

"Why, he is actually radiant. I'm sure she has proposed for him."

"Oh, nonsense! retorted Fitz; "it's the gas, or the supper, or both."

Tiptop shook his head despondingly. "Let's be off," he said; "he'd rather we went. I don't like to think of it; it's too sad. Come on."

"Under the circumstances the discourtesy will be pardoned," said Spinner. "I second the proposal."

Acting on the suggestion, the party started off at the double, and were soon out of sight.

Lavinia's carriage was the last to leave. The major remained so

long talking through the window, that he had to make apology to Aunt Polly, as he buttoned his overcoat, for keeping her so long in the cold. At last a start was made.

The major was walking leisurely, and alone, along the silent street. Distant sounds were borne to him on the still air, but he heeded them not till, turning round a corner, he found himself violently cannoned into by a person going in an opposite direction. The shock was severe, but the major, being the heavier weight, stood his ground, while the other came to grief—being only a street boy of slender build.

"You're not hurt, are you, old chap?" he inquired, lifting him up.

"No, sir; major, please, sir,"—breathlessly ignoring the catastrophe, to come to more interesting business, that which a boy's soul loves—"there's a jolly big row at the bottom of Ship Street, major, and two bum-bailiffs has got hold of a sodger belonging to the 201st, and—and—I was going after a corporal's pick-kit, sir, that went up here a while ago, to see and have a rescue. The bums is maulin' of him fearful, sir; there's a couple of 'em, and they just tipped Jack, the sweep's son, a bob to fetch the police."

"Here's a bob for you," said the major; "off you go for the picket, like a shot! Come back for another to-morrow. You know me!"

The boy didn't wait, but disappeared like lightning. So did the major, full speed, and alive to the sounds now, which he followed as best he could—for the scene of the conflict was not stationary. He soon put in an appearance, however.

A swaying crowd of some dozen persons surged and bumped and jostled one another round about a knot of belligerents—two black and two red, two "bums" and two soldiers—watching the fight, but keeping out of danger. A shout of welcome from the mob greeted the major as he dashed in among them and cleared a passage by upsetting a spectator with each arm. The army was popular, as we know, in Westery; so was he. He did not hesitate nor falter; he did not pause to calculate the probable consequences, military, legal, or otherwise; it was enough, on the impulse of the moment, for him to see the scarlet and blue familiar facings in jeopardy, and to know that the wearers were in difficulties.

His was that peculiar temperament of which most of us have met specimens. To superficial observers he was calm, cold, emotionless, some would even have said a hard and a calculating man; but he was in reality the very reverse. He was naturally passionate, hot, impulsive to a degree, but he was withal a man of the most absolute self-control and mental discipline. Lieutenant Bateman had once given it as his opinion that if the major's hat were blown off in the street he would calmly stand uncovered, and let it be run after by somebody else, instead of fatuously dodging about after it himself; and there are few who could do this. The lieutenant went farther; for he firmly believed that if

the three or four inches at the end of the major's umbrella got broken off by any chance—say a twist in an area grating—he was the only man, not only in the regiment but in the army, who would (unless out of bravado or for a wager) walk down Regent Street with the maimed and disreputable article under his arm. Bateman declared that he himself would lay it down and run away from it; Spinner's alternative would be to leave it in a shop and ask some one to kindly take charge of it; but it was unanimously agreed that the major was the only man whose coolness and unconcern would carry him through and over the difficulty of this terrible social contingency. And if any of our dear readers should (which heaven forefend!) find himself in such a fix, he will acknowledge the force of the point made by the lieutenant; for if there is a disreputable article to be seen it is an umbrella in the state which he described.

But notwithstanding all this apparent coolness, the major was a man of fire, quick as tinder; but he could at all times keep down the smouldering heat. When he chose to let it free it blazed to some purpose. Just now the dampers were out and the furnace in full blast on the instant. Prudence was thrown to the winds as he rushed in.

Just as he broke his way into the centre of the ring, the larger of the two civilians held a soldier by the throat; and driving him backwards with great force and giant strength, he dashed him full against the broad chest of the major, who was just in time to save the soldier from an ugly back fall, and to plant a tremendous blow full in the face of his antagonist, who let go his hold, reeled,

staggered, and fell. There was a frantic shout of delight from the impartial spectators. The remaining two combatants, who were at close quarters also, fell over the legs of the prostrate man, the soldier (whom we introduced to the reader in a previous chapter) being uppermost.

The battle raged furiously for some moments, even the major measuring his length on the ground; but the big soldier was more than a match for his opponent, and so was the major. The second soldier was apparently hurt and knocked out of time. Things became so mixed, hot, and exciting, that the mob yelled with delighted enthusiasm as they made way, and closed in again, and pushed and jostled one another.

But there must be an end to every enjoyment. There arose a sudden cry, "The picket! The picket!" The tramp of men "at the double" came nearer and nearer, and the contest was soon terminated. "Here, corporal," shouted the major, "get these two men out. Clear the way, boys, like decent fellows. That's right. March them off to barracks at once. I'll be up after you."

"You'll pay for this," said the big "bum," who had suffered most severely, and presented a sorry spectacle—as indeed did the major; "you have effected a rescue by violence, and have obstructed an officer of the law in the execution of his duty, and aided and abetted the escape of a criminal—a betting swindler."

"I know nothing about that," responded the major, carefully wiping some mud out of his left eye with a cambric handkerchief.

"If you don't, I'll make you know it," said the other. "I don't understand none of your damned rowdyism. Yourself and your

dandy clothes, — you'll smart for all this."

"Shall I?" said the major, continuing the cleansing operation. "It is rather a dangerous game, let me tell you, to lay hands on a soldier under orders for the front. You're not the sort of enemy we have to meet; and as there is likely to be stiff work at the other side of the globe in store for the regiment to which I have the honour to belong, we can't afford to spare you a single man. Go home and sleep on the business. You're not badly hurt after all."

A general "Hear! Hear!" proclaimed that the advice was considered sound by the spectators. "And here's your hat, sir," said an individual, presenting to the bailiff a head-covering battered out of all shape.

The owner looked at it with such a desponding expression that he was told to cheer up. It was all right, and what the swells call a "crush hat."

The owner's retort was not civil—which is hardly to be wondered at under the circumstances.

"You'll smart for it," he repeated, turning again to the major, "or my name's not Jem Crozier."

"Good man, Crozier!" said a bantering voice in the rear. "I say, holloa! here's a bobby."

And sure enough there was—a cool and imperturbable one, who sauntered leisurely towards the crowd. Seeing the major he saluted, and immediately his aspect, from being jaunty and self-possessed, became official and solemn.

"It is all over, constable," said the major. "A row with a couple of our men. I have run them in to barracks under arrest."

"It is not over," shouted Crozier. "It was nothing but a deliberate rescue. I had a warrant for the arrest of a criminal;

another soldier came to his assistance, but me and my mate would have managed the two on 'em only for this swell droppin' in."

"Don't you believe one word of it, mister," said a veracious on-looker; "the major never as much as lifted a hand to him. I was standing the whole time as close as I am to you. He fell his self."

The bobby turned his eyes on the speaker without moving his head, but with a doubtful expression. The mendacious statement was borne out with wonderful unanimity by the vast majority of those present. The major smiled, the policeman changed his expression to an inscrutable one, and awaited developments.

"You know me, of course," explained the major, "and the men of the 201st aren't given to running away."

The policeman's expression now said as plainly as if he had actually spoken the words—"Leave it to me." "Had you a warrant?" he haughtily inquired.

"Of course I had."

"Where is it?"

The bailiff fumbled in his side pocket, and held out the document, while the policeman adjusted his bull's-eye. In an instant the paper was rudely snatched by an invisible hand, and in the scrimmage and confusion the delinquent escaped beyond the possibility of detection. The bailiff was furious; and as the major walked calmly away, he called upon the policeman to arrest him for assault.

"Walker!" said the policeman; "I didn't see the assault, and there are plenty of witnesses here to deny it." A bull which escaped notice. "You don't want me to get myself into a hole? Go up before the beak to-morrow and take out a summons against him;

his name is Tynte. I'm not going to make a hass of myself, if you are." And he took his departure with a hand in his breast and a dignity of deportment which did him honour, as he remarked, "I reckon you've been and made a nice mess of it."

The excitement was now over, and the crowd dispersed, leaving the disconsolate pair standing in the roadway.

"I reckon we have," said the more silent of the two, "just right down messed it."

"You be blowed!" retorted Jem Crozier; "for two pins I'd knock your head off." Fortunately the two pins were not tendered, so he contented himself with an expression of opinion that his companion wasn't "worth a pinch of snuff; and as for that bobby, if ever I get a pelt at him I'll teach him manners."

"It's altogether in your line, manners is. But he's a civil chap enough, it appears to me. What is up now? What are you looking for, old pal?"

Jem was anxiously feeling for his silver watch—in vain; as it turned out, on investigation, that one of the light-fingered gentry had relieved him of it.

"Well, that is hard lines," said his sardonic companion, whose value had been so recently over-estimated at two pins; "bad enough to lose the Queen's warrant, but to be deprived of a wall-able chronometer——"

"Ah, shut up, you ape!" growled Jem, as he walked off in high dudgeon.

The major met with no bar to his progress till he reached the barrack-gate. There he found the way blocked—not by the sentry, who was in his box endeavouring to make himself as comfortable as possible, but by the boy to whom

he had promised an extra shilling for services rendered.

"You deserve two," said he, picking out a florin from a handful of silver.

It was accepted with a lively sense of gratitude, and was followed by a furtive attempt at transfer of a paper, which the boy seemed more anxious to part with than the other to receive.

"What is it?" queried the major.

"Nobbed from the bum-bailiff, sir," whispered the boy, thrusting it into his hand.

"But you——"

The worthy and promising youth did not wait to be admonished, but decamped like a shot, after a respectful twitch of his forelock.

Tynte made a fair guess now at what the document was, though he pretended to himself that he didn't. From this it would appear that his moral fibre must have been greatly relaxed—a theory which gains strong confirmation from the fact that, having read it, he hastily thrust it into the fire, which his servant took care to have well alight in his quarters when he arrived; holding it over the blaze, with strange agitation, till it was burnt to within half an inch of his fingers, leaving a fragment the size of a wafer.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "unfortunate chap—always unfortunate!"

He threw himself into an easy-chair, and fell into a brown study, the result of which was that, as he cooled down and his senses returned, he gave expression to a conviction that he deserved to be cashiered for this night's work. It may be presumed that he did not refer to the incidents of the ball-room, but to the subsequent event which we have so veraciously chronicled.

It was broad daylight now, and he gave up the idea of bed.

"I hope you got some sleep, Hawkes?" he said, addressing his man, who was busy doing nothing about the room.

"Yes, sir; much obliged, sir," replied Hawkes, saluting and standing to attention, with a Jack-in-the-box, or rather out of the box, celerity, which would certainly startle a nervous civilian. "I went to bed immediately after you goin' sir, and slept like a top till two o'clock. I'm all right, sir."

"Good! Just get my tub ready."

"Quite ready, sir."

"Good! Then just run over to Sergeant Powell and tell him to march over here that big soldier who was brought in by the corporal's picket just now; and, I say, Hawkes, I think I could manage some hot coffee—as black as the devil, you know—in an hour or so."

Hawkes saluted briskly and silently, and disappeared, apparently without any misgiving as to his ability to exactly reproduce the correct tint of his Satanic Majesty's skin; a task which one might fairly suppose would present insuperable difficulties to a less confident person. Firstly, because, on the one hand, charity has led us to believe that he is not by any means as black as he is painted; and secondly, because, on the other hand, modern culture has wiped him out altogether, which is a great satisfaction. I was involuntarily about to say, thank God! but culture has dealt equally impartially with Providence all round, if I am rightly informed, so that an abstract sentiment of gratitude would be ludicrously weak and pointless.

CHAPTER XII.—EPISCOPAL.

"A subtle disputant on creeds."—BYRON.

If Bishop Quodlibet as a boy was for a time somewhat puny, in middle age he became physically a fine man. Notwithstanding his mother's conviction that the food at school could not be wholesome, and that "those Greek roots" were indigestible diet, and would permanently injure his constitution, he lived to mount the social ladder to some purpose. He got his taste for this, to her, unfamiliar *pabulum* from his father, a studious country parson; and his bone and muscle were inherited from the yeoman class to which his mother belonged. She, good soul, died with the mystery of Greek roots unexplained, having searched several cookery-books and questioned the green-grocer in vain; for her husband was an austere enwrapt book-worm, who would not brook interference as to his mode of bringing up the boy, and angrily resented having to answer questions. He was utterly devoid of humour; and even if he had not been, Greek roots were to him a solemn subject, about which there could be nothing comic.

Once in a weak moment the anxious maternal soul contemplated the idea of writing to the wife of the head-master on this question of diet; but only for a moment—she was too much in awe of her little, withered, old chip of a husband to venture; being submissive, unlearned, and unimaginative, but full of affection, as, thank goodness, most mothers are.

The Bishop always spoke of her as "a departed saint"; and on solemn occasions, when called upon to address meetings of women in

the varied stages of his career (between his first curacy and the mitre), he never neglected an opportunity of referring to her in warm and glowing terms of the deepest affection, which superinduced tears, and resulted in pocket-handkerchiefs—just as genial moisture brings flowers into blow. She would have blushed, perhaps, to hear him, for she was modest to a degree. But some of her chiefest merits he had possibly forgotten, or did not choose to mention, as hardly worthy of note.

How proud she was of her amateur tailoring, for instance, when she fitted on the youthful son and heir that mysterious garment which contained, in combination, the elementary qualities of a waistcoat and a trousers! Strange, too, that remembering so many things, the man should have forgotten the delight with which the boy contemplated the row of buttons that ornamented its front. Little did she dream, good soul, of the more complex sartorial difficulties which surrounded the construction of the episcopal small-clothes and gaiters, to say nothing of that wonderful black waistcoat without any buttons, which the child of her affections was destined not only to wear but to adorn. If she could only have guessed, for five minutes of her inglorious but virtuous existence, that her boy was destined to become a bishop!—well, providence is supposed to know its own business best—she might have died instantly of over-excitement. The sudden revulsion of feeling, caused by the mental contrast between a

child's bib and a bishop's apron, might have even unhinged her reason, which was not strong enough to go into such subtle points as the application of the "development theory" applied to small-clothes. She just lived to see him ordained, and was proud and content.

On his father's estimable personal qualities, the Bishop, as a rule, was silent. They spoke for themselves, as did his mental endowments. His work, *Περὶ τῆς ἐντελεχείας τῶν ἀδυνάτων*—on the probabilities of the improbable, or the happening of the unlikely—is not now much read; but it is known to scholars, and valued as one of research, wealth of illustration, and cogency of reasoning. His son brought his revered remains to the cathedral, and fixed over them a memorial brass on which were catalogued a very long list of virtues. After this came the statement of his own relationship to the departed, his episcopal title, and his college degrees, all which seemed quite modest by comparison.

It must ungrudgingly be owned by unprejudiced minds that Dr Quodlibet was a success. He believed in himself, which is the foundation on which all safe reputations are built. To preach humility and all that sort of thing, and to cite Christianity as an example, is all very well. If you don't believe in yourself, how can you ask others to do so? Depend upon it, self-esteem, when kept within proper bounds, is a virtue; and to be poor in spirit is, most certainly in this world, the miserablest of beggary. There was about the Bishop a depth of hushed fervency, an awe-inspiring solemnity of tone, which his friendly familiarity of manner did not obliterate, but rather seemed to show out the

more clearly: it did not breed contempt but encouraged veneration.

He had gained a high reputation and position as a prelate of great sanctity and much wisdom and learning—how acquired or whether quite deserved are difficult questions, and involved in some obscurity. The element of imposture, whether intentionally or not, enters always more or less into the construction of every reputation, and has always to be acknowledged as a factor; but to define its due weight is almost impossible. And here is the initial difficulty, because to be strictly just—as we all wish to be—in our judgments and conclusions, it is imperative that it should be defined.

There were not a few clergymen here and there in his diocese who out of the fulness of their Christian charity had the audacity to maintain that his lordship was an "out-and-out humbug"—a revolting statement in the ears of a layman when applied to a Right Reverend Father in God. But none of us are perfect, as I have just hinted, and it is by no means necessary that a man should be sincere in order to correctly inculcate true principles in the hearts of those whom he may be called upon to inform and instruct; and if the Bishop did, according to his clerical enemies, take people in, he did it for their good no doubt. It is Rochefoucauld, I think, who says that society could not hang together if men were not perpetually the dupes of one another; and it is not Solomon, my dear sir, but Juvenal, who says that few can tell what is good for them, or discriminate between real blessings and the reverse. It is a great privilege, therefore, to have a recognised and duly commissioned authority in

these matters, notwithstanding that envy, hatred, and malice and all uncharitableness maintain their footing.

The vast majority of the diocesan males and all the females believed in the Bishop; and he found himself, with much complacency, looked up to as one erudite and deep, whose person and presence conveyed the idea of perfect placidity and happiness.

I am, of course, well aware that there are those who will captiously argue that the dullest intellects are invariably the most placid and happy. I neither accept nor deny the assertion (for, after all, it is nothing more); but I trust that my reader is such an all-round happy person as by no means to relish the inference or require me to combat it. Doubtless a uniform state of mediocrity is best, as being freest from envy; and if, in this middle state, we can unselfishly be amusing or interesting—like a monkey or a dancing-bear—well and good. These animals are, I daresay, in many particulars superior to the average spectator, and are, I venture to believe, often unhappy in the company they are obliged to keep.

"But this is," you will insist, "simply the result of over-culture on the part of these animals. Culture is all very well, but at the rate at which we are going what is to become of the commonplace? There will be a dearth of mediocre people to fill mediocre appointments." No doubt; but it is a great consolation to feel, with Dr Quodlibet, that such an important institution as the Church will be the last to suffer from such a contingency.

For my part, were I a bishop or anything else in high authority or position, I should, as a matter of mere expediency—if I wanted to

be popular—much prefer a reputation for mediocrity: it saves a great deal of trouble and annoyance, and you can so much more easily live up to it. He is a thoroughly sensible man, to my mind, who holds the theory that one should strive to be neither better nor worse than those one meets; for, as he affirms, one of the miseries of intellectual excellence is that nine-tenths of those you come in contact with do not know whether you are an impostor or not. Admitted, say you, that this is right as far as it goes—how far does it go? A fair question; for, after all, the obtuseness of these nine forms the force of the isolated tenth. Their ignorance is in fact your strength. And thus, if it be true that there are no people who have *no* pretensions, and that the fewer they have the less they can afford to acknowledge yours, it is also equally true that there is a potential power in self-assertion which never fails to place the tenth person on a pedestal composed of the shoulders of the other nine; and, once up, like the Bishop, the position is easily retained.

I do not go so far as to say that one invariably reaches high position by self-assertion—far from it: the Bishop was apparently a modest and unassuming man; but reputation is called for when the position and the office are both exalted ones—he was not only a Lord, but a spiritual one.

Mediocrity may be the normal condition of the masses, and may do very well for persons, but not for personages. We expect more from favoured individuals whose callings begin with capital letters than from mere toilers and moilers; therefore, those placed in authority over us should have by nature, or should boldly assume, *distinc-*

tive excellences to be put on with their distinctive garments. Even the poorest actor must learn the stage strut, and must dress for his part; and we expect more from lawn sleeves than from a smock-frock.

Be the argument as it may, the Bishop got credit for great profundity. Nothing is so easily believed as what you don't know; and if you tell an ignorant man that you have assimilated a great deal of learning, and are clever, some one will hear the story from him and pass it on, till it ultimately becomes a settled conviction all round, and emerges from the doubtful atmosphere of "they say" into the clearer air of "everybody knows." Credence, like love, grows by what it feeds on, and faith is self-cumulative.

Anyhow, abstract speculation can add nothing to the fact that Bishop Quodlibet stood high. He was consulted by deputations on every subject, being most accessible, and only asking for due notice and a digest of the matters to be brought before him. This was thought to be very reasonable, considering his high position, and the many calls which must of necessity be made upon his time. The conditions which he imposed gave him opportunity to make up his subject thoroughly; to hunt (if need be) through books and authorities; to cram himself with facts and statistics, quotations and arguments, which sent away the members of the deputation dazzled, if not convinced: his head was so small, and yet it seemed to hold such a lot.

He was, as we remarked incidentally, what is called a fine man, fully six feet in his "stocking-feet." Sitting enthroned in his robes on Sunday he had very much the look of a large white

rabbit—an illusion which was accentuated by a trick he had of winking with his nose (if I may so express it) in a way peculiar—as far as I am aware—to that animal. His eyes, which were large and brown, appeared to be all pupil, still and deep. His hair was snow-white, cut short, and very thick—which somehow at first sight clashed with one's idea of a Father in God, though why it should I am unable to explain. I know that it was a cause of stumbling to Canon Fungus, who envied his diocesan this gift of nature, having himself nothing but a long tuft rooted at the back, which he carefully divided, festooned over each ear, and then intermingled over his forehead. The Bishop's was a soldier's crop, not to be put out of trim by either shovel-hat or summer breeze.

But these are trivial personalities which it is not—I willingly admit—good form to notice at the expense of Canon Fungus or anybody else; and the introduction of which can only be excused and covered by the precedent of antiquity. I take refuge on this occasion behind Martial, who has passed almost identical comment upon his friend Marianus:—

"Raros colligis hinc et hinc capillos,
et latum nitidæ, calvæ
campum temporibus tegis comatis.

How the cap of Marianus fits even myself, I do not care openly to declare—

"Calvo turpius est nihil comato."

Judged by his standard, I stand self-condemned; but I trust that those lady readers—M.A.'s and B.A.'s—who are learned in the dead languages, will respect my confidences, and the candour of my confession, and not translate the passages for the gratification of mere curiosity.

CHAPTER XIII.—SCHOOLFELLOWS.

"For thou art with me—thou, my dearest friend,
And in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart."

—WORDSWORTH.

The measured tramp of foot-steps along the corridor indicated to the major that Hawkes had not been remiss in attending to the most important of his master's orders.

The sergeant halted his man at the door, and in response to the major's request, opened it and marched him in.

"That will do, sergeant, thank you. Leave him; you need not wait," and with a mute salute the non-com. departed, shutting the door behind him, and leaving the soldier standing to attention, while the major, with his back turned, sedulously poked the fire.

It did not require poking; in fact it would have been a far better fire if it had been let alone. Nevertheless he poked it again and again, raked out the bars, exchanged the poker for the tongs, lifted several cinders, and placed them on the top. Finally he took up a small piece of scorched paper and dropped it into the blaze,—it was the last corner of the warrant which he had previously held till the fire reached his finger-tips.

All this was done to gain time,—to let the sergeant out of ear-shot. He and this soldier had been old and warm schoolboy friends, a fact which the name in the now consumed warrant had disclosed to Tynte. Memories of the past were revived, and as an officer and a private could not meet as social equals in the presence of a sergeant, without undermining one of the first principles of soldiering, the major was driven to this small subterfuge,

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because to meet Hugh Scottowe in any other way than a friendly one was impossible. They had been fast chums at school, and all the obligations of friendship and instincts of a naturally kindly nature were strongly asserting themselves at the moment. He felt, too, that somehow Hugh Scottowe had come to grief,—the chap who had in many an early encounter, both of head and hand, befriended him, coached him in his studies, and backed him in his fights. He had heard some years back that this *quondam* friend put in a claim to the ancient seat of his family—which adjoined Tynte's—and the last letter the major wrote was one based on this report, and wishing him success; but years had passed and they had neither met nor corresponded, and now they stood within a few feet of each other,—one a commissioned officer, the other a full private.

The situation was embarrassing—and that was why the major wanted the sergeant to be well off the premises before he allowed his feelings to get the better of him: there was nothing for it but to poke the fire.

At last—and even before the coast was clear—being unable to restrain himself longer, he suddenly dropped the tongs, and, straightening himself, faced the tall visitor for an instant, and then "went for him"—laying suddenly impulsive hands upon the shoulders of Scottowe, with an impetus which caused the latter to stagger under the shock.

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"Hugh! Hugh!" he exclaimed; "in the name of heaven, how is this? What on earth brings you here in—in—uniform?" his deep emotion plainly discoverable in the tone of his voice.

"Misfortune," said the other, with a calmness strangely in contrast with the suppressed excitement of his friend. "Folly, madness—what you will. Some fools would call it ill-luck; but—no matter—call it what you will, I am here as the result. It is well that I do not appear in a less honourable attire—equally subject to the Crown."

"Do not jest with me, old fellow. For the sake of past and pleasant times and memories, be frank. You could not be a criminal under any circumstances: I refuse to believe it. Tell me all, Hugh. Time is short—very short. There must be much to tell; I have lost sight of you for so long. And now to drop on one another under such exceptional circumstances seems very strange and—almost——"

"Ominous!"

The major shook his head with a kind denying smile. "I did not say so—or think so."

"Well, there is *not* much to tell—of any importance; and what there is, is not interesting."

"Hugh," he said, "come over and sit down. It's all right: I'll lock the door. We shall not be interrupted. You must be open with me. It is most unkind this keeping of distance between two who were so near not many years ago."

"I would not be unkind, Tynte; but I don't care to go into purely personal matters, which, as I said, can hardly be interesting."

"You might, at least, on account of old times, suppose that they will interest me, Scottowe. I have not changed. I am now,

as in our school days, your friend." There was just a slight tone of reproach, which touched the other.

"I believe it!" he exclaimed, warmly. "Forgive me. I feel it—I know it. You were always true as steel. What I should have said was that my past was not edifying: it is simply that of an—an outcast, an adventurer—to use the mildest terms; and I——"

The other interrupted him as much out of kindness as conviction. "You must have changed your nature altogether, Hugh, if you have done anything of which you need to be ashamed."

"I have—many things of which I should be, and am, thoroughly ashamed."

"Foolish and impulsive, perhaps, unwise things, but not——"

"We have no time for subtle distinctions, Tynte, suggested by your kindness of heart. We are each of us the sons of our own deeds; and the stern fact is, old man, that I am a fugitive from justice—or, rather, from the law, which is not always just. To your strong right arm I owe my present freedom; but it may be at cost to you. My fate is always to hurt my friends."

"Well, if my mind is easy on that score, why need you fret?" said Tynte, in a reassuring tone. "I have broken civil and military law, and even *moral*, for the matter of that, because it does not sanction a breach, even though good should come of it; but if the good comes, I shall be quite satisfied. My conscience will not prick; and in the present excitement and high pressure I daresay we'll pull through. But you must let me believe in you still. Our school days must not be so easily forgotten. Be explicit, like a good fellow; because, of course, you *can* explain, and I positively won't believe you bad."

"Misfortune dogged me, Tynte. If you remember anything, you will remember how every school scrape I got into was the result of over-confidence in others. I always followed the lead for good or ill."

"That wasn't a crime," mildly put in the other; "sometimes it is not even a defect."

"It is worse than a crime, often, in its effects. If a man stands cowering under a northern blast, and can be persuaded that it is only the south wind coming back, and be got to actually believe it feels warm, what would you do with the idiot or say to him?"

"Well, if the credulity resulted in his feeling *really* but illogically warm, would not he be in a better position than the man who was cold but logically correct?" said Tynte, smiling. "There is more behind."

"Yes. Misfortune dogged me, as I said, Tynte, after you and I parted. You knew what my ambition was—my one burning desire; how the most intense pride of family was in my blood?"

"We often laughed at it—we boys."

"You did. What enemies I made by it! My ambition was to win back the possession of that place at Scottowe to which I made, on foot, a vacation pilgrimage, which I was told belonged to my ancestors, and which was going begging for an heir—that heir being myself."

"I remember all that, Hugh, as if it were yesterday; and how your grandfather left on record a written statement as to his paternity, and family letters proving his undoubted relationship—I remember it all: it seemed to us, boy genealogists, conclusive; and in your case the wish was father to the thought."

"It was when my father died I

jumped at the bait, not for a moment wondering why he had not done so himself. I would rise to my proper position; have no more to do with shopping and trade; be a Scottowe of the Scottowes—the representative of a noble race, instead of—ah! why talk of it? The bubble burst, the illusion was dispelled; and the reaction—the recoil—almost drove me mad."

"Where was the hitch?" asked Tynte, becoming interested; "could it not be overcome?"

"No; it was insurmountable. My father was aware of, and purposely suppressed the fact of his father's illegitimacy—whether from shame or pride I know not, nor does it matter. The discovery came like a thunder-clap on me, after a rascally attorney had pumped me dry, and there was no more cash to be got. The scoundrel knew the secret all the time, but led me on. He induced me to take up speculative connection with projected companies, to put me 'on my legs,' as he said; and, after duping me till even my suspicions began to be awakened, he flung the fatal fact brutally in my face and threw me over—my pride and shame in fierce antagonism. The first narrow escape I had was after the thrashing I gave him. It was a mercy that I did not kill him. He was afraid to institute proceedings against me; and waiting for revenge, he took me in doubly by playing upon my sense of remorse. He led me deeper into the mire. You remember an old schoolfellow, Joe Hinch?"

"Well! A bad lot. We never could discover what his people were, or where he came from. Did you?"

"Never. I only know that if there was a difficulty about tracing out his beginnings I have none in predicting his end. I came across him again through this same attor-

ney, and got mixed up with the turf, and most questionable transactions connected with horse-dealing—buying, selling, and breeding. I was to make a fortune! Never was there such an utter fool. If a man told me he was honest I believed him; if he said I was a rogue I knocked him down. Things got to such a pass with me at last, that if I would save my honour and my life I must cut the connection and fly. I was in terror of arrest—a coward. The web had been wound round me, and my hands were tied. I could make no stand. Hinch was too clever and cunning. I was simply an utter dupe, inflated with pride, and——” He paused, momentarily overcome.

“The man without it,” said the major, interpolating by way of comfort, “isn’t usually up to much.”

“That depends. If few of us have the gift to see ourselves as others see us, still fewer have the far rarer gift to see ourselves as we really are. We can always deceive others; but we are poor tacticians if we can’t deceive ourselves. At all events I was a proficient in the art, with the result that I got so involved in difficulties, and mixed up with questionable and shady transactions, as to leave but two courses open: I had to elect between being a criminal or a pauper. I had been living at high pressure which could not last; but when I found out the ruffians I had to deal with, it was too late to avoid the dire consequences. For weeks I have been trying to evade arrest under that confounded warrant——”

“Which went up the chimney a few minutes ago,” said the major, rubbing his hands with glee, and with a feeling of thorough satisfaction. “You may breathe freely now—that’s some sort of consolation. A

good fellow does not always necessarily go to the wall, though I will allow that he is heavily handicapped often by craft. The thoroughly astute rogue, Scottowe, who knows how to steer his way, will often venture perilously near to what you and I would consider danger.”

“That’s the devil of it!” interjected Hugh; “and so it was with Hinch. On one occasion when he was arrested, he stood treat to the policeman handsomely, and then took his arm going along the street; so that a sporting young baronet (still one of his principal dupes), who met him and stopped to talk to him, went away with the impression that Hinch was hunting up a big fraud on his own account. It was a case of the looker-on, who is commonly supposed to see most of the game, seeing actually none of it, and being completely hoodwinked.”

“That’s just it. And notoriously the safest house to go for if you mean to burgle is the house next door to the police. But did you never suspect this fellow?”

“Yes, when too late, and it dawned upon me that a course which he suggested in a certain transaction seemed to me not straight. He laughed, and met my objections by the remark that I could not expect to pick a pocket successfully with kid gloves on. It was never my intention to pick pockets at all, gloved or ungloved; but I was in the toils, and things came to such a pass at last that there was absolutely nothing left for it but abject flight. He is now engaged in a gigantic swindle, in the light of which all his previous efforts in the same direction are trivial. It involves, as part of the programme, the getting up of race-courses in what he calls ‘maiden localities,’ where the inhabitants are not sophisticated—Westerly



being one. He is really a genius in his way. A bogus company has been formed, backed up by great names too: the ingenuity with which he baits his hooks and angles for these big fish is only less wonderful than the cleverness with which he plays and lands them."

"By Jove! yes—sure enough, now you mention it, we have all got circulars and pamphlets; everybody in the place has. There is quite a commotion, and a lot of our fellows would have gone in for shares only that we suddenly got the route. One of the newspapers has been writing up the whole thing, on the ground that it will be of the greatest possible benefit to the town."

"Yes. He has subsidised it. I know all about it. That was one of the proceedings I objected to. I have done all I can do at the eleventh hour to counteract the mischief, though I have had to set about it in a way I don't like—anonously. I have written to the manager of the bank warning him——"

"What? to Pipperly—Harman & Co.'s bank? I am glad of that. I should not like the bank to suffer. Not that I have any stake in it, but I am interested in—in fact, intimate with the principal partner. But, in any case, even if you had not fired the shot, there is likely to be a terrific row got up. The pious people, represented by the other newspaper, are in arms. There is to be a deputation to the Bishop, and things will be made hot for Hinch—take my word."

"I am well out of it at all events. I am now a common soldier, and it only remains for me to do my duty as a soldier should. All the satisfaction I shall have will be in being near you. You will never have the smallest cause to be ashamed of

having known me in better times, though I serve only in the ranks; and the secret shall remain a secret between us."

"Stuff, man! You must not talk to me like that: it is not kind. I don't measure my friendship by what a man has on his back. I am only a soldier myself, and I am proud of the cloth, be it fine or coarse. Even if you had not been an old and dear friend in the past, take my word for it, that I never know differences of rank when the facings are ours—except of course where the rules of the service demand it."

This was said out of sheer goodness of heart, honestly and with a warm grasp of the hand; and was capped by the comforting assurance that there was luck in store, which—amid the varied chances of war—might mean distinction and promotion from the ranks. "Any way," he went on, banteringly, "I won't be selfish, old chap; we'll go at least halves in the danger whenever we can. You mustn't monopolise. Isn't that fair?"

"Quite."

"But how did you join? You forgot to tell me that. How did you get into the D.D.'s regimentals?"

"Well, fortunately, simply enough. I came across another schoolfellow, and one from whom I never expected a good turn—that wretched Danby. He wanted to desert, and I was anxious to join, so we exchanged."

"Is Danby gone? Well, I really am better pleased than I can say. You have done the regiment a doubly good turn. He gave no end of trouble; and if he had not given us the slip, the chief would finally have had to drum him out. He was the most hopeless drunkard I ever met;"

and if there is one fad more than another to which the chief is bound hand and foot, it is the temperance fad. By my faith, Scottowe, we may reconcile all our night's rowdyism and our duty with a good conscience, since her Majesty has made such a good exchange. Of course, I know that, according to the rules of the service, I should not be sitting here, hobnobbing it with one of my rank-and-file. We must keep very dark, and be outwardly strangers after this interview, if we don't want to be court-martialled and all the rest of it. But seriously, though—how about drill? Is there not danger of discovery for you?"

"Not the faintest. I have thoroughly mastered it in the Volunteers."

"Good! That is the chief danger well surmounted."

Scottowe rose to go. "Ah, Tynte!" he said; "it is surmounted—so far as I am myself selfishly concerned; but"—and his voice faltered—"there is a heavy trouble at my heart. I have not told you all, nor—the worst."

The major held his breath in suspense.

"I leave a young wife behind me, who may become a mother. She may die—or both. I—I—myself may get a bullet or a sabre through me—may be killed—may never return to set eyes on either mother or child. How it will end I know not!"

He turned away and rested his head in agony against the door-jamb. There was a certainty that the strong brave man was sobbing like a woman!

"Good God!" said the poor puzzled major, with genuine sympathy in his tone.

There was a pause. "Why, Scottowe," he said, "this will

never do. You have too much of the genuine stuff in you to cave in altogether at the last moment,—to—to—in fact—don't you know—be knocked down by a blow that—that may never be struck. There are two sides of the picture. You have, as you yourself say, escaped disgrace, and that disgrace perhaps would have killed your wife. You will probably come home with a reputation big enough to give her the wildest joy and pride. Look here, Hugh! It's really unkind. You mustn't—you really mustn't give way like that." And, in genuine alarm, he laid hands on the stalwart man, who was showing serious signs of collapse. "Sit down again for a moment or two, and tell me all about it. Of course she has friends to look after her and take care of her."

"She has none," said Scottowe mournfully, pulling himself together with a manifest effort.

"But—but—relatives, mother and sisters?"

"No."

"The major tried again: "Father?"

"No. She is fatherless also."

This was awkward. Tynte was bewildered; but, afraid of letting things slide, he made a last shot, in his wild despair: "Ah, well, a brother—a somebody,—she must have—somebody."

"Yes, a brother; but I know nothing about him. She married without his consent, or even knowledge, and married an adventurer and a pauper, who has had to fly and leave her, in the hour of her need, in order to escape arrest. She will appeal to her brother under terribly unfavourable circumstances."

The major felt this fully, but yet, in the kindness of his heart, he said, "Pooh! pooh! stuff! My

dear fellow, he can't be an utter brute, surely?"

"Why can't he?" asked the disconsolate Hugh, whose experience had made him acquainted with more than one.

"Oh, because—he can't—it's—it's—why, of course, utterly impossible. But, tell me, what have you done with her? Where is she?"

"She is here," was the laconic reply.

"Damn it!" exclaimed the bewildered major. The answer hit him hard. It seemed to stagger him, and to momentarily knock the power of conversation out of him; but with the rapidity of mental vision which comes suddenly to duller men, he pictured this poor heart-broken creature clinging to Scottowe by-and-by, as the troops marched past. This he must prevent, for everybody's sake. He put his hand to his forehead, moved it slowly over his head, and bringing it down to the nape of his neck, kept it there momentarily as though it helped him to think.

A bugle-call in the square without brought home the conviction that there was not an instant to be lost. The clouds broke suddenly from the major's brain.

"I see my way, Hugh," he said; "it is all right. Here! write—write at once—give me her address. Never mind asking questions. I am a man of my word. Your wife shall have the best friend that ever woman had. Are you satisfied, old chap?"

Scottowe grasped the extended hand and wrung it, after having done as he was ordered.

"It is all right now," said the major; "give me the paper. That's it. Have no misgiving. Good-bye."

He put Scottowe out, by what looked like main force, and so they

parted. There was no margin left for further parley.

But what a task had Tynte voluntarily undertaken! How many are there in the world who have succeeded in finding a friend for themselves, much less for strangers; and how many have lived and died without that nearest and best of all relatives? I use the word advisedly, because the closest of kinsmen, after all, is a true friend. When Cowper's servant approached him once to ask for a day's leave, the great man turned in his chair to inquire for what he sought it.

"To see a friend."

"A friend!" rejoined his master;

"Give me my hat and stick, I'll see him too—the first I ever saw."

I am not in a position to say whether the poet really did accompany his servant or not. If he did, it must have been rough on the latter; and I am quite certain that neither the man nor his friend would have appreciated the company of that extremely staid and pious versifier. But this is by the way.

Everything seemed to be against the major's success in the vicarious task he had assumed; but he did not appear to feel oppressed or troubled: on the contrary, he sat down in the best of spirits, and, there and then wrote a long and carefully considered letter, which he read through, punctuated, sealed up, and put into his pocket-book, before betaking himself to his tub—in which we'll leave him for sundry reasons. He splashes about a great deal, and makes a tremendous noise suggestive of several cataracts, intermingled with the wild grooming of half-a-dozen war-horses, the neighing of the steeds, and the peculiar lip noise of the ostler, all combined.

THE GROWING UNPOPULARITY OF MILITARY SERVICE.—II.

SINCE the appearance of the writer's first article on this subject in last February's number of the Magazine,¹ the usual annual comedy on the subject of army recruiting has been duly played out in Parliament.

On the 20th February last Mr Hanbury, on the motion for going into Committee of Supply on the Army Estimates, opened an interesting discussion upon the question of recruiting for the army. He duly marshalled his figures and his facts, which were significant enough, and he succeeded in making out a very serious indictment against the War Office. He was supported in his contentions and statements by many of the military members of the House, some of whom, like Sir E. Hamley, spoke with great weight and authority; men who were perfectly conversant with their subject, and who were well aware of its importance to the interests of the Empire, and of the danger and significance of the present state of affairs. When the War Minister rose to answer these criticisms, it need hardly be said that official optimism was the key-note of his reply. He begged the House not to be led away by the pessimist criticisms of the honourable members who had just spoken. There was really no ground for any serious and exaggerated alarm. He was assured by the Inspector-General of Recruiting that evidence existed on all sides to prove that the popularity of the army was not on the wane. He dwelt at some length upon the increased comforts and advantages the sol-

diers nowadays enjoyed, especially in the way of improved quarters, cook-houses, barrack furniture, and accommodation generally. He was in hopes (sanguine man that he is!) that all these measures would tend to make the service more attractive to recruits. Doubtless there were some weak points in our system here and there, and some awkward figures and facts to be faced, but he was doing his best to remedy the deficiencies which revealed themselves. Finally, by way of throwing a bone to the malcontents who are dissatisfied with the present state of affairs, he announced his intention of having recourse to that well-known device which so often serves as an excuse for doing nothing—viz., the appointment of a committee to inquire into the whole subject. Upon this the mover of the amendment withdrew it, and the House of Commons was only too pleased to get rid till next year of an awkward and disagreeable subject, of which, despite its importance, not one-tenth of its members knows, or cares to know, anything, and in which they do not regard it as incumbent upon them to take any interest at all. "*Populus vult decipi, decipiat.*" And so, alas! as usual, the annual comedy ended.

It need hardly be pointed out that all such arguments and statements as those expressed by the War Minister on the occasion just referred to, are wholly irrelevant to the real point at issue. Year by year we require a certain quota of recruits, and year by year the establishment of the army is

¹ See 'Maga,' February 1891.

deficient by some thousands of men, because the present terms and conditions of service fail to attract a sufficient number of recruits. Even during the last year the net result of the War Office's utmost efforts to obtain the requisite number of men is, that the establishment is deficient by 4693 men.¹ And this very meagre result has only been obtained after having recourse to every imaginable device, such as paring the standards of chest-measurement and height down to their utmost limit, and worse than all, by drawing on the Militia for as large a number of recruits as could be got from it.² In the face of such ominous facts as these, it is idle to point out how much better off the soldier now is than he was ten or twenty years ago, and to dwell upon the improved treatment in every way which he nowadays receives from the State. Of course without some increase of advantages of this kind the army would cease to attract any recruits at all. The real question is, whether these things have increased as fast as the wages and the standard of comfort in the classes from which our recruits are drawn. Whatever may be the cause or causes of it, there is abundance of evidence, vouched for by official figures and facts,

that the popularity of army service is on the wane, that the official figures and statistics of age, chest-measurement, and height compare unfavourably with the official figures and statistics of ten years ago.³ These facts are too serious for the country to be trifled with or explained away by specious arguments and statements which can impose upon the House of Commons and the public only because they are credulous and ignorant of the real state of affairs.

Putting these inanities aside, which to any one with a sense of humour would be ludicrous were it not that such important issues, affecting not only the prestige and honour, but even the very existence of the Empire, are involved in them, the writer now proposes to discuss, as far as the limits of this article will allow, a few of the main causes of the growing unpopularity of military service. These causes are, it may be observed, as manifold and varied as the remedies which have been advocated from time to time for remedying them. The difficulties of the War Office in this matter are twofold. In the first place, it has to attract recruits into the service; and secondly, it has to keep them contented when they

¹ Only once at the end of each of the last six years has the army establishment been complete. This was at the end of 1887. It was then 347 men above its established strength.—See Recruiting Report for 1890, p. 23. With regard to the men enlisted during 1890, it was asserted in a leading article in the 'Army and Navy Gazette' of May 2, that out of the total number of recruits—viz., 31,407—there were 8000 "special" recruits enlisted,—i.e., youths who did not come up even to the prescribed standards of *physique*, &c., which are certainly moderate enough!

² According to every principle of military organisation, the army should strengthen and not weaken the militia. Our recruiting necessities, however, have compelled the War Office to reverse and ignore this important principle, and the militia has now become a mere feeder to the army. This being so, it is clear that it can in no sense be any longer looked upon, now that it is annually drained of its best men, as a reserve upon which to fall back in time of need.

³ See the tables in the 'General Annual Returns of the British Army.'

have enlisted. It is clear that the first difficulty must be overcome before the second can be dealt with. It is the more necessary to bear this in mind, because in nearly all discussions and debates concerning recruiting and the unpopularity of army service there are always a plentiful array of ingenious statements and calculations brought forward to prove and to illustrate how well off a soldier is, and to demonstrate that on the whole he is far better off than he would be in civil life. All this may of course be indisputable enough from many points of view ; but such calculations and statements, though specious enough when used as an argument which might serve to induce men to enlist, are of little practical value so long as the men whom it is desired to attract do not appreciate these advantages, and are not, as a matter of fact, tempted to enlist thereby. When we look, however, at all the circumstances of the case—viz., the vastly improved treatment and conditions of a soldier's life, the ever-increasing difficulty which unskilled labourers experience in gaining their livelihood in our overcrowded land, and the fierce struggle and competition for employment and work which is so constantly going on—it seems to be plain that there must be some very strong deterrent causes in active operation which tend to make army service so unpopular, and which render it more and more difficult, as each year goes by, to obtain a sufficient number of able-bodied youths to fill up the annual vacancies in the ranks.

One of the principal of these causes, at any rate, with which the writer proposes in this article specially to deal, is well known, and is patent to any one who is gifted with the most ordinary powers of

observation. There can indeed be no doubt that the deplorable condition into which thousands of soldiers lapse when they have passed into the Reserve, has a more prejudicial and deterrent effect upon the great mass of our population, and especially upon those young men who would make the most desirable class of recruits, than almost all other causes put together.

In order to explain, however, how it is that this state of affairs has come to pass, it will be necessary to go back a few years and cast a retrospective glance at the manner in which the Reserve has been dealt with since the first formation of the force. It must be borne in mind that during the last twenty years or so, nearly half a million of men and youths have, according to official returns, been enlisted for short service in the army. Leaving aside the number of these men who are now serving in the ranks, there are over 59,000 of them at present in the Army Reserve. If we add to these at least 80,000 to 100,000 men who have been finally discharged from the Reserve, the number of Reservists and ex-Reservists at present in the country rises to a high figure. As the vast majority of these men have during their period of Reserve service, and also after that period has expired, somehow or other to gain their living in the general labour market, it is clear that their position and prospects, scattered as they are over the length and breadth of the United Kingdom, must exercise an enormous influence for good or for bad upon the minds of the classes from whom our recruits are drawn, and have a far greater effect than all other causes combined in inducing them to regard army service in a favourable or unfavourable light. According to

the degree in which the fact of a man having served with the colours helps or hinders him in gaining his livelihood during his period of Reserve service—i.e., during from three to nine of the best years of his life—will he be regarded to a great extent by the better class of possible recruits either as an example to be followed, or as a precedent to be shunned.

No Government recruiting agencies, no statements of the advantages of army service, would have half so much permanent effect in bringing us men of the right stamp to enlist, as the example of thousands of Reserve men finding themselves, after the excitement and variety of a few years' soldiering, as well, and in many cases better, able to get work than their comrades in civil life. If, however, the contrary is the case, and Reserve men's services are at a marked disadvantage and discount in the labour market, that better class of recruits which inspectors-general are constantly hoping for, but which seem still to be somewhat in the land of hope, will regard the overtures of the army authorities with indifference, and will pass by on the other side, charm they never so wisely.

As the unpopularity of recruiting is now so great, it seems to me well worth while to inquire into the present position and prospects of this large and yearly increasing body of men, upon whom we rely to fill up the ranks of our army in any time of great emergency.

When short-service men first began to flow into the Reserve, and this force began to attain tangible proportions—i.e., in the years 1876-78—one of the first and most obvious points upon which it was clearly necessary that a fixed and definite policy should be decided

upon and adhered to was the use which was in future to be made of the force. In other words, the question soon arose whether it was to be called out as originally intended, only for its legitimate purpose—viz., in great national emergencies—or was it necessary, politic, or expedient that some or any of the men composing it should be made use of and expended for the ordinary and everyday wants of the army—i.e., for our constantly recurring colonial wars? The law upon this point was clear enough—viz., that the men of the force were only liable to be called out (except for training) in cases of great national emergency.

Unfortunately, no definite policy on this point was ever decided upon, or if it was, no pretence was ever made of adhering to it. No sooner had the strength of the Reserve reached a total of some 15,000 or 16,000 men, than the army authorities at once began to show a desire to make use of the men of the force, as far as they could, for our petty wars, and by this convenient means to supply the pressing demands of the day, and to make up for the shortcomings of our organisation.

This desire was strengthened by demands which were made from time to time in the newspaper press that the force should be so used.

Accordingly, in the summer of 1879, when the miserably inefficient condition in which four or five battalions were sent to the Cape had revealed to the public the full extent of the dearth there was of trained and seasoned soldiers in these corps, which were first for foreign service, the army authorities became anxious to get back into the ranks some of the trained soldiers who had, on the completion of their service with the

colours, been drafted into the Reserve, and who were, till a great national emergency arose, securely locked up in that force. Upon this it was discovered that it would be legal to call for volunteers from the Reserve, and this was accordingly done. Again, in February 1881, when it was thought that hostilities were inevitable with the Boers, an army circular was issued, offering inducements to Reserve men to volunteer for active service. Prior, however, to these measures being taken, it was from time to time complained of in leading articles in the military and other journals that many of our best men were locked up in the Reserve, and could not therefore be used when wanted.

The chapter of current events, and the pressing necessities of the hour, soon gave the army authorities an opportunity, or rather, it would be more just to say, compelled them to comply on a more wholesale scale with these short-sighted and impolitic demands. In the summer of 1882 we had to send an expedition to Egypt. As has always happened on such occasions, our battalions of young soldiers which formed part of the expeditionary force were found, in spite of wholesale volunteering from other corps, to be quite unfit to be sent on active service without being strengthened and stiffened with a mixture of old soldiers. The exigencies of the moment were urgent, and somehow or other the necessary quota of men had to be furnished. Accordingly, as an obvious and easy way out of the difficulty, it was again decided to have recourse to the Reserve, and from 10,000 to 11,000 of these men were accordingly called out, a due proportion of whom were sent to Egypt, and served there during the campaign.

Thus it will be seen that in the space of the five years almost immediately following the first formation of the Reserve, the men of that force were called out, or were tempted, in greater or less numbers, to volunteer for active service on no less than four different occasions.

It may be asked, How did this manner of using the force affect the positions of the men composing it, and their prospects of gaining their livelihood in civil life? This is a point which is easily explained.

In the years 1877-1878, when short-service soldiers who had served their time with the colours, and had passed into the Reserve, first began to seek employment in the general labour market, the employer of labour saw only one disadvantage, and that a remote one, in engaging a Reserve man—viz., that he was liable to be recalled to the colours in case of imminent national danger or great emergency. An employer was justified in thinking that these seasons would be of very rare occurrence, and that consequently the chances of his being deprived of the services of any such men whom he might happen to employ was a remote contingency which he could very well afford to risk. The number of Reserve men, moreover, in the country was at that time very small, and the result was that the Reservist was scarcely under any disadvantage in competing for any employment for which he was fit in the general labour market. Unfortunately, as I have already explained, the course of events and the policy of the War Office were against the interests of the Reserve man from the very commencement. If he had only been called out in 1878, when the occasion was a legitimate one, no great injury

could have been done to his position and prospects. But when employers found that Reservists were liable to be called out by a superior master, or tempted away by bounties or other inducements from their employment at any time, and that the Reserve was being drawn upon for one reason or another nearly every year, they naturally began to regard the Reservist in quite another light. Many of those who knowingly or unknowingly happened to have taken Reserve men into their employment found themselves, on account of our little wars, suddenly deprived of their services. What was worse still, the employer naturally considered, after the experience of the years 1878-1882, that there was no security that he would not be liable to the same inconvenience at any time in future. As an obvious and direct consequence of all this, the feeling became general that the employment of Reservists was to be avoided, as being very likely to entail great inconvenience and loss at any time.

As our little wars have been proverbial for their frequency, Reserve men very soon found out to their cost that this perversion of the First Class Reserve implied a very serious aggravation of the disabilities which Reserve service carries with it in civil life. Not only does the Reservist find himself unable to set up in any small business or employment he may have been able to engage in with any confidence that he will be left alone for any length of time, but what is worse still, he has long ago found out that when he is drafted into the Reserve and applies for any situation, one of the first questions which he is asked is whether he belongs to the Reserve, and that, if he admits the fact, his chance of obtaining

any employment worth having is gone.

Naturally, after the experience of the years 1878-1882, there have been misgivings in the public mind that this liability to service at any time may in the future be regarded as the normal rôle of the force, and no one with any competent knowledge of the weak points of our military organisation can deny that such views are perfectly justifiable. Few employers will care to have a man in their service who is actually as well as technically liable to be called away at any time by obligations from which he cannot free himself, and which he was justified in thinking when he enlisted he would only be called upon under extraordinary circumstances to fulfil.

The difficulty of these men soon changed its character for the worse, and became not so much a question of getting back to a situation after being called out, but of finding one in the first instance. There can be no doubt that the position in which the vast majority of these men find themselves is most unfortunate. They have been turned out of the army, however willing they may have been to remain in it; the War Office neglects to give them any help or facilities for making the start which they sorely need in civil life; and when they endeavour to obtain any employment in the general labour market, nine employers out of ten will not engage them because they belong still to the army, and are liable to be either called out or tempted away to volunteer at any time for any small war.

Are the thousands of men through the length and breadth of the land who now find themselves in this position, and who cannot legally emigrate in order to better themselves, likely to ex-

courage their relations to enlist? Or is the sight of men who have served their time with the colours, and who find themselves in the plight I have just described, likely to encourage the class from whom our recruits are drawn to regard military service as a desirable thing?

Boycotted and rejected by all, the Reservist has long ago become nobody's child. Let any one who cares to take the trouble make inquiries in the haunts of these poor men, either in London or in the provinces, and he will ascertain that in every place where they congregate at all, there are numbers to be found in the greatest poverty and distress. Large numbers of them swell the population of the lowest classes in the far east of London. A fair proportion become professional vagrants, and are wont periodically to be the inmates of unions and refuges throughout the country. In some country districts they are in the habit of tramping the country, sometimes in droves, during the summer months. In winter they crowd night refuges and casual wards both in London and the provinces; while others, in many cases from no fault of their own, gradually become idlers, destitute loafers, day-to-day and hand-to-mouth labourers, who pick up odd jobs when and where they can, and tend, by their yearly increasing numbers, to strengthen the prejudices against the soldier's calling, to perpetuate and to stereotype more and more the hopelessly low estimation in which, by the respectable working classes, army service is held. Granted that a certain proportion of these men are worthless, and would not keep any situation they might be provided with for a week; but there are, on the other hand, very many

among them who would acquit themselves most creditably if they could get a chance. The efforts of many of these poor fellows to obtain work are oftentimes as gallant as their active service; but they are weighted with the burden of a career which, however honourable on the lips of festive speakers after dinner, disables them in their search for employment and work.

In addition to all I have here stated, there is another reason which militates more than anything else against Reserve men obtaining employment in civil life, and that is the steady and dogged refusal of any Government, whether Liberal or Conservative, to have anything to say to employing them, though occasionally languid efforts have been made to induce other people to do so. Hundreds, nay thousands, of those men might, in the course of the last ten or twelve years, if any persistent system had been instituted, and steadily and earnestly carried out, have been employed in the different departments of the State, and also by the general public throughout the kingdom.

So long as the Government continues to regard these men with indifference, and neglects or declines to take any real interest in their wellbeing, the various agencies which have been recently started with the object of giving them a good chance of obtaining employment in civil life may do something towards helping some few hundreds of them; but it would be absurd to suppose that they can ever deal effectively with the thousands who now lack employment. The habitual tone and attitude of the War Office towards Reservists cuts the ground from under the feet of these agencies, and leaves them virtually no answer with which to combat the

arguments against employing Reservists which may be addressed to them.

The foregoing, then, are the disadvantages with which Reserve men have to cope, and it must be admitted that they are grave enough. What are the advantages which the State bestows upon him in order to compensate for these drawbacks? There is only one—viz., that he receives sixpence a-day. With this pittance he is left to shift for himself as best he can. The War Office virtually says to him: "Go your way, live as best you can on sixpence a-day; as long as we can get hold of you when we want to send you out to Egypt or the Soudan, to Afghanistan or the Cape, that is all we care about." It is clear that in the great majority of cases Reservists in this position may be literally and correctly described as men on long leave with sixpence a-day to keep them from starving; and doubtless to many men thus situated, especially to those who have no settled employment, a recall to the ranks is welcome enough. Under these circumstances it can be no great matter for surprise that very many cases are reported of Army Reserve men trying to re-enlist.

Inherited traditions die very hard, especially among the lower classes, and the tradition among them that the army is a very undesirable calling for a young man, which has been handed down and cherished by them for at least a hundred years, is not by any means dead yet, but is oftentimes, it would seem, as strong as ever. What is more, it is certainly not likely to die out as long as the condition of the great majority of Reservists tends inevitably to nourish and confirm the idea that destitution and semi-starva-

tion are the most direct and obvious consequences of enlistment. If semi-pauperism and inability to earn a living during the best years of a man's life were in many cases the direct and obvious consequences of a few years' service in the lower ranks of the Post Office or in the Metropolitan Police, does any one imagine that service in these departments would be popular with the working classes? It was officially recorded some years ago that nothing tended so much to check recruiting as the sight of men who had, for some reason or another, been discharged from the service on temporary pensions of small amount. Does any one suppose that the spectacle of hundreds of men wandering all over the country in search of work, and half starving upon a pittance of sixpence a-day, has any different effect?

Under these circumstances it may fairly be asked, Has military service so strong a hold upon the affections of the working classes that the War Office can afford, by its unwise and impolitic neglect of the Reservists, to neutralise and undo with one hand what it is always striving, with a large expenditure of public money, but with very questionable success, to achieve with the other? Unpalatable as the truth may be, no one who cares to inform himself of the real state of the case can have the least doubt that that is the task in which the War Office has for the last ten years or so been virtually engaged. The task is, unfortunately for the country, the taxpayer, and the public money, a most unequal and unprofitable one, inasmuch as, while the Government recruiting agencies may be counted by tens, the semi-destitute Reserve men, who, consciously or unconsciously,

every day of their lives are a standing warning to men against enlistment, are to be counted by thousands.

Under existing circumstances, can we wonder that, in spite of all that has been done for the soldier during the last fifteen or twenty years, the army as a calling not only makes no progress, but actually recedes in popular favour, and that we draw our recruits from precisely the same, or even from lower social classes than those from which we drew them two decades ago?

That the picture that has here been drawn of the condition of large numbers of Reserve men throughout the country is in no way exaggerated there is a mass of evidence¹ in possession of the writer to prove, but one or two extracts must here suffice.

In a work entitled 'Problems of a Great City,' published some few years ago, the author, speaking of distress in London, says :—

"The larger portion of the remaining 20 per cent consists of soldiers. Large numbers of men who have served the Queen in recent campaigns are compelled on wet and snowy nights to tramp the streets because they have nowhere to get a crust or a shelter. Trades are not learned in the army so as to enable ex-soldiers to compete with skilled and energetic men engaged for the whole of their lifetime in the practice of one employment. Trades acquired in the services do not, except in special cases, enable the learners to obtain a subsequent livelihood. Many men leaving the army are practically homeless; and as the scanty store of money taken with them melts away, they gravitate to the banks of the Thames, and become rivals for work, which

only one in three can succeed in obtaining.

"It would be impertinent to express an opinion as to the military effect of the short-service system. The effect, however, on the condition of the lives of the poor, has been disastrous, from all points of view. A man who is fit to serve the Queen must be physically and morally superior to the vast proportion of the urban population into which he sinks when discharged from his regiment. His discharge is attended, in the majority of instances, by relapse into hopeless poverty. The number of soldiers among the unemployed is appalling. They crowd the casual wards, and are found in every employment where skill is not required. If a man is borne on the roll of the first or second class of the Army Reserve, his chance of employment is lessened; for, *since every petty émeute abroad has involved calling up the second line of defence*—as much as though we were menaced with grave national danger—employers naturally refrain from engaging men who at any moment are liable to be withdrawn from positions of more or less trust and importance."

The following extract is taken from a pamphlet written in 1885, entitled "Short Service and the Employment of Reserve Soldiers":²

"Happening the other day to be in the east of London, and having been told that there were in the neighbourhood a large number of Army Reserve men out of work, I thought that an hour or two could not be better or more advantageously spent than in interviewing some of these men, with a view to ascertaining from their point of view the causes which militate against their chances of obtaining employment. I was met at the outset by what at first appeared to be a formidable difficulty. The district might, as I had been assured, be flooded with men of the class to which

¹ The reader is referred, for more information upon this topic, to an admirable lecture given on 17th April last, at the United Service Institution, by Colonel F. J. Graves, 20th Hussars.

² The author of this pamphlet is Major C. W. White.

I refer, but how was I to find them? The idea struck me, to call in the assistance of that always useful and reliable body, the police.

"Accordingly I proceeded to the nearest police station, and was fortunate in coming across a most obliging superintendent, who entered at once into the spirit of my enterprise—if such I may call it—and put me in the way of obtaining all the information I required.

"His first step was to send for an ex-cavalry man, the possessor of the Afghan medal with three clasps, now a constable in the force. With him I started on my rambles. My guide was a bright and intelligent fellow, who had left the army as a corporal. I felt myself to be particularly fortunate, for I had chanced to hit upon the very man I wanted to enable me to acquire the knowledge of which I stood in need.

"I interrogated my guide—a guide I certainly considered him, as he led me through a maze of streets and alleys literally reeking with dirt and filth. . . .

"'Question those men, sir,' my guide observed as we neared a magnificently embellished gin-palace; 'you will hear what they have to say.' Four or five of them are Reserve men, and will, I think, enlighten you as to the consequences to them of military service.'

"I acted on the suggestion.

"The replies to my interrogations were in all instances to the same effect: 'I am willing enough to work, sir, only I cannot get anything to do.'

"'But why?' I asked; 'surely there are any number of openings.'

"'Well, yes, to be sure; but they

will not have anything to do with Army Reserve men in these parts. They say that they cannot depend upon them, as they may be called up at a busy time to join the colours, and there would be a difficulty in filling their places.' I addressed other men, and received the same answer to all my inquiries. The deferred pay had been spent, and the men, having no trade to fall back upon, had to get along as best they could, doing an odd job here and another there."

Plenty of other testimony, both written and oral, of the same kind might be adduced in corroboration of these facts, but the writer must here content himself with mentioning that in the summer of 1887 he sent down an intelligent sergeant of the commissionaires to the east end of London, with instructions to make full inquiries about the general condition of the Reserve men he might find there. The sergeant was thus occupied for two or three days, and his report fully corroborated the accounts just quoted.¹

In reply to all this it will doubtless be answered that neither the Government nor the War Office can create appointments for these men. This is true enough; but it needs only a superficial acquaintance with the subject to see that very much might, in the course of the last ten or twelve years, have been effected, if only the matter had been taken up in

¹ This sergeant, among other items of information, reported to me that Reservists and ex-Reservists were always in great demand for service in the United States army, recruits for which are always difficult to obtain in America. He told me, moreover, that there was an organised agency (carried on, of course, secretly) in the East end of London for enlisting and shipping off to the United States any Reservists who were willing to enlist. The terms were generally a £2 bounty, a free kit, and the liberal pay and treatment which soldiers obtain in America. If these facts are true, they may probably go far to account for the large number of Reservists who are annually reported as absent without leave—i.e., in plain language, deserters—and who are, as a rule, never heard of again. The average annual loss to the Reserve from this cause alone has during the last five years (i.e., from 1886-90) been 1431 men, or a total of 7157.—See Report of Inspector-General of Recruiting for 1890, p. 13.

earnest and worked upon some definite plan. Above all, a most necessary and useful example would have been set; and if the War Office would give some practical proofs of its interest and confidence in Reserve men (many of whom are fully deserving of it), by employing them whenever and wherever there is a chance of doing so, doubtless other Government departments, and the public generally, would in time follow suit. Until, however, this example is set, it is quite useless to hope that any great progress towards providing Reservists with employment and work will ever be made.

It is now some five or six years ago since the National Association for the Employment of Reserve and Discharged Soldiers was, by the energy of many officers and other gentlemen, set on foot, with the express object of trying to remedy, if possible, the deplorable condition of the great majority of Reserve men. Every well-wisher of the army must regret that the War Minister, when appealed to for assistance and pecuniary support by the Association, did not see his way (though he must have had a full knowledge of all the circumstances of the case, and of the discredit and unpopularity of the service which the condition of the Reservists generally entailed) to give it any hearty and effective co-operation and aid. All that could be obtained from the Department in aid of the all-important objects of this Association was a miserable grant of £200 a-year! Taking the Reserve at 59,000 men, this sum is equal to an annual grant of considerably less than a penny a man!

The unwillingness of employers of labour to take Reservists into their service has sometimes led to

their being charged with a want of public spirit and patriotism on this account. To such accusations as these the reply of employers and the public in general is practically much to the following effect, and as matters stand at present is quite unanswerable, viz.:—

“Firstly, if you wish us to take Reservists as willingly as we engage other suitable men into our employ, let us have some guarantee that we shall not be deprived of their services on the outbreak of the first little war which may occur.

“Secondly, if you really wish that Reservists should, wherever it is possible, be employed, give us a proof of your interest and confidence in them by first employing them yourselves in all available posts (of which, as we are well aware, you could, if you chose, have a very considerable number at your disposal) for which they are suitable.

“Whilst the Government, as represented by the War Office, persistently declines to trouble itself in any way about these men, who are their own servants, and who therefore have a special claim upon the State, why should we be expected to run the risk of loss and inconvenience for them?” The truth of these arguments it is hard to gainsay.

As an example of what might have been effected in this direction if ever the matter had seriously been taken in hand, and if the Government was really anxious to make use of the means at its command, I will cite the case of two large Government establishments (and I select them because they are both under the entire control of the War Office)—viz., the Government factories at Woolwich and Enfield. A parliament-

ary return published in 1886 shows that the number of workmen then employed at these two places on March 1, 1886, was 12,390. A certain proportion of these artisans are employed in highly skilled labour, for which no one supposes that Reserve men would ever be fitted. The return, however, shows that there are 4225 men classed as "labourers" employed, in addition to bricklayers, masons, carpenters, painters, writers, timekeepers, as well as 2389 men in "other and subsidiary trades."¹ Now many of these trades which I have named are abundantly represented in the army, and there would be no difficulty in finding plenty of good Reserve men for such employments as these; nor would there be any difficulty, in the event of these men being called out, in finding plenty of others, willing and fit for such ordinary employments, to take their places.²

Of course it will be answered that the employment of Reserve men, as here suggested, would very possibly be attended with inconvenience and risk, both now and hereafter. This is a point which no one doubts; but if the War Office is unwilling to disturb its ordinary routine, and to put up with and overcome such inconveniences as these, it is quite certain that neither the general public nor any one else will take the initiative

and set a self-sacrificing example, or think it incumbent upon them to do anything at all in the matter.

It is easy, of course, for any writer with a fair knowledge of the subject to declaim against all the mischief which is being done to the best interests of the army by the present general condition of the Army Reserve. The real difficulty, however, is to devise remedies for these evils which all must so deeply deplore.

What, then, it may be asked, are the measures which it is advisable for the War Office to take, as a first step towards ameliorating the condition of the men of the Army Reserve, so as to render that force a help instead of (as it undoubtedly is at present) a standing hindrance to the recruitment of the army?

The more obviously necessary of these measures may be summed up as follows:—

(a) To confine and limit the rôle of the Reserve to its legitimate purpose—viz., to times of great national emergency.

(b) To form a special section of about one-tenth or so of the Reserve—i.e., of 4000 or 5000 men—with increased pay, who should be liable to be called out at any time when their services may be required for any of our small wars.³

(c) To announce officially that

¹ At Woolwich arsenal, also, in addition to the skilled mechanics, there are, I am informed, over a thousand unskilled workmen constantly employed.

² When the National Association for the Employment of Reserve and Discharged Soldiers was first formed, the secretary sent round a circular to the various civil Government departments, soliciting their support, and asking them to employ Reservists wherever it was possible to do so. It can scarcely be a matter for surprise that not one of the departments has in any way responded to the circular, inasmuch as they were well aware that, with the exception of a few men employed as clerks and writers, the War Office, which was naturally expected to lead the way, was making no effort to employ the Reservists.

³ The requirements of our small wars, as a rule, do not necessitate the despatch from England of more than 2000—4000 at the most—to the seat of war to reinforce the troops serving abroad which are ordered there. It should be a com-

the remainder of the force should be absolutely exempt from liability to be called out,¹ except in times of imminent national danger and for periodical trainings.

(d) To make every effort to employ as many Reservists as possible in the establishments under its control. (The War Office will then be in a position, which it certainly is not at present, to ask others, including the civil departments of Government, to do likewise.)

(e) To inaugurate a system whereby a portion of every Reservist's deferred pay should, on his passing into the Reserve, be retained, so that, in the event of his being employed by the State or by any private employer, this money should be used to keep a hold over the man, and as a guarantee of his honesty to a certain amount, without any risk to the public.

(f) To appoint some officer at army headquarters, whose special business it should be to look after the interests of Reserve men. As long as it is nobody's business to trouble himself as to whether Reservists get work or not, the condition of the great mass of these men will certainly remain as deplorable as it is at the present time.

(g) To subsidise liberally the National Association for the Employment of Reserve and Discharged Soldiers—i.e., to grant it a liberal sum per head for every Reserve man whom the Association is able to provide satisfactorily for any length of time with employment or work.

There are many other causes, of course, which contribute to the

growing unpopularity of the service. Prominence has, however, in the present article, been given to this one because of its magnitude and importance, because it lies at the threshold of our difficulties, and is the first problem which must be dealt with, and for which a remedy must be found. Sooner or later, like it as little as they may, the War Office authorities, if we are to have any army at all, will have to deal with this problem, and to find a remedy for it; and the longer the question is evaded, the more money will have to be spent in making good the mischief that previous neglect has caused. Of one thing the country and the taxpayer may rest quite assured—viz., that until this is done, the War Minister may increase the soldier's pay, he may build palatial barracks for his accommodation and comfort, he may appoint the ablest committee on recruiting, he may expend thousands upon thousands of the public money to attract men into the army, but military service will not become one jot or one iota more popular or respectable in the eyes and estimation of the working classes than it is at the present time. If, however, the War Office authorities are wise in time, and are able to deal successfully with it, there are other useful reforms and measures which may be carried out with a fair and reasonable prospect of success. The nature of these reforms and measures, and the manner in which they might best be carried out, are topics with which the writer hopes in a future article to deal.

F. CHENEVIX TRENCH.

paratively easy matter for the military authorities to ensure that these 4000 men were kept efficient (by periodical and regular training) in every respect.

¹ This would be a first step towards repairing the mischief which has already been done, and by giving confidence to employers and the public generally, might render it far easier than at present for Reservists to obtain employment in the general labour market.

A NIGHT IN A HAYSTACK; OR, A TRIAL FOR THE DERBY.

BY JACK THE SHEPHERD.

THOSE who reckon time and years by the names of Derby winners, as "So-and-so happened in Galopin's year," or "I came of age in Ormonde's year," will puzzle their heads in vain to fix the date of the memorable trial of which the following story gives an account, as for obvious reasons the names of the horses and spectators are altered. Suffice it that it was longer ago than the writer cares to believe. Those of us who, in this turmoil of life, in this far too busy age, still find leisure for retrospection—so sweet yet so sad an indulgence!—may often murmur, half believing, half convinced, "*accedente senectâ*"—

"Is it so long ago,
This life of colour and light?
Will it not show some afterglow
Ere the day dips into the night?
Oh! years, have you dimmed my sight?
Oh! youth, have you left me quite?
Lo! the light is shade, and the colours fade,
And the day dips into the night."

Yet this Derby trial might have happened yesterday, so distinctly can I recall each actor in it, the look of the horses, the very tone of voice of the men,—so vividly can I scent the sweet fresh smell of the crisp turf of the downs; and oh, even now, "*naso adunco*," I remember well the fustiness of that haystack (it *must* have been "got" after oceans of rain) where I lay ensconced in an ecstasy of mingled fear and expectation along with "Prettyman Bob," the famous tout.

And thus it came about.

Not many years ago it was fond-

ly thought that nowhere in the world could you find links for golf worth playing on except hard by St Andrews, royal and ancient; and now what do we see? Why, not only England but the whole world is studded with "courses" which even Hely-Hutchinson himself would not despise. But it was a hard thing then, and it is a hard thing now, to find a level cricket-ground on the Berkshire downs.

But youth overcomes obstacles; and with the ardour of a bad cricketer renowned only at Eton as an awful "swiper" in "aquatics"—that dear old club now, I fear, defunct, but once so merry, where cricket was a jovial game, not a dry weary science—I had in the holidays started a cricket club composed of jockeys, farmers, and ploughboys, with a stray curate or two, and had even built a "pavilion" on the Ridgeway. And a right good club we had, though Lord's would scoff at us, and "The Oval" might smile at our style: but didn't we just smash the Brazen-nose first eleven, and send them back in their four-in-hand to Oxford sadder if wiser men! and how those fat farmers used to block, how the ploughboys used to swipe at every ball, and how my dear little jockeys used to run!

But to the pavilion, for thereby hangs my tale. It was a modest weatherboard erection, but weren't we just proud of it! It overlooked a fair pitch, but a shocking bad ground, for if you caught a ball well off and sent it to the north, it would run down the hill for ever; if you "cut" well to the south, innumerable old cart-wheel tracks on the

green road from Wantage stopped your ball untimely, and proved a delusion and a snare. But, such as it was, what fun we had on it ! How I wish I was on it now ! how gladly would I welcome the grave reproof of my father seated on the steady old cob (I often wondered which of the two took the most interest in the game, for old "Compton" seemed to watch the ball with eyes and ears), "No wonder you were out, John, hitting at a well-pitched ball like that; you should play more steadily, my boy."

"Ah, it is very well to talk of steadiness; perhaps some day I may be steady too," was the unfilial thought, "when I get stout, and ride on a fat cob."

Well, this pavilion was my pride, my first building. I loved the classics, except when I was flogged for translating at eleven o'clock school, "*antennæ gemunt*," "they groan in spirit"; and wet or dry, I walked to look at my building, and spouted, "*Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis*,"—a tribute to myself, I thought, though, as the building was square, not round, it seems to me now that the quotation was worthy of Mrs Malaprop. But on an awfully wet day in the early part of May I sought my much loved pavilion, and there having opened and locked the door, I lay down to think of my many virtues, oblivious to wet clothes, ignoring future rheumatism. And as I lay in a half dream, the happy dream of youth, building castles in the air, I heard voices.

"It's a blarned wet un, it be, Bob. I'm blessed if I like the day or my job, and if I'm split on or nailed, it be just the jolly sack and a d—d good hiding to boot."

"Never mind, my lad; here's five quid if you tell me when the trial comes off," said a voice which I recognised as Prettyman Bob's.

"The Arl he be coming to Didcot by special from Lunnon on Thursday night, and the trial wull be on the old gallop, I thinks, finishing near Lanfear's ruck by moonlight 'bout three o'clock in the morning. And now shell out and let me be off,—I's just fearsome I be seen talking with you."

A passing of quids,—he rang them on a flint, for there's not much honour in thieves, and Ben Bolt knew his man, and feared flash coin,—then a silence; only a match struck, and an occasional spit and puff.

"If the jock is flown," I said to myself, "I think I can lick Prettyman alone: he's not much bigger than Hankey Minor, and I thrashed him last half in 'Sixpenny.'¹ Any way, I'll chance it, and I'll see the trial for the Derby." Silently I undid the lock, quietly I crept up to Prettyman Bob, shouted at the top of my voice, partly to frighten Bob, partly to encourage myself. His pipe dropped from his mouth as he leapt up with a start and a bound like a frightened deer.

"Ho, there! Now, Bob, I've heard all, but I won't split if you let me see the trial with you."

¹ "Sixpenny" is a part of the Eton playing-fields, in the good old days sacred to cricket and "milling"—i.e., fighting. "What's the mill in Sixpenny?" was a common question in days gone by. Even before my long Eton career of nine years ceased, "milling" was going out of fashion, and for good or for evil is almost as

"Forgotten as the luscious peach
That blessed the schoolboy last September;
Forgotten like a maiden speech
Which all men praise, but none remember."

"T' young squire, by all that's holy! You gave me a downright qualm. Oh, you never would go for to blab on a friend. I knows you better, and I'll tell you what,—I won't bowl none of those darned twisters. I'll just let the balls come in softly to you, and you'll be reckoned the best bat on the downs."

"I don't care a hang for your twisters, Bob; it was a beastly sneak you got me out with last match. But come, you shan't bowl me out now: I mean to see this trial and go with you."

"Well, if ever I seed such a pertinacious young gent! and what would your governor say? But if you must, well you must, but you won't blab."

"Bob," said I, proudly, "you talk to an Eton fellow. If we pride ourselves on one thing, it's being gentlemen."

"Well," said Bob, "just square me with a quid, and I'll let you know my little game. You knows that haystack of Farmer Lanfear's what is in the corner of the field as juts out on the downs a-close to the gallop? there bean't no hay in the top of 'im, but just four hurdles a-supporting of the straw. Shepherd, he be a pal of mine, and many a good gallop I've see'd from that there ruck, and there I'll be, please the pigs, on Thursday night. You meet me at the bottom of Cow Lane at two o'clock in the morning, and I'll show you the trial. But how ever will thee get out of the house?"

"You mind your business, Bob, and I'll mind mine. You act square, and I'll give you a sov. into the bargain."

We parted, and till Thursday night I lived in that strange ecstasy natural to youth who have adventures in prospect.

Came the eventful night—a

lovely moonlight one it was: sleep there was none for me. The clock struck ten, eleven, twelve; how long the hours were! Then in stockinged feet I crept down, trembling as I passed my father's door, down into the dining-room, no shutters shut (we were honest folk in Berkshire in those days, bar those rascally touts). I opened the window, shut it carefully, and was out on the lawn. I can feel the "caller" night-air even now, and the chill to my feet of the wet grass, for I put no boots on till I was clear of the lawn. Then with many an uneasy look at the up-stairs windows, I bolted across the meadows, avoided the village, and emerged at the downs end of Cow Lane all too soon, for my eagerness had brought me out at least half an hour before the time. Oh, the weary waiting! But everything comes in due time to him who waits—and at length came to me, not my love, but Prettyman Bob.

"G'd night, Squire," said he in a husky whisper; "we'll make tracks." "The devil's whelp he be, sure enough," he added to himself in a deeper whisper; but I heard well in those days, and the air was keen. So in silence we struck across the downs a bit, then a long crooked way over the ploughs and the young corn, cold and wet it struck to the feet, up the ladder, a pushing away of the straw, the ladder drawn up, a creeping in between the hurdles, our opening covered up, and we are in darkness on the top of the haystack.

And then reflections. "If Bob's lair is known!—he says he's been here before. If I'm caught, no more Eton for me. If there's one thing my father hates, it's racing and trainers and jockeys and touts; and it's beastly cold. Oh! I wish I was back in bed again."

But at last Bob, who was peeping through the thatch, whispers. "They're a-coming," he says; "look through here."

I looked—it was light as day—a carriage-and-pair with little Jack-at-the-Swan riding postilion, bowling along the downs, and two gentlemen inside in heavy overcoats.

Out they jump close to us. The Earl, a handsome young fellow, smoking a cigar, and with him a stout man, his mentor—save the mark!—who taught him the ways of the Turf, and finally ruined him. Ah! they are dead and gone, tutor and pupil—the one with his fortune and ill-gotten gains, the other with his wasted and dishonoured life.

Later in life I saw this noble Earl in the grand stand at Warwick, with a crowd of bookmakers shouting the odds at him, vying to catch his eye to book for a thousand or ten thousand, shouting themselves hoarse in their eagerness. Later still I saw him again at Newmarket, haggard, broken, a ruined man, when these same bookmakers shut up their books as he approached, and would not give him the odds to a miserable sovereign!

But he was young now. Of him might we well say with Mitchell, after Aristophanes:—

"In glory was he seen, when his days
as yet were green,
But now when his dotage is on him,
God help him! for no eye of those who
pass him by
Throws a look of compassion upon
him."

On a cob up cantered the trainer. In their clothing passed three horses. I knew them—Yelverton, Wild Harry, and Zambesi, with three unknown jockeys on them. I knew them, too, well enough afterwards, but they too have had their

day, their fame, and their fortunes, and have passed away.

"Good morning, my lord; morning, Mr Hardwick," says the trainer. "Early hours for you, my lord: wrap your coat well round you, my lord,—the down air is keen, specially at night. Sorry to bring you out at such an hour, but this ain't, as I may say, an everyday affair, and we've done these touts to-night, or my name isn't Joseph."

Prettyman Bob chuckled so loud I could have pinched him. I withdrew from my peep-hole, and shook with fright. So close were they to us, however, that I heard Mr Hardwick say, "Don't make too sure, Dowton; I'll just circumnavigate this haystack. All right here," I heard, after an anxious minute.

"Ah, Mr Hardwick's too cute, my lord," said the trainer; "he'd find a needle in a haystack, *he* would."

"Well," said the Earl—he seemed strangely anxious, I thought—"let's have the trial off, and get away,—it's awfully cold here; where do they finish?"

"They strip at the old rubbing-house, my lord, start at the gorse bushes—my brother's there—come right away and finish off here, just a mile and a half. Opposite the haystack is the winning-post."

"And how about the weights?" said Hardwick.

"The old horse gives the young uns 7 lb.; the young uns run even at Derby weights."

Now the old horse was Zambesi, a famous cup horse and a good stayer, but hardly, it seems to me now, quite quick enough to test a couple of clippers over the Derby course. Of the young ones, both were in Dowton's stables, and both the Earl's property. Yelverton

was favourite for the Derby at 9 to 4, and had been favourite all the winter; while Wild Harry, a magnificent chestnut, with a temper however, was at 25 to 1.

We had not long to wait. The Earl had just lit another cigar, throwing his fusee, with characteristic carelessness, so close to the rick that I thought it might be a case of *roasted touts*, when Dowton said, "They're coming, my lord,"—and past us like a flash of lightning, with the hot breath streaming from the wide-opened scarlet nostrils, shoot the racers, and Wild Harry is the winner by half a length, the favourite second, and the old horse, outpaced, a shocking bad third.

A short prayer just reached me. "The Devil!" exclaimed the trainer; but Hardwick was undisturbed.

"We'll go down at once to your place, Dowton, have something to warm us a bit, and be in town in time to milk the flats long before the trial gets about—for out it all will come in time; and just keep those three jocks in view all to-day, Dowton: liquor them up well, do what you will with 'em, but don't let them out of your sight this day."

They walked off—Jack-at-the-Swan had been sent off to the village before the trial with the landau and horses,—and they had hardly got out of hearing when Bob spoke. "You've brought me good luck. This is the best stroke I ever did. I'm off to wire to London." Down the rick he slipped, off he ran (I can see his little bandy legs now making tracks down Blewbury Bottom) "like bricks," as we used to say in old Etonian slang.

I waited a while, then, somewhat stiff with cramp and cold, made tracks too, and, after a while, lay

warm and snug in my bed, very tired, and, now it was all over, doubting if the game was worth the candle—at any rate, worth the promised sovereign to Bob, which would drain my slender purse for twelve months at least.

And somehow that trial did no one any good. When the Earl and Hardwick reached "the Corner," they found, to their utter amazement, the odds had changed—Wild Harry 3 to 1, Yelverton 15 to 1. In spite of which, and against the advice of his mentor, the Earl plunged to the extent of £20,000 on Wild Harry—£40,000 said those "*qui de magnis majora loquuntur.*"

How the favourite was beat in the actual race by a rank outsider, in which it was more than hinted Mr Hardwick had an interest; how the Earl had to apply to his mentor for cash to meet the settlement; how the spider threw his first web over the poor fly till he was tied hand and foot in his coils; how the Earl accused the trainer, and removed his horses; how the trainer lived to give an epitaph on Mr Hardwick's grave: "Many a rogue I've seen on the turf, but the greatest rogue lies here, and that's something to be thankful for"—all these things are written in the annals of our "glorious national sport," where the old game of Mr Rook and Mr Pigeon goes on merrily as ever.

Poor Prettyman Bob, who was by no means the worst of the lot, put my sovereign, and every penny he got from his gratified employers for his early news, and every penny he could borrow, on Wild Harry, and dropped it, not like a man, poor fellow! for he was found the day after the Derby with a shot through his brain, lying stiff and stark near Scutchamoor Knob. I myself went back late to Eton that

half, being "an infectious person" through measles, but I got back just before the Derby, when half Upper School was just run wild on it. From living near the favourite, and my quietly dropping hints that if I liked "I could a tale unfold," I became a hero. The captain of my tutor's house, Jones *maximus*, asked me to breakfast, and from my information sent up £2, 10s. to Valentine and Wright, the bookmakers, to put on Wild Harry. Not only that, but he gave me a large pot of marmalade, of which that greedy little beast, Prescote, who messed with me, ate at least three-quarters.

Fellows ran after me before and after school to ask the latest news from the stable, and half Upper School and about a quarter of Lower School "put the pot" on Wild Harry.

But Derby day was a sad one to me.

"After six" I met Jones *max.* near Barnes Pool Bridge, with a lot of "the swells."¹ They had been up to Gaffer Gempster's at the Brocas, to see the carrier-pigeon come up. They "went" for me; they bonneted a new bell-topper to bits on my head, they kicked me, they licked me till old "Spankey" himself interfered.

For the rest of that half I had

either a broken nose or a black eye, for I "milled" every fellow whose face I could reach up to who called me "The Tout," and it was not until I had licked "cad Templeton," the "cock" of Lower Boys, who boarded at a rival house, which had licked us at House Fours, that Jones *max.* came up to me, as I stood bleeding though triumphant, shook hands with me, and said that I was an honour to my tutor's house, and swore he'd thrash any fellow who called me "The Tout" within an inch of his life, that I recovered my popularity.

But my tutor had me into his study, and said he, "I hate an Eton fellow to be a milksop, but as for *you*, I hear you fight every day in the week except Sundays. See there is no more of it, or I shall have to ask your father to remove you."

I didn't mind that much, though, for I was now quite popular again, but never again did I venture to turn tipster; and if ever a fellow after that asked me what horse would win a race, I just licked him if I could. If I couldn't, I treated him with silent contempt.

And my nickname "The Tout" soon dropped, and Eton was again the most delightful place in the best of all worlds. But the world has changed since then.

¹ "The swells" were the "*οἱ ἀπλότοι*" of Eton neither by birth, by learning, nor by cricket, but by being good oars. In those days "*a wet bob*" was a hero; a cricketer was only "*a stinking dry bob*."

SQUIRE DOOT OF DOOT HALL, DOOT HILL, IRELAND.

MORE than sixty years ago there lived at Doot Hall one Mr Doot, a fine old Irish gentleman with a large estate. The Hall stood in a grand park adorned with wood and water, on an undulating surface. The land was good and fertile; there was much pasture; horses, cattle, and sheep were there; poultry cackled in the yard; fish were in the river,—all that man required for his ordinary consumption was on the spot. Mr Doot was in debt, as many other large proprietors were at that time; he lived well, and entertained his neighbours liberally. The writer of this paper had the honour of dining at his table at the time alluded to; Mr Doot, two fine young men, his sons, one daughter, the governess, and an officer of the army on still-hunting duty, made the party seven. When the ladies left the room the bell was rung; a respectable-looking old man brought in a tray with whisky, sugar, lemon, hot water, and a silver bowl. As the man was leaving, Mr Doot said, "If any gentlemen wish to join the ladies, they can go now, as I am going to lock the door till this bottle is finished, just for the express purpose of putting another nail in my coffin." The writer left the room with the butler, and heard the key turn in the lock; he wondered whether he should see his brother again, or whether he would see two brothers when the whisky was finished. After this we met the young men frequently; we shot swallows and rabbits together, becoming intimate with the two young Doots, especially with Charles, the younger son, a fine-grown fellow of eighteen.

He told me that his mother had died at his birth, that Mrs Flanagan had reared him along with her daughter Biddy, who should be his wife, if he was ever in a condition to marry. "That dad of mine," he said, "will never lave me anything if he can help it; he will not even ask for any occupation for me; so I have written to the Commander-in-Chief at the Horse Guards, to tell him where he can find a likely boy. It'll be a long time before I come home again; perhaps dad'll be drowned in whisky, and John'll be married to Betty Sullivan; but what'll become of Biddy? She says she'll wait; but I don't think that's right. She's a good girl is Biddy, my foster-sister,—we have been together all our lives. Dad says it's not to be. If I can get settled handy, I'll see about that; but if my duty's far away, I must just take my chance. Don't you think your brother could lend me a hand?"

Charles Doot stopped as he slapped his thigh, and then exclaimed, "Begorrah! if I could be sent 'still-hunting,' I'd settle this poteen nicely!" There he stopped to meditate, and I left him.

Far away up amongst the hills there was a small lake, celebrated for the quantity and quality of its red trout. Dan O'Brien, the best driver and most knowing fisherman of Doot Hill, undertook to drive me, boat me, and tie the flies for me; so one pleasant cloudy morning away we went up a rough hill-track, over which Dan used many levelling words without saving the wheels, the whip, or the horse. In due time he pulled up at a lonely hut, with a sign-post

before it on which there were illegible letters. An old woman and a half-naked boy sat on a broken bench beside the door; just inside it two fat pigs were snoring; there was an odour of barley in the thin blue smoke that curled lightly down on us; a peat-stack was begun; a few poultry scratched among the *débris*; a manure-heap was handy, and from it were spreading the tendrils of a gourd. While I was taking in all this, Dan had jumped down; he took off his hat with the air of a courtier, and said, "The top of the morning to ye, Mrs Flaherty. How be you and the good man and the boy and the cow?" all in a breath.

Mrs Flaherty returned the salutation with a polished curtsy, saying, "Much obleeged to you, Mr O'Brien; we be all pretty well except the cow, as had a calf this morn'g; there's some barley brewing for her. Mr Flaherty and the boy are cutting turfs."

I had got down on the other side of the car by this time. Mrs Flaherty called the boy: "James, run and call Murphy; sure the boat'll be wanted."

"Hold!" cried Dan; "I will do the boat."

"And," said I, "there will be a shilling for Murphy if he don't come."

"Sure yur honour'll take a cup of milk—I'd say whisky if there was any."

Dan winked his one eye expressively. As we walked off to the boat-house he said, "Whisky? why, there's that under the pigsty that would quench all the brains at Doot Hill; only, while the officers are about with your brother the captain and the red-coats, there's never a drop on the whole hillside. Don't you let on about it."

Passing through a likely patch of potatoes, we found the boat with her chain-painter looped over a post. The sculls were in a shed; so in a few minutes the rod was put together, a small red palmer, a hare's-ear, and a blue gnat were put on, and the sport began. One at a time the small trout were in my landing-net, which Dan handled tidily. All were caught by the blue gnat, so the other flies were unhitched and blue gnats put on. There was a sweet little ripple on the water; we were on the very best part of the "wide expanse," as Dan called it. Presently two fish were on at once: twice three were caught together—beautiful little small-headed fish, with thick shoulders, well fed, dressed in their glittering scales of deep-brown, bright-red spots, and white below. By twelve o'clock the bag was crowded, and Dan thought we had better go on shore for luncheon and a rest.

Steering for a dell, where the trees grew down to the water's edge, we landed on a black rock, and found a fair retreat with light and shade, looking over a bit of the lake, but shut in on the land side with as thick and varied a foliage as one would wish to see. A tiny streamlet gurgled down the dell, winding its way through great boulders, partly covered with moss or ferns—here trickling smoothly over its bed of yellow sand, there rippling over a gravel slope, and then rushing over a larger stone to make a miniature waterfall into the bubbling pool below. Dan put down the basket on a turfy bank, made a fire of a bundle of dry sticks, cut four arbutus skewers, and in due time four delicious trout were smoking on our plates. The whisky-flask was opened; the water at our feet was cool and sweet. As I contaminated the

sweet air and astonished the gnats and midges with the fumes of tobacco, Dan began to talk of the Doot family—

“May the God Almighty bless him in this world and the next! Did you say generous? Why, the squire'd give away his head and his big beard on it, if he could. Selfish, sur?—he don't know its maning. Many's the time he gave the half-crown for his own dinner to them as had nothing—ay, and jist for the mothers to get a drap of milk for their starving children. Drunken did you say, sur? Well, the squire never touches a drap all day, and if he do swallow a glass to go to bed wi', why, he does it quiet-like in his own family; and I should like to see any one say no to him in his own house. It noways hurts 'm when he goes out in the morning to spake to the gentlemen,—all the whisky's turned to the milk of kindness by that time. It's only a week ago come yesterday when Ted Blarney, as owed two years' rint barring a pig or two, was sitting in his porch, when the squire popped in on him, with reddish eyes and a shaking hand, calling out, 'The top of the morning to you, Mr Blarney! can you make it con-
 vanient to pay me the £10 you owe me?' Ted, he scratched his head for a moment and said, 'Faith, sur, it would have been mighty convanient yesterday evening—for jist exactly that sum, barring the value of the two pigs, was in my pocket, and I on the road to pay yur honour. Jist as I turned down over the moor, who should I meet but my cousin, Michael Blarney, with a black scarf on his old hat; and says he, "Ted, yur ould uncle's dead!" That was him, yur honour, who held West Farm, and paid ye honestly at Lady-day and Michael-

mas. An honest man was Mike; have I not tried to be like him? Didn't I put by £5 from the cow this time last year, and then forgot it, in the lining of my coat, jist till I was hiding some pig money in the same place yesterday morning, and found it, making £10, with the two pigs I lent yur honour? As true as I stand here it was all in my pocket, and I was on my way to pay it you. Faith, I was sore amazed to hear of my uncle's death, the more so as young Mike went on to tell me how he had to pay £3 for funeral expenses and £6 for the wake, wi' only eight shillings in the house. May I put it to yur honour, Mr Doot, if you wouldn't have lent the money to honest Mike if you'd a had it? So didn't I jist save yur honour the trouble of putting that £8, 16s. into your purse and out again? There's the whole truth about it. Mike'll pay me in six months—or, if yur honour likes, I'll get him to hand it on to you, sur.' Well," said Dan, "Blarney told me this hisself, and how the tears came into the moist eyes of Mr Doot as he shook hands wi' him and said, 'Good morning, Mr Blarney; you'll pay me when you can.' Do you call that confiding, sur, or not? and ain't it a blessing to see sich feeling between a landlord and a tenant? Here's one more sample of Squire Doot, and then I'll ha' done. Susan Jeames, the tall widow who works the nether mill, owed the rint for some four years, when Mr Doot came and asked for it. Wi'out saying a word of good morning, Susan cries out at the top of her voice—and that's a stunner—'Mary, Jane, Betty, Sally, Robert, Harry'; and out come the six dressed or undressed, jist as they was—the eldest about ten, the youngest in arms. 'There's the

rint, Squire Doot; will ye plaze to take 'm at £2 each? Ye'll gie me the recaipt on stamped paper; and I can come up to the Hall twice a-day to nurse the baby,—that's the only thing you can't do, sur. Jist supposing you had six infants, and this old water-mill, called so because there's none, it's little you'd have to pay for rint when they'd filled their bellies, and it ain't Squire Doot'd wish 'm to go empty. It'd be no use then my teaching 'm to pray night and morning for good luck to Mr Doot and all his noble family.' Well, the good squire was sorely touched when he looked down on the empty mill-dam, on the mossy wheel, the dirty children, and the thin tall woman; so he gives a sixpence to each of 'm, took off his hat as Susan wished him good morning, and then marched on, promising to send a carpenter to repair the leaking hatch."

"Go on, Dan," said I. So Dan did.

"There's fifteen tenants of Squire Doot, and only one of 'm, Patrick O'Heegan, he that farms the saumon-fishing, is never behindhand. There's a time and a season for all things; but it's said as Heegan don't mind it, and sells more saumon out of it than in it. Then it's an old joke as to catching a keg o' whisky one dark night in his nets in the close-time, and giving a drop to the river guardian till he couldn't see the fish; that was up at the Hall door in the morning, jist as Mr Doot came out after breakfast, full of smiles and benignity to welcome Patrick with his rint, and the keg that had surely come down in the rain from the heavens above, and that in it as was only for sich blessed gintlemen as the squire. He has been heard to say that this whisky was sent direct from his ancestor,

St Patrick. All the other tenants lose their pigs, cows, horses, and donkeys too, only the last ain't believable, because they don't die a day or two before settling day; Mr Doot settles aisy. Some has rotten potatoes, some short flax, hay is washed away, oats had no rain; there's never a misfortune to come that didn't come to some of 'm. So Squire Doot stays poor in money, but rich in blessings, for the country-side's ready enough wi' that commodity. There's an ould story of one Pritchard, a sheriff's officer, getting over the park palings, and having the impidence to ring the bell at the Hall door to sarve a writ on the squire. Old John, the butler, opened it: he'd a-seen Pritchard before, so when he pokes the paper in his face, John said, 'Wait a bit, Mr Pritchard, till I get ye a drop of heaven's whisky.' In half a minute there's half-a-dozen grooms and gardeners ready inside and out, all pretty full of dinner. Pritchard was light enough, so they took 'm up, gave him the whisky in the house-drain, and left 'm to dry in the grass outside the park gate. Squire Doot has driven his four horses in his grounds ever since that day without meeting a bailiff, and on Sundays he takes 'm a turn or two about the town and outside country, for all them chaps are off earthly duty on that day. Some of 'm wishes they were entirely."

Time was slipping on: we picked up our fragments, and into the boat again; the net, full of beautiful brown backs and spotted sides, hung over the stern; a nice breeze stirred the surface. The blue gnat was of no use now; the hare's-ear and a grey spider were put on, and as we fished slowly towards the hut, many nice fish were added to the bag. Mrs Flaherty's ragged boy was at the landing-place to

look to the boat; she was at the door, and told Dan to let the squire know how the brown cow had got in the bog and starved for three days before she was found, and there she'll never do any more. "All right!" cried Dan, and away we went. That lake was often brought to mind in foreign lands.

About fifteen years ago we wandered back to the same regions. There was no still-hunting; no blue smoke curled up from mountain glens to the bluer sky; no footsteps marked the stealthy way through the purple heather; no smile of welcome met the stranger; no verbal response met the habitual good morning, but a side glance of suspicion glared beneath the untouched hat. We stopped at the door of a cottage that had been Dan O'Brien's, knocked, and went in as we heard the permission to do so; a man sat in the corner mending a net. "Dan O'Brien, sur? Why, he's been dead and waked these twenty years or more. Mrs Flanagan? Well, sur, there's her grandchild in that cradle; my wife, ill in bed wi' the rheumatism, was Jenny her daughter, till I made her Mrs Murphy—Jenny was younger sister to Biddy Flanagan: you'll mind about her, maybe, sur. Well, sur, sit ye down. Poor Biddy, she'd sit for hours on the hillside watching if he'd come; she did not mind the sunshine or the storm, she only longed to catch a sight of her foster-brother once again. Well, Mr Charles did come, wounded, as a worn-out man at thirty years of age; and she the same,—the brightness of both had gone, as my mother used to say; but Biddy's heart was as it had been. Married, sur? Bad luck to it! the wound broke out afresh. There was months of nursing, and small space for the likes of the captain; but Biddy did it with a

smile, she loved him better than herself. Afore he could move about she were taken wi' the smallpox. There was no one to nurse her, as she ought to have been; the doctor only came once a-week, and while he was coming Biddy died. What became of the captain? Well, sur, we never heard much more of him, after he returned to his dooty. He'd no place to roost in here. He paid Mrs Flanagan, ill in bed, for all her trouble; put up a tablet to Biddy, as you can see o' Sunday in the church; took one look at Doot Hall, now Yarndale Hall, as had been sold under the Encumbered Estate Act, and went away. There's been a young chap here lately, as says he's son of Charles Doot, and swears he'll get back his grandfather's estate or swing for it. Jenny told me he was fair-haired, blue-eyed, tall, like Charles Doot; he ran all over the place, and never has been seen again.

"How are we all getting on, sur? Purty well, if they'd only lave us alone, without change of law and silly interference with men's concerns, a-making landlords' rights one year, and tenants' rights another, just because them lawyers didn't know anything about either of 'm, else because they desired to make us more bitter against our neighbour than we were, and then to put us all in the vice with laws as was only fitted for criminals, not for the harmless boys of ould Ireland. We were all good when old Doot were at the Hall—never a Fenian amongst them, and only Daniel O'Connell, of blessed memory, a-working out his heart's blood to make matters straiter for the poor. Rint, sur? Well, there were no thought of that, in compare wi' the good that was to come. We were happy to live an

in hope o' better days ; that hope's in the fog out at sea like, invisible."

Dick Murphy had got into the swing of talk, so we asked him about the new landlords.

"You may well put 'm down in the plural, sur ; there was two of 'm in the first years. First came Abraham Biruck, and he paid 30,000 golden pounds for the whole, ould rints and all included, according to landlords' books. Mr Abram, as he was called, was a small black-eyed man with a hawk's-bill nose ; some of 'm called him Agle. Well, sir, he came to put up at the ould house with two or three of the same colour, all in dark clothes and skins. There was a good deal of money spent in making the place tidy to look at. One of 'm goes round wi' a book and stamped papers. The first he called on was Nick Burk the miller ; and he asks for a drap of the real cratur. He'd just hit off the real boy for that ; so there was a drop apiece brought out of a cool place beside the mill-pool. Nick drinks the health of the new landlord, wi' a blessing to the last. Simon, that's his name, gives the health of all tenants, and the miller in particular. Then he pulls out his book of arrears, and says, 'Mr Burk, 'll I give you a stamped receipt?' Business is business, and I shall be obliged for all you can pay ; here's £10 against your name for two years. You'll be an honest man, Mr Burk, and I can give you a receipt in full.' Says Nickey, 'Sure you may, sir.' Says Simon, 'Here's the paper ; I can sign when you pay.' Says Nickey, 'That's another thing entirely, yur honour. Didn't Mr Doot get the money ? Didn't I, honest Nickey, pay him every farthing—some in money, some in grist—wi' my own hands, and put it all down in my book ? Here it is, Mr Steward ;

plaze to look it up ; and I can take the receipt, as you promises me. Business is business.' Mr Simon he looks over the rent-book, and says, 'But it ain't down in the landlord's book.' 'And it's no fault of mine that it ain't,' says Nick ; 'and if anybody says my book ain't true, it's a libel and a defamation, and he'll have to prove it, let alone that stick in the corner ; Mr Doot let us pay when and how we liked.' 'I think,' says Mr Simon, 'that Mr Biruck won't do that.' 'Won't he, sur ?' says Nickey. 'If you don't break in a dog or a horse when he's young, you'll maybe get a kick or a bite when he's old—hydrophoby or a broken leg may follow. I don't think ye'll find it aisy to break in all that bookful of names of a sudden like.' Mr Simon says, 'It's not a breaking in that we want ; we desire good terms with tenants, and fair dealing. I'll give you the receipt in full, Mr Nickey, and quote your book on mine.'

"Well, sur, it were told as a secret next day that Simon and the Agle had a conference that evening, and it come through the keyhole that receipts in full should be passed pretty freely for all arrears ; it'd go to make the value of the estate bigger, beside getting the goodwill of the tenants ; and 'twas Scripture dealing !

"Well, sur, they keyhole words passed all round like 'lectricity. Joe Clerk, the penman, was busy day and night wi' ould paper and new figures. When Mr Simon comes round to get all he could, a drop o' the cratur smoothed the way ; for Nickey was jist the best gossip on the Doot Hill estate. By the time o' mid-day the good-nature of Mr Simon was beautiful to behold. There was Widow Sampson, as never paid if she could help it, had her old book,

wi' a blistered cover, made up wi' a balance of twopence due to the squire. There she sat, wi' the wool before her, and she a-spinning as if her life depended on it. 'Good morning to you, Mrs Sampson.' 'Good morning to you, sur,' says she. 'Twere long since she'd a-looked at the wool so hard. 'Can you pay me the ten years' rint, Mrs Sampson?' 'And is it ten pennies you'd want? Faith, sur, it'll be as much as all this wool'll make when it's done, and that'll be by Tuesday, if I lives as long and works as hard as I always does.' Mr Simon he raises his voice, and says, 'Ten years' rint is £10, Mrs Sampson, by Mr Doot's books.' 'Is it books ye mane, sir?' Then she pulls out the table-drawer, with some bad words to help her, swearing it hadn't been opened since she gave the last pair of stockings to Mr Doot, bless his eyes! After much pulling about, out comes the old almanac that was buried there last night by Mr Clerk. It was all scored down—the whole ten years of stockings for squire and servants—wi' pale ink to begin with, and black for the last year. Mr Simon took it while he opened his own. 'Very nicely written up, Mrs Sampson, and all in your own handwriting; maybe you'll get a seat in the office if you write like this, for it's just the same as your neighbour's book, only he didn't like to mention your name as the writer. There's nothing about stockings at 1s. 6d. a pair in the squire's books. But if ye'll pay me the twopence that's owing, I'll give you the receipt, and you can sign your name in the book.' Mrs Sampson was puzzled; all the sign she used was a very crooked knitting-needle. She looked up for the first time: 'Drat it! there's

Sarah, she's run away wi' my pen and ink.' 'Never mind, Mrs Sampson, pray use mine.' Mrs Sampson she fell down in a fit. Mr Simon he calls in a neighbour, and says, 'Look to Sapphira.' When Mr Simon had been all round there came out a great red notice with bright-green letters six inches long, headed 'Golden Opportunity!' Then it described the royal residence of the Doot family for 300 years; its great woods, its grouse mountains, salmon river, trout lakes, fertile soil, endless bogs, industrious tenants, its clean rent-roll, and the best pisantry in all Ireland. It was in the county papers. Nickey reads it to Mrs Sampson as she sat wi' the pipe in her mouth. She hadn't forgiven Mr Simon; she had heard the priest read of Sapphira, so she said, 'It's a wonder how all they printers'll get absolution.' After many had come to look at the place, and Mr Simon had taken 'm all round, down comes Mr Yarndale and gets the whole for £70,000.

"Does Squire Yarndale live at Doot Hall? Faith, sur, he lives in the rest of it. Jist as Abram and Simon were packing up the last bundle, and as the new squire drove up to the door, a cry of fire was heard; there was a deal of litter about, a high wind, and no water; the season had been dry, the people were all busy getting Simon's things out; so the fire rushed through one end of the house and burnt it out entirely. Then there was a lawsuit. Mr Yarndale said, 'You must build it up again.' Abram said, 'No; you had possession, your date had come.' Yarndale said, 'You had the keys; if you had gone as you should have done, there would have been no fire; so repair you must.' However, seeing that if Yarndale

did the repairs he might do them as he liked, Abram took off £10,000, and made money by doing so. Yarndale said, 'I'll make the best of it;' but if he goes on as he is, it'll be long before he gets out of the bad of it. If the fire had happened in Squire Doot's time, the country-side would have lent a hand to help him; they all loved him and were good friends wi' one another. Now there's three or four parties all hating one another, and don't care a straw, less maybe, for squire, landlord, or law. There's Fenians, League men, Moonlighters, and worse than them, about. If we don't do what they bid us, we suffer. If we do their will, we get into jail; but as that is farther off than our neighbours, and as they don't miss the mark, we mostly do as they tell us. There's a-many getting weary of all this teasing, only we don't know how to get out of it, so we goes on doing what we are told to do."

"Will you do as I tell you, Mr Murphy?" I asked.

"Oh, begorra! and it's I that's tired of doing as I am told to do. If Squire Doot were alive, and told me to swallow the peat-heap, or drink the flax water, why I'd try and do it. He'd never have

told any of his neighbours to injure one another. The more whisky he swallowed, the more milk o' kindness followed; and the better the poteen, the richer was his cream. That's all gone now; there's no poteen on the hillside, and no fellow-feeling in the valley. Do as you tells me, sur! I'd like to know what it is first. There's them who asked me to do wrong things, and they'd get absolution. As I didn't know if I'd be left for the chance of that delivery, I told 'm I'd think about it. So, sur, though you've brought up good memories, you'll excuse me if I feel unable to do as you tell me."

"Very good, Murphy; I honour your caution and your conscience. What I was going to tell you to do is very simple. Keep the law of the land, and obey those who keep it going. That's the same as Squire Doot said, only excepting his debts. If you do that carefully, and obey the commandments, you'll be comfortable. That's what we all want, but don't see it. Try it on, Mr Murphy, and tell your neighbours what you are going to do. If they'll try it, they will like it, and content will roar on like the fire at Doot Hall and burn up the bad side of your house."

RICHARD DE LA POLE, "WHITE ROSE."

ENGLISH visitors in Metz—there ought to be more, for there is a good deal to be seen in and around the old imperial city—are likely to have pointed out to them some venerable house or other, which, their guides will tell them, was nearly four hundred years ago the residence of a great English noble, a pretender to the crown, and the terror of Henry VIII.—the "Duke of Suffolk." Some guides may even style him "The King of England," since their distinguished townsman, Philippe de Vigneulles, gives him that title. In all probability the house shown will be the wrong one. For there is a great deal of loose and inaccurate archæology prevalent in these parts, and one old house is very apt to be confounded with another. I myself have had a leading French archæologist in Metz indicating to me an old Merovingian palace—highly interesting, to be sure—as the "Duc de Sciffort's" quarters. Once the building was plainly ancient, the trifling difference of eight hundred or a thousand years in the several dates made no odds to him. With the kind assistance, however, of the present archivist, Dr Wolfram, and the help of some old documents preserved in the local library—which, in spite of repeated pilferings for the enrichment of Paris, still contains many valuable old manuscripts—I have, some months ago, been able pretty clearly to trace the movements in Metz of our distinguished countryman—who was indeed a claimant to the English crown, and over whose death in the battle of Pavia, in 1525, Henry VIII. exulted with such exuberance of gra-

titude, that he ordered a second public thanksgiving to be held "with great joy" on the 16th of March, the triumph proper for the victory of Pavia having been—somewhat rashly, as it afterwards turned out—celebrated on the 9th day of that month.

The story of this Englishman's exploits abroad affords some features of interest. It is a rather curious tale of adventure, love, and war, strange escapades, intrigues, and ambition. And it may be worth telling, because I find that in English historical writings there is a gaping hiatus on the subject,—which is not a little remarkable. For, considering what an ever-present weight Richard evidently was on the minds of the two last Henrys, to what all but incredible lengths those kings carried their unscrupulous persecution of him—how they offered bribes to kings to deliver him up, and to meaner men to assassinate him—how not a treaty was proposed to foreign potentates but contained a special clause forbidding the harbouring of this dangerous character,—one might have supposed that our chroniclers of the time would have thought it expedient to tell posterity something about him. Their silence is explained by a strange want of materials. So little turns out to have been known in this country about the great mar-peace, that Mr Burton, in his 'History of Scotland,' actually assigns to him the wrong christian name, calling him "Reginald." Mr Gairdner in his interesting preface to one of the volumes of 'Chronicles and Memorials' goes at some length into the history of Richard's brother Edmund. What

became of Richard himself—except that he fell at Pavia—he confesses that he "cannot trace at all accurately." Napier in his 'Notices of Swyncombe and Ewelme,' supplies fuller information than any other English writer. But he, too, is evidently at fault for materials. It is practically only foreign sources, very little studied in this country, to which we have to look for information on the subject of what "White Rose" actually did during his exile, self-imposed or involuntary, which made up the main portion of his life.

The chief of such writers is Philippe de Vigneulles, a contemporary of Richard's, and a citizen of Metz, who has left rather curious and pretty full memoirs written in that strange-sounding, uncouth Lorraine French, which was at his time spoken at Metz. The archaic language in which they are written may possibly account for the fact that no French publishers have thus far been found to tackle these otherwise very readable memoirs, and that in default of them it has been left to a German literary society to lay them before the world—in a mutilated form. The original manuscript, formerly in the possession of Count Emmery, was some time ago purchased at a sale by M. Prost, a well-known Lorraine archæologist. From it M. des Robert, another well-known writer in the old duchy, has drawn the main portion of the information which some years ago he incorporated in a monograph. Even this monograph leaves some gaps. And the author falls into one or two odd mistakes—which are perhaps excusable in a foreigner. For instance, he confounds the "rebel and traitor" Richard de la Pole with one of the most faithful followers of the Tudor kings, Sir Richard Pole of Lord-

ington, in ascribing to him, first, the office of Chamberlain to Prince Arthur, and later on the fatherhood of Reginald Pole the cardinal. But his pamphlet is decidedly useful, as supplying clues, which I have been able to follow up successfully on the spot. Richard de la Pole was the last member of a family which, within the space of about a century of strange vicissitudes, ran through all the stages of rapid rise, almost to the height of the throne, and no less sudden, humiliating descents, to attainder, execution, confiscation, and dishonour.

I cannot stop here to tell their history at length. Genealogists have been careful to point out that the French prefix *de la* proves no Norman descent. There is no "de la Pole," nor any name resembling it, to be met with in the Battle Roll. The De la Poles' origin was, in fact, so humble, that their first distinguished member, Michael, the prosperous merchant—to whom his native town of Hull raised a monument in 1871—afterwards Lord Chancellor of England and Knight of the Garter, is described in Camden as "basely born." His "base birth," it is true, has been disproved. But that only makes a difference of two or three generations. When Richard and his brothers came into the world, the family had had five generations of titled distinction and notoriety—partly of honour and partly of disgrace. Only one Suffolk of this creation—Richard's father—seems to have died at home and in his bed. And even his death was caused by "grief for the ruin of his family." The Lord Chancellor expired almost exactly a century before of "a broken heart" in exile. His son fell a victim to "dissentery" before Harfleur. The next Earl was honourably

killed at Agincourt. His son, again, the "Duke of Suffolk" denounced in early ballads, lived to disgrace that dukedom which he had first attained, and to die by lynch law under the form of a trial, for having had a hand in the murder of Humphrey the "good" Duke of Gloucester, and in the surrender of Normandy and Aquitaine to France. This "bad" Duke's son rose once more to high distinction. King Edward IV. actually conferred upon him the hand of his sister Elizabeth; and Richard III., on the death of his own only son, appointed his eldest son John—created Earl of Lincoln—next heir to the throne. That appointment proved in after-time a rather doubtful boon to the family. For it involved both John and his brothers in perils, and intrigues, and persecution. The Earl of Lincoln fell in the battle of Stoke, fighting for Simnel, the pretending Earl of Warwick, and by his treason and disgrace caused the death of his father. Of course his estates and titles were held to be forfeited. That forfeiture notwithstanding, the Earl of Lincoln's next brother was admitted to some part of the succession, both of estate and of title, by amicable arrangement with King Henry VII. These peerage cases were dealt with in those days in a very different way from what they are now, as appears from the fact, that only some eight years previously, in Edward IV.'s reign, the De la Poles' rather distant cousin, the then Duke of Bedford—a Neville, not a Russell—had been deprived of his peerage by Act of Parliament on the score of poverty. Edmund de la Pole bargained with Henry VII., and recovered part of his brother's possessions and also the lower of his titles in the peerage, by sacrificing the higher. He was

admitted to the peerage as "Earl of Suffolk." Notwithstanding his renunciation, he later on, when in exile, again claimed the dukedom. Edmund had in his youth been reported by the University of Oxford in a letter addressed to his uncle, King Edward IV., "a penetrating, eloquent, and brilliant genius"—anything but which he proved himself to be. His letters read like the writing of a man of very poor education, even judged by the standard of those unlettered days. And at Court he played his cards so unskilfully, that he soon became from a rather petted hanger-on, a declared "rebel and traitor," persecuted with all the unrelenting meanness and malice that the two first Tudor kings—the first, at any rate, not feeling very secure on his throne—were masters of. That almost necessarily involved his younger brother Richard in a like fate—which Richard did nothing to evade. Edmund, we read, had the misfortune to kill a "mean" person, whom he presumed to chastise for insulting him. For this he was brought before the King's Bench and adjudged guilty. The king readily granted a pardon. But the Earl took the indignity of his mere trial so much to heart, that he very unwisely fled the country. People said that he had taken refuge at the Court of his aunt Margaret, Duchess of Burgundy, which was then notoriously the gathering-place of malcontent Yorkists. This turned out incorrect. But the rumour may have helped to prejudice Henry against him. Edmund returned home for Prince Arthur's wedding in 1501, and appears to have been at pains to show his loyalty, and to have been outwardly well received. But almost immediately afterwards he ran away a second time. And ~~was~~

he forthwith proclaimed himself a pretender to the crown, and obtained from the Emperor Maximilian a promise of material help—the loan of 4000 of his troops wherewith to make good his pretension—it is not surprising that Henry should have set all his large apparatus of crafty persecution at work against so dangerous a foe. But it is surprising to find him stooping so very low in his recourse to dirty expedients. The State Papers show that bribes were offered all round—to the Emperor, to the King of France, Louis XII., to Philip of Castile and Burgundy—as much as twelve thousand crowns in gold,—for Edmund's surrender or despatch. At length, in 1506, fortune put Philip into Henry's power—a storm driving him on our coast. And Henry meanly took advantage of that opportunity to extort from the Spaniard an undertaking to surrender Edmund—then detained at Namur—agreeing, in return, to Philip's stipulation, that he should spare his life. That promise he kept to the letter. Edmund was detained in the Tower until Henry's death—and then despatched on Tower Hill by Henry VIII., in obedience to a direction set down with incredible rancour in his father's will. Dugdale suggests that, Edmund being so popular as a pretender, Henry VIII. did not like to leave the kingdom for a war projected in France, while he remained alive. Another report says, that he was beheaded on the ground of correspondence proved to have taken place between himself and his brother, then a general in the French army.

Richard had taken service under the King of France as early as 1492. Charles VIII. detecting in him even then those brilliant

powers which made him in after-life one of the foremost generals of his day, intrusted to him the command of 6000 *lansquenets*, at whose head he mastered the difficult but valuable art of maintaining discipline among so unruly, but at the same time so serviceable a host, and qualified himself for that peculiar kind of warfare in which he subsequently gathered such splendid laurels. By this early favour Charles linked to his Court an officer who, as Gaillard says, became one of "*cette pleiade de grands Capitaines qui illustrèrent les règnes de Louis XII. et François I., et portèrent si haut l'honneur de nos armes—Bayard, la Palisse, la Trémouille, duc de Gueldres, Robert de la Marck [better known as Fleurange, "Le Jeune Aventureux"], et la famille de Rohan.*" Of all these famous captains—and moreover of Francis of Angoulême himself—Richard was a comrade-in-arms and familiar friend. And nobody seemed to be able to manage the wild and "indociles" mercenaries, who were ready to place themselves at the service of any sovereign who would pay them, like himself. Dreaded foes—and to the people scarcely less dreaded allies—were those "*bandes noires*" of Northern Germany, who, like the modern Prussians, bore on their banner the colours of black and white. Before Pampeluna—of gloomy memory—they mutinied even against Bayard, "striking"—according to the most approved notions of nineteenth-century trades-unionism—at the most critical juncture for the concession of double pay. Bayard and Suffolk between them, however, soon reduced them to obedience. Brantôme relates that it was said of the *lansquenets* that after St Peter had refused them entrance in heaven, their troubled

souls could not even obtain admission to hell. The very devils were afraid of this wild company. With these rough warriors did Richard fight his battles, and so well, that there was not one of the three French kings whom he served, who did not feel moved to reward his services with a substantial pension, in addition to his open thanks. Ever foremost in battle, Richard's company "receveyd," as John Stile reports to Henry VIII., "most hurte and los of men then eny other of that party." And on that fateful day which cost Richard his life, and Francis I. "tout fors l'honneur," the king declared that, if all his troops had but done their duty like Richard's *lansquenets*, the victory would have been his. Francis was especially beholden to these rough soldiers, because, by winning for him the battle of Marignano, when his crown was still fresh upon his head, they raised him to high prestige, and completely altered his position in Europe. "Ce gros garçon gâtera tout," Louis XII. had said—leaving 1800 livres of debts for the "gros garçon" to pay. But Francis did very much better than Louis.

When Richard de la Pole took service under Charles VIII., his father was recently dead "of grief," and his family were under a cloud, owing to Lincoln's rising in 1487. The "affable" king was much pleased with his captain, and after the siege of Boulogne assigned to him a pension of 7000 *écus*. At the conclusion of the treaty of Etaples, Henry VII. began his shabby course of persecution against Richard, from which he and his son never desisted while Richard was alive, demanding from Charles the surrender of his foe. Charles, how-

ever, flatly refused the demand. King Charles's pension, it is sadly to be feared, lapsed with his life in 1498; for in 1505 and thereabouts, we find Richard in absolute destitution—left, indeed, in pawn by his brother Edmund for that brother's debts with the citizens of Aix-la-Chapelle. (Sir Henry Ellis, with a little too much knowledge of German geography, places Richard at "Aken on the Elbe." It is, however, perfectly clear that the place of his detention was Aachen—that is, what we generally call Aix-la-Chapelle, but for which both Edmund and Richard adopted various fancy spellings, as, indeed, they did for most of their words, from the simple article upward.)

As Richard's fate is so closely bound up with Edmund's, it may be convenient to review at one rapid glance the fortunes of that poor nobleman after his flight in 1501. He first repaired to Imst, in the Tyrol, to seek help from the Emperor Maximilian. The Emperor Maximilian gave him ample encouragement, drew up an agreement, kept his confidential agent as representative at his own Court, and sent him with letters of recommendation to Aix-la-Chapelle, where, hoping to obtain further succour, he managed to outrun the constable, and was fain to leave his brother as pledge. In spring 1502 it was proposed that Edmund, to make good his claim, should land in England from Denmark. In that same year, however, Henry talked over the Emperor, and concluded a treaty with him, by which Maximilian bound himself not to allow any English rebels to reside in his dominions, "even though they be of the rank of dukes." That was, there can be no doubt, specially aimed at Edmund and Richard. Edmund now despaired

of help in the quarter appealed to, and transferred his attentions to the Court of the Count Palatine. In 1504 he entered Guelders, with a view to proceeding to Frisia and obtaining pecuniary assistance—so he writes to his pledged brother at Aachen—from Duke George of Saxony. The Duke of Guelders, greedy to secure—as Archduke Philip, his cousin, writes to Henry—the reward which he is likely to receive from Henry, however, plays the traitor and enters into an intrigue with Philip of Burgundy—it is always the same Philip—who eventually "interns" Edmund at Namur.

Poor Richard was in sore straits all the time. "Here I ly," he writes in very curious English to his brother, "in gret peyne and pouerte for your Grace, and no manner of comffort I have of your Grace. . . . Sir, be my trothe ye dele ffery hardly with me." "Sir," he writes again another time, "I beseche your Grace, send me some what to help me with all." He reports that—while Edmund was at Namur—the indignant "bourgoys of Aix" have sent a deputation to Philip to see what redress they could obtain. And coming back empty-handed they had denounced Edmund to Richard as "le plus false homme que oncques fuyt de sa parole," and threatened to expose him at all the courts of Europe. At the same time Richard is made uncomfortable by the fact that he knows that Henry has offered the burgesses of Aix bribes—as much as 5000 crowns in gold—if they will deliver him "three lieuwes out of the town of Aix"—"and he will pay them," he significantly adds.

From Namur, Edmund, with a mixture of rather too ingenuous prudence and folly, as a last shift offers a reconciliation to Henry,

but fixing his own terms exorbitantly high. This offer, as has been already related, proved his doom. He died by the executioner in 1513.

His death left Richard the more or less recognised "White Rose" claimant to the throne of England. (What became of his two elder brothers, Humphrey and Edward—both of whom took orders, and one of whom was Archdeacon of Richmond—we are not told.) Somehow or other he had managed to get away from Aix in 1506. For in that year we find the Emperor reporting to Henry that he had seized the French "orators," who had proceeded to Hungary by way of Venice. He had looked out, as desired, for Richard, but had not been able to find him among the company. In April 1507, however, Richard writes, dating his letter "Budae," to the Bishop of Liège—one of the De la Marcks with whom at Metz he was to become intimate—in Latin, which is very much better than his English, though that is not saying much.

King Henry having given proofs of his peculiar goodwill towards the De la Poles, in 1509, by excepting them in distinct terms from a general pardon, we cannot be surprised to learn that Richard—"Blanche Rose" they called him in France—had grown busy scheming against his sovereign. Louis XII. was then at war with Henry, and it served Louis's purpose to turn to account the "instrument de trouble que le roi dans l'occasion pouvait faire agir en Angleterre—une étincelle qui pouvait y rallumer les anciennes incendies." In 1512 we have John Stile reporting to Henry, that "your sayd rebel was mayde a Capytan of the Almaynys that went you to Navar, where many

of the Almaynys now of late be slayne." "The Almaynys" were Richard's *lansquenets*, who indeed suffered great "hurte and los" in that ill-starred campaign. Richard fought there side by side with Bayard, and half starved with him on bread made of millet; and though their defeat meant disaster to the King of Navarre, the army were not altogether sorry to be called back to Artois, invaded by the English. Richard's command of the "French fleet for a rising in England," recorded by Peter Martyr, was probably only of brief duration. For we find him again at the head of his 6000 *lansquenets* at Therouenne, besieged by the English, and taking part in the inglorious "battle of the Spurs"—so named because the French, taken by surprise while riding, not on their war-horses, but on their "hackneys," trusted more to their spurs than to their swords. That day of Guinegate helped to bring peace to England and France—and to send Richard to Metz. The Duc de Longueville, taken prisoner on that day, turned his captivity to account for negotiating a treaty of peace—one condition of which was that the Princess Mary, Henry VIII.'s sister, should be married to the all but dying Louis XII.—as the clerics of the Basoche said, "Une hacquenée pour le porter bientost et plus doucement en enfer ou en paradis." Another condition was, that Richard should be given up. To this Louis would not agree, but answered in almost the same terms which his cousin had used, "Qu'il aimait mieux perdre tout ce qu'il possédait que de le conserver en violant l'hospitalité." Some people say that this was mere bounce—like General Ignatieff's famous "boxes." But it had its effect.

A compromise was arranged, in pursuance of which Richard was banished to Metz. That was rather a cool proceeding on the part of the two monarchs, considering that Metz was then a city of the Empire, in no sort of subordination to either Henry or Louis. The thirteen Jurats of Metz were accordingly a little taken aback when they received Louis's letter to "mes bons amis," begging that his *protégé* might be "bien reçu et bien advenu"—as well they might, in view of the treaty concluded between England and their master in 1502 with special reference to this self-styled "duke." However, they got over the difficulty by granting Richard a *laissez-passer* for eight days, to be indefinitely renewed, while that should prove practicable. So De la Pole went to Metz, England and France got their peace for a time, and Mary—"bien polie, mignoinne, gente et belle" as she was—married Louis, "fort gouteux viez et caducque," as a brief prelude to her clandestine marriage with the new Duke of Suffolk, Brandon.

On the 2d of September 1514, one Saturday, we read in Vigneulles, "Blanche Rose" entered Metz, escorted by sixty "chevaliers," several French "gentilhommes," and a guard of honour furnished by the Duke of Lorraine, René II. That was making his entry in good style; and such style, on the whole, he managed to maintain whilst in Metz. It is true that at times he was very short of money, and paid his servants, dressed "in grey and blue," their wages most irregularly; and that even his chaplain could wring his "wages" from him only "a crown at a time." But that was because, what with keeping open house, and entertaining the *honoratoires* of Metz, betting,

gambling, and making love to other men's wives, "the Duke" spent his money faster than he got it. King Louis had allowed him a pension of 6000 *écus* per annum. King Francis made very much of him, and from time to time "augmented his stipend." The Messins, always inclined to hospitality, took delight in honouring their guest, whose chivalrous manners and easy amiability made him popular. And they never ceased to look upon him as "le vray héritier d'Angleterre qui devoit mieulx estre roy que celui qui l'estoit."

Metz was then in a semi-independent state, which, in the present day, it is interesting to study. Its nationality was German, its language was a curious sort of early French. Its sympathies were French too. Its seigneurs served in the French army; and at the famous "sacres" of French kings, representatives of the leading families of Metz—the Serrières, the Gournays, the De Heus, and the Baudoches, &c.—attended, and considered it an honour to be dubbed knights. To complete the mixture of nationalities, the city was surrounded by Lorraine, then an independent dukedom. The government of the city was in principle the same as that of other great German free towns—Strasbourg, Bâle, Cologne, Mayence, &c. There was nothing at all similar in France. It was divided into six (originally only five) "paraiges." Its head was a *maître échevin*, at that time appointed afresh every year. It was administered by a council of thirteen Jurats, representing, for the most part, the patrician families. From the judgment of the Thirteen there was no appeal. The larger Council consisted of the Thirteen, with the addition of an indefinite number

of "prudhommes" or "wardours"; and for purposes of taxation and similar business, the whole mass of citizens were called together. There were, moreover, standing committees of seven each, appointed to deal severally with matters of war, gates and walls, the collection of taxes, the treasury, and paving. There were also three mayors under the *maître échevin*, and a number of "amans" or amanuenses, answering to modern notaries. The whole city was a thoroughly self-contained little republic.

Among these people Richard de la Pole had come to take up his abode. As a welcome, the Thirteen presented him with two demi-cuves of wine, one red the other "clairret," and moreover with twenty-five quarters of oats for his horses. The question of housing so distinguished a guest presented some difficulties. On the advice of Michel Chaverson, the *maître échevin* for the year, the Thirteen committed Richard to the care of Vigneulles, the writer of the *Memoirs*, then already a citizen of note and substance. For the first three nights he put Richard up at "la Court St Mairtin," which was presumably near the Church of St Martin still existing. The Duke of Lorraine's Guard were quartered in what was then the leading hotel, "à l'Ange," which has now disappeared. Nothing suitable offering for a longer residence, Vigneulles prevailed upon his fellow-citizen Chevalier Claude Baudoché, one of the foremost men in the place, and "Seigneur of Moulins," the prettily situated village or almost suburb which you pass on your way to the battle-fields of 1870, to lend him for an indefinite period his magnificent mansion called "Passe Temps," or *Lotharingicè*

"Paisse Temps," situated on the bank of one arm of the Moselle. The site of this house may still easily be traced. It adjoined the Abbey of St Vincent, of which the church still stands—a beautiful church inside ("Murray" styles it "elegant"), though insignificant without. Its architectural lines are perfect, and there is some fine stained-glass from the famous works of Champigneulle, late Maréchal, which "Murray" insists upon telling his readers are still in Metz, though they were as long ago as 1875 removed to Bar-le-Duc. The Baudoches were at that time a wealthy and highly influential family. To-day, such is the instability of things terrestrial, the city knows them no more. About fifty years ago, their last remaining representative was a small watchmaker plying his trade in an insignificant shop in the Rue Fournirue. Of the suitability of the house secured there could be no question; for in it Pierre Baudoché, Claude's father, had entertained several crowned heads, including the Emperor Maximilian. Here Richard found a lordly home, which he maintained in a lordly style, receiving in turn all the leading personages of Metz and dispensing a princely hospitality.

On New Year's Day 1515, precisely at midnight, Louis XII. died, not twelve weeks after his marriage with Mary, who—rather uncomfortable under the attentions paid her by Francis, French historians say—very soon left the Court, to marry the new Duke of Suffolk. The "gros garçon" could not keep quiet long. With an army including no less than 26,000 *lansquenets* he marched into Italy, to claim his succession to the Milanais, and won the battle of Marig-

nano. In this campaign, Richard appears to have found no employment, though his old corps, the *lansquenets*, covered themselves with glory. The treaty with England, forbidding his employment in France, was still too recent, though really Henry gained nothing by Richard's ostensible inaction. Being at Metz, plotting and scheming, he made the king far more uncomfortable than he could possibly have done had he fought at Marignano. He was reported to be planning all sorts of enterprises. Evidently he was much feared at home. Wolsey complains that malcontents and men out of work threatened that they would join De la Pole and take part in the impending invasion. On Henry's side it is all treachery and scheming. Richard is to be waylaid, to be murdered, and so on. Lord Worcester writes that he "knows of a gentleman who will take that matter in hand." He is to be seized "when he goes into the field either to course the hares or to see his horses" (*i.e.*, take exercise). The Emperor, on the other hand, had grown so careless in the observance of his treaty with England, that the Messins had plucked up courage formally to present Richard with the freedom of their city. And a "paper of intelligence" to the English Court describes him as "in his glory."

In 1516 "Blanche Rose" could remain quiet no longer. He must see Francis, and ask for military employment. So on the 22d February, without telling any one a word, we find him mounting horse, taking with him only his cook and a page, and trotting off to Paris, covering a hundred miles in twenty-four hours. But there was no employment for him yet.

He returned on the 3d of April. On Christmas Eve he repeats his ride, again secretly, accompanied by the Duke of Guelders, who had come to Metz in disguise. He returned, as he had come, in strict privacy, on the 17th February. After his return Claude Baudoche found that he could no longer spare "Paisse Temps," and politely turned him out. But he placed another horse at his disposal, which may still be seen, at the crossing of the Rue de l'Esplanade and the Rue des Prisons Militaires (I give the French names, having forgotten the German). In the old chronicles the house, previously occupied by Jean or Jehan de Vy, is described as "après le grant maison de costé de St Esprit." Just opposite it is the Church of St Martin, a rather interesting building, exhibiting a curious medley of architectural styles. A rather remarkable feature in the church is a row of curious sculptures, which "Murray" will have it is in the north-east corner, though the architect has perversely placed it in the south-east. "Blanche Rose's" house, dwindled terribly in size and shorn of its ancient splendour, though still exhibiting some small remnants of former grandeur, such as zigzag mouldings and Gothic labels, directly faces this church on one side, and on the other side a public building, which is, if I recollect right, still the military prison, and in front of which a Prussian sentry paces solemnly up and down.

At this house it was that Richard conceived the curious idea of treating his fellow-burgesses to what must have infallibly endeared him to English neighbours—namely, the spectacle of a horse-race. Such a thing as that was, it appears, previously quite un-

known in Metz. And accordingly it occasioned not a little stir. Richard and "autres seigneurs," we read, were much given to exciting pastimes, including gambling and betting. And Richard, being the owner of a horse of which—like other owners of horses—he had an exceedingly high opinion, was rash enough one day to offer a bet against any one who might maintain that within ten *lues* round there was another horse running equally well. Nicolle Dex (whose name was pronounced Dësh) readily took the bet, offering to run his own horse against Richard's. All the particulars of the arrangements for the race are given by Vigneulles. The two men were to ride their own horses. The course was to be from the Orme at Aubigny (a village five miles from Metz) to the gate of the Abbey of St Clement (which abbey was destroyed in 1552, when the Duc de Guise held Metz against Charles V.) The bet was for eighty *escus d'or au soleil*, which was to be paid beforehand to a stakeholder. The race came off on the appointed day, St Clement's Day, Saturday the 2d of May—the day on which "l'awaine et le bacon" were, by regulation of the authorities, first sold. That would enable the competitors to get easily out of the gate of St Thiebault—which was conveniently near Richard's house, but which had to be opened on purpose. The Chevalier Dex, with cunning of which Vigneulles does not altogether approve, had for some days before subjected both himself and his horse to preparatory treatment—"dieu scet comment." "Comme il me fut dit et certifié," that treatment consisted in his drinking nothing but white wine—which is the more sour of the two, and there-

fore is supposed rather strongly to contract the human frame—and giving his horse no hay whatever. Moreover, he had his horse shod with very light steel shoes. And himself he made as light as possible, riding "tout en pourpoint, avec un petit bonnet en sa teste," without shoes and without a saddle, having merely a light saddle-cloth laid over the horse's back. "Blanche Rose," however, rode in a saddle, and booted and spurred as for ordinary exercise. When the signal was given, Vigneulles says, the horsemen started with such terrible impetuosity that the bystanders thought the earth would open under them. "Blanche Rose" kept the lead most part of the way. But when the two reached St Laidre — a *léproserie* near Montigny (the name of which still survives in a hamlet situated between Montigny and Aubigny, famed for its asparagus and fruit) — Dex's artifices began to tell. Richard's horse was found to puff and to pant, and could not keep pace with its rival. Nicolle outstripped him. And though Richard spurred his horse till "le clersanc en sailloit de tout cousté," it availed him nothing. Nicolle, having husbanded his horse's powers, came in first at the post. Richard was terribly annoyed, but he "ne dédaignait de risquer un peu de honte contre beaucoup de plaisir," like a good many other people. Very naturally, however, he would have his revenge. So next St Clement's Day saw the two horses running against one another again; but it seems that their masters did not this time act as their own jockeys. Ill luck would have it that "Blanche Rose's" jockey, one of his pages, was thrown whilst riding, by which mishap his master lost his bet a second time. After

that he did not tempt fortune again on the turf.

A month after the first race, Richard made a second attempt to obtain a command under Francis. Accompanied by several "de nos bonnes seigneurs," he proceeded to Milan and other places in Italy. "Dieu les conduie," piously ejaculates Vigneulles. They arrived, as it turned out, a day after the fair. Peace had been concluded, and the seigneurs returned to Metz without having done any good.

In this year, Henry, through one of his emissaries, tempted Richard into a proposal that he should endeavour to make his peace with the king, and write him a letter in that sense. The king, said Alamire, the emissary in question, "had the character of being most clement." "So I have heard," replied Richard, scenting the mischief; "and how well I should stand with my present protector, the King of France, if King Henry were to show him my letter!"

In the following year Richard once more rode to Paris, seeking employment. This time he was rewarded with a secret mission, on which he was sent into Normandy. It was about this time that Giustiniani learnt from the legate Campeggio that Francis favoured "Blanche Rose" more than ever, and Henry and his ministers again began to feel acutely uncomfortable. They had heard, so the State Papers show, that Francis and Richard were plotting mischief: Francis was favouring the Duke of Albany and trying to stir up disturbances in Scotland. There was a scheme on foot, Sir Richard Jernegan reports, according to which the Duke of Albany was to sail from Brittany to Scotland,

"there to make business against the king," while "Blanche Rose" was to invade England from Denmark, abetted by the king of that country, and accompanied by that king's uncle, the Duke of Ulske; and Monsieur de Bourbon and the Duke of Vendôme were at the same time to besiege Tournay, which, in the peace of 1514, England had managed to retain. We cannot be altogether surprised, knowing in what systematic manner the Henrys persecuted the De la Poles, to learn that a man was said to have been taken in Champagne, paid by Henry to kill Richard. Indeed the thought of getting rid of Richard by assassination appears to have been habitually uppermost in Henry's mind.

However, the threatened invasion did not come off yet. Francis had other work to turn his thoughts to. On the 12th of January 1519 Emperor Maximilian of Germany died, and the question arose who was to be the next Emperor. Charles, the youthful King of Spain, was a candidate, and Francis of France resolved to enter the lists against him. He considered himself to have a fair chance. He seems to have counted even on Henry's support; but Henry, it turned out, cherished ill-founded hopes of being himself elected, and fought in a half-hearted way for his own hand. Francis, however, spared no pains in his canvass. He bribed and coaxed and promised all round, and indeed only very narrowly missed the election. At the last moment the Elector of Saxony left him in the lurch, just as nearly three centuries after that Elector's descendant failed Napoleon at Leipzig, going over to the other side. But for that Francis would have been Emperor. One of the

promises which Francis had rashly made was this: "Si je suis élu, trois ans après l'élection, je jure que je serai à Constantinople ou je serai mort." At the very last stage of the proceedings he despatched Richard de la Pole as a confidential envoy to Prague, where the Electoral College was sitting, to further his candidature. In the National Library at Paris a manuscript letter is still preserved containing the king's instructions. However, Richard arrived too late.

In the same year—1519—"Blanche Rose" found himself compelled to change his quarters a second time. Claude Baudoche "vouloit r'avoir ses maisons." The dean and chapter of Metz signalled their goodwill towards the guest of their city by making over to him for life, at a nominal rent of 10 sols messins per annum, their old mansion, called "la Haulte Pierre," occupying the commanding site on which now stands the Palais de Justice. In all probability the handsome esplanade now leading up to that building did not at that time exist, nor yet perhaps the splendid terrace facing the Moselle and St Quentin. But at all times the situation must have been unique. The reason why the house was let so cheap was, that it was then in an utterly dilapidated condition, and the tenant undertook thoroughly to repair it. He did better, as the chapter remembered to his credit after his death. At a heavy cost—he spent 2000 gold florins upon it in one year—he rebuilt it from top to bottom in a magnificent style. That mansion does not now remain. It was pulled down in 1776 to make room for the present structure, more useful though less showy,

in which are housed the provincial law courts.

While still in "la Rue de la Grande Maison"—the Rue de l'Esplanade—Richard de la Pole got entangled in a little love intrigue, which caused a tremendous commotion in the town, and led him into serious trouble. Metz was rather famed in those days for its goldsmiths. The Rue Fournirue—still interesting—was full of them. One of these artisans, named Nicolas Sébille, had a young wife, whom Vigneulles describes as "une des belles jeunes femmes, qui fut point en la cité de Metz, haulte, droite et élancée et blanche comme la neige." To this beautiful young woman's heart Richard successfully laid siege. She came to see him at his house, which was conveniently near. The conquest does not appear to have cost him much persuasion. Evidently Madame Sébille was as hotly smitten with him as he was with her. To be able to carry on his little amour with the greater freedom, he gave the unsuspecting husband an order for some very costly and elaborate goldsmith's work, necessitating one or two journeys to Paris, the expense of which Richard was quite willing to pay. While the husband was away "celle belle Sébille" went "aulcunes fois banqueter et faire la bonne chière en l'ostel du dit duc," so much so that the city began to talk. The duke, for the safety of his lady-love, employed a certain hosier named Mangelat to escort her and watch the streets. Mangelat was in one sense admirably fitted for this office—for he was a stalwart bully, who soon became the terror of all the neighbourhood. Like the German and French police in these days, he suspected a spy or an enemy in

every person he met, and struck and mauled a good many harmless creatures. That caused additional scandal; and as there was no police to maintain peace and order, the neighbours, after complaining a good deal, took the law into their own hand, and one fine night, early in September, turned out in force to lynch Mangelat. Richard had by that time removed to "Haulte Pierre," and there was therefore a considerable distance to cover between his house and the Rue Fournirue. The neighbours were firmly resolved to turn Mangelat into a "corps sans âme." Mangelat, however, managed to elude them. The neighbours then laid their plaint before the Thirteen. Madame Sébille, fearing her husband's wrath, resolutely packed up her clothes and jewels and other belongings, and with them also her husband's money, and transferred herself with these to the "Haulte Pierre." This made matters still worse, especially when Nicolas returned home and set a-clamouring for his money and his wife. Watching for "Blanche Rose," he caught him one day in the Rue Fournirue, and very nearly did for him. On Sunday, the 16th of September, he demonstratively took up his position, fully armed with sword and halberd, at the cathedral door, intending to knock Richard's life out of him in the holy place, and supply an excuse for a "reconciliation service." Richard was warned, and wisely kept out of the way. However, as Nicolas tried to raise a popular tumult, on the ground that an outraged plebeian could obtain no legal redress from the patrician court—"l'aristocratie," says M. des Robert, "fut tout puissante"—the

Thirteen could ignore the case no longer. With some difficulty they persuaded "the duke" to let Madame Sébille go. He agreed to this only on the distinct understanding that Nicolas "ne lui [that is, his wife] ne reprochait en rien sa conduite, ni ne la baitroit, ni ne lui diroit parole qui l'en puist desplaire, si non que leur débast ou huttin vint pour aultre chose." This undertaking having been given—by the Thirteen—Madame Sébille was brought before the court under protection of a strong armed escort, consisting of notable chevaliers. Of course Nicolas would in no wise agree to the terms proposed. And so the Thirteen—it is interesting to learn how these cases were dealt with in those early days—kept his wife in their own charge, lodging her very fitly in the council-room of the "Seven of War," and supplying her with good food and drink at the expense of the town. Thereupon Nicolas, as he could not obtain redress as a citizen of Metz, migrated to Thionville, became a burgess of that town, and then—as he was entitled to do in those days—levied war in person on the man who had wronged him. He bribed "Des Allemans" to waylay and kidnap or kill Richard, just as the two English Henrys had done. Richard, being a little bit frightened, sought refuge in the chateau of Ennery, belonging to Signor Nicolle de Heu. (This fact was promptly reported to Henry.) Here, Vigneulles says, Richard meant to "passer mélancolie et passer son dueil." However, Sébille's "Allemans" found him out, and one day very nearly captured him. So "Blanche Rose" thought it prudent to seek safer quarters. He found them at Toul. Nicolas does not appear to have followed

him so far, nor to have troubled himself much further about his faithless wife. This put the Thirteen in a fix. They had the lady on their hands, and were sorely puzzled what to do with her. Nicolas would not have her, and could not at Thionville be made to take her; and restore her to Richard they in propriety could not. After much deliberation, having detained her a full fortnight at public expense, they solved the knot to their own satisfaction by handing Madame Sébille over to her brother, one Gaudin, a butcher, who was to take care of her. Gaudin gave her in charge to an old woman selling wax candles. Madame Sébille was under strict injunction not to leave the city. But who could expect her to observe that command? Anyhow, one fine morning, pretending that she had a pilgrimage to perform to "St Trotin," she made her way outside the city gates disguised as a *vendangeresse*, with a basket by her side and a sickle in her hand. Outside the walls she was met by friends who at once put her into page's clothes, in which, of course, she marched as straight as she could to Toul, and joined "Blanche Rose," to their mutual delight. Richard had once more "ne dédaigné de risquer un peu de honte contre beaucoup de plaisir." He and his lady-love were now outside the jurisdiction of the Thirteen, and might therefore consider themselves safe. But upon the abettors of the lady's flight the magistrates visited their share in the offence with all the greater rigour. Notwithstanding Richard's earnest interposition, they heavily fined and banished them. Thus ends the story of Richard's amour; for what became of Madame Sébille

afterwards, neither history nor tradition records. She was not allowed to enjoy the company of her knight long; for stirring events were in train, which required his presence elsewhere.

In 1521 a powerful alliance of European States was formed against Francis I., designed to humble the victor of Marignano. It comprised the Emperor, the Pope, the King of England, Florence, Venice, and Genoa. In 1522 England invaded Picardy and Flanders. That put an end to the treaty engagements of 1514, and made Richard's services needful as well as allowable to the French king. Indeed "Blanche Rose" did not wait to be summoned. The State papers and other official publications of that period relate how busy he was plotting against England and Scotland. King Francis took a delight in parading his partiality for the Duke of Albany and the "Duke of Suffolk." He rode in public with one of them on one side and one on the other. He slapped Richard on the back and said in the hearing of the Court: "My Lord of Suffolk, I will set you in England with 40,000 men within few days." He proposed a marriage for Richard with the daughter of the Duke of Holstein, and planned sundry invasions of England which, happily, did not come off. But Richard joined the French army under Guise and Vendôme, and fought against his countrymen in Picardy. There he raised a corps of 2000 men on his own authority, and led this welcome reinforcement to Francis at St Jean de Moustiers. In 1524 he accompanied Albany into Scotland, without, however, doing much hurt. But he greatly frightened Henry's officers. We find Fitz-

william writing to Wolsey, urging him, in face of "this wretched traitor" being in the field, to "hasten over some men to give courage to the Flemings."

Then came the campaign which led to the catastrophe of Pavia. Richard joined the French army at Marseilles, and was, in company with Francis of Lorraine, placed at the head of his old corps the German *lansquenets*, who were delighted to fight under so practised and trusted a leader. They were 6000 at the beginning of the campaign, pitted against a larger number of their own brethren under Frundsberg, in the Emperor's service. On St Matthias' Day, in 1525, the battle of Pavia was fought, which lost Francis his liberty. Francis, as usual, showed no want of dash, but a lamentable lack of prudence. Mistaking the enemy's retreat, under the fire of his guns, for a settled defeat, he sent his infantry after them, placing the bulk of his army between the foe and his own artillery. The allies were not slow to turn this false move to account. Charging back upon their foes, they overwhelmed them with superior numbers. That lost the French the day. Richard's *lansquenets* did their best to retrieve the error. Having knelt down, as their manner was, and thrown dust behind them, they rushed, singing their familiar war-songs, into the fray with an impetus which promised to break the hostile ranks. "Had but the Switzers fought like the *lansquenets*," Francis said after battle, "the day would have been ours." But the odds were too many against them. They were met by their own fellow-*lansquenets*—each side being furious with the other. The German men were wroth at seeing their comrades on the other

side, fighting against their own country—the French at seeing their brother-soldiers desert so faithful an employer as Francis. So no quarter was given on either side. And the French *lansquenets*—they had lost one-fourth of their number before the charge began—being wedged in between a superior force of Germans closing in on either side, were simply crushed as between two millstones. The list of killed was long—and brilliant. Among the slain were the two captains of the *lansquenets*, Francis of Lorraine and Richard de la Pole. The latter had—as a painting preserved in the Ashmolean Museum indicates—died protecting Francis with his sword. He was found buried under "un monceau" of dead enemies against whom he had fought. There was loud rejoicing in the camp of the allies. It was given out that "three kings" had been taken or killed—Francis, the unfortunate King of Navarre, and, "to make up the trinity of kings," says a despatch addressed to Wolsey, "La Rose Blanche, whom they call the King of Scots." Appended to the curious despatch which Frundsberg forwarded to the Emperor, giving a report of the battle—the oldest record extant—is a drawing, showing three crowned knights, fancy portraits of the "kings."

One is prepared to find Henry VIII. ordering a triumph, and congratulating himself upon his happy riddance from a rival who had been more of a thorn in his side than the present generation is probably aware. But it does seem small to read, in the State Papers, of one of Henry's tools begging from Wolsey the king's authority for seizing "some goods of no great amount" that Richard had left at Metz.

The French were far more chivalrous in their treatment of the dead warrior. We read in Camden that "for his singular valour" his very enemy the Duke of Bourbon "honoured his remains with splendid obsequies, and attended in person as one of the chief mourners. Francis expressed his attachment to the fallen, and his indebtedness to him for brilliant services. "La France," says Gaillard, "perdit en lui un allié utile, qui la servit efficacement et sans rien exiger d'elle." Considering that he was an English subject, that may sound questionable praise. But though he may have shown too great willingness to avail himself of the excuse, it should be borne in mind that it was England's kings who first drove him into treason.

The chapter of Metz, grateful for Richard's liberality, passed the following "resolution"—as we should say—founding a mass for the repose of their benefactor's soul: "Aprilis anno Domini 1525 in confictu apud Paviensem civitatem quo tunc Franciscus Gallorum rex per exercitum Romanorum imperatoris captus et Hispaniam captivus ductus extituit, habito, obiit quondam illuster Richardus dux de Suffolk qui domum nostram dictam à la Haute Pierre sibi ante per nos ad vitam locatam obtinens valde somptuose restauravit, unde statuimus nunc anniversarium quotannum Ecclesiâ nostrâ pro salute animæ suæ perpetuo celebrari."

That mass ought, of course, to be read still. However, deans and chapters have as little respect for "pious founders"—though these be their own predecessors—as British Parliaments in democratic days. Consequently, the ecclesiastical function has long since been discontinued.

Apart from Richard's death, Henry did not find himself much of a gainer by the victory of Pavia. He had contributed nothing directly to the battle, and Charles V. accordingly would concede him none of the spoils. On the contrary, grasping monarch that he was, under cover of a marriage-portion to be given to Henry's daughter, he asked for a subsidy of 600,000 ducats. We need not be surprised to find Henry shortly after concluding a treaty with France, which secured him two millions of crowns.

One more notice we have of Richard de la Pole, the last of his race. Describing Pavia, as he found it in 1594, Fynes Moryson says: "Neere that (the castle) is the Church of St Austine; there I did reade this inscription, written in Latin upon another sepulchre:— The French King Francis I. being taken by Cæsar's army neere

Pavia, the 24th of February, in the yeere 1525, among other lords, these were slaine: Francis Duke of Lorayne, Richard de la Pole, Englishman and Duke of Suffolk, banished by his tyrant King Henry VIII. At last Charles Parker of Morley, kinseman of the said Richard, banished out of England for the Catholike faith by Queene Elizabeth, and made Bishop here by the bounty of Philip, King of Spain, did out of his small means erect this monument to him."

This is the last memorial of a life which created not a little stir in its day, and might under more favourable circumstances have been made signally serviceable to Richard's own country. Even that last memorial has probably now disappeared. But still the "White Rose" may fairly claim a place at any rate in the lighter records of English history.

HENRY W. WOLFF.

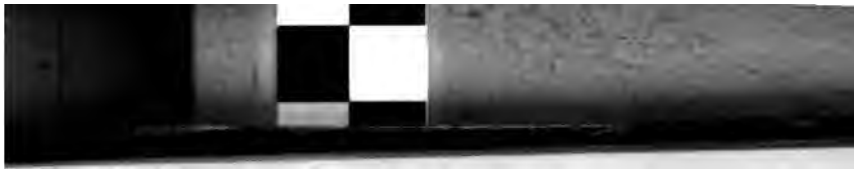
A TROUBLE BEFORE AMERICA.

IF there is any part of the world which appears more suitable than another for solving successfully the problems of modern life, it would seem to be America. There, all the elements are united, out of which a new regulation or a new order of things ought to arise. Colonised in faith and hope, free from the cares of empire or the necessity for alliances, and having a population representing nearly every European nationality, no other country has its way so clear, no other can more easily set itself the task of endeavouring to perfect the happiness of humanity. To the true American, as well as to the immigrant, the possibilities are endless that cluster round the play of unfettered energy. Each sees through the vision of his fancy the power of infinite enjoyment,—that fountain of perpetual youth which the early tradition, believed by the Spaniards, placed in a land of gems and gold. Each is buoyed by the knowledge of almost inexhaustible resources, and of practical security against danger from without.

With all this, however, a feeling of doubt is growing among thoughtful Americans concerning the future of the nation. It is felt that democracy in its truest principle is not fulfilling the expectation of its early years. Its cosmopolitan characteristic—the good of the people—is losing itself in the parochial idea of the good of a particular people according to their voting capacity, and a corresponding selfishness is permeating the mass of society, which must rob the individual of generous instincts. The enthusiastic socialist, bent on the propagation of a new gospel,

has so far taken no account of its narrowing tendency in his dreams for the renovation of the State; but under conditions of moral deterioration, such as presidential elections have latterly made apparent, it is alone sufficient to wreck all schemes of improvement whose foundation is laid on a typical humanity, without any trial being made of their intrinsic value. The greed and covetousness associated with the early discovery of the continent by the foreigner have therefore to be accounted for, as their impress has been left on its expansion side by side with that of the Pilgrim Fathers; and the fabled fountain, which at one time seemed to have been found in the development of the democratic spirit, is still to be sought by every one who desires the happiness of man.

In writing so, it is not, of course, denied that the progress of the world has been accelerated by the influence of the United States, which consolidated freedom and taught the way to wealth by throwing to the winds every vestige of “ancient prejudice”; but the lever that accomplished these results was education, and the early advantage derived from its adoption is now no longer exclusively retained. The increase of wealth, nevertheless, which remains the chief feature of the gain, cannot be taken as the gauge of progress, though it is commonly accepted as evidence; for although its distribution is greater than at any other time, thereby enabling vast numbers to enjoy a large material happiness, its whole drift, except in the British Isles, runs in the direction of the creation of monopolies: and



so long as this is the case, the interests of the many must be sacrificed to those of the few. The fight for freedom in America, the rebellion against dictation, after destroying all obstacles to that improvement of the race which is now a reality, has thus lost its prime significance in the modern unfolding of events. The selfishness of the nation in upholding a system of Protection, greatly accentuated by the M'Kinley tariff, is beginning to be reflected in the selfishness of the individual seeking a special good. Were it not actually in existence, the political philosopher would naturally look for its effect on private action, wherever a public policy is based on exclusivism, and expect to see produced internally a disposition of affairs parallel to what exists externally. So that a democracy, of all forms of government, which cultivates nationally its own peculiar interests to the neglect of the welfare of humanity, must run the risk of its local affairs standing in the same relation to its general attitude as this stands towards the world. In the falseness of its position it is a community of stagnation, no matter how great the prosperity of the surface may seem, and sooner or later will reap what it has sown. Already the vigour and freshness of youth, at one period so captivating to outsiders, has been lost in the premature arrival of a middle-age of labour problems. The America of to-day holds out no helping ideas to solve the higher questions of life. Its democracy appears to be content with its greatest achievement—the victory of self-government; and having provided a vote for every one at the attainment of manhood, has retired from the contest with an air of repose. It

cannot, however, rest satisfied here, as the winning of independence was the realisation of a hope long cherished in England. The right, too, on which self-government has been based—the reason and the probity of the individual—must be exercised to the full to make progress a fact; and this is not accomplished by the casting of a vote. A responsibility not to be forgotten attaches to the voter, requiring at his hands the consideration of the interests of the nation over and above all political machines. He must subordinate individual good to national gain; and where this is not a primary object, an end will be made to healthy advance. The Protective tariff that shuts off foreign competition with the cry of America for Americans, forces the cultivation of the one-sided view. The consequences, accordingly, are visible in a reawakened spirit of sectarianism; and although the modern tendency of Congress is toward assuming the powers of a national council like Westminster, this is more the outcome of a wish to speak with authority than the natural flow of opinion to find a centre at Washington.

If, therefore, American democracy is not to belie the songs of the poets of the first years of the century, who welcomed its birth as the downfall of tyranny, it must restudy the history of its early foundation. Its future must be devoted to emancipating the mind of the public from the pursuit of dividends, by giving a check to those monopolies of trade that are building up a greater despotism than the mercantile system, the origin of the American rebellion. If it is not to turn in upon itself like animal intelligence, with the fulfilment of the original ob-

ject of its existence, but is to be creative and progressive, it will be necessary to destroy individual selfishness by widening the area of competition,—in opening all ports to the business of the nations, and freely accepting their goods. Even now it is evident, through the unequal diffusion of wealth, notwithstanding a broad average of gain hitherto unparalleled, that the rich are growing richer, and the poor poorer. An oligarchy of the one rules a democracy of the other. At the present rate of procedure, and under the same fiscal system, it cannot be very long before a line of demarcation will appear between the two, and a return set in toward the social state of ancient Rome. No other cause than the forcing of commerce into unnatural channels, seems adequate to explain the growing congestion; for only an eighth of the arable land is estimated to be under cultivation, no want of enterprise is shown by the people, nor are there any internal checks on mercantile transactions; while in Great Britain the late Trade Commission made clear that remuneration was almost even between capital and work. Cobden discovered long ago it was the interest of every country to arrange its finances on the freest basis, so that imported articles might enter into consumption at the cheapest price. The Americans, however, hold an opposite opinion, and have heavily handicapped in foreign markets not only their farmers, but their manufacturers, by the duties they levy on the introduction of raw materials. They broke the shackles of social despotism, but permitted the politicians to reforge them under the guise of domestic welfare, and while glorying in the delusion of an expression called "republican

freedom," cling to class legislation of the worst description. The ancient boast of what democracy would do for the United States and for the world has consequently become at the moment a little vain. The political liberation of the individual, the great increase of material comfort, has not been followed up by a period of natural freedom, which would have carried the new conditions on into a new era of progress, but with enormous possibilities lying at the hand of every one, has been succeeded by years of arrest—so far as the continuous amelioration of the lot of the wage-earner is concerned—that has created a false position, and enslaved the population as a whole, until with the rise of artificial liberty there are signs of national trouble in the ballot-box.

That the adoption of Protection has increased the spirit of selfishness, is evident not alone in the United States. We see it everywhere in the national desire to benefit at some other nation's expense, as if such a thing had never been shown to be impossible, by the laws of political economy. In America, however, this spirit is beginning to make itself felt to such an extent, that the people are becoming vaguely conscious, by the load of taxation they are compelled to bear, of the necessity for tariff reform. Unfortunately for themselves, it fell to the lot of the republican party to endeavour to effect this end by promising a happy time to every one, and, *per contra*, a bad time to the rest of mankind through the notorious M'Kinley bill. No measure could more clearly demonstrate the blindness which has fallen on political Americans, owing to the cultivation of selfishness, than the passing of this Act

into law; and it is undoubtedly a satisfactory thing that the recent elections have proved the nation at large to be more or less aware of the fact. Still, the consequences arising internally out of national self-aggrandisement are seen at the bottom of nearly every great question. Witness the action of President Cleveland, in rejecting the treaty negotiated by Mr Chamberlain and Sir C. Tupper, which was reported to the Senate as fair and equitable; and the protracted negotiations over the right of fishing in Behring Sea, which has led Mr Blaine to trifle with the peculiarly American idea of arbitration. Both of these results can be traced very clearly, as is generally believed, to the wish of securing a party triumph, and yet in both the welfare of the country was overlooked; for it cannot be to the universal good that strained relations should exist between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Not so very long ago there was published at New York a small book called 'Our Country,' which, although written from a theological standpoint, enjoyed, and still enjoys, a wide circulation. It drew the attention of Americans to the internal dangers menacing the Republic, and struck a true note on the coming supremacy of the West. It is granted by every one that the builders of America were men of deep conviction, and that the foundations of democracy were firmly laid. As their task proceeded, a unity of purpose grew up which embraced the immigrants flying from European tyranny, and who, according to Bancroft, "renounced their nationality to claim the rights of Englishmen." With the achievement of independence, however, and the cessation of all dread of outside interference, local interests

rose in prominence till the civil war became necessary to reassert harmony of action. Since then the material progress of the country has been so abnormal, so stimulated by the Protective spirit, that internal matters have been overlooked, and, as a natural result, are once more coming to the front. They have taken their colouring from the policy of the States, which, as we have said, has pursued a course of selfishness towards the commerce of the world, but in particular to that of the United Kingdom, and are now so far developed as to render it almost certain a real source of danger is at hand. The "typical immigrant," as the author of 'Our Country' remarks, "is a European peasant whose horizon has been narrow, . . . and whose ideas of life are low." He has migrated to such an extent, that there is now a large population of foreign extraction; but instead of its being the means of concentrating experience, it furnishes the greatest percentage of crime. Whole colonies of these immigrants annually go West, where, in defiance of the example of their wiser predecessors, they retain their nationalities and free themselves from American influences. Already at Chicago, we are told, the great majority of the people are foreign by birth or parentage; and even in the city of New York, if all foreigners qualified themselves for the franchise, they could easily outvote the real Americans; while numbers scattered over the country "are apparently under the impression that the ten commandments are not binding west of the Missouri." In the course of a few years, almost at present within view, as the centre of population advances, the West must dominate the East, must "elect

the executive and control legislation"; for under manhood suffrage every man has an equal voting value. It is of little moment that the population of American-born persons of American parentage may be nearly two-thirds of the whole; for the American franchise has been so easily obtained, sufficient time has not elapsed to allow of the absorption by the Anglo-Saxon American of the heterogeneous Europeans who, until that occurs, cannot be termed Americans in the sense the original owners of the country understand. The significance of all this has been so thoroughly grasped, that a new party is said to have been formed some time ago, "to uphold American ideas of law, order, and education," but into which no foreigner is admitted. What, then, is in the future for the American people, as viewed through the light of the present tendency?

The authors of the tariff are the capitalists of the East, who, having had so far the voting power in their hands, have been able to maintain exorbitant duties for their own benefit. The West was opened up at a ridiculous expense, the rate on pig-iron, an article which most directly affects the farmer, as it is the basis from which all his tools are made, has been at about \$7, or 30s. a ton. A high cost of production had therefore to be and still is supported, which, as already declared, places the Western wheat-grower in difficulties that have risen out of the competition of other nations, until it is almost a matter of existence to be able to produce cheaper. He is forced, however, by the tariff to supply his wants through the Eastern manufacturer, who cannot allow duties to be effectively reduced without being satis-

fied to work in the light of competition at the minimum of profit, a thing he has not even brought himself to think about. The M'Kinley bill shows, too, he will not allow them to be reduced. There is therefore to be seen, in the difference between the interests of the East and the West, all the elements of political discord and disruption, so that when Congress is controlled by the West, a reversal of the policy of the East may be expected. It is true a portion of the West has lately favoured the tariff, but it was only a part of the political game, which will disappear as the centre of power is transferred, and the inhabitants understand that development has been made at their expense, most notably in the matter of railway extension through the former monstrous price of steel rails. When this reversal takes place it can only lead to furious dissension, and the world will see enacted over again the spectacle of an assault on vested interests. The peril of the position will then attain its height, and all will depend on the temper of the people; but the drift of things to-day does not augur well.

The folly of endeavouring to reconcile by Protection the wants of the New World is thus painfully apparent, and the false stimulation of industry for a selfish end is working on to its natural conclusion, till presidential messages to Congress call for such changes as will prevent "financial disturbance," or the formation of "schemes of public plunder." It is a curious commentary, however, upon the history of manhood suffrage, to observe how basely it has been used to subserve private interests to the detriment of the nation's, and what a capable instrument of mischief it may be-

come when worked by a selfish democracy ; while having once gone persistently wrong on a fundamental question, it cannot recover itself without giving rise to a period of even unpremeditated retaliation. As it enables the East to maintain a tariff for its sole benefit, it will hereafter be necessary for the West, by the same power, to destroy that tariff and kill off the high-priced raw material which is injurious to its development. Monopolies, cultivated by a free democracy, will meet with their reward, but the democracy that encourages them, is more imbued with the spirit of the early Spaniard than with that of the Pilgrim Father. In the end, the sufferer through it all will be the Eastern working man, who upholds the present system in the belief it is his interest to do so ; for when capital has retired from the condition it now occupies, as it certainly will do with the first breath of adversity, the artisan will be thrown on his resources. He does not see he is the tool of the capitalist unless the question is one of wages, and that the farmer will sacrifice him remorselessly for the profits he has taken out of the West. His notion of success is centred in himself, the advancement of his town or state, while the country at large is a geographical expression. The situation, however, having been created through the ballot-box, unity must suffer in the first instance as Protection is the father of provincialisms, and these will be called into play from the habit, long fostered, of dwelling on local considerations. Here, then, is the heart of the matter. Ignorance and selfishness—the characteristics as we are told of a great part of the immigrant population, who we must not forget are mainly respon-

sible for the increase of crime—will add to the confusion of the moment, and these foreign Americans, still cherishing the traditions and the language of their native homes, will snatch at the opportunity to obtain some advantage for their communities. The stupidity of having permitted European nationalities to retain their separate existences will be acknowledged when too late to be easily remedied — the recent Italian troubles at New Orleans being a painful example ; while the other interests, social and religious, will also strive for the mastery by endeavouring to guide the reins of government through the power of possessing the casting vote in Congress. In the general disorder that must everywhere follow, in the struggles for local ascendancy, the ultimate danger will be that of a federal nature, till, with the exasperation of strife, party spirit will break loose and temporarily pass beyond control, so that it would not be surprising if history should repeat itself and attempts were made to form small independent centres. Thus in a free state, selfishness, symbolised by Protection, turns on the heads of its worshippers. Without doubt the Anglo-Saxon may be trusted to secure his own salvation, as his instincts are those of a conqueror ; but at the commencement he must be the chief loser from the liberty that owes its origin to him, which he alone knows how to use with moderation, and that for the want of its natural expansion has reacted on himself to his great disadvantage. When, however, he finally reasserts his principles and levels up democracy again to the point of progress, the result, it is to be feared, will only have been arrived at over misery and bloodshed, though with his victory

would come that of Free Trade, and at the same time a true idea of unity.

In the present day we hear a great deal of the perfection of humanity, but little of that spirit of unselfishness which is the keynote of the Christian republic. The world, while full of experience, has hardly got beyond, in many respects, its primitive condition; for though the stronger has ceased to make war upon the weaker, in the literal meaning of the term, he subjects him to its equivalent in an industrial bondage which saps out existence by hopeless despair. Whatever may be the military requisites of Europe, on which a justification of Protection is partially based, there is no reason why the tariff should be maintained in America, save the impossibility of reducing it without creating dissatisfaction, and, in some respects, disaster among the manufacturing classes. The evil, however, is working to the point when the heroic remedy must of necessity be soon applied or not at all. Nor, in expressing this, are we without an historical parallel, as may be seen in the secular history of the Jews just prior to the commencement of the Christian era. The nation at the epoch was as full of intelligence as the America of to-day, and the people were, according to Dr Geikie, looking forward to a future "as gross as Mahomet's paradise." They were thirsting in the same way as nations still are, for all the blessings of material gain, to obtain which the fulfilment of the law was the ideal aim. This spiritual protection, which isolated them from the rest of mankind by drawing round Palestine a barrier as effectual as a modern tariff, was a base corruption of the Mosaic institutions, and created a spirit of hate that

"embittered even private life." Not only did they hate and injure one another, but "all alike hated whole classes of their own nation and the whole heathen races." Ancient exclusivism, adopted for the sake of worldly dominion and prosperity, became the means of annihilating a race, and, whatever way we may look at it, the most important race of antiquity. Under the new conditions of modern progress the very same state of affairs is thus working up again, without, however, an atom of spirituality as a redeeming feature, and called by the name of "patriotism." America, the nineteenth century "land of promise," has consequently before her eyes the warning of the past; but where, in the recurrence of the world to heathen ideals, and worse, in its denial of God—for at least the belief in the gods was the making of Greece and Rome—will arise the Spirit that rescued mankind from the chaos of their own forming, and inaugurated a bond of union known by the name of "love"?

It is by no means, therefore, with a selfish view that the British people advocate the extension of free exchange. It is the only thing that can reconcile the interests of humanity all over the world, by distributing the inhabitants at the places most suitable for their support, and thus deciding the position of each individual in life on the basis of an unfettered competition. In the chaining up of competition by Protection lies the secret of half the industrial troubles, as over-production in the modern sense could not otherwise take place, but would be limited by the natural operation of the laws of Free Trade, when the interests of the farmer and the artisan would remain identical.

With the destruction of Protec-

tion, therefore, in America, the condition of that country will be radically changed; and there cannot be a doubt that when it occurs, a genuine impulse must be given, not only to the wellbeing of the people, but to the wellbeing of all peoples. The reason of the success so far of democracy, lies in the fact that it promotes the greatest good of the greatest number; but this cardinal principle is being forgotten in America, and outside of the British Isles or in portions of the empire has only a semi-existence. The foolishness of stimulating production in the United States and excluding the competition of the world, is seen in the inability to lighten taxation by reducing the annual surplus, which curtails the operations of business by causing a constant flow of currency to the Treasury. The surplus is thus "a rock of offence" to every one engaged in agriculture and commerce, and cannot be maintained to benefit the manufacturer. Already the farmers' alliances are multiplying in every direction, all breathing bitter sectarianism and full of economical fads for the begetting of a money millennium. There are, accordingly, some hard times before democracy in the United States; but the strangest thing connected with it is the deliberate manner Americans have worked up trouble for themselves in the very spirit of

that Navigation Act they once so fiercely denounced. If, in the land of its early development, democracy can make no advance on the victory of the rights of man, its day is done there, great and splendid as its service has been. The people of the United Kingdom have improved upon it by the addition to its triumph, so far as they are concerned, of free exchange, and the hopes of the working men of all nations must henceforth rest exclusively on the unfolding of British genius. It may be that owing to forgetfulness of her duty towards humanity, America is at the length of her tether for the present, that the impetus derived from the founders can carry her no further. She has walked on the path marked out by her early history, gathering wealth at every step, trusting to a rapidly developing continent, and glorying in the selfishness of the moment, but without the guidance of the wise men when the way was uncertain; and as a consequence, if no halt is made, if the route is not retraced, all the magnificent possibilities before the New World may be closed indefinitely by the reaction of that very self-confidence which opened them up. This would be a great disappointment for the Americans themselves, and a sad ending to their own expectations.

WARNEFORD MOFFATT.

JEWISH COLONIES IN PALESTINE.

THE progress of the East is so slow as compared with that of the West, and the survival of ancient things is so marked, when the European leaves the railways of Europe for the baggage-mules of the Levant, that the new-comer is tempted to suppose that the condition of the countries east of the Mediterranean is immutable, and will so remain while the Turkish empire endures. Yet within the last twenty years great changes have come over Syria and Palestine, and the course of events in Cyprus and Egypt has not been without its effect on the neighbouring shores. Yet greater changes are actually now commencing to be made, and may perhaps result in the realisation of what seemed mere dreams only a dozen years ago.

When, after the bombardment of Acre in 1840, the power of the Sultan was re-established in Syria, with the aid of the British fleet, the Turkish Government was called upon to rule a region which had long been accustomed to semi-independence, under various native families dwelling at the different "seats" throughout the country. The real power of the Pashas was at first small, but gradually increased; and the turbulent hill population of the Samaritan region was finally reduced to submission, through the cruel severity of the Kurdish governors. Great numbers of the peasantry were hanged. The old faction-fights of the Keis and Yemini, and of the small local factions which existed in the cities and even in the villages, were repressed, and the taxes were farmed out, and collected by the aid of a mounted force. But twenty years ago the power of the Sultan, in the

regions beyond the Jordan, was still nominal; and yet more recently the provincial governor, setting forth to levy tribute from the Beni Sakhr, has been glad to return even with the loss of all his clothing.

The use of repeating-rifles, with which the Turkish mounted police were armed, soon, however, changed this condition of lawlessness to one of law, as the Turks understand the word. The nomads, first driven from the western plains, were afterwards controlled with increasing success, by the governor whose seat is at the town of Es Salt in Gilead. The power of the true Arabs has year by year decreased on the eastern borders of Syria, and has become extinct west of the Jordan; the power of the Turks has constantly waxed stronger, so that at the present time independence has almost ceased to exist within the borders of the Syrian provinces. The massacres of 1860 at Damascus also led to very important changes in the Lebanon region. The Maronites, under an equitable government, have multiplied and prospered; and their enemies the Druzes, gradually deserting the Lebanon, are now mainly settled on Mount Hermon, and in the broad plains of Bashan. They are among the most independent and turbulent of the Sultan's subjects in this region; but are held in check by means of military forts, established by the Damascus Government for that object.

The exploration of the country, and the numerous publications to which it gave rise, have also had their effect in the great increase of the annual visitors, who now descend on Palestine in armies at Easter-time, and whose travels

are now rather more widely extended than of old, though few comparatively have followed the example of our royal Princes, who, in 1882, visited the greater part of the central region beyond the Jordan. This familiarity with Western customs and wants has wrought considerable change in the manners of the peasantry in many regions; and although the change is in some respects not for the better, it seems that the old fanaticism of the Moslems in the mountain regions has been in great degree extinguished, at least as far as outward manner is concerned. The changes are, however, not merely in floating population, or in peasant manners, for the actual residents in Palestine are becoming more numerous, and are increased chiefly from foreign sources. The German colonies, which have now been established for twenty-two years at Jaffa, Haifa, and Jerusalem, have spread, and introduced a European element into the country. The increased power and wealth of individual Jews has led to the purchase of land, in which Jewish capital has been sunk, and has encouraged other Jews to enter the country.

This influx of Jewish population, which has now been going on with increasing rapidity for about a dozen years, has, during that time, been mainly due to the oppression of the race in Russia. The recent severe edicts which have excluded the Jews from Moscow, forcing them to sell even their synagogues and to fly for their lives, have quite recently given a new and very urgent impulse to the question as to Jewish colonisation in Palestine—an impulse from within, not from without, which is for that reason more likely to lead to practical results. Should this movement continue to

grow in favour, and to attract the influence and capital of Jewish leaders of weight, we may perhaps be destined to witness a very remarkable historic event—the return of the Jews to their native land—and a change in the condition of Palestine without precedent in modern times. It is proposed here briefly to consider the feasibility and the desirability of such a movement, its chances of success, and the difficulties to be overcome; and to consider also the recent events within the country—such as the construction of railways, and changes of laws which created disabilities for foreigners anxious to settle in the Turkish dominions—which tend to remove difficulties, and to render the result in question more probable.

The recent outcry against the Jews on the Continent was one of the main reasons why the project of a return to Palestine began to be entertained by their leaders. This has been intensified by the recent action of the Governor of Moscow. The Jews are perhaps the best organised of civilised people, and recognise, more completely than any other race, the duty of providing for those among them who are poor and unfortunate; but the strain on their resources has suddenly become very heavy. It is said that 15,000 poor or destitute Jews have arrived in England within six months, and an equally large influx is impending. The laws now being enforced in Russia may lead to the displacement of something like a million of Russian subjects—Jews by race and by religion; and the question therefore becomes imperious, Where are they to go? and what are they to do if the conditions of existence in Russia itself are rendered insupportable? To answer this we must first know what class of

Jews we have to deal with, and what they are able to do; and may also ask what are the reasons why such severity is now being shown towards them, not only in Russia, but also to some extent in Germany, France, and Austria? Nay, even in Britain it has been proposed to introduce some regulations which may stay the influx of such foreign destitute immigrants from the East.

It is usually said that the hatred and persecution of the Jews have always been due to religious antipathies, to the exclusiveness of the Jews themselves, and to their oppression of those from whom they have exacted usury. They have been called a parasitic nation; but, if we may judge from their distribution, such parasitic life is due—like all other parasitic life—to the indolence and unhealthiness of those on whom they live. Mankind is apt to lay its sins on the shoulders of others, and to reproach others with the natural results of its own actions. A very slight acquaintance with the history of the Jews, and with their present distribution, suffices to show the justice of this view. The prejudice against Jews dates much earlier than the times when Christians of the middle ages reproached them with the death of the Christ. Tacitus writes with a bitterness against them which is only equalled by the contempt and dislike expressed by the Roman poets, who describe the Jewish hucksters, and money-lenders, and impostors who infested the capital of the world. Claudius expelled the Jews from Rome some twenty years before they were persecuted by Nero, in times when Jews and Christians were little distinguished in the eyes of the Roman Government; but such measures had little effect, and Jews and Jewesses rose to the

highest positions of power in the empire before the destruction of Jerusalem, and after its fall. The Roman antipathy to the Jews had little or no religious reason, and other causes must therefore be sought in this case, causes which no doubt were in operation later as well.

In the early times of Norman persecution religious reasons were often brought forward as the excuse. The well-known story of the Jews of York, who were believed to have entrapped a Christian boy to slay him in connection with the Passover rite, represents a cry which has now for some eighteen centuries been raised, from time to time, in every country where the Jews abode. It is still raised almost every year, not only in Asia but even in Europe. Yet the Jews are not the only people against whom this horrid accusation has been made. The Romans accused the Christians of devouring babes. Fathers of the Church like Cyril accused the Gnostic heretics of "chopping up wretched little children" in their mysteries. The Church of Rome brought the same accusation against the Templars, and there is no more reason why we should credit this ancient calumny in one case than in another. It is to the credit of the Turks that, by special decree, such statements against Jewish subjects of the Porte have been declared to be calumnious.

But while these and other accusations served to stir up the evil feelings of the superstitious and ignorant, there were other more real causes at work. The Norman nobles were not deterred by religious objections from borrowing money of the Hebrew. Costly suits of armour, and every kind of oriental produce, were bought, and had to be paid for: lands were

mortgaged; and in the time when the Normans set out to conquer Southern Italy and Sicily, when their success led men to think of other conquests east of the Mediterranean, it can hardly be doubted that the feudal nobles were in considerable monetary difficulties, and found the persecution of the Jews preferable to the payment of their debts, or of the interest on their loans.

When Palestine became a Norman kingdom, they were careful to exclude from it a class which they dreaded; and although money still was borrowed at usurious interest, to support the ruinous expenses of war and feudal service, it was borrowed from the Armenians, Greeks, and Templars. The Jews were in a very flourishing condition in non-Christian regions of the Levant in the twelfth century; but Benjamin of Tudela, who found them independent at Palmyra, and highly esteemed by the Sultans of Damascus and Baghdad—nay, even ruling kingdoms near the Caucasus—met with only a few poor families of Jewish dyers and glass-makers in Palestine.

In our own times the Jew is most hated in those countries where, by superior energy, enterprise, and organisation, he has monopolised to a great extent the trade and financial business of the land. In Russia, the people, as a whole, can hardly be regarded as progressive, or eager to work; the Mujik's heaven is a state of peaceful and not too sober idleness; his simplicity and his laziness lead him to turn a willing ear to the Jew, who proposes to lend him money, to save him trouble, and to bring to his door things which he will not go to fetch for himself, and sometimes cannot so obtain. The day of reckoning is

forgotten, and when it comes the wrath of the Mujik is easily roused. Contrast with this condition of affairs, which prevails not only in Russia, but wherever an inert and unprogressive people come in contact with a large Jewish population, the case of Scotland, where the people are thrifty, hard-working, of good understanding, and "canny," and where it is said the Jew finds it hard to prosper. No man is obliged to borrow at high interest if he does not live beyond his means; but when he is called to pay his bond, it is no answer to accuse his creditor of slaying babes at the Passover.

The Jew in Russia is also accused of being a dangerous Nihilist with revolutionary opinions. We may, however, be allowed largely to discount such a description, when, on the one hand, we remember what are considered revolutionary opinions in Russia, and how often they are in other lands looked upon as very moderately progressive; and when, on the other, we remember that one of the chief accusations against Jews has been that of obstinate conservatism in retaining their laws, their creed, their customs, their isolated organisation, and their peculiar dialects. The Jewish character is conservative rather than revolutionary, and the authority of their own leaders is usually respected and obeyed.

The Jew, in fact, holds to the more backward nations of Europe somewhat the position that the boy who is unpopular, and who will work, in spite of all that is done to distract him, holds at a school. It is clear that this unpopular boy will gain the prizes; that he will raise the standard of work; and that, if extreme measures be not taken, it will become impossible both to neglect work and also to maintain an average position.

Therefore the unpopular boy has a bad time of it, and the more he perseveres in working the worse it is for him. In every country where there is money to be made by being early in the field, by enterprise, and by business capacity, the Jew appears. The diamond-buyers, whose shops in Kimberley bear Hebrew names all along the street, the gold merchants of the Transvaal, and many other Jewish colonies of merchants, attest the readiness of the Jew to venture on new fields. When the British expedition went up, in 1884, into Bechuanaland, the Boers along the route shut their doors. The Jewish contractor appeared at once on the scene, supplying all that was wanted at a fair price, and bringing to the columns every sort of delicacy or comfort that could be bought cheap and easily carried. At Vrijburg, where half-a-dozen brick cottages represented a Boer capital, there sprang up in six months a town of iron houses, with a hotel having excellent billiard-rooms, and a French cook. All this change was due to Jewish enterprise, and all was intended merely to supply a passing want, for it was foreseen that the recall of the troops would leave hotel and billiard-rooms without a customer.

The successes which have thus been continually gained by Jews, sometimes by fair means, and sometimes by taking unfair advantage of the necessities of others, have however been mainly in trade and finance. It is generally doubted whether the Jew will put his hand to the plough, since he appears rather to prefer to buy the crop which others raise. The success of an agricultural colony consisting entirely of Jews has often been doubted; and if such a colony is to succeed, it can only be because the colonists are

carefully chosen, and are fitted and willing to lead an agricultural life. That which makes the present movement of practical interest is the determination expressed by the Jews themselves to found agricultural colonies, and their assertion that colonists skilled in agriculture are to be found among those whom they propose to send out. For this reason it is of real interest to consider what their success is likely to be.

When Nehemiah came to Jerusalem he found grievous complaints against the Jews, that they had become mortgagees of the peasant lands; but it must be remembered that the class that returned with Ezra was not an agricultural class—the Babylonians had left the vine-dressers and tillers of the soil in their own country when they took away captive the priests, princes, and merchants of Judah; and it is notable, from cruciform tablets of sales, that the Jews were trading in Babylon, in land, slaves, and houses, even during their captivity and in later times. In the same way the Jews who about 1880 fled to Palestine, and invaded Jerusalem, made a living by becoming middlemen between the peasants and their customers in the cities. Half a century ago it is said that there were not above 8000 Jews in Palestine: at the present moment their numbers are reckoned as not less than 100,000, of whom some 15,000 are settled in or close to Jerusalem, representing nearly half of the present population of the town. Most of the new-comers arrived in a state bordering on destitution; but have in a few years so increased their means as to be able to buy land and found building clubs, which have raised long



streets of houses where there was once nothing but rock to be seen. The arrangement for inhabiting such houses is curious, since the contributors drew lots among themselves for the first tenancy. It is now stated in the Jewish press that the erection of 4000 houses is contemplated along the southern road which leads to Bethlehem. The main difficulty in such building is the water-supply; for Jerusalem possesses only one very indifferent spring, and its inhabitants are mainly dependent on rain-water cisterns. This is a very ancient question, and one which in Pilate's time the Romans solved by making two long aqueducts from the springs of Etam and from other fountains south of Bethlehem; but these have been allowed to fall into ruins—the lower one only from time to time, when mended, bringing water to the Temple enclosure, while the upper channel has been entirely deserted. An English company has, however, of late proposed to remedy this defect—although it may be doubted if the available supplies will be sufficient for a largely increased population.

In addition to these purely Jewish settlements, efforts have been made by the Missions to assist the Jews by a special fund, which was intended to found a colony in the low hills west of the city at Artuf. The choice of a site cannot be considered very judicious, since the villages in the valleys suffer much from fever in autumn. Nevertheless, an agricultural centre has actually been founded, and many of the destitute emigrants were thus drawn away from the overcrowded capital. It does not, however, appear that any large proportion of the Jews so assisted by Christian Missions have as yet embraced Christianity; and the

action of the Mission is regarded with much sorrow by their co-religionists in England, and has had the effect of stirring up many to assist their brethren in the East, rather than leave them to the charity of the Gentiles.

The method whereby these destitute immigrants made their remarkable advance is characteristic and simple. They offered themselves as intermediaries and capitalists, though possessing very little cash. They met the peasants, who were bringing their produce to the capital, at some distance from the gates, and purchased all their stock. The peasants were both willing so to save the loss of time and the uncertainty belonging to a sale in the crowded markets, and were also very willing to shorten their day's journey by several miles. But the Jew did not pay in cash but in small promissory-notes, which they had agreed to accept between themselves. By this means the peasant was forced, if he accepted the Jew's offer, either to resell his notes at a discount, or to deal solely with Jewish sellers. These notes were pronounced illegal by the Government, and their withdrawal was ordered. The Jews refused to accept them save at a very large discount: the loss fell on the peasantry, and the consequence was that they very soon reappeared in the market. When by these means the Jewish middleman has made a considerable profit, there is no doubt that some will undersell their fellows by offering cash to the peasants; but meantime the city population falls into the hands of Jewish traders, who hold the food-supply in their power; and the increase of prices, and the coercion thus made practicable, cannot be said to have made the Jews popular with the more primitive population, by whom

such sudden changes from ancient methods were entirely unforeseen.

It is on the same principles that the newly arrived Jews proceed in other countries. They are willing to work hard for long hours and very small pay, and to live in a manner entirely impossible, or at least most distasteful, to the working classes with which they compete. The result is a "sweating" of Jews by Jews, which has terribly reduced the wages of our towns, and increased our Jewish population to an unprecedented extent. The proposed remedy is the exclusion—partial or complete—of such immigrants in the future; but we may well doubt if such a remedy is likely to be applied, or would be very efficacious if an attempt to enforce it were made. It is contrary to the best traditions of the country to deny asylum to any who are driven out of other lands, and especially so when the new-comers are able and willing to work for bread. It is by such free admission that much of our prosperity has been built up. Iberians, Celts, Saxons, Norsemen, and Normans, have followed each other to England from the Continent, and we have the blood of all of them in our veins; but, in addition to these, England has ever been open to the oppressed or the adventurous from all parts of the world, and not least to the Jews. Had we excluded the Huguenots whom France expelled, we should have never developed some of the industries they taught us. Had the Saxon element alone prevailed, the advance of England in the general progress of civilisation would certainly have been delayed by the sluggish temperament which we note in the South African Boer, who is a blood-relation of the Saxon.

On the other hand, the Jew is

too clever to be restrained by preventive laws, except when enforced with ruthless severity. However often expelled, he finds his way back to countries where there is something to gain. The names borne by Hebrew families are evidence of the concealment of nationality which became necessary in the middle ages in consequence of penal enactments. Under the assumed names, which were either translations or phonetic equivalents for their real ones, the Jews passed as natives of the country in which they dwelt, being much assisted by their facility in learning languages. In short, the energy and genius of this most remarkable people has in all times of modern history enabled them to triumph over the various obstacles which Churches and Governments have placed in their way.

If, then, the Jew is determined to come to England, it is next to impossible to close the door. Men may, however, be led when they cannot be driven. It is better to point to some other preferable alternative, and to convince the Jewish leaders of opinion that a cheaper and more effective method exists in dealing with the present emergency, one which is thoroughly in harmony with the aspirations of the race, and which at the same time is more likely to be profitable, both to those who are now in trouble, and also to those who feel it a duty to assist them.

Suggestions from without are not likely to be received with enthusiasm by a proud and able race which has devoted all its energies to the question of securing the interests of the "ancient people," as they delight to call themselves. Suspicion as to motives is at once aroused, and the Jew sees the attempt to prose-



lytise hidden under a humanitarian cloak, or partially avowed as an ultimate result to be gained. But the present movement is from within, and it has consequently stirred an enthusiasm during the past year which seems to increase rather than to diminish. The *Chovevey Sion* association is intended to unite the "friends of Sion" in a powerful organisation, having for its object the agricultural colonisation of Palestine by Jews expelled from Russia and from Europe; and it already numbers among its leaders several well-known men of influence and wealth. Its affiliated local centres are widely spread, and the number of its adherents is increasing from hundreds to thousands. In spite of the difficulties to be encountered—and in what scheme will no difficulties be found?—it appears destined to affect the fortunes of Palestine, and to make a remarkable change in the distribution, and in the status, of the Jewish race.

The advantages which such a scheme presents are obvious. The Jew of Russia and of the East is very different from the civilised Jew of the West. He has not attained to either the education or the refinement of his more favoured brethren, and he is an Oriental, not a European. For this reason he is better fitted at the present time for oriental life, and for the conditions which prevail in Eastern countries. Moreover, the journey from Russia to Palestine is short and inexpensive, as compared with the task of crossing Europe to reach England. The country is almost next door to the home from which, in Austria or at Moscow, he is likely to be expelled. The question remains, Will he be allowed to return to the land of his fathers? and

will he be able to live there in peace and in prosperity when he gains admission?

From a political point of view, no real objection can be urged, save on the part of the Russians, who are taking energetic action to bring about a result which has already been prejudicial to their interests, and which in the end may be yet more damaging. The Jews are a peace-loving people, and all their interests are bound up in peace, and in the commerce which so much depends on tranquillity. The persecution of Jews has already rendered abortive the recent Russian attempt to raise money, which may be suspected to be mainly useful for warlike purposes. Public opinion is too strong among the Jews to be disregarded by even the most wealthy and powerful among their great capitalists. No great Hebrew banker can assist a people who are active in ruining Hebrew commerce. On the other hand, the Sultan might expect to find useful allies among those who cannot but nourish for many years a bitter resentment against their persecutors. A Jewish population in Palestine would rank on the side of their hosts, were they received with open arms; and would represent a much more powerful interest than do the Circassians, to whom the Sultan has already given shelter, settling them in the Jaulan plains, south of Mount Hermon. It may be that such an argument may not appeal to the Khalif, who, as the head of Islam, must see with suspicion the increasing power of his non-Moslem subjects; but surely the presence of the Jewish ally is better than the future approach of the Greek Christian enemy. The Moslem population does not increase in Syria: the country is empty, com-

pared with its capability of supporting a population ; and appears to be a prey already within the grasp of Russian armies from the East, whenever the signal is given.

To England such a change would be certainly beneficial. It would prevent the dreaded influx of hungry foreigners, and it would establish on the eastern shores of the Mediterranean a population friendly to ourselves, since no other country has treated the Jew with greater justice and consideration than has Great Britain. For such reasons the Jewish proposals should therefore be acceptable to the whole of Europe, with the exception of Russia, who has left herself no real ground for objection.

The objections which are raised by those who claim to be practical critics of such a scheme are briefly, —first, that the Turkish Government will not consent, and will make it impossible for a Jewish colony to succeed ; secondly, that the country is already populated, and is little better than a rocky desert ; thirdly, that the Jews will never take to agricultural pursuits, being entirely addicted to trade ; and lastly, that the movement is “enthusiastic,” which in the present times is equivalent to saying that it is a mere religious delusion, not organised by practical men of business.

As regards the first point, it remains to be proved that the Sultan is averse to such projects. It is stated in the Jewish press that the restrictions which prevented foreigners from acquiring land in the East have quite recently been withdrawn. They have never really prevented such titles being acquired and recognised. Missionary societies have evaded the law by making purchases through Moslem agents. Jewish and other

capitalists have already acquired land, and have prospered in spite of the dreaded *bakshish* system. The financial position of the Jews would probably render it easier for them than for others to overcome the Sultan's objections, and they can hardly be recognised as having a common interest with any of those who covet his dominions. The spirit of nationality might no doubt arise among them when gathered in a fatherland ; but the Jewish bond of union is religious rather than national, and the Koran places the Jew, and the Christian also, in a different category—as tributaries allowed the exercise of their own creed—to that in which it ranks those who have no “religion of a book.” The Government of the Porte holds in its gift the waste lands which, according to law, it can bestow without payment on those who are willing to cultivate ; and some years ago it was calculated that 200,000 acres of such land existed in Lower Galilee, while beyond Jordan the healthy region of Gilead sustains only a very sparse settled population. The ruined condition of the peasantry also makes them willing to dispose of their freehold lands to any purchaser, although such arrangements should be so concluded as not to discourage or dispossess the native population, which, however small, is sturdy and laborious, and better fitted than any other element of population to till the land, under just and favourable conditions.

To say that the country is already populated is to make a statement applicable to any other part of the world. The new colonies in South Africa already contain so large a Kaffir population that it seems impossible in many parts to find room for white men, without grievous injustice to a law-abid-

ing and peaceful race of original owners ; yet we never hear this urged as a reason against colonisation in Africa. The whole population of Syria at the present time, in an area considerably larger than Wales, does not probably amount to half the population of London. The only city which can be so called—Damascus—contains not much more than 200,000 souls. Beyond Jordan the nomad population, in a region thickly covered with the ruins of towns, vineyards, and olive-yards, with ancient roads and other public works, averages only about seven souls to the square mile. That the country once supported ten times its present population there is abundant evidence, from the ruins which date from the prosperous days of Roman and Byzantine rule. Even under the Norman kings the population was probably much larger than it now is. The country itself attests that there is room and to spare for another million of inhabitants. The impression that Palestine is an unfertile country is probably due to the fact that most visitors travel through its least fertile and most rugged parts. Deserts fringe the Dead Sea, and the chalk plateau to the south of Beersheba is fitted only for pastoral existence in the present condition of its water-supply. But, speaking generally as to climate, fertility, and productions, Palestine resembles the south of Italy, which is called from of old the "Garden of the World." In our own country we have stony regions, barren hills, and pastoral wolds, yet England is not regarded as a country unfit for agriculture ; and even now, under the most unfavourable conditions, Palestine is still a land of corn and wine and oil.

That the Jews are not an agricultural people is a more serious

consideration. They have themselves denied the imputation, and there can be no doubt that one main reason why their attention has been directed to trade, rather than to tillage, lies in the laws which from the middle ages downwards have prevented them from acquiring land. It is agriculture that they now propose as an occupation for their colonists, and at first there would be little scope for other occupations. It is, however, undeniable that once settled, successful agriculture must bring in its train mechanical occupations, industries, and manufactures, and trade with other lands. There is much scope for improvement in mechanical appliances, in architecture, and in commerce, even now ; and for a thousand years or more Palestine has been a silk-producing country, the first establishment of the silk-worm in the time of Justinian having been in Cyprus, and on the Syrian coasts.

The final objection, which stigmatises the present movement as "enthusiastic," is one which commonly meets any new proposal. That a deep religious sentiment lies at the hearts of the Hebrew people, cannot be denied. Each year at the Sabbath of "the beginning" they pray that "next year we may be sons of freedom" ; but such a sentiment is no passing wave of excitement, though stirred at present more deeply by the troubles of their brethren in Russia. The reports of recent meetings show, moreover, that sentiment alone is not the motive of action. A very practical sense of impending difficulties ; a very practical determination to co-operate and to organise ; to inquire as to means and possibilities ; and to weigh advantages and disadvantages, is to be recognised in the remarks of their speakers, and in

the steps taken by their committees. It is strange indeed to hear the Jews accused of an enthusiasm which disregards practical considerations, and thought less capable than others of considering what is best for themselves.

The idea of colonising Palestine is not a very recent one even among the Jews themselves. In 1878, a series of letters on the subject were asked for and published by the 'Jewish Chronicle,' and excited some general interest among its readers. Shortly afterwards the late Mr Laurence Oliphant took up the subject, and incorporated in his scheme some of the suggestions published in these letters. The result of his efforts, and of his inquiries in Palestine, are embodied in his 'Land of Gilead,'¹ which contains much practical information on the subject. But there were two difficulties not then to be overcome. The first was the refusal of the Sultan; the second was a very general opinion that the region which he was led to suggest—namely, the hill-country of Gilead beyond the Jordan—was too remote and difficult of access, and too little protected from the incursions of nomadic tribes. Both these difficulties appear likely to be in time overcome. The Sultan may grant to influential Jewish capitalists what he refused to a single Englishman. The construction of the projected railway from the Mediterranean to Damascus may bring the Land of Gilead within a few hours of the coast. This line has already been surveyed along a route pointed out in the before-mentioned letters in 1878, which, crossing the Plain of Esdraelon, descends into the

Jordan valley by an easy and open valley, passing south of the Sea of Galilee, and gaining the plains of Bashan by a natural ascent. It thus would skirt on the north the very healthy and well-watered region of Gilead, with its oak-woods, running streams, and ancient ruined cities, and would cross the great corn plains of the Hauran, where a rich volcanic soil already produces corn for exportation.

A second railway, already in course of construction, is intended to make Jerusalem accessible from Jaffa. It crosses the plain of Sharon and reaches the Jewish colony at Artûf, whence it follows a great ravine leading up to the capital of Southern Palestine. In the centre of the country the old capital at Shechem is yet more easily to be reached from the coast, though there is no natural harbour near it, the small port made by Herod at Cæsarea being now silted up. As regards other lines, it is to be feared that those proposed by Mr Oliphant would present considerable engineering difficulties, though in time the connection with the Suez Canal might be expected along the sea-coast through Gaza. The main difficulties which have long delayed the making of railways in Palestine have been political and financial rather than mechanical. It seemed impossible that a railway could pay if it depended on the actual population and on the annual visitors to the Holy Land. A sudden increase in population would alter the case; and at the same time the railways, as the pioneers of civilisation, would render possible the occupation of lands which, in future, will be

¹ The Land of Gilead; with Excursions in the Lebanon. By Laurence Oliphant. William Blackwood & Sons: 1880.

reached by a few hours' journey, instead of several days of toilsome march, with pack-animals or camels.

The corn plains of Bashan, though deficient in water-supply, have always been celebrated for their produce. The inhabitants of this plateau are now mainly Druze and Arab; but the ruins of ancient cities of the Roman period attest that the whole region once supported a much larger population. Some trouble may perhaps arise with nomadic tribes; but this is a decreasing difficulty, and the power of the Sultan's Government in this region is already stronger than it was twelve years ago, when Mr Oliphant was in Gilead. If such colonisation, and such opening up of the country, be effected, Palestine may become a very important source of corn-supply for England. It is less remote than Russia, and could easily compete with India, since the heavy dues of the Suez Canal would be avoided, and the sea passage would be halved. The introduction of better agricultural methods, and the increase of corn-growing area, would make the export trade much more important than it is at present; and the dry climate of Bashan and Gilead is perhaps healthier than that of any other part of Syria, with exception of the southern pastoral deserts. Those who seek to induce colonists to settle in the waterless tracts north of Bechuanaland, or in the feverish regions of the Imperial East African Company, have much less to offer than have those who seek to repopulate an ancient centre of trade and agriculture, such as is found in Palestine. As far as climate and productive soil are concerned, there is no physical reason why Syria should not be equally prosperous with Southern

Italy, and richer than Greece, or any other region on the east of the Mediterranean. It is a question merely of gaining the consent of the Sultan, and of finding the necessary capital, and both these conditions the Jews are setting themselves to fulfil.

In spite of all that has been written on the subject, the popular conception of the Holy Land appears to be that it consists of sandy plains with palm oases, and of barren mountains entirely stony and incapable of cultivation. It is commonly believed that a curse rests on the land, and that the rains have failed, and the plains no longer bloom with flowers. Some indeed have ventured to assert that this curse has quite recently been withdrawn, and that the rains have begun again, these things being the sign of the return of the Jews which is to follow. The truth is, that we have now meteorological observations in Palestine, which show that the climate has been unchanged, at least for the last twenty years; and that the rainfall is equal to that of other Mediterranean lands, though years of drought do still occur as of old. Those who have looked down on the glorious carpet of flowers which covers the Jordan valley in spring; who have heard the wild doves cooing in the oak-woods near Nazareth, and have seen the roebuck stealing through the glades of Carmel; who have ridden by the mountain brooks of Gilead, among the forests of pine and oak; who have seen the corn on the red Sharon and Galilean plains; who have crushed the thyme on Samaritan hills, and sat in the shady gardens where the fig, the olive, the mulberry, the apricot, and many other fruits are grown,—well know that the "good land" is a good land still. The

curse that hangs over Palestine is the curse of unjust and unwise government. It is the oppression of the peasant that has ruined agriculture, and made a field of thorns of the corn-field. The greedy pasha, the unjust judge, and the farmer of taxes, have been the instruments of wrath. Nature still offers us corn and wine and oil from broad plains and green mountain walls and shady olive-groves; but the tithes, the taxes, and the blackmail of the tax-farmer's guards swallow all the profit which an industrious population might gain from their toil.

If, then, such schemes as those now proposed by the Jews are to succeed—and it seems impossible that when less desirable regions are being occupied by the overflowing population of Europe, Palestine alone should remain empty—it is necessary that precautions should be taken against such abuses, so that the fruits of labour may be for those who toil. It is not possible to hope that the Sultan would permit such a system as exists in the Lebanon to be extended to other provinces, though it has worked well, and made the Lebanon Government a pattern to other Turkish administrations. It is certain that he would regard with suspicion any proposal to bring under the eye or the guardianship of European Powers a country whose inhabitants are chiefly Moslem, and which contains, at Hebron and Jerusalem, two of the chief sanctuaries of the Moslem faith. But it is not necessary that any such proposals should be put forward; all that is required is that the colonists should receive valid titles under Turkish law to their holdings, that the boundaries and rights should be carefully defined, and that the crops should not be assessed standing—which is the

greatest of existing abuses—but should be tithed in the grain, and the money paid direct to the Constantinople exchequer, without any of those deductions which local authorities and contractors are accustomed to make. It is also necessary that a proper police should be established, and that the council and leaders of the new settlements should receive recognition similar to that which is already accorded by the Government to the Chief Rabbis in Jerusalem. Against such proposals the official class in Turkey might perhaps set its face; but without them prosperity is not to be expected, though existence may be possible. They entail no matter of principle contrary to Koran law, and no derogation of the rights or dignity of the Sultan.

The attitude of Jewish owners towards the present population of Palestine is equally important. The Moslem peasantry live at peace with both Jews and Christians, much as they did in the days of the early Khalifs ruling at Damascus, or when El Mukaddasi in the tenth century, under Moslem rule, complained that the Christians were too powerful, and “unmanly in public places.” It is the foreign agitator who is the cause of massacres. Men of different religions, who have lived side by side for centuries, and have been forced to hold communication with one another, subside as a rule into good-natured contempt, rather than into bitter fanatical antipathies. To the Turkish Government the task is allotted to govern them all, and this is done rather at the expense of the Moslems than at that of the Christians. The recent wars, though perhaps bringing heavy charges on the Christian population, actually diminished the Moslems, who went forth to

die on the Balkan snows, or to meet the Russians in Armenia, and for the most part those who so were taken away never returned. The Moslem in the country in Palestine is less fanatical than of old, and less confident in the power of Islam: treated with ordinary justice and honesty, he is never impracticable, and is willing to buy and sell with Christian and Jew, though cursing them in his heart as "pagans." Thus, as before said, the object of the Jews should not be to dispossess, but to utilise, the existing peasant population; remembering, however, that injustice or trickery will be resented finally with violence, and that the only method which in the end can succeed is to allow the peasants their share in the prosperity due to their work, and to respect that ancient code of social law which is contrasted by them with the injustice of government, and often called by them "the Laws of Abraham." It is only on such principles of just dealing that the new-comers can consider themselves likely to be successful, or even safe from a combined action of the Moslem population. Such arrangements have often been made, and more than one district can be pointed out in Palestine where a Moslem population works cheerfully for Christian or Jewish landlords, much as the natives of India work under British rulers.

Some difficulties which do not present themselves to the minds of Europeans will perhaps arise among the Jews themselves, on account of the provisions of the Law, and the rules laid down in the Talmud. Thus the observation of the Sabbath year, according to the Mishnah, is strictly applicable only to the Holy Land itself. In Syria, beyond the borders of Galilee, it is less

strictly applicable according to this ancient authority, and in other countries it is not applicable at all. On the other hand, it has been pointed out that this law, like those concerning the Passover and the Red Heifer, refers to a condition of the Holy Land when the Temple service was still possible. So long as the Temple remains in its present condition, the customs of the Jews in Palestine do not appear substantially to differ from those which they observe in lands of exile. The whole system of the Law, as it once existed, awaits the coming of the Messiah before it can be re-enacted.

Whatever be our religious opinions on such a subject as that of the return of the Jews to the land of their fathers, it will perhaps be seen that the subject is quite capable of being treated from a non-"enthusiastic" point of view. One of the main objections applies quite as much to South Africa as to Palestine—namely, the tendency which exists in all such cases to gamble in land, to sell and resell, to make the landed possessions of the speculator a mere counter in a game of considerable duration, during which time nothing is done really to stock or cultivate the country. There is only one means of counteracting this evil, which has been equally felt in America—namely, to make occupation and improvement the only valid titles to the land given to a colonist. By such means the really earnest workman may be secured, and the speculator diverted to other countries, where (as in South Africa) he may grow rich by selling deserts which he has done nothing to reclaim, and holds through a title obtained by cajoling a native chief to sign that which he could not understand,

and to give that which by native law belonged, not to himself, but to his people who occupy the land.

In conclusion of this brief sketch of an interesting subject, which may perhaps become one of great importance, it may be added that from the voice of hatred and of prejudice, from those who lay their sins on the bent back of the Jew, and calumniate those who have taken advantage of the weakness and indolence of other nations, the appeal lies to the voice of genius, as it spoke in England more than three hundred years ago, on this very question of the oppression of the Hebrew:—

“Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same

weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility?—Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example?—Why, revenge. The villainy you teach me I will execute, and it shall go hard with me but I will better the instruction.”

May we not add in our own times a better sequel, “And if you do us no such wrong, but rather remember justice and mercy, what shall be our answer?—Surely gratitude.”

C. R. CONDER.

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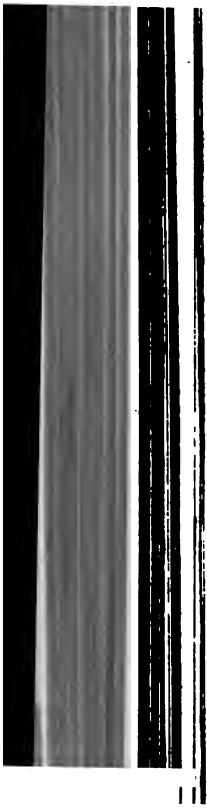
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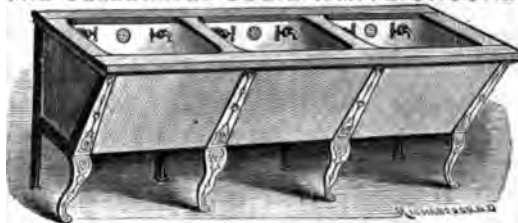
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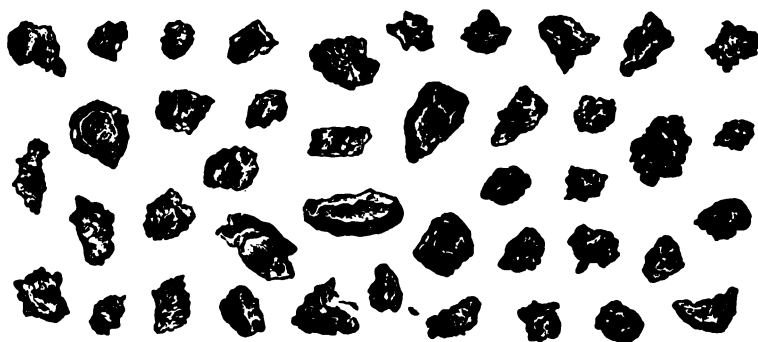
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A case stated by Dr. C. H. S. DAVIS, of Meriden, Conn., in the "*New England Medical Monthly*" for July, 1890. See page 469 of that Journal.

Mr. R. L. Roys, of this city, consulted me about two years ago for STONE in the BLADDER, from which he had been suffering for a number of years. On my suggestion he commenced the use of BUFFALO LITHIA WATER, as he was very much opposed to operative interference. After using the water for a short time disintegration to a certain extent took place and *large quantities of STONE were passed*. For several days in succession, he passed as much as A TEASPOONFUL of the debris, and at intervals for a considerable period he passed large quantities and under the continued use of the Water. there was a constant passage of CALCULI until he was entirely relieved of his trouble.



The photograph sent herewith is a correct representation, and exact size, of some of the largest specimens of CALCULI discharged by Mr. Roys. A chemical and microscopical analysis showed that they are URIC ACID with a trace of the OXALATE OF LIME.

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SCHMIDT, F.R.A.S. *Windsor Review*,
Oyster Bay, N. Y., April, 1891.

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Windsor Review, January, 1891.

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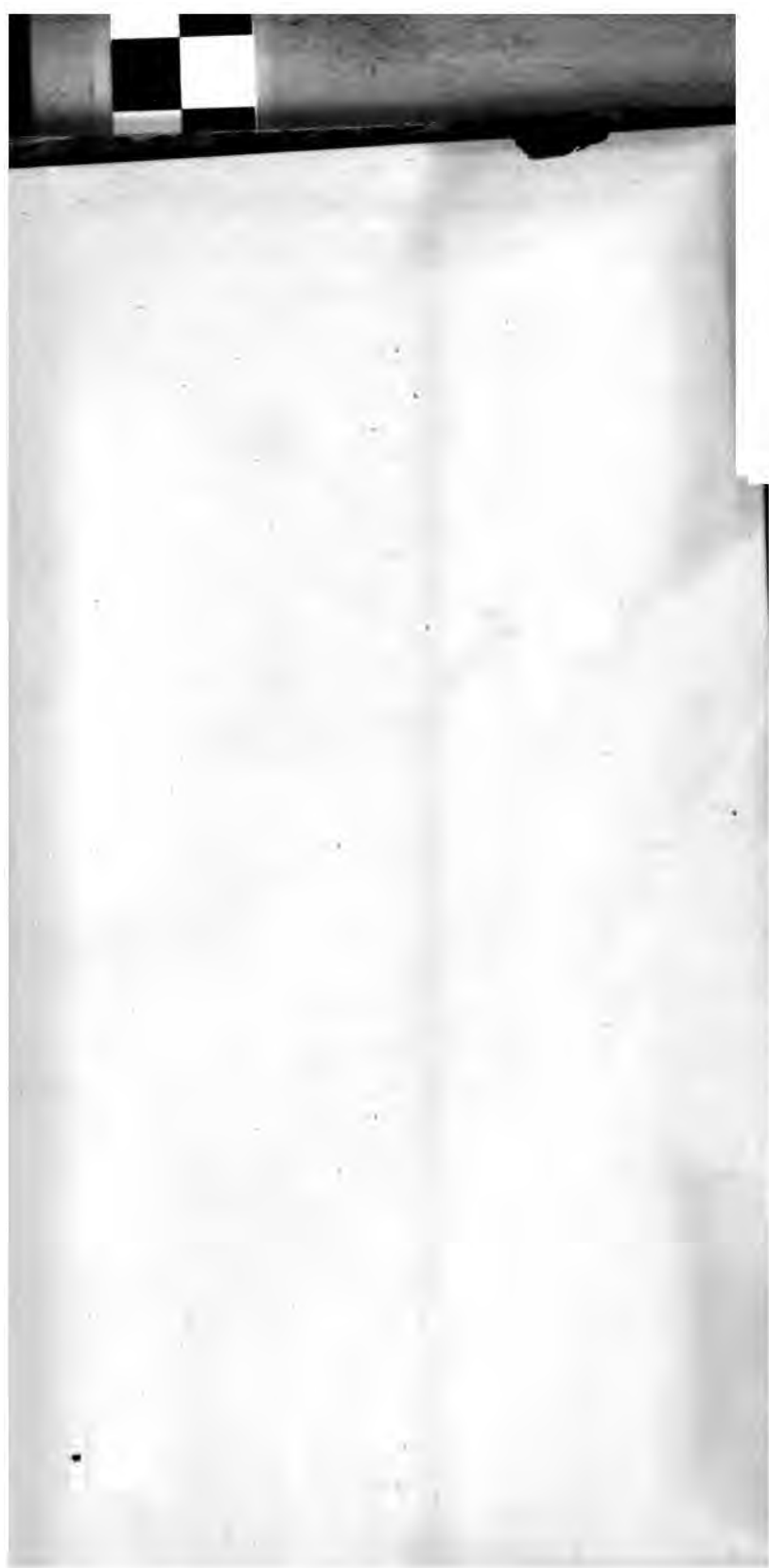
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